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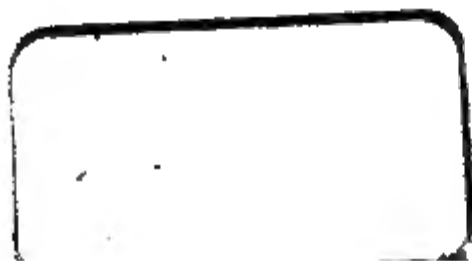
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GORDON.

I.—HOW WE LOST GORDON.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS, WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" IN
THE SOUDAN.

MILITARY history cannot be properly written over military telegraph wires. Considerations military, political, and personal alike forbid it. Besides, promptness is of the essence of correspondents' work in the field, and promptness is seldom compatible with completeness. Of this, above all kinds of journalistic effort, may it be truly said that when the work is done we see how unfinished is the workmanship. There are little facts which modify first impressions, but which cannot be learnt until after the news has set the world talking; there are appearances which are deceitful in marches and battles, as in other departments of human effort; and, above all, the correspondent must not tell the whole truth about anything, lest

in giving information to his readers at home he affords instruction to enemies in the field, and so brings himself into collision with the military authorities, who are perfectly within their right in insisting upon a strict censorship of telegrams, and would, in Europe or India, be within their right if they insisted on a strict censorship of letters; for there is no knowing how much mischief may lurk in a phrase or a turn of expression undreamt of by the writer, or how the enemy may be burning to know and the staff anxious to conceal something which appears to the correspondent a mere ordinary item of camp news. It may be said, and it can be truly said, that the correspondent who gives such information does not thoroughly know his

business ; but there is no guarantee whatever at present that a correspondent knows even the elements of his business. And if he knew his business ever so well, he will be liable to sin inadvertently in English camps, so long as he is not taken, at least as much as junior staff-officers are taken, into the confidence of those commanding head-quarters, or the column to which he happens to be attached. General officers commanding the armies of other nations have thought it compatible with their duty to treat correspondents confidentially, and they have not been known to suffer from it. The mischief has been done, where it has arisen, through correspondents being kept in the dark, and the staff trusting to luck that the journalists would not find out what their keen eyes and sharp ears and ready wits have nevertheless discovered, and the immense competition for news has led them to publish. Instances of all these things can be adduced if required, but the point in hand is the justification of the existence of a censorship ; and where a censorship exists, whether it be of the mild type affected by Colonel Swaine, or of the more rigorous sort thought necessary by Colonel Grove, the correspondent cannot put before the public the whole facts of the case, or even the whole of the facts which he knows at the time of writing his communication to his employers. When he leaves the field of operations, however, he recovers his liberty, and so long as he does not play into the hands of the enemy he has a right to correct errors, and supply what has been omitted. Of course, in the vast majority of cases it is not worth while to do so, the public interest in the matter having passed away, and the policy of letting sleeping dogs lie being one dictated alike by prudence and by good-fellowship.

There are, nevertheless, times when silence is a sin against the public confidence reposed in correspondents, and I venture to think that to keep silence about how we lost Gordon is called for by no considerations of private or general policy. It is a sad tale, and one that, told without exaggeration and with as little as may be of the personal element, has many lessons for us in the future. I will pass over the political phase of it, since there are no material

facts known to me which are not also known to the world at large. Still it must be placed on record that the plan for the rescue of Gordon was before the Government so long ago as last May, while no action was taken upon it before the middle and end of August. That this delay was a main cause of the deplorable and exasperating failure goes without saying, and I think it is no secret that when the order was given the Government was told the instructions were probably too late. If the task was, notwithstanding, undertaken, we ought to admire the spirit which set itself to overcome difficulties artificially created, rather than to carp at a want of success which was assuredly due to lack neither of energy in the officer commanding in chief nor of sound judgment. For present purposes it is enough to start with the formation of the Staff by which the work was to be directed. This Staff included, naturally, the officers of an Intelligence Department. On no point has Lord Wolseley expressed himself more decidedly than on the necessity of having an Intelligence Department composed of the ablest men. "The utmost care should be taken in the selection of them," he says in his well-known *Pocket-Book*. Now, there ought to have been no difficulty in this choice in the present instance. We had been for two years in the occupation of Egypt ; we had all the strings of its government at the ends of our fingers ; we had room and verge enough for knowing the best of the men who had been manipulating the strings ; we had even two or three able men at our disposal who had for months been on the border of the destined scene of operations, and the officer commanding made a selection which was at the time deemed satisfactory. Major Kitchener and Colonel Colville were included in the Department because they had shown a mastery of the work required in its preliminary stages ; Major Slade was added because he had recommended himself at the head-quarters at Cairo by his assiduity and his aptness. The superintendence of the whole Department was confided to Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., an officer whose military services had been limited in the extreme, never, I believe, passing beyond those of a lieutenant of Sappers,

but who, having been employed on diplomatic and other similar work in Arabia and Asiatic Turkey, had still been permitted to gain high regimental and army status, so that he had become a lieutenant-colonel of Royal Engineers, nominally posted at Dublin, and a full colonel in the army, by the month of April, 1883. The bearing of these facts will be seen presently.

Sir Charles Wilson as nearly as possible fulfils the conditions prescribed years ago by Lord Wolseley, who said that an officer appointed to such a post as that of Chief of the Intelligence Department should be "of middle age, and have a clear insight into human nature, with a logical turn of mind; nothing sanguine about him, but of a generally calm and distrustful disposition." In addition to these qualifications Sir Charles Wilson has a thorough knowledge of the Arabic tongue, if not of the Nubian or Rotani language, and has a way of worming himself into the confidence of Orientals over a cigarette that in itself would almost have justified his nomination. All went well for three or four months. The General commanding was entirely satisfied with the working of the Department, and I believe still thinks that in the matter of information he was exceedingly well served. He must be a better judge of the facts than the cynics and wits of his force, who bestowed upon this branch of the Quartermaster-General's office the name of The Unintelligent Department. Anyhow, the Department, if it did not lavish money, did not spare it. Means were found for opening and keeping open communications with Gordon in Khartoum quite as often as was useful. No mistake was made as to the dispositions of the various tribes along the Middle Nile. The Department made sure of every step of its way, and was ready for the advance before the troops were. But the delays which had been caused by the overt or actual obstruction of some English and of several Egyptian officials, who had pronounced an opinion hostile to Lord Wolseley's plan, and seemed resolved that events should justify their views, had thrown everything in the way of supplies and of the movements of troops over the date fixed in the plan by as much as a month or six weeks, and the time came when it was

necessary to play a bolder game than had been originally contemplated. For the first time in his life Lord Wolseley was impelled to take a "leap in the dark"—to project a force "into the air." Dividing his strength, which was not in itself too great for the purpose originally contemplated, he sent that capital officer, Major-General Earle, to pursue the river route, chastising on his way the murderers of the gallant and accomplished Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, while he threw across the Bayuda peninsula a small but well-formed column under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, whom he described to the writer as "the best soldier he ever knew, at home both with cavalry and infantry." Of Sir Herbert's dash all men knew who knew about military questions; his prudence was, in the minds of most, more doubtful. Yet it turned out that his dash would have gained, without fighting, an object which was only achieved after two severe struggles. Had he been permitted to take his first column past the Pools of Gakdul and right across the peninsula to the Nile, he would have occupied Metemmah without serious opposition; but discretion forbade this step, and the result is before the world. As second in command General Earle was given Colonel Henry Brackenbury, R.A., one of the foremost soldiers of the time, and an accomplished writer and critic upon military subjects. No one doubted that two such men as Earle and Brackenbury would do all that was required of them, and do it in a thoroughly workmanlike way. General Stewart had no second in command named in General Orders; but Colonel Fred. Burnaby, who had, in his wonted way, volunteered from England for service in any capacity, was, after Stewart's second departure for Gakdul Pools, sent to overtake him, with private instructions to assume the command in case of need. Now Burnaby was a colonel of 1884; Sir Charles Wilson was a colonel, as we have seen, of 1883. In the absence of a promulgation of the appointment of Burnaby to be second in command, his assumption of the post would have seemed to the army and to the world a slight upon Wilson. Lord Wolseley has been very severe, justly severe, upon trusting

important commands to those whose chief qualification is seniority. He has denounced the practice as "a blunder if not a crime;" and yet, if any fault is to be found with his arrangements, it is upon this that his critics will first place their fingers. In the result the question whether Burnaby was publicly appointed proved of no practical importance, but the vice of seniority was most flagrantly exemplified. Burnaby was killed in the first fight, in consequence of an order that he gave to the heavy cavalry under, as it would seem, a misapprehension, for he made an effort, unhappily too late, to correct the error.

When Stewart fell, seriously and, as it proved, mortally, wounded in the second fight, the command devolved, as of course, on Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., who had "never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster"—who, in point of fact, could hardly have remembered how to drill a squad—who was possessed of less military knowledge than many volunteer officers at home, and whose training and habits peculiarly unfitted him for any duties of command. Failing him, there came in the roll of seniority a number of lieutenant-colonels of the Foot Guards, the senior of whom had no greater experience of war or the handling of men in combined arms than he could obtain as, at the setting out of the expedition, senior captain and regimental adjutant of the Coldstream Guards. When in due course the command passed from him it fell to a lieutenant-colonel and regimental captain of the Scots Guards. Now not one of these had any knowledge whatever of the mind of Lord Wolseley upon the duty or business of the column. Sir Charles Wilson, indeed, had instructions bearing upon his functions as political officer, and of these more anon. But he was not many minutes in command, by virtue of his nominal seniority, when it became evident that he would have to rely upon a naval officer and a cavalry officer for anything like a plan of operations. From that time for weeks we were commanded by a committee, and of all the impossible things in the world, the most impossible is probably the conduct of a campaign by a committee. "I would not presume

to give you an order," said one officer in nominal command to a subordinate; "you must know as well as I what should be done." "What do you think?" was the query continually on the lips of commanding officer after commanding officer when he met heads of departments. Sir Charles Wilson at the moment command came to him found the brigade had repulsed the enemy but had not beaten off the Soudanese. They were still in force between us and the water for which we were almost, and our camels were quite, dying. To get water within a very few hours or perish was the condition of the situation, and we had been standing on the defensive five hours four miles from water. Something might be said as to the discretion of Sir Herbert Stewart in halting where he did to give battle, he being in column and moving, and the enemy having still to take up formation and to move in a nearly parallel line to keep us from the water. But he was encumbered with a large number of baggage and ammunition and riding camels, and he was unwilling that his men should be asked to fight in a moving square after an exhausting night march of sixteen hours and with empty stomachs. Whether he made a mistake in not advancing at all risks on the Nile and accepting battle on one of the rolling gravel hills nearer the river, and free from the scrub which encompassed our actual position, and which gave shelter to the enemy's marksmen, must remain a matter of controversy. But for Sir Charles Wilson, on succeeding to the command, there were but two courses. One was to take his whole force through an enemy who had had time to choose his positions, and with a cumbrous column this was on the face of it unadvisable. The other was to leave a small force to hold the zereba and to march a fighting and flying column right through the foe to the point required. A soldier would not have hesitated; Sir Charles Wilson hesitated. As it returned from the river the next morning, Sir Charles Wilson sent a message to Lord Charles Beresford, whom he had requested to take charge of the zereba in spite of the Government order afore-mentioned, saying that he intended to advance at once and take Mettemmah, and would be glad of Lord

Charles's co-operation. The idea was for the moment given up, so the flying column returned to the zereba, and it was put about that we would march to the river that afternoon "and take Metemmah" the next morning. We marched to the village called El Goubat officially and Abu Kru really. At six the next morning we advanced against the town. The column marched to the north of Metemmah; after an hour it marched to the southwest of it. Since the famous exploit of the King of France with twenty thousand men, never was there such marching up hills and then marching down again; never was there such an objectless movement of troops in close order under fire. After six hours; after five of them under fire; after establishing, by the efforts of the Royal Engineers and the picked shots of the Rifle Brigade, an admirable little fort within 650 yards of the town, and after being reinforced by the men and some of the guns of Gordon's steamers, which most opportunely arrived, we—retired! Then only did the attempt on Metemmah come to be called a reconnaissance in force. The name was given to it jokingly by myself, but it was seized upon at once as affording a very complete justification of the entertainment of the forenoon. Towards evening I went to Sir Charles Wilson to ask him if he intended to send any messages to Lord Wolseley, as I desired to get off a dispatch. He informed me that he had handed over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Boscawen, as he intended to go on to Khartoum with Gordon's steamers. That was on Wednesday, January 21st. Already Lord Charles Beresford had had the two principal steamers examined, and, where needful, repaired by the naval artificers. Before three o'clock that afternoon they could have started for the beleaguered city. But they did not go, though their departure was urged by Khasm-el-Nus, who commanded Gordon's fleet. It was subsequently remarked by a distinguished officer at Korti, on the receipt of Sir Charles Wilson's much-delayed despatches and letters relating to the second and third days' fighting, "The man has lost all his nerve." If I differ from this it is only in wondering whether he had any to lose. His personal pluck is

as great as that of most Englishmen, but like, perhaps, the majority of diplomats, he has an overweening dread of the consequences of any step which has not been looked at from every side and at leisure. Be this as it may, he was to be off to Khartoum to consult with General Gordon. But he did not go. Wednesday passed, and Thursday was dawdled away in conversation with Gordon's steamer crews; Friday came and went in the same aimless fashion; but on Friday night it was given out the steamers would certainly start in the morning, with some bluejackets and some men of the Royal Sussex. The Saturday morning came, yet Sir Charles Wilson did not start. It was high noon on Saturday, the 24th, before he went, or three full days after he had given up the attempt on Metemmah, sixty-nine hours after the steamers had been reported to him as ready for him, and sixty-six hours after he had been urged to start by Khasm-el-Nus. Even when he did go, at noon on Saturday, the 24th, he insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under plea of wooding the two vessels, though they were crammed with wood enough for many days' steaming—had, in point of fact, as much wood as they could fitly carry. We could not understand this delay then; it is still more difficult to understand it now, when it is known that Lord Wolseley had directed him to proceed to Khartoum forthwith. Here would appear to be not a question of nerve only, but of direct disobedience of orders. I have not the papers here, but by this time they have been published in England, and on reference they will be found to more than bear out the view now taken. If the instructions had been carried out, Sir Charles Wilson would have left Abu Kru on the afternoon of the 21st January; he would have reached Khartoum on the evening of the 24th or the morning of the 25th. Gordon was not sacrificed till the morning of the 26th. Sir Charles Wilson left on the afternoon of the 24th, really on the morning of the 25th, and sighted Khartoum on the morning of the 28th, or just forty-eight hours too late. Even when he did get there he made no serious effort to ascertain Gordon's fate. The bluejackets and Sussex men on

board are positive upon the point that the steamers did not approach the city near enough to make sure of anything in it. Some put the distance at a mile ; some say nearly two miles, when the steamers turned and ran down the river. Beresford would hardly have been content to come away without learning something more than could be seen through long-distance telescopes and aluminium field-glasses. Perhaps it was because he was suspected of some such conduct that he was left behind. But one report that the steamers went within two hundred yards of Khartoum is absurd on the face of it, when we are told that there were batteries and thousands of riflemen playing upon the craft, and shells bursting on board. If this were so, how is it that neither steamer had a man hit in the very slightest way ? The truth is the steamers ran for it, taking more care to get out of range than to find out the facts. That they were both wrecked when well on their way down is quite on a piece with the rest of the story. Had an officer of nerve been in command neither would have been lost ; or if the first had been, as the native witnesses at the court-martial admitted she was, lost deliberately, the captain and pilot would have been shot out of hand instead of their escape being permitted, and the lesson would have secured the safety of her consort.

When the news came down in the gray of one morning, the committee commanding was at its wits' end. It issued an injunction that the story should be kept secret. Within twenty minutes a private in the Household Cavalry woke me up with it ; in half an hour it was all over the camp. There was not a man who did not feel inclined to shed tears—only it seemed too bad to be true. And then the instinct of the men fastened on the one point of hope. If the steamers had not had a man even wounded they could not have run the gauntlet of all the batteries reported ; consequently they could not have been where they were alleged to have gone, therefore they could not have ascertained the facts accurately ; and Gordon had, after all, probably fortified himself in the church which he had turned into a magazine, and was holding out till the steamers and troops got up to him.

Small as the force at Abu Kru then was—it had been depleted to find guards for convoys, and did not exceed 800 men—it would have willingly marched on Khartoum that morning if the word had been given. But the committee commanding made no sign. It had no more notion of what could or should be done than a bugler. It could only leave Lord Charles Beresford to his own devices with his two remaining steamers, and leave Major Dorward to throw up more earthworks and improve into impalpable dust those he had already made. If it had not been for Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, commanding the 19th Hussars, and Major F. Wardrop, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, Assistant Adjutant-General, the vitality of the camp must have come to an end. Lord Airlie, the Brigade-Major, had been twice wounded, and one of his wounds was so troublesome that he had to lie up, but so far as he could he kept the ball alive. Practically the column was paralysed. People kept on saying to one another that it was high time General Buller came, and not without reinforcements ; in fact we lived from day to day a whole brigade of Micawbers. And all this came about because we had the ill-luck to have one officer killed and another wounded. When the want of nerve of Sir C. Wilson had borne its fruits and Gordon had been sacrificed, there was nobody in the force who had applied his mind to the contemplation of such a state of things, though it was, and had for months been, liable to occur from day to day. Everyone admitted that Lord Wolseley and the Government must have forethought what should be done in the event of the fall of Khartoum, but nobody was informed as to the result of that forethought. Chaos had come again when Sir C. Wilson was rescued by the heroism of Beresford and Benbow, and started for Korti to see General Wolseley, whose side it would have been well he had never left. But Major Kitchener, who would never have blundered like his chief, had been kept as adviser and Intelligence Officer at Korti ; and as to Sir C. Wilson would have fallen the honor of rescuing, so on him must rest the responsibility for losing Charles Gordon. Even at the last moment he might have recovered,

if not the advantages he had squandered, at least the prestige he forfeited. It never seems to have occurred to him to show a white flag on his leading steamer as an indication that he wished to open communication with the occupants of Khartoum. It is said that they would not have recognised it—that they are too barbarous to respect the custom which has obtained for centuries among civilised people, and so forth. But no harm would have been done by trying, and, as a matter of detail, Sir Redvers Buller had a letter sent to him at Abu Klea under the very white flag of which we are told the Mahdi's followers do not know the meaning. Nay, when Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, took Buller's reply, and was fired upon, the firing ceased the moment he shook a white kerchief in the wind. Therefore we have no right to say Sir Charles Wilson's overture of a white flag at Khartoum would have been ignored; but somebody has said that there was a good deal more of the white feather than of the white flag at this time. Far be it from me to say so much of the man who rode so coolly from the second zereba to the Nile when he was at length induced to go, or who exposed himself—and his troops—so unnecessarily at Metemmah on the 21st January. Still, if he had plenty of courage, he had no presence of mind in face of a contingency which he, as well as his chief and the Administration, must have contemplated; and the result was that he left the vicinity of Khartoum as ignorant of Gordon's fate and of the facts of the surrender as before he sighted the blending waters of the two Niles. There is one more count in the charge which has been made against Sir Charles Wilson. He had opened up frequent communications with Gordon; but he never appears to have, as it were, sealed Gordon's promises to the chief native officers. They had, rightly or wrongly, conceived the idea that, like Othello, they would find their occupation gone when the British troops reached the goal of their efforts and raised the siege. They had Gordon's word that they would have their reward, but that word was never endorsed by the agents of the Government outside. It could in any case have done no harm; it now seems

it might have done very much good had rewards been promised to those who so long had held out shoulder to shoulder with Gordon. But though inquiry has been made, no trace of any such idea, to say nothing of any such message, has been found in the Intelligence Department.

The case is sufficiently strong, however, without pressing home the latter point. I have shown that the loss of Gordon is directly traceable to two co-ordinate causes. First, Sir Charles Wilson's army seniority, which enabled him, knowing nothing of the science of war, to take the command of a force operating in the field at a critical juncture, and thus get rid of the importunity with which any capable and dashing soldier would have urged him to lose not a moment in going to Khartoum. Had anyone else been in command and in possession of Lord Wolseley's wishes and orders, it is inconceivable that Sir Charles Wilson would have been allowed to dawdle for three full days at Abu Kru, or that he would have been permitted to fly in the face of his instructions so far as to not only not proceed forthwith, but actually leave behind the very man who had been chosen by the General Commanding in Chief to see him through. Secondly, the extraordinary want of nerve which prevented him from seeing what a risk he was running, if only with his own reputation, by hanging about at Abu Kru instead of proceeding forthwith in the steamers which had kept the appointment he had himself made. The first of these causes arises from the very absurd system which enables officers of the Royal Engineers to devote their lives to civil pursuits, while ignoring entirely the progress and the practice of military science, and at the same time to rise to rank and the chances of command over the heads of men who have been doing the practical work of soldiers and risking their lives over, perhaps, a quarter of a century. Is it too much to hope that this hideous example of the effects of the system may not mend it, but end it? The Royal Engineers stand conspicuously to the front as enjoying the privilege of gaining army rank without doing army service; but they are not alone in this very scandalous privilege, and whether in

their case or that of any other corps, the existence of such a right should be determined at once and for all. From the second cause we learn, I think, that a diplomatic mission, supported by a military force, ought never to be left in diplomatic hands. Hesitation is the "note" of diplomacy, and in a crisis in the field hesitation is fatal. The man whose business it is to take prompt decisions is the man who ought to have the last word and the power of doing the last act in the presence of danger. Our practice hitherto has been mainly the other way. We are told now by the Intelligence Department that Khartoum would have fallen, Gordon been betrayed and murdered, or a prisoner, and the Mahdi master of the place, even if Sir Charles Wilson and the steamers had arrived on the 24th, as they ought, instead of merely starting on that day. But I am sure Lord Wolseley believes no nonsense of this sort, which has been originated in the fertile brains of those half-bred Circassians who are the curse of the Egyptian, as they are of the Turkish, public service. The story that Faragh Pacha and the rest of them preferred to trust the Mahdi rather than the English is one which far-seeing diplomacy might have anticipated and guarded against, as I have before suggested, by sending them confirmation of all Gordon's promises. But to suppose that they could have chosen their own time for betraying Gordon is to imagine they were the sole factors in the situation. They must have had to take their measures to blind Gordon and to persuade their troops as well. Besides, is it not true Sir Charles Wilson has himself said with a deep sigh that if he had got to Khartoum in time the disaster would not have occurred? But why did he not get there in time? I have shown in the fullest detail why, and I confidently refer to the Parliamentary Papers which, in the nature of the case, I cannot have seen, to bear out my statements. They have not been made except under a deep sense of responsibility; they are true in substance and in fact. But do I, therefore, urge that any measure of punishment should be meted out to Sir Charles Wilson? Far from it. I can conceive no punishment for him equal to the calm afterthought of what might

have been had he only possessed nerve, had he not inexcusably dawdled, had he even carried out the instructions with which he crossed the desert, and which he would have been compelled to carry out had not fate unhappily made him, by virtue of his nominal army seniority, absolute master of his actions.

With the news of his loss all the romance faded from the expedition in the minds of the troops. What to them was or is Khartoum more than any other town in the middle of Africa, but for the nimbus that the heroism, and devotion, and isolation of Gordon had cast around it? And now they have learnt with surprise that has, so to say, a deep black border of regret, of the intention of the Government of England to take Khartoum in the autumn, after the avowed motive for taking it at all has been eliminated. Let there be no mistake about it; the prosecution of the war is thoroughly and hopelessly unpopular among all sorts and conditions of British men on the Nile. If I may not say that it is continued against the advice of Lord Wolseley, I believe it is true at least that he has not recommended it should be carried on. Those who are apt to know his mind make no secret about the opinion that it will involve a waste of money, life, and energy which might be much better employed in much worthier spheres of action. Some of them go so far as to speak of the retention of the troops in the midst of the Soudan during the next four or five months as a phase of midsummer madness. Nowhere does one hear a word in support of the plan save the grim remark that this is a fine policy for soldiers, as pay and promotion and chances of distinction must arise even out of a prolonged Soudan campaign. Whether that is quite the point of view which will commend itself to the English people is another thing; and English soldiers are English citizens, with prejudices, passions, and opinions like the rest of their countrymen. They have, moreover, conceived a sort of respect for their opponents here. If the followers of the Mahdi do not know how to believe in the Kaliph of Stamboul, at least they know how to fight and how to die. They have conquered the esteem of those who have been shooting them down willingly so

long as there was any hope of getting Gordon out of their clutches. For that end no sacrifice, personal or national, was deemed too great by the army. But what remains now? To avenge his death? Would a policy of revenge have commended itself to him? To secure the Soudan? What use is it to us, or to anybody but the natives, who get out of it all it can give? To defend Egypt? Have we it not on the authority of the Government itself that Egypt can best be defended by a line drawn beyond the deserts of the Batn-el-Hagar and Wady Halfa? To exterminate the slave-trade? Yet is it not true that we have approved of its authorised revival, so far as legalising the possession of slaves anyhow acquired can go? And if we are in earnest about this, had we not better begin in Cairo than in Khartoum? It is the conviction of the army on the Nile that, bad as the outcome of the enterprise has been, the last state of the expedition will be worse than the first if it persevered with. I have found no Englishman in the Soudan and the army who can bring himself to believe the country will allow the autumn campaign to go on when it comes to realise what is meant and involved in its prosecution. Do we annex the Soudan, or do we not? If we do, then must it be said that the game is not worth the candle; if we do not, what are we lingering here for? The game is not worth playing, because not only has the prestige of the Mahdi been mightily augmented by recent events, but his material resources have been increased in no less proportion. He had, at the most, to last him from the time of Hick's defeat till the end of January, seven Krupp guns, six Nordenfelts, and twenty-nine brass pieces, smooth-bored or rifled. Of these he had the seven Krupps, with four Nordenfelts and twelve or thirteen brass pieces of sorts, firing on Khartoum. But there he took twelve Krupp guns mounted on the lines, with six Nordenfelts. He has, therefore, besides mountain guns, nineteen Krupps and

twelve Nordenfelts; and as he had from Hicks's and Baker's forces about 17,000 Remington rifles, he may be taken now to have thrice that number. Then he took, before January last, a million of Remington cartridges, and about 200 rounds per gun of field ammunition. Supposing that to have been all exhausted in his campaigns, we know that he took 20,000 rounds of ammunition for his guns in Khartoum, and 2,000,000 Remington cartridges, and we must lay our account with this quantity at least. Then he has the arsenal at Khartoum, and he has Gordon's trained artificers, while he has two energetic and ingenious Europeans to devise work for them. Doubtless his resources are limited, in the sense that he must come to the end of them, and cannot reasonably hope to replace what he expends. But at the worst he has only to retire to the waterless country of Kordofan, where we cannot follow him, do what we will. Do we see the end of this policy of adventure? If we guarantee Egypt, is it not enough to hold Suakin and Wady Halfa, thus, with the help of Italy, taking care of the Red Sea ports, and so scotching any attempt to revive the slave trade? As for extending our trade, let this be said distinctly: the people of the Soudan grow their own cotton and weave their own cloth. Not one-tenth of the very limited consumption of textile manufactures comes from abroad; and as for nicknacks, and what we called Sheffield and Birmingham goods, the little which reaches the very inferior bazaars is rubbish of Austrian or German origin, and if poor is cheap. Luxuries in any European sense of the word are unknown, and if they were known, there is no money to buy them. In very truth the best thing for us to do with the Soudan is to quit it now, when a European crisis appears to impend, and for ever, and never to give it another thought save in connection with the memory of Charles Gordon, and a sigh of regret over "the saddest words of tongue or pen, 'What might have been.'"

II.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY ERNEST MYERS.

I.

On through the Libyan sand
Rolls ever, mile on mile,
League on long league, cleaving the rainless land,
Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial Nile.

II.

Down through the cloudless air,
Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,
Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,
In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan night.

III.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,
Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar ;
Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood
Sweep the wild tribes along the startled shore.

IV.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and are gone :
The mournful desert silence reigns again,
The immemorial River rolleth on,
The ordered stars gaze blank upon the plain.

V.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,
O awful Presence of the starry sky,
Lo, in this little while
Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye
There hath arisen there
Another haunting Presence as sublime,
As great, as sternly fair ;
Yea, rather fairer far
Than stream, or sky, or star,
To live while star shall burn or river roll,
Unmarred by marring Time,
The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

VI.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change
He saw the invisible things,
The eternal Forms and Beauty and of Right ;
Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to range,
Rapt with divine delight,
Richer than empires, royaler than kings.

VII.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,
Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,
Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,
Depraved, adulterate,

He measured small and great,
But by some righteous balance wrought in heaven,
To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given ;
Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged aright.

VIII.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost
Falls some poor grain of salt,
And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering trace :
As in the o'er-arching vault
With unrepelled assault
A cloudy climbing vapor, lightly lost,
Vanisheth utterly in the starry space ;
So from our thought, when his enthroned estate
We inly contemplate,
All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us face to face.

IX.

Dwell in us, sacred spirit, as in thee
Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,
Nor dwelt in only thee ; not thee alone
We honor reverently,
But in thee all who in some succoring strife,
By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,
Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,
Warring thy war have triumphed, or have failed.

X.

Nay, but not only there
Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan plain.
It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,
The liberal air of England, thy loved home.
Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain
Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island shore—
Rough fields of riven foam,
Where in stern watch her guardian breakers roar.
Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,
Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture draw,
With all of good or great
For aye incorporate
That rears her race to faith and generous shame,
To high-aspiring awe,
To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,
To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous fame—
With all we guard most dear and most divine,
All records ranked with thine,
Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecaying shrine.
—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE JURY IN AMERICA.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE.

MOST intelligent Americans agree that, in point of practice, trial by jury throughout the United States—especially in criminal cases—has become unreliable. The reasons are not hard to find. It appears to me in the first place, that

Republican Institutions engender a repugnance to the infliction of punishment, and that this arises partly out of a morbid tenderness for the liberty of the citizen, and partly because the manner in which courts are constituted, and trials held, tend to give a *personal* character to the administration of justice. Under these influences the law is not considered as a revolution of society that such and such things must, or must not, be done; and that those who disobey must be subjected to such and such penalties as an example, and for the protection of the community against similar offences; but as a sort of foreign power which society should distrust, dislike, and keep down. Even in England what are known as "advanced thinkers" are sometimes found to have their sympathies enlisted on the side of the criminals against society, not because their guilt is doubtful, but because they are being, or about to be, punished for it.

In America every State tries its own criminals according to its own laws, before judges who are either elected by the people, or nominated by authorities so chosen; and who serve for terms varying from two to five years. Thus the political lawyer, who has gone through the process by which alone political office can be obtained, never loses his identity—never has his personality absorbed into a system so that the sentences he passes are regarded as its decrees and not his own. Thus such a feeling as that "poor Smith ought not to be sent to the penitentiary by that fellow Brown" is engendered. Parallel with this runs another consideration—equally subversive of justice, viz., the character of the person against whom it is alleged that an offence has been committed.

There were public prosecutors all over the United States long before we made such appointments, but it seems impossible (unless it be in the interests of the prisoner to do so) to make the jury act as though they had a public duty to perform. Thus, such defences as that "Jones is a mean fellow, and deserves to be robbed," or that "Robinson is a bad man, and deserved to be killed," are made in impassioned language, and plausible phrases subject (as will hereafter appear) to no sufficiently authoritative correction. A glance

through half-a-dozen American newspapers taken at random will suffice to show how powerfully personal considerations influence the judgment of an otherwise cautious people; and how wide is their range. Numerous cases could be cited in which the merits of the measures were lost sight of in debating the character of the men who proposed them. These prejudices are imbibed by the citizen before he becomes a jurymen—they surround him afterwards. It is not in the nature of things that the atmosphere of the court house should hold them in suspense during his period of service, even supposing him to be a man of average intelligence and honesty. When we find—as we shall presently—that the average intelligence and honesty of any community is not represented when most required in its juries, the influences in question become very powerful.

Before he is allowed to sit upon a trial, the citizen summoned as a juror is himself tried. He is sworn to truly answer "all such questions that may be put to him touching his competency to become a juror." The prosecuting officer takes him in hand first. What is his name? Where does he live? What is his business? Is he any relation to the prisoner? Does he know him? Does he know anything of the case? Has he formed any opinion about it? He is then either "excused" or "tendered." The counsel for the defence unusually makes it a point of honor not to attend to this questioning, and begins it all over again. "What is your name? Where do you live? and so on;" but he generally presses the last point. Has the proposed juror formed an opinion which it would require *some* evidence to remove? Here is the mesh in the net through which intelligence escapes, and fraud very frequently comes in.

There is a widespread disinclination amongst the better classes to serve on the jury. It takes a man away from his business, it subjects him to unpleasant remarks from one side or the other. He also will be judged as a person, and not as the twelfth part of a system. In the concrete even, the jury is not unfrequently treated as though amenable to personal feeling. We often read of an acquitted prisoner shaking hands with

the jury, and "thanking them warmly." Not long ago a man was tried for murder (he saw one who had insulted his sweetheart). A verdict of not guilty sent him straight from the dock to the matrimonial altar; the jury followed in a body, and the judge proposed the health of the bride!

This happened not in the much maligned South, or the wilds of the West, but in the Empire State of New York. What would be the fate of one who felt it his duty to stand out against a popular verdict in such a condition of things? If the person on trial to become a jurymen has formed an opinion upon the case (he may not be asked what that opinion is), he will be rejected. This precaution belongs to a period when newspapers were few, and the means of distributing them scanty; when one who desired information about a case would have to go and seek it for himself. Now it is almost thrust upon him. The American people are inquisitive, and cannot find fault with its press for not supplying it with the details it loves respecting any important or scandalous case. These become the common talk; and no one who reads a paper, belongs to a Commercial Exchange, and is asked when he goes home to dinner, "what is the news?" can avoid forming an opinion, and expressing it at some time or another. This is fatal to his competency as a juror. Perhaps he has expressed that opinion with the purpose of becoming incompetent. Perhaps it has slipped from him inadvertently. It took ten days in the Beecher case to get together a dozen men who had not prejudged it. If after eliminating those who talk a case over, and try it out of court, a residuum capable of approaching the question with acute and well-balanced minds could be found, this would be very well; but, practically, it is not available. A material amenable to the wiles of the jury-broker, and which, if honest, is dull and easily misled, is all that is left.

The accepted jurymen will be sworn to give a true verdict "*according to the law and the evidence.*" The practice now under consideration, therefore, starts by giving him to understand that he cannot do so—or at least that he is considered incapable of doing so—if he

has previously formed an opinion. The incomplete jury is told over and over again, as each possible companion is examined, that in the estimation of law an opinion is unchangeable. This appears to strike at the root of the object for which a trial is held, *i.e.*, dispositive discussion in which contradictory statements are weighed, and the balance of credibility struck. If an opinion based upon street talk and the sensational paragraphs of newspaper reporters cannot be changed by sworn testimony, heard under the obligation of an oath to judge it "well and truly," why should not one based upon the evidence for the prosecution *only*, or upon that for the defence *only*, or upon that of one witness, discarding all the rest, prevail? The frequent practice of waiving opening speeches on both sides deprives the jury in America of much assistance. A set of facts are, so to speak, pitchforked at them, and then they hear a series of long speeches on evidence which has not made its mark. I am afraid that this practice has its root in carelessness, upon one side at least. I have heard important cases conducted by Attorneys-General and District Attorneys, in a manner which would deprive a sessions barrister with his first brief of the chance of ever holding a second. "State what you know of this case," says the prosecuting counsel lolling back in his chair. He cannot put those short, pertinent questions we are accustomed to, because he has not prepared himself to do so. The witness rambles on, checked only by objections from the defence, and there is no one to keep him to the point. The jury, having no opening statement to guide them, do not know where the point is. Thus cases, which would be tried before a slow English judge in two or three hours, are dragged through days and sometimes nights.

The American jury gets very little assistance from the judge. He may not sum up the facts to them. They are sworn to give a true verdict "according to the law and the facts," and have to be told that they are sole judges of both. All that can be done from the bench is to state what is the law as laid down in the Statute, with the remark that juries usually go by it. This, like

many other American principles, is founded upon a fear of abuses which prevailed in the old country. Because certain British judges of a happily by-gone age abused the power of commenting upon evidence, American judges are not allowed to comment upon it at all; and so the jury is left to pick their way as best they can through a maze, in an atmosphere befogged by the conflicting statements of counsel. And here comes in another difficulty. As the judge does not sum up, he takes no notes. The jury may not. If counsel differ as to what a witness said, there is no authority to decide between them. For the same reason they cannot have their memory refreshed or corrected upon any point, if after having retired they differ upon it between themselves. In constituting the jury sole judges of law and fact, it was never of course intended that they should make the former. They were to ascertain the facts, judge if the law upon which the indictment was framed applied to them; and if so, return a verdict in accordance with those facts and that law. But this principle has been so strained that in these days juries, warped by false sentiment or baser influences, take upon themselves to unmake the law, if they cannot get over the facts. Thus we find in many cases where justice has miscarried a verdict of "*Not guilty as charged.*" A. B. has been killed; C. D. killed him "*of malice aforethought,*" as the law defines it. The jury disregard this definition and acquit him. As judges of the law they find that killing with that particular sort of malice is *not* murder. He is tried for murder, and is therefore not guilty "*as charged.*"

To say of a country in which universal suffrage prevails, that it does not possess the power which we recognize as *public opinion*, may sound like a paradox, but the observer of American modes of thought will admit it is a fact. There is political opinion, class opinion, sectional and race opinion, but no public opinion in the sense of a force which will promote good and condemn evil on the general merits of the case; or that will prevent an official, or a set of officials, from doing what they have the power to do, because it is wrong. The power to do seems to carry with it the

right to do, and this is tolerated because the power is only temporarily held.

When Tweed was upbraided for the despotism he wielded in New York, and the means by which he gained and was maintaining it, his answer was—not a denial, or excuse—but the question, "Well! what are you going to do about it?" And this has been the position taken a thousand times before, and since. The remedy is not to turn the powers that be from their purpose, but to turn them out from office at the end of their terms; and so America bears with patience, for two or three years, evils which would raise a tempest in any other constitutionally governed country before which the offending officer, or government, could not stand. This motive acts upon jurymen. They have become a jury by right of passing the ordeal already described; they have the power to do as they please, and they execute it accordingly in cases where feeling is involved. They do this, not always with wilful perversity, but undeterred by the wholesome sense of responsibility which the free exercise of public opinion evokes. A perverse verdict is seldom censured by the press; if it be, the censure is not taken as public opinion, but merely as the idea of the particular editor, to be gauged by his personal character and politics. The spasmodic action of vigilance committees, regulators, and lynchers, cannot be considered as expressions of public opinion. Public opinion is against them. Vigilance committees and regulators not unfrequently prove harder masters than the gangs they have dispersed, and Judge Lynch has sent his masked horsemen with halters for the wrong men. Were this otherwise, the almost superstitious reverence in which the American people hold their institutions, would lead them to condemn irregular or irresponsible action. They would rather see a murderer acquitted "*in due form of law,*" than have him unceremoniously executed, however clear his guilt may be. If substantial justice were not so often sacrificed to "*form of law,*" this feeling would be entitled to the highest respect. What may be called local sentiment operates sometimes in a strangely erratic fashion. D wrote insulting letters about N's daugh-

ter. A personal conflict ensued. The combatants were parted, N, an elderly man, leaned exhausted on the mantel-shelf; D, standing in the door-way, eluded the vigilance of the peacemakers, and deliberately shot him. The slayer was acquitted on the ground of self-defence. Months afterwards a son of the slain laid in wait for D, killed him, and was acquitted on the ground of "emotional insanity." The evidence on this plea commenced with his boyhood. He had been strange in his conduct for twelve years, and there was insanity in the family. Nevertheless, on the day after the trial, he was judicially pronounced to be sane and released. E, a policeman, arrested X, a negro, of very bad character, who resisted and shot him. There was evidence that the prisoner had been roughly used by his captors and he was convicted of murder without capital punishment. On his

way from the jail to the court to receive sentence, E's son came up behind him and blew his brains out. E has not yet been tried, but public sentiment points distinctly to a verdict of not guilty on some ground—it little matters what.

I think that the jury were wrong in D's case and right in that of E; but the lamentable corollary—that private vengeance may inflict a punishment which the law declines to impose—follows from both.

All the above remarks apply to the jury in criminal cases as it *is*; not as it might be. The evil is admitted—the remedy is clear. The rules excluding intelligence should be amended, and then the practice of the Courts so quickened that jurors could have no excuse for shirking one of the public duties, which all good citizens are bound to discharge.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE BORDER BALLADS.

BY MARY A. BAILLIE-HAMILTON.

To understand the Past is one of the most earnest desires of the present Age, which seems to seek compensation for its own somewhat tame and unromantic features in historical familiarity with the savage impulses of more primitive times. Hence the prevailing and ever-increasing curiosity concerning literatures once deemed extinct or unimportant. The national poetry of every land must, perforce, be stamped with the impress of the people that has created it; and hence the revived interest in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The character and attributes of a race have never been more faithfully embodied, or more strikingly delineated, than in the annals of those moss-trooping heroes whose deeds of daring, and of "rank reviving and lifting," have been thus handed down to us in verse which must possess an interest for all lovers of natural poetry, and which has an indescribable fascination for those who know and love the Borderland.

It is to Sir Walter Scott that we chiefly owe the resuscitation of the Border minstrelsy. The spell of the magician

passed over the whole of his native land, but it was perhaps wielded most powerfully, and it has certainly lingered most lovingly, in that district to which he was so proud of belonging. As he has himself told us, he reckoned among his happiest days those spent in long rambles into Liddesdale, visiting scenes celebrated in Border lore, deeming himself fortunate if he lighted on anyone who could recall a fragment of some old song, and gathering together with skilful hand the threads wherewith to weave the enchanting verse in which he has clothed and vivified the half-forgotten traditions of the past. That he was imposed upon in respect of some of the ballads, and that his judgment may have been at fault in regard to the antiquity of others, is possible, but critical discussion is beyond the scope of an article such as the present; and reading them in conjunction with the graphic introduction and notes with which he has prefaced the Minstrelsy, it would be difficult to imagine a more vivid picture of "that old, simple, violent world," and of the men who lived in it.

The Borderers were a race entirely by themselves; as distinct from the Highlander on the one side, as from the genuine Lowlander on the other. A race of freebooters, almost of outlaws, despoiling their countrymen in the Lothians and Fife, as readily as their neighbors on the English marches, and, while displaying the most devoted loyalty towards their own chieftains, testifying but scant reverence for their kings—by whom, indeed, they were occasionally expressly resigned to the retaliation of the English—they were a thorn in the side of Scotland and of England alike. But, notwithstanding these truculent and predatory characteristics, the Marchmen were, except in the case of deadly feud, neither cruel nor inhuman; and although catastrophes undoubtedly occurred sometimes, the raids were as a rule accomplished without bloodshed, while a certain degree of sympathy and even of friendly intercourse was habitually maintained between both sides of the Border. In short, though reckless and law-defying to the last degree, they were not destitute of many nobler qualities; and it could seldom be charged against them that they broke faith with either friend or foe who trusted them. So that, as men and times went, "the lads of the snaffle, spur, and spear" may fairly claim to have been, in the words of a contemporary chronicler, "gude, honeste men, and true, savyng a little shiftyng for theyr levyng," who acted honorably according to their own code of morality, from which, it is needless to say, all trace of the Eighth Commandment was effectually erased. At the same time, however, it is to be observed—as Sir Walter, with grave humor, points out—that there was a great distinction taken in the Debateable Land between a "freebooter" and a "thief." For, every man's possessions being constantly at the mercy of his neighbor, an answer in kind appeared a fair reprisal; and as the Warden himself, failing redress for depredations, was entitled to retaliate on the English by means of a Warden-raid, a certain air of legality was imparted to these otherwise informal proceedings, so that they did undoubtedly assume a different aspect on the Border to that which they wore elsewhere; although, unfortunately, the inland counties had

great difficulty in appreciating the distinction. The Borderers remained Roman Catholic later than the rest of Scotland, but religion does not seem to have entered greatly into their life. "They come to church," says Fuller, "as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar;" and "save to pater an Ave Mary when I ride on a border foray," would probably have embodied the devotional exercises of most of the moss-troopers. If, however, their observance of religion was open to doubt, their superstitious faith was unquestionable; for, besides an orthodox belief in spells, magic, witches, and ghosts, it embraced also fairies, brownies, bogles, and kelpies; and remnants of this creed have held their ground here later, probably, than in any other part of the south of Scotland.

The love of poetry, as is observable among all restless and war-like races, was very strongly developed in the Borderers; their life of adventure, the incidents of which supplied endless themes for inspiration, creating an atmosphere peculiarly favorable to its existence, while the Scottish dialect was at the same time eminently adapted to rhyming, and to that special form of verse most congenial to the taste of the people. As is well known, however, few of the ancient ballads exist at all, and those which have been preserved can hardly have descended to us in their original form, since they were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth only, so that it is impossible that they should have survived altogether unchanged; while even those of a later period, published as they were in the garlands and chapbooks of the day, have usually perished.

The most striking feature in the Border ballads appears to be that they are so peculiarly instinct with the individuality of the people that inspired them. Bold and vigorous as the deeds they record, though softened now and again by a line of pathetic beauty, or by a touch of quaint humor, they breathe the very spirit of wild and daring enterprise that characterized the lives which they reflect; the terse, simple language in which they are told, harmonizing so favorably with the nature of the incidents portrayed, and bringing the scene before

the reader with a marvellous charm and reality; while the note of the trumpet and the clash of steel ring out unmistakably, loud and clear, through them all. It is noticeable that, in the older songs, the scenery of the country is rarely more than indicated, and is never described. The reason obviously is, that having their origin in the district to which they relate, and among those to whom its features were necessarily familiar, anything beyond a mere mention of the localities would have been superfluous. But the descriptions of nature, brief though they may be, are invariably most graphic and picturesque, and are often very beautifully rendered. The mariner's warning of the storm, in *Sir Patrick Spens*, is a fine example of this:

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, Master,
I fear we'll come to harm.

"The bard," says Coleridge, "be sure, was weatherwise who framed the grand old ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*." And, reading on, one can almost feel the "lift" growing dark, and the "faem" dashing in one's face, while the tale is told of that "deadly" storm which wrecks the "gude" ship, and drowns "the best sailor that ever sailed the sea."

Most beautiful, perhaps, of all the old historical songs is *The Battle of Otterbourne*, of which Sir Walter gives the Scottish version:

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride,
Into England to drive a prey.

But, like *Sir Patrick Spens*, it is too well known for quotation.

Among the numerous Border-raid ballads it is somewhat perplexing to make a choice; but no sketch of the moss-trooping tales would be complete without some mention of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, one of the most striking figures in the annals of the Marches. He appears to have been a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, Chief of the Armstrongs, a powerful and lawless clan, who occupied a large district of country in the Debateable Land and in Liddesdale. Johnnie Armstrong "reived" and flourished during the early part of the sixteenth century; and that he did

the first with success seems certain, since he is said to have spread the terror of his name as far as Newcastle on the English side, while in Scotland his neighbors, for many miles round, found it advisable to pay him black-mail as a guarantee for his forbearance. The turbulent condition of the Borders determined James V., about 1529, to undertake an expedition for the purpose of reducing the Marchmen to order; and, under guise of a hunting expedition, he assembled an army, and having taken the preliminary precaution of imprisoning several of the principal Border chieftains, and of executing Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, called "the King of the Border," he marched through Ettrick forest and Ewesdale at the head of 10,000 men. The ballad represents the King as inviting Armstrong to meet him:

The King he wrytes a luvyng letter,
With his ain hand safe tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrong,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene;
They were a gallant companie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

* * * * *

They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,
And brak their spears wi' mickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft-windows—
God bring our men weel hame agen!"

But, however the meeting may have been brought about, it is certain that Armstrong was so ill-advised as to present himself before the King at the head of a following of thirty-six horse most gallantly equipped and arrayed.

When Johnie cam before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him;
He ween'd he was a king as weel as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrong,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

In the hope of saving his life, he then makes offer of various kinds of service to the King, but is always met with the same stern reply, and the ballad ends with a touching protest against the scant mercy shown him.

"To selk het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.
But had I kenn'd ere I cam fra hame,
How thou unkind wadat been to me !
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee."

Johnnie Armstrong and his "gallant companie" met their doom at Carlenrigg, and the tradition in the country is that the trees on which they were hanged withered away in manifest token of the injustice of their sentence. One only of the band is said to have escaped, who broke through the King's Guard and bore the fatal tidings to Gilnockie.

Perhaps, however, the most typical of all the Border-raid ballads is *Kinmont Willie*.

O have ye na heard o' the fause Salkelde ?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up ?

Its hero, also an Armstrong, was a descendant of the celebrated Johnnie, and that he was no unworthy representative of his redoubted ancestor is evident from the fact that on the occasion of a serious dispute between James VI. and the citizens of Edinburgh, that monarch reduced his contumacious subjects to obedience by means of "ane grate rumour and word among the tounes-men that the King's M. would send in *Will Kinmonde, the common thiefe*, and so many southland men as would spulye the town of Edinburgh." And that their apprehensions were well grounded is apparent, since, some ten years previously, Stirling had been ransacked by the Borderers, notably by a party of the Armstrongs under Kinmont Willie, who had then asserted his predatory instincts by "lifting," not only the horses and cattle, but also the iron gratings from the windows. The incident which the ballad commemorates took place towards the end of Elizabeth's reign; Lord Scrope being Warden of the West Marches in England, while the Lord of Buccleuch had charge of Liddesdale as "keeper of the Scottish side." A day of truce had been agreed upon, as was frequently the custom, for the purpose of settling arrears of justice, when all persons attending were held safe from molestation "from the tyme of meeting of the wardens or their deputies, till the

nixt day at the sun rying;" an infraction of the peace being punishable by death. On the occasion in question the wardens were represented by their deputies; Salkelde acting for Lord Scrope, and Scott, of Hanyng, for the Lord of Buccleuch. Kinmont Willie had accompanied Scott to the meeting, which had passed off quietly, as was usually the case, and was riding homewards by the side of the Liddel, when, at a spot where it forms the boundary between the two countries, some of the followers of Salkelde, who was pursuing his way on the English side, perceiving that Armstrong had only three or four men with him, "brake a chase of more than 200 men out of the English trayne," pursued and took him prisoner, and handed him over to their leader; who, considering, probably, that in the case of so redoubted a freebooter the end justified the means, carried him off to Carlisle Castle.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle Castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free;
Before ye cross my castle gate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie;
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,"
he said,

"I never yet lodged in a hostelrye,
But I paid my lawing before I ga'ed."

Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay;
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont
Willie,

Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be !"

O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye band,
That an English lord should lightly me !

And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch,
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

Buccleuch at once demanded the release of the prisoner, which Lord Scrope declined to grant, referring the question to Elizabeth and the Council of England. The affair had now assumed great importance, the King himself making remonstrances, first through Bowes, the English Ambassador, and finally to Elizabeth herself; but all was unavailing, and Buccleuch accordingly resolved to take matters into his own hand.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen of the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

Here the ballad probably assumes some poetical coloring. It represents the party as divided into bands of ten: the first disguised as hunters, the second as "Warden's men arrayed for fight," the third "like a mason gang that carried the ladders lang and hie," while the last come "five and five" like "broken" (outlawed) men. As they reach the English side of the Debateable Land they meet with Salkelde, who questions each party as they pass him concerning their errand, receiving from each appropriate though evasive rejoinders, until the last ten, composed of the "broken" men, come up, led by Dickie of Dryhope, who, being apparently a man of few words, and having no suitable answer ready, has recourse to a simple though practical reply:—

The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.
But there is no historical ground for supposing that Salkelde or anyone else lost his life on this occasion.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd:
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!"

"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrille!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew,
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

They then force their way into the castle, and to the inner prison where their comrade lies.

And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speir for me."

Then Red Rowan has bente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—

and thus mounted, and in his irons, he is borne down the ladder and carried off in safety; a force which proposed to intercept them deeming it more prudent "not to adventure upon so doubtfull ane event."

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
When through the water they are gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

But this was by no means the end of the business. Elizabeth, when the news reached her, "stormed not a little," the English Council took the matter up, there were further remonstrances on both sides, and the English ambassador was instructed to represent that the peace of the two countries would be endangered unless Buccleuch were sent to England. At length a commission was appointed to consider the affair, and sat at Berwick, but, before it met, Buccleuch had offended Elizabeth still more seriously by catching and hanging thirty-six of the Tynedale men, in revenge for a successful raid they had made into Liddes-

dale. The Queen was now "storming" furiously, and feeling had grown very strongly on the English border. The commission decided that the delinquents on both sides were to be given up; and finally, to meet the wishes of the King, Buccleuch consented to surrender himself to England, where he remained for four months. The tradition in the family, as Sir Walter relates it, is, that while there Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, referring to the affair of Carlisle Castle, asked him how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous? "What is there," answered Buccleuch, "that a man dares not do?" Upon which the Queen observed, "With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." The rescue of Kinmont Willie was one of the last of the Border raids. James VI., having ascended the English throne, took stringent measures for establishing security on the Marches, and, finding that various proclamations forbidding the use of horses and arms were futile, a system of extirpation was resorted to. Buccleuch collected the most formidable of the moss-troopers under his banner, from whom he organized a force which took service in Holland; numbers were executed without trial, or, as the saying was, "with Jeddart justice," *i.e.* trial after execution, and, on the English border, the clan of Graham was transported to Ireland, and forbidden to return under pain of death.

The romantic ballads, gathered as they are from all parts of Scotland, are more varied and better known, but less strikingly characteristic than those belonging more exclusively to the Border. *The Douglas Tragedy*, *Helen of Kirkconnell*, *The Cruel Sister*, with its refrain of "Binnorie," and others, must be familiar, by name at least, to many.

It is unfortunately impossible to quote fully from several of the earlier romances, and this is more particularly to be regretted in *The Lass of Lochroyan*, and *Clerk Saunders and May Margaret*, in other respects two of the most beautiful and touching of all; the last especially containing passages of the most weird and exquisite pathos. The hapless lover has been slain by the lady's brother, but, the night after his burial, his

"wraith" stands at her window "an hour before the day."

"Are ye sleeping Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

And he implores her to hasten and grant his request, so as to let him "fare him on his way."

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye Marg'ret
And aye I thank ye heartlie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

But she rises and follows him to "the green forest."

"Is there ony room at your head,
Saunders? Is there ony room at your feet
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

* * * * *

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weat.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Seldom has anything been written more touchingly pathetic than these last lines.

The latter part of the Minstrelsy is devoted to imitations of ancient ballads, of which Sir Walter's are by far the most important, his charming version of *Thomas the Rhymer*, *Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St. John*, and *Cadyow Castle*, being among them. Of these, the last—the story of the assassination of the Regent Murray—appears to us the most powerful; and, as has been well observed, it affords the strongest presage of the genius which soon afterwards produced *Marmion*.

One of the most striking of those contributed by other writers is the weird story of Lord Soulis, the wizard of Her-

mitage, as told by Leyden, that eccentric genius who was one of Scott's 'most ardent coadjutors in the collection of the Minstrelsy. Lord Soulis appears to have been one of the most powerful of the Border Barons in the fourteenth century, but, having engaged in a conspiracy against the Crown, he was sentenced to forfeit his vast estates, which, besides lands in various other counties, included the whole district of Liddesdale. Cruel, treacherous, and avaricious, he was held in terror and detestation by the people around, who, in accordance with the spirit of the age, concluded that he accomplished his wicked deeds by the aid of sorcery, holding conferences with evil spirits in a chamber at Hermitage, which, once in seven years, is still opened by the demon to whom, on his forfeiture, he confided the key of the castle.

The legend of his death is that, irritated by the repeated complaints against his tyranny and cruelty, the King, in a moment of angry haste, told his petitioners to "boil him, if they pleased, but to let him hear no more of him"; and that they availed themselves so promptly of the permission given them, that a messenger who was hurriedly despatched to prevent the possibility of the catastrophe, arrived only in time to witness its consummation. This tale is still preserved most circumstantially in the district. And, indeed, it is not wonderful that tradition and legend should survive in a locality fraught with associations so favorable to both as Hermitage Castle. Standing at the entrance of one of the wildest passes in Liddesdale, and surrounded on all sides by an apparently boundless range of lonely grey hills, it would be difficult to find a situation more in harmony with a belief in the dark deeds and superstitions of the Middle Ages. One of the most important strongholds in the Marches, and, as one of three border castles garrisoned by the Crown, ranking as a royal fortress, it was long an appanage of the Douglasses. It was, therefore, intimately connected with the fortunes of that race which exercised so potent a sway over the destinies of Scotland, and it was here that the Knight of Liddesdale, forgetful of the claims of old comradeship in arms, treacherously carried off Sir Alexander Ramsey, throw-

ing him into the dungeon to perish of starvation. Its most interesting association, however, will always be with Mary Queen of Scots, on that memorable occasion when, after holding the Court of Justice at Jedburgh, she rode out, accompanied by Murray, to visit Bothwell, who was lying there wounded, from an encounter in a recent border fray.

The ballad of Lord Soulis opens with a conversation with the spirit of the castle.

- Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him old Redcap sly ;
" Now tell me, thou sprite, who art mickle of
 might,
 The death that I must die ?"
" While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
 And hold that life 'of me,
 'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
 I shall thy warrant be.
" Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
 Shall e'er thy limbs confine ;
 Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
 Around thy body twine.
" If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
 With rusty padlocks bound ;
 Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
 And listen to the sound."

A royal messenger then arrives, the bearer of an unwelcome mandate from the King, and, by Lord Soulis' orders, both horse and man are plunged forthwith into the dungeon. He next proceeds to carry off the affianced bride of his neighbor, the heir of Braxholm ; and, by way of filling the measure of his iniquities, he also seizes that chieftain himself, and has him brought prisoner to Hermitage. Upon this, Braxholm's "ae" brother, determined to rescue him, "raises the Teviot high and low." Soulis, as enjoined in case of peril, consults the magic chest, but, omitting to observe the injunctions prescribed while doing so, the charm is broken. He consoles himself, however, for this calamity, by the resolve that it shall not prevent him from accomplishing the death of Braxholm, to whom he considerably grants the privilege of choosing the tree on which he is to be hanged. In pursuance of this object they repair to the greenwood ; but Braxholm is difficult to please, and rejects one tree after another, until, wearing in their steel caps a branch of witches-hazel as a charm against sorcery, he perceives his brother's men approaching. Lord Soulis

is duly captured, but the difficulty now arises how he is to be disposed of, his charmed life rendering him invulnerable to any ordinary method of extinction. At this crisis, Thomas the Rhymer opportunely appears on the scene, bearing with him "the wondrous book" of Michael Scott.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impress'd with many a warlock spell ;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,

That mortal man might never it see ;
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he return'd from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turn'd the leaves with curious hand :
No ropes did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the nine stane burn,
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie ;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

They then try adding chaff to the sand, but all is rendered useless by Red-cap, who is present unseen, and who frustrates all their endeavors.

And still beside the nine-stane burn,
Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea ;
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

Finally, however, a solution is found.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread ;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boil'd in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones, but barely nine ;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall :
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill the cauldron still,
The men of Liddesdale can show ;
And on the spot where they boil'd the pot,
The spreath and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

A fact which, even to the present day, is stoutly maintained by the inhabitants of the district.

It would be impossible to conclude this imperfect sketch of the Border Ballads more appropriately than in the words of Sir Philip Sidney in writing of *Chevy Chase* : "I never heard," he says, "the old song of Percie and of Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet ; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style."—*National Review*.

THE KALEWALA.

BY CANON F. C. COOK.

THE subject of this paper is the great national epic of Finland, the Kalewala. Until about the period of the annexation of Finland to Russia, its literature was unknown, and even its language, regarded as barbarous by its masters, the Swedes, was fast dying out. But about the beginning of the century attention was called to the language and the national songs of Finland by certain professors of the University of Abo, and vigorous efforts were made to collect the *Volkslieder*. The chief result of much research was that Dr. Lönnrot, to whom the foremost place in Finnish literature must be assigned, collected the songs handed down by oral tradition among the people about Vainamoinen, his brothers Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, and

other principal persons of the Kalewala, into one great poem, now regarded by the Finns, Hungarians, and Germans, as the national epic. In the years 1828 and 1831, he collected a considerable number of Runes (*i.e.*, Cantos), in the course of his journeys through Finland ; and in 1832 he gathered still more important results in a journey through the districts of Archangel, inhabited by Finns. In 1835 he published his collection of the epic poems of the Finns, in two volumes, with the title "Kalewala," in thirty-two Runes or Cantos, containing more than 12,000 lines ; and finally, after an exhaustive search of every corner of the land, conducted by a number of young students, the work was largely extended, and a new edition published

by Dr. Lönnrot, in 50 cantos, with 22,800 lines.

This epic has been well translated into German by Anton Schiefner, and more loosely into French; and a brief notice of it appeared in a work by Mr. Andrew Lang, published by Messrs. Longman, in 1884; but I am not aware that any adequate account of it has appeared in English. I have therefore thought that the readers of this REVIEW may well be disposed to give attention to a somewhat more detailed account of the contents of this remarkable poem, not only from the literary point of view, but on account of its singular interest in reference to the history of religion.

The work, it has been said, consists of fifty Runes. In the first Rune, the poet gives a striking and highly original account of the circumstances under which he wrote, and of the main object which he kept before him. This Preface, so to speak, occupies about a hundred lines. It is of importance, both as indicating the unity of the composition—inasmuch as here, and as will be seen at the close, the poet intimates some of its main features—and as showing the true position and circumstances under which it was composed. He speaks of himself as having learned the songs from his father, who sang them while carving the handle of his hatchet, and from his mother while turning her spindle. It must be remembered, however, that in that country, and at the time when the poem was composed, occupations of this kind were assigned to persons of high rank. In fact the combination of domestic and mechanical work with a considerable amount of mental cultivation and high position, is one of the most striking features of the whole poem.

In the next place, the writer marks out very distinctly the contents of the Kalewala, which he calls the "Song of the Race," produced under an irresistible internal impulse. He names at once the great personages of the whole poem, the ancient Vainamoinen, the chief hero; Ilmarinen, his brother, the ideal smith;* and the third brother, Lemminkainen, whose character is at once pointed out

by the epithet assigned to him, "wielding a sword."

Some general notions are needed in order at all to understand the character of the book. All the chief personages belong to the period between the mythology which deals entirely with deities and that which speaks simply of human heroes. They are not indeed Gods, but they are of divine origin, demi-gods; in fact, coming nearer to the deities than Hercules, Theseus, and other Grecian heroes. There are sudden and striking alternations in the description of their acts and feelings. But for the most part, we are brought into the presence of beings who, in the imagination of the earliest Turanian families, occupied a high place in the supernatural region.

One distinguishing point is the magic power which is attributed to all these persons, especially to Vainamoinen. He is represented not only as mastering all the evil forces of the universe, and controlling the course of Nature by words of supernatural power, but the magic differs altogether from that of the Shamans, the priests and sorcerers of the Tartar and Mongolian tribes. Vainamoinen is, in fact, the ideal of calm majestic wisdom, as comprehended by the greatest spirits of the race. His magic power is exerted in antagonism to moral and physical evil. It is so closely connected with knowledge of the highest truth that when his memory or powers of thought are in a state of confusion he loses altogether the mastery over antagonistic influences (see especially Runes viii. ix.). The evil works of magic are, on the contrary, attributed to the inferior and more superstitious races of the extreme north, the country, as it is called in the Kalewala, of darkness and confusion.

We must now consider the exact course of the narrative. In the first Rune, we begin with the birth of Vainamoinen. His mother, a divine being, called a daughter of the air, is one of the living agencies by whom the Creation (itself the work of the Supreme Deity, called Ukko, that is, the ancient one, and Jumala, the exact equivalent of the Elohim of the Hebrews, the absolute personal Deity) was moulded into its actual state. She is described as

*Corresponding to the Wayland of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry.

descending upon the waters, borne along by mighty rushing winds, moulding islands, promontories, &c., and, in fact, acting the part of a subordinate Demiurge.

After a period of preternatural duration and pangs of terrific severity, during which she invokes the Supreme Being, she gives birth to Vainamoinen (who is, however, represented as self-acting in this crisis, in a passage that reminds us strangely of the birth of Indra in the Rig-Veda). He enters upon existence in full possession of supernatural powers. After long tossing to and fro upon the waters he is cast upon the earth, as yet a barren, woodless and desolate solitude.

In the second Rune, we have a singularly interesting account of the process by which the earth was reclaimed and fitted for the habitation of man. Points of great interest, for which we cannot now find space, are dwelt upon. One, however, of the highest importance, the invocation of Ukkoor Jumala, the Supreme Being, must not be passed over.

"Ukko, thou, O God, who dwellest,
Father of all in highest Heaven,
Thou who rulest in the welkin
To the clouds their course assigning."

Then follow special prayers for winds and fructifying showers, prayers which are at once answered by the Deity.

One curious point must also be noticed, as it bears upon a crisis in the history of Vainamoinen. In order to prepare the earth for the reception of grains, Vainamoinen, with the assistance of a divine messenger, hews down the trees of the forest which had come into existence. But he leaves one tree standing, a birch, "for a resting-place for the birds," as he says,* and as he repeats to an eagle, who comes to inquire how it is that that tree alone is left standing. Pleased with his answer, the eagle at once supplies fire, which speedily reduces the whole forest to fertilizing ashes.†

* This exactly represents the process by which the Finns at present clear and fertilize their soil. A good account is given by M. Léovzon Le Duc—"La Finlande," vol. ii. p. 124 f.

† The verses at the end of the second Rune are a good specimen of the lighter style of the poet:—

The third Rune describes the further work of Vainamoinen in his true and highest character—that of the inspired bard of the earth.

"Vainamoinen, old and trusty,
Lived henceforth his life so noble
On the fields of famous Vaina,
On the plains of Kalewala;
There he sang his lovely ditties,
Sang for ever full of wisdom.

Sang from one day to another,
Singing through the long night-watches,
Sang the tales of ancient ages,
Sang the origin of all things,
Legends now not known to children,
Not indeed by any hero,
Now in these unhappy seasons,
In these dark degenerate ages."

The fame of Vainamoinen extended at once far and wide, far to the south and to the extremest north. There lived Joukahainen, one of the most original characters in this strange poem. He is called a mean Laplander, son of the king or chief of the country, himself remarkable for talent, but still more so for self-assertion and audacity. He hears, to his disgust, of the fame of one who could compose and sing more beautiful songs than those which he himself had learned from his father. Filled with envious fury, he goes to his mother—a person who occupies a conspicuous place in the narrative—and declares his intention of setting off at once to contest the claims of Vainamoinen to superiority. Both his parents dissuade him, and warn him of certain discomfiture, and of the penalties which he must pay for his rashness. His answer is characteristic:

"Good indeed my father's knowledge,
Better still my mother's wisdom,
But my own is far the highest."

"Then came the bird of spring, the cuckoo,
And the graceful birch beholding,
Asked 'Why thus this birch so slender
Hast thou left alone uninjured?'
Then said ancient Vainamoinen:
'It is for this the birch remaineth
That to full growth it attaining,
May give thee place for cheerful singing.
Cry out here, thou dearest cuckoo,
Sweetly sing with throat so pliant,
Clearly sing with voice of silver,
Sing with ring of purest metal,
Sing at morning, sing at even,
Sing aloud at the full mid-day,
That this place may fully prosper,
And the growing of the forest,
May enrich this lonely district,
And fill with plenty all its cornfields.'"

So he proceeds at once to carry out his own plans, mounts his car with its fire-breathing steed, and on the third day arrives at Kalewala. There he meets Vainamoinen driving quietly through the fields. The impetuous youth rushes at once upon him, there is a fierce collision, both are thrown out, but stand facing each other. Vainamoinen asks quietly who he is, and where he comes from. The youth answers insolently: "I am the young Joukahainen: Whence comest thou? To what base family dost thou belong?" Vainamoinen answers, "If you are young get out of my way, as becomes a young fellow;" but Joukahainen answers in tones that recall Elihu and Job: "Here the age of a man matters little, whether he is young or old. To him who stands higher in wisdom, the other must give way." He then challenges Vainamoinen to a trial of skill. The answer of Vainamoinen deserves to be quoted:

"I for my part am not skillful,
All my life in desert regions
Has been passed in my own homestead;
I have only heard the cuckoo:
But do thou, my golden fellow,
Say what knowledge thou possessest
Greater, wider than another."

The youth then names commonplace facts touching home-life, the habits of fish, of beasts—as, for instance, the reindeer—the numbers and names of waterfalls, lakes, and hills in the district. These answers Vainamoinen treats with utter contempt, as beneath the notice of a bearded man, and calls upon him to tell the origin and essential nature of things.

The answer of the youth is striking. He speaks first of the nature of animals and of the elements. "Water," says he, "is the first of forces, and the most effective in enchantments." But he adds in two striking lines:

"Of all healers, the Creator,
Of all helpers, God is greatest."

Here I must remark that he uses the name Jumala, recognized by the noblest family of the Finns, including the Laplanders, as the Supreme Being.

Then, irritated by the contemptuous words of Vainamoinen, the youth boasts, in a wild, exaggerated style, that he himself had been present at the act of creation, one of the seven heroes to

whom the moulding of the earth was entrusted. He claims the ordering of the atmosphere and the making of the firmament, the course of the moon and of the beautiful sun, of the Bear and other stars of heaven.

Vainamoinen is now effectually roused to fury. He treats the youth as an insolent liar. We feel that the contest is virtually settled, but the youth at once appeals to the decision of the sword:

"Now thou aged Vainamoinen,
Come now, O thou big-mouthed singer,
Let us this fierce quarrel settle
With our swords and sharp-edged weapons."

We have thus the two characters and habits of mind distinctly before us. On the one side stands the representative of youthful audacity; on the other the calm maturity of wisdom. Vainamoinen quietly refuses the challenge, and after another wild outburst of passion on the part of the youth, utters words of sovereign power, the expression of a superhuman wisdom, which by their magic efficacy seize the youth, strip him of all his accoutrements, car, horse, and weapons, and plunge him into a morass up to the waist.

The youth now feels his weakness and his folly in challenging the wise and aged hero to a trial of skill. After ineffectual attempts to escape, full of anxious terror, he calls with loud wailing to the wise and eternal magician, and promises an ample ransom for his deliverance. In succession he offers magic weapons, the choice between two wonderful boats, then horses, and abundance of gold and silver, lastly the whole of his lands. To all these offers, Vainamoinen has but one answer: all that the youth offers, he has already in his possession. With reference to the last offer, he says:—

"Best are ever one's own acres,
Best are ever one's own harvests;"

and, continuing his magic song, plunges the youth deeper and deeper in the morass.

We now come to the last and only acceptable offer which the youth makes in his desperation. But to understand its exact bearing, we must remember habits common not only to the Finns and Laplanders, but to all branches of the Turanian race. No man could marry

a wife of his own family, or even of his own tribe. He had to obtain one either by compact with the parents for a sum sufficient to recompense them for the cost of their daughter's training and the loss of her services, or to seize her by main force. A considerable portion of the Kalewala, and of the national poetry of other families of the race, is occupied with transactions referring to the acquisition of a bride.* The bride and her family looked upon marriage contracted under such circumstances as a serious calamity, unless they had some reason to trust the wooer. The maidens were educated, however, with reference to their future position as brides in a strange family, somewhat between slaves and mistresses of a household. This will be illustrated by many passages in the Kalewala. Here it is necessary to bear this fact in mind with reference to the last offer of Joukahainen, and its acceptance by Vainamoinen. In the last agony of approaching death he cries out :—

“ O wise and noble Vainamoinen
Leave, oh leave thy spells of magic,
Leave me still my life so lovely.
If the enchantment thou recallest
And the evil curse removest,
I will give thee mine own sister
Aino, daughter of my mother.
Who shall keep thy house in order,
Always clean and always tidy,
Who shall keep the casks well polished,
Thy bed with sheets and blankets cover,
Coverlet with gold embroider,
Bake thee bread as sweet as honey.
Then the aged Vainamoinen
Felt exceeding bright and cheerful,
That he now the youngster's sister
For his old age thus was promised.”

The result is that Joukahainen is at once delivered, mounts his sledge, and hastens home in a state of extreme distress, there to seek his own dear mother, the gray-haired, aged woman. She inquires into the cause of his evident displeasure. His answer is :—

“ Dearest, thou who once didst bear me,
Cause enough to-day for weeping,
Ever must I mourn and sorrow,
That I thus my own dear sister
Have to Vainamoinen given
As a bride to him, the singer,
To the weakling a stout helper
And protector for his household.”

* See the “ Samoeidischen Legenden and Tartarischen Heldensagen.”

His mother, however, does not share his feeling, and declares that she had always hoped to have the noble hero, the strong Vainamoinen as her son-in-law.

But the poor sister wept bitterly on hearing the tidings, nor is she at all consoled by her mother's assurance, that she will be mistress of a noble house, and pass her time quietly at the window, or in domestic occupations. The form in which the maiden expresses her sorrow is characteristic—

“ Mother, thou who me didst carry,
Well may I, oh dearest, sorrow,
For my beauteous plaits be weeping,
Which my young head so adorneth,
For the soft and flowing lovelocks
Which from henceforth must be hidden
And their full growth ever covered.”

She weeps for her young life, the love of the dear sun, the sweetness of the fair moonlight, the joy of her whole life, when, as maiden and as child, she had been allowed to sit in the workshop of her brother* under the windows of her father. The mother simply answers that God's fair sun (notice the expression, “ sun of Jumala,” the Supreme God) shines in other parts of the earth, and that the enjoyments of childhood she may still have as a wife.

I have quoted this Rune at some length, because of its highly characteristic portraiture of the old Turanian habits, and its indications of a true theology.

In the next Rune Vainamoinen sees the maiden in the copse and says to her quietly :

“ Not for others wear, O virgin,
For me only wear, O virgin,
Lovely pearls as thy fair necklace,
Silver cross upon thy bosom,
Wear for me thy plaits so lovely,
Bind for me thy hair with ribbons.”

His address stirs the wrath of the maiden, who flings away the cross from her bosom, the rings from her finger, the pearls from her neck, the red ribbon from her head, and, weeping and wailing loudly, runs to her house. There she finds her father, who asks her at once why she is weeping; then her brother and young sister; and at last her mother, who is at the dairy skimming the milk, and says :—

* The love of brothers and sisters is dwelt upon with special interest in other Finnish poems.

"Why thus weeping, my poor daughter,
My poor daughter, my young maiden?"

She tells her mother all that has happened, but the only answer she gets is a direction to dress herself beautifully, with the offer of a present of splendid robes with a golden girdle, which her mother had once in early youth received as a gift from the daughters of the moon and the sun, but after wearing a few days set aside as far too precious for common use.

Deaf to her mother's pressing and fascinating offer, the poor girl runs away bewailing her fate. "Better," says she, "had it been for me never to have been born than to have grown up to see a day so wretched. Had I lived only six nights, then my little body would have needed but a small shroud, a little spot of earth; then my mother and father would have wept for me but a little, and my brothers scarce a little." One more attempt she makes to persuade her mother, but in vain. Then putting on her most precious ornaments she flees from the house, over fields and meadows, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," ever crying out and longing for death. "My time," she says, "is now come to hasten from this world to the realm of Mana,* to the region of death. Weep not, oh! my father; mother, be not angry; sister, dry thy cheek; brother, give up weeping when I sink into the water, to the depths of the sea." At last she comes to the sea-coast, and sits there weeping through the evening and the whole night. There she sees three sea-nymphs, and in haste to join them flings off her robes and ornaments. But as she is just about to leap into the water, the crag on which she is sitting falls, and the poor maiden, Aino, is flung headlong into the waves.† Her dying song occupies some lines which I must pass over. Her death awakens even the sympathy of the wild beasts. The question is, which shall bear the tidings to her parents? The bear, the wolf, and the fox are rejected; but the hare, a tender-

hearted beast, hastens to the home, where he barely escapes being seized and roasted. The maidens of the household, who were in the bath-room with brooms in their hands,* threaten him; but he succeeds in telling his sad tale, which is heard with bitter grief by the poor mother, who in her agony exclaims:

"Never, oh! poor mother, never,
Never, while your life endureth,
Press your daughter on to marriage,
If the man she will not fancy,
As I now, unhappy mother,
Urged my sweet unwilling daughter."

The quaint grief of the parents occupies the rest of this Rune.

The next Rune begins with the effect of the tidings on Vainamoinen. Weeping like a genuine Homeric hero, he goes at once to the seaside and calls upon the god of dreams to tell him where he should find the sea-nymphs with whom, as his instinctive wisdom told him, the lost maiden was now dwelling. Receiving instructions on this point, he takes a boat, which he prepares with the utmost care, and goes with his fishing-rod to explore the bed of the sea.†

At last a large salmon seizes the bait, Vainamoinen catches it, of course, immediately, and describes its beauty and special charms for a fisherman. His one thought is to cut it up for a meal, and he draws out his knife for this purpose. He is about to cut it open, when the salmon slips out of his hand and springs into the water, where it immediately rises to the surface and addresses him thus:

"Oh, thou poor old Vainamoinen,
Never did I come as salmon
To supply thee with a supper," &c.

"Why, then, did you come?" asks Vainamoinen. Whereupon she declares that she came with the intention of being his bride, describing at full length the domestic duties which she would have gladly undertaken. She says, "I was not a real salmon, but a bright young maiden, the sister of Joukahainen, whom thou hast so long wished for.

* Mana, the Pluto of the Turanians, the Yami of Indo-Aryans.

† In the first edition, 1835, this was represented as a deliberate act of suicide, which Castrén holds to have been the original legend; this appears to me somewhat questionable.

* The bath room is the most important room in the house of every Finn.

† The details of this are given with great precision, being of course of special interest to a population of fishermen.

Thou poor old fool ! Vainamoinen ! without discernment. You knew not how to hold me fast, I who now am a sea-nymph, the daughter of the waves."

The poor old man, in sad distress, implores her to come to him again ; but she disappears at once and forever. Vainamoinen indulges in long and fruitless regrets ; but finding all in vain, he utters a last lamentation, and then hastens homewards. There he speaks of the departure of all joy, but, above all, regrets the absence of a mother who, had she been still upon earth, would have told him what he could do to soothe his grief.* His wailing is heard by his mother in the other world ; she answers him from beyond the grave, and advises him at once to return to the north, where he will find more beautiful maidens, more remarkable for grace and especial charm of Finnish housewives—active and neat-handed in household duties. Vainamoinen goes at once ; but he is watched by his old enemy, Joukahainen, who aims a fiery arrow at him, which pierces his horse. He falls at once into the water, where he is carried away by a terrific storm ; he remains many days in the open sea ; but is at last saved by the eagle who remembers with gratitude his thoughtful kindness in sparing a birch tree for the good of the birds, and deposits him at once on the northern shore, where the Queen of the North receives him hospitably, and detains him with promise of bestowing upon him her daughter in marriage, if only he will prepare the mysterious and marvellous thing called a *Sampo*,† the possession of which secured riches and prosperity to the happy owners. Vainamoinen cannot do this himself, but undertakes, on his return home, to send his brother Ilmarinen, the smith ; whereupon the Queen of the North supplies him with chariot and horses, warn-

ing him that if he does not go straight home, without allowing his attention to be disturbed by any object, some terrible calamity will befall him.

But, as the eighth Rune tells us in the beginning, Vainamoinen's attention was at once arrested. A wondrously beautiful daughter of the North is seen, seated on the vault of heaven, in vestment of heavenly brilliancy, engaged, as became a daughter of the North, in weaving a robe of gold and silver thread. The sound of the shuttle and the silver spindle in its rapid movement made a loud noise immediately over the head of Vainamoinen, and it at once arrests his rapid and impetuous course. Regardless of the warnings he had received, he looks up to heaven, sees the beautiful maiden, and at once stays his horse and cries out to her :

" ' Come hither to my sledge, oh maiden !
By my side at once be seated. ' "

The maiden answers, " What should a maiden do in his sledge ? " His answer is that of a genuine Finn. She should come to do all domestic work which becomes a matron ; bake his bread, prepare his beer, sing blithely at his table, and, sitting at the window, enjoy the outlook over the wide plains of Kalewala. Her answer is characteristic and amusing :

" ' I went to the flowery meadow,
Yesterday, just after sunset,
There I heard a bird sing sweetly,
There I heard a thrush thus warbling,
Singing of a maiden's feelings,
And a married woman's feelings.
Then I asked this little warbler,
Tell me, oh sweet bird distinctly,
Which is better and more pleasant,
To live as maiden with one's father,
Or as matron with a husband ? "

" ' Answer gave the lovely warbler :
Bright and warm are days of summer,
Warmer still a maiden's freedom.
Icy cold in frost is iron,
Colder still the joy of women.
In her home still the maiden dwelling,
Is a sweet fruit in a garden ;
But the wife beside her husband,
Like a dog chained to his kennel.
Seldom is a servant pardoned,
Never is a wife forgiven. ' "

Vainamoinen answers simply, that a bird's singing and the thrush's twittering are all folly. A maiden in her home

* This is inconsistent with the account of his birth in the first Rune ; but in a long poem which was certainly composed at different periods, such discrepancies are common.

† What the *Sampo* was is much disputed among commentators. Some adopt the very prosaic account given in the edition of 1835, that it was simply a mill adapted for various purposes. Others, with whom Castrén agrees, are content to leave it in obscurity. It occupies a very prominent position in the whole poem.

* A very full account of the trials of a Finnish wife is given in Rune xxiii. line 1 to 478.

is but a child ; but as a wife is duly honored. So he repeats his invitation, modestly stating his pretensions, as a man not to be looked down upon as inferior to other heroes. In answer, the maiden proposes conditions impossible, as she supposes, two of which he fulfils at once. The third, however, brings him into misfortune. He has to form a boat out of her broken shuttle. Vainamoinen feels that no one under the vault of heaven could make such a vessel as well as he could. He sets to work at once, and goes on for two days successfully, but on the third day his skill fails him. Two malignant spirits, often named in the poem and in the legends of the Finns, are on the watch, and give his hatchet a thrust which drives it into his knee, forcing it, in fact, into the flesh and into the arteries, so that the blood gushes out like a torrent. Vainamoinen, at first unconcerned, speaks magic words ; but in his state of mental confusion, brought on probably by the sight of the maiden, he forgets the special words which would at once have effected a cure. Blood flows forth, as is described, in an unceasing stream, not as the blood of a mortal, but of a demi-god. Finding all means which he tried to stop it ineffectual, he gives way to terror and grief, and, though not without difficulty, gets into his sledge and drives his horse rapidly to a place where three roads meet. He tries first the lowest, then the middle one, but although both bring him to places where he hoped to find succor, he fails in each case. The third road, however, which leads him upwards, brings him to a house where an old man with a gray beard is sitting by the stove, who in answer to his question : " Is there any one here who can stop a torrent of blood ? " says that " three words of the Creator could arrest rivers, and streams, and torrents. " Vainamoinen enters the house ; the blood streaming from his wound fills at once all the vessels that can be produced, and teaches the old man that one of the race of heroes is in his presence. Unfortunately, the old man cannot find the words needed on this occasion ; words that describe the origin of iron. Vainamoinen here, however, can supply him with the knowledge, and narrates at length a myth, followed by an account of the way

in which iron was moulded and wrought by his brother, the smith Ilmarinen. This account, which occupies some 250 lines, gives the old man the information which he requires.* He sets his son at once to work, and, after a solemn invocation of God the Creator and Father in Heaven, he prepares an ointment of magic efficacy, which at once stills the agonizing pains and restores the wounded knee to perfect soundness. The efficacy of this remedy he attributes entirely to the power of God, whom he addresses as " God, full of beauty, mighty Creator, preserver from all evil. "

Vainamoinen expresses his deep feelings of joy and gratitude in words so full of deep Christian feeling that Castren regards them as proof of the influence of Christianity itself.

" Then his eyes did Vainamoinen
Raise in thankfulness to heaven. "

And said :—

" 'Tis from thence all help proceedeth,
E'en from thence, from highest heaven,
From the mighty great Creator.
Praised be Thou in heaven, O Highest !
All praise to Thee, oh Great Creator !
That Thou help to me hast granted,
And vouchsafed me Thy protection,
In these pains so hard and cruel
By the cruel steel inflicted. "

He concludes his address with these words :—

" " God alone the end effecteth,
He alone the great Creator,
Ne'er will it be found by hero,
Ne'er by mighty hand accomplished. " "

With this strange and noble utterance, the first series of legends, which describe the character and work of Vainamoinen, comes virtually to a close.

The next Rune finds him in his own home, where he at once endeavors to persuade Ilmarinen to fulfil his own promise to the Queen of the North. This part of the subject is dealt with briefly ; but it is of importance, as touching the central point in the whole series of transactions. Ilmarinen is described as second only to Vainamoinen in wisdom and sound judgment. He is himself a demigod, a divine artificer,

* The account given by Vainamoinen is interesting, both as regards the legend which personifies natural agencies, and also for the acquaintance which it shows with the mind's and metal-worker's art.

who, as is assumed throughout, in subordination to the Supreme Deity, gave form, if not existence, to the firmament. In the tenth Rune he forms a mysterious *Sampo*, which Castrén regards as a magical instrument or talisman, to which certainly are attributed the wealth and prosperity of the nation who have the good fortune to possess it. As a reward of his work he receives the promise of the daughter of the North in marriage; but, like his brother Vainamoinen, he fails to secure her love, and returns home bitterly disappointed.

The following Runes bring us into contact with one of the most striking and original characters in the poem, named Lemminkainen. In the eleventh and twelfth Runes we are told of his adventures with the beautiful but frail Kyblikki, whom, however, he abandons, and after a long discussion with his mother, who seeks to dissuade him, he resolves to go northwards, and court the beautiful daughter of the North. His adventures in this expedition, which are singularly wild and interesting, are described in the thirteenth to the sixteenth Runes. The next four Runes describe the second expedition of the two elder brothers, when Ilmarinen at last obtains the hand of the beautiful girl. The ceremonies of the wedding, which are full of curious details, form an episode of not less than six Runes; and the conduct of the impetuous Lemminkainen, who, indignant at not being invited, resolves to go to the North and revenge himself, forms another episode, extending over Runes twenty-seven to thirty.

This part of the subject has been here of necessity dealt with very concisely; but it contains some of the most striking and interesting details in the whole poem. The characters of the three brothers, so unlike, yet all standing apart from other beings in the strength and originality of their nature, come before us with singular vividness, and excite a lively interest. The details of domestic life are in no place marked more distinctly than in Runes thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-four.

Then follows a long episode of remarkable beauty, but wholly unconnected with the main subject of the poem. It relates to the disastrous adventures of

an ancient hero, Kullervo, terminated by his suicide. There can be no doubt that this formed a separate chant in the recitation of the singers. But it bears evident marks of identity of authorship. The thirty-seventh Rune leads us back to Ilmarinen, who, having lost his wife, attempts to supply her place by magic creation. But failing in this, he resolves once more to go to the North and woo the younger sister of his late wife. He is ill-received by the parents; but carries the girl off by force. Indignant at her reproaches he casts her off and changes her into a sea-mew. On his return home he gives his elder brother an account of the extraordinary prosperity of the North, now in possession of the *Sampo*. The effect of this is described in Rune thirty-nine. Vainamoinen at once resolves to invade the North and obtain possession of the *Sampo*. In this expedition the two elder brothers are joined by Lemminkainen.

Here follows another digression of strange interest. On their way the boat strikes on the back of a monstrous pike. They capture it, and with the backbone Vainamoinen forms a harp, on which he exercises his wondrous magic skill as the musician and songster of the universe. All living beings in earth and sea and atmosphere come at once to listen to his music, the effect of which is described as so affecting as to bring tears to every eye; great tears falling from his own eyes into the water become beautiful pearls. This passage, of course, reminds us of the old Greek legends of Orpheus and Bacchus; but it is evidently original.

We have now an account of the achievements of the three brothers, and especially of Vainamoinen, in the North. He claims the *Sampo*, as a matter of right. But the Queen of the North, Louhi, calls upon her warriors to oppose the invader. Vainamoinen, as in all other cases, trusts entirely to his wondrous magic power, and taking his harp, by his melodies lulls the whole people of the North into a deep sleep. He then seizes the *Sampo*, which the Queen of the North had hidden in a rocky mountain, and sets off to return home. On the third day, Louhi awakes from her sleep and sends a dense fog and strong wind against the robbers of

the *Sampo*. In the storm Vainamoinen's new harp falls into the water. Louhi pursues them in a warship, and a desperate battle is fought on the sea, in which the forces of Kalewala are triumphant. Still the northern queen succeeds in getting hold of the *Sampo*, which she throws into the sea, where it is broken to atoms. Yet all places where fragments fall are enriched by it, the adjoining coasts especially, to the great joy of Vainamoinen. In the next Rune Vainamoinen seeks for his harp, which had fallen into the sea, but cannot find it, and makes himself a new harp of a birch, which he plays, and fills all beings that hear him with exceeding joy. In the forty fifth Rune, the Queen of the North sends pestilence and sundry diseases against Kalewala, ills which are met at once by Vainamoinen's magic skill. In the next Rune he also slays a bear, sent by the same foe, and, in accordance with Finnish customs, still observed in that district, a great feast is held, at which Vainamoinen plays on his harp and expresses hopes for the future prosperity of Kalewala.

The forty-seventh Rune is one of the most remarkable in the poem. The moon and the sun come down to listen to the songster; but the Queen of the North makes them both prisoners, hides them in a mountain, and steals all the fire from the homes of Kalewala. Then Ukko, the god of the atmosphere, indignant at the darkness in Heaven, creates fire for a new moon and a new sun; here we have what looks like a reminiscence of Genesis i., but it is certainly of independent origin.*

We have then circumstances undoubtedly significant and suggesting deep and true meanings, but obscure and open to speculation. Fire falls on the earth, and Vainamoinen and his brother go out to find it. The Daughter of the Air—that is, the mother of Vainamoinen in the ancient myth—appears to them and directs them to the place where it can be found. But unfortunately it has been swallowed by a mysterious fish. After fruitless attempts to catch the fish, they construct a magic net, in which he is caught. The fire at once spreads

around and lays waste the whole district, until at last it is overmastered by the magic art of the two brothers; from being a master it becomes a useful slave, and warms the homes of Kalewala.

This brings us to the real close of the poem (Rune forty-nine). Ilmarinen first attempts to make a new sun and moon, but fails to supply them with light. Vainamoinen, again ascertaining by magic where the true moon and sun are hidden, determines on an expedition to the North to recover them. Failing in this, he returns home, and with his brother Ilmarinen sets about making new implements to open the rocky mountain. The Queen of the North, dreading the result, sets the sun and the moon free. Vainamoinen hails their return with a song of grateful feeling, which concludes the forty-ninth Rune.

The fiftieth and last Rune. The forty-ninth Rune ended with the last acts and words of Vainamoinen, as the true head and representative of ante-Christian civilization. The fiftieth Rune begins in an altogether different tone. We have in it the close of the system by which the national life of Finland had been previously moulded.

It begins abruptly; without any previous intimation we are brought into the presence of a beautiful virgin named Mariatta. She passed the first years of her life in the house of her father and dear mother. She is described as exceedingly beautiful, chaste, humble, and full of loving tenderness. She abstains from all animal food, even from eggs, not as things unclean in themselves, but because of her exceeding love for all living creatures. Her address to the golden cuckoo (as we have seen, the favorite bird of the Finns)* is full of terms of endearment. She lived long as a shepherdess, in which condition no venomous or unclean creatures dared to touch her. There she is addressed by a mysterious fruit, which asks her to gather and swallow it. She listens to its request, but the mysterious result is that she conceives a child. Her anxieties and distress during pregnancy are described, especially the pangs of childbirth. When they are coming on, in

* Observe the order—first fire or light, then sun and moon as luminaries in heaven.

* Thus, too, in the Russian 'Bylines,' the cuckoo takes the place of the nightingale.

accordance with Finnish customs, she beseeches her mother for the bath ; but her mother rejects her request with indignation, feeling assured of her guilt. So also her father. Her answer to both is a simple assertion of chastity and the declaration that she would give birth to a great hero, a noble being, who would rule over the mighty, and especially over Vainamoinen. Strangely enough, she then addresses herself to a prince or king, named Ruotas, a name which all commentators identify with Herod. He and his hateful wife tell the maid, through whom she sends her request, that the only place fit for Mariatta would be a stall in the forest ; there, surrounded by horses, she might give birth to her child. The maiden acts as she is thus directed. Her prayer to the Creator, full of piety and love, is given in a few lines, asking for deliverance and preservation of life in her hour of bitter agony. Her loving care of the infant is then described, special mention being made of the swaddling clothes. But suddenly and mysteriously the child disappears. She seeks him for a long time in vain. Then she calls upon a bright star which appears to her suddenly :

“ O thou star by God created,
Canst thou tell me of my infant,
Where my little son abideth ? ”

The star makes a remarkable answer :—

“ If I knew I would not say it,
He Himself is my creator. ”

The same question is addressed to the moon, and the same answer given. Both the moon and the stars speak of their melancholy state in the cold and gloom of night. Finally, she addresses the sun :

“ Sun, O thou by God created,
Know'st thou aught of my sweet infant ? ”

The sun answers in joyous tone :—

“ Well I know thy lovely infant,
He it is who me created
That with golden rays the daylight,
I might give to happy mortals. ”

He tells her that the infant is plunged in a marsh. There Mariatta finds her child, whom she brings home, but can give him no name. All the mothers call him the Flowret ; but strangers call him *Idler*. We then read that the child

is to be baptized. An aged man, called Virokannas, came to baptize and to bless him ; but will not do this until the child has been thoroughly examined and proved.

The result is that Vainamoinen himself, as the representative of wisdom, is called in to examine the child. But, with a mysterious instinct of antipathy or terror, the aged hero declares that it is a child of the marsh and of a fruit, and that the fitting treatment is to throw it on the ground where the fruits grew, or to carry it to the marsh, and there crush its head with a tree.

Then in words that remind us, though indistinctly, of the Apocryphal legends of the infancy, the child, though but two weeks old, calls out :

“ O thou old man without wisdom,
Without wisdom, full of folly ;
How unrighteous is thy judgment,
What unsound interpretation ! ”

and tells him that he will have to expiate his crime against the child of his own mother, and will be plunged in the marsh.

Thereupon the aged Virokannas baptizes the child and pronounces the formal blessing, that it should be King of Kariala and protector of all the powers of the universe. By Kariala we are to understand either the district then inhabited specially by the Finns, or, more probably, the whole earth, of which it was regarded as the centre. We have the clear announcement of a new dispensation under the sovereignty of an almighty king. But to Vainamoinen the result is utterly ruinous. He feels that his own work is come to an end. It began with the cultivation of the earth, and civilization of its inhabitants ; and ended with a restoration to prosperity and happiness. But it is now all over. Once more, he sings for the last time, and, by words of magic power, calls into existence a boat of metal. On this he takes his departure ; and, as he passes away over the waste of waters, he utters these words :

“ Let the dear time pass away,
Men will still feel need of me ”

that I may create another *Sampo* (that is, the means of all earthly prosperity), and renew in Heaven the moon and the sun, without which the earth is bereaved of all joy.”

And so the aged Vainamoinen leaves this earth and sails away to the unfathomable depths of space. There he still remains, on his magic boat.

"Still he left his harp among us,
Left the beauteous tones in Suomi,*
To the people's endless gladness,
Lovely songs for Suomi's children."

So ends this mysterious but noble poem. Before we consider its general bearings, we must call attention to the last words added by the poet himself. He says he must now bring his songs to a close, for all exertions have an end. Horses and steel, and water and fire, all cease when their work is done. Must not, therefore, song and poetry end, when wearied after the long joys of even, after the last hours of sunset?† He then speaks, in the melancholy tones which are specially characteristic of Finnish poetry, of his early youth. His mother, he tells us, died very early; her love and her brightness, too, soon forsook him. Without human sympathy, he had grown up among the firs and birches of the forest, ever dear and friendly to him. There he grew up like a young lark or thrush, but under the government of a strange woman, a step-mother, who assigned to him the windy corner of the room, and the north side of the house, where the unprotected infant might be abandoned to the pitiless storms. There, he says, he began, as a lark, to move freely, "to fly as a bird" full of anguish; there he learned to know every wind, to understand each sound of the forest, to tremble at the frost, and to lament in the cold; so, to use the words of the most unhappy child of genius in our own days:

"He learned in suffering what he taught in song."

He tells us he received no instruction, learnt nothing from the great or noble of the earth, received nothing from strange languages or distant lands. Alluding to the words which we read at the beginning of the poem, he says he had in his own house his teaching by the spindle of his mother and the car-

penter's bench of his brother; yet, as he says at last, "be this as it may, I have shown the way to singers, and cleared their path for them. In future this is the way that must be trodden, this is the sure path open for all singers, rich in talents, and for all poets, who will sing to the youth now growing up, to the coming race."

In a very few words I will now state the chief impressions made on my mind by this most remarkable poem.

I. It has the fullest and justest claim to be called a national epic. We observe the singular unity of the composition, a unity not merely external, though in that respect it is rivalled by few, and surpassed by none; for with the exception of the single episode from *Runes* thirty-one to thirty-four, every part of the poem is concerned with the actions and sayings of the three brothers. Among them Vainamoinen stands foremost. He is the chief and representative of all pre-Christian civilization. The poem begins with his mysterious birth, and ends with his no less mysterious disappearance. His mother is a divine being; and he belongs to the same supernatural sphere. His first acts upon earth are connected with its cultivation. From first to last he performs all his exploits by virtue of words of magic efficacy, giving mysterious expression to his deep insight into the origin and powers of the universe. On one occasion only is he represented as acting by mere force of arms, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to the Homeric ideal of heroism. He is spoken of always as a person of deep and tender affections; loving his mother, his brethren and his people. He is the great ideal musician, charming and ruling all powers of Nature by his soul-controlling melodies, and bequeathing at last his harp to his own people. On one occasion only does his wisdom fail him, owing to mental perturbation. We find that, far from regarding the magic power which he possesses and uses so freely as his own inherent endowment, he recognizes one Supreme Being as source of all power, giver of all good gifts. It is true that Castrén looks upon these passages as proofs of Christian influences, but wherever the sacred name *Jumala* (i.e., God) occurs,

* i.e., Finland. It is the only proper name of the district and people.

† This refers to the Finnish habit still preserved of reciting poems in the long winter evenings.

it is used precisely in the same spirit as we find in every unsophisticated race of early periods. The idea of a personal and Supreme God, no mere abstraction or result of curious speculations, but an ever-present and all-controlling principle, dimly apprehended, but inseparably connected with human consciousness, is to me the most conspicuous and interesting fact bearing on the unity of the race and the divine origin of all true religion.

In considering the unity of the poem we must bear in mind that in its present state it was collected from the mouths of the people, and was liable of course to all influences which would affect its integrity. Many repetitions, many discrepancies find in this circumstance a complete explanation. But we may congratulate ourselves, not merely on the almost unexampled retention of poems of such extent, abounding in variety of details, but on the still more remarkable preservation of unity of characters, principles and feelings.

With regard to the language, I may be allowed to state that when I first began to read Finnish, I was struck by its very remarkable characteristics, and by its near resemblance to the noblest and most cultivated languages of Aryan antiquity. The metrical system is at once simple and effective. It moves with an easy and elastic flow, carrying us on with a resistless movement not surpassed in the finest chants of the Rig-Veda, or the Homeric poems.

Whether we regard the language, the poetry, or the religion of the Kalewala, I find striking confirmation of the principles which I have asserted in my work, "The Origin of Religion and Language." We have in the first place, the transitional link between the Aryan, or flexional, and Turanian, or so-called agglutinative languages. This fact is distinctly recognized by critics who are certainly not influenced by what is now regarded as dogmatic prejudice. Castrén, and all other Finnish scholars, Ujfalvy, Budenz, and other Hungarian philologists, equally remarkable for acuteness and sound judgment, prove, on purely scientific grounds, that Finnish comes nearest to the oldest forms of Aryan, so near, indeed, as to justify the assumption of direct descent; and

again brings all other Turanian languages within the limits of an intelligible and complete system, comprehending all branches, from the North-West to the extremest East of the old continent.

Taking Finnish as the centre, we see at once its connection with the original language of the Japhetic race, retained in its purest and most developed form by the old Aryans; and, on the other hand, with the most ancient forms of the Turanian languages, the old Median, the Accadian or Sumerian, not to speak of Turkish or Hungarian, which is now admitted by all native scholars to be directly descended from the Ugro-Finnish.

II. Poetry. In extent the Finnish Epic stands between the national poems of the Indo-Aryans and the "Iliad" or "Odyssey." In unity of structure, and in variety, and truth, in its representation of personal character, it certainly presents a striking contrast to the wilder features of Scandinavian and Indo-Aryan poetry. Vainamoinen is at once more human than the heroes of classical antiquity, and, at the same time, free from the prevalent characteristics of mere physical force and ferocity. These points, to my mind, have an important bearing upon the question as to the unity of all branches of the human race. The deepest sympathies of our common nature are appealed to and elicited.

III. Religion. As for the religion of the Kalewala, without discussing speculative questions, indefinite in extent and utterly inconclusive, I would simply insist on one unquestioned fact: one Supreme Deity, Creator and Lord of the Universe, is called Jumala, a name which, as Castrén proves, is far more ancient than any designation of a God among the Finns, and their congeners. In character, attributes, and powers, this Deity occupies precisely the position assigned to Varuna in the Rig-Veda, or to Ahuramazda in Eranian tradition; and, on the other hand, to the Being recognized, though it might seem unconsciously, in spite of later superstitions, by all branches of the Turanian race. These points would, of course, require more space and time than are at my disposal; but the results appear to me certain, and if not undisputed, yet essentially incontrovertible.

It is only to be hoped that England will take the part which becomes her in the elucidation of this unique production of the Turanian mind. Much certainly remains to be done towards the right adjustment of several portions of the work ; much also for the assignment of its true place with regard to the language itself. But one thing must be asserted as the general outcome. No labor on this poem will be lost that is rightly

and conscientiously directed. The poet, the philologist, the philosopher, and the scientific theologian, will each be rewarded in proportion to the candor and honesty of his investigations. Nor do I feel it wrong to state my gratification that in this brief treatise I have brought the subject, as it would seem, for the first time—at least with adequate fulness—before the minds of my countrymen.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE METHODS OF AUTHORS.

THE method by which a man works is always interesting as an indication of character. So thinks the biographer of Buckle, whose method was chiefly remarkable for careful, systematic industry and punctilious accuracy. His memory appeared to be almost faultless, yet he took as much precaution against failure as if he dared not trust it. He invariably read with "paper and pencil in his hand, making copious references for future consideration. How laboriously this system was acted upon can be appreciated only by those who have seen his note-books, in which the passages so marked during his reading were either copied or referred to under proper heads. Volume after volume was thus filled, written with the same precise neatness that characterises his MS. for the press, and indexed with care so that immediate reference might be made to any topic. But careful as these extracts and references were made, there was not a quotation in one of the copious notes that accompanied his work that was not verified by collation with the original from which it was taken."

Trollope's system is well known, but we may quote a curious explanation of his fertility.

"When I have commenced a new book I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered day by day the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor,

so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred and fifty words ; and, as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went."

Much has been said about the quality of Mr. Trollope's work. There seems a consensus of opinion that it had degenerated. "Mr. Trollope," says Mr. Freeman, "had certainly gone far to write himself out. His later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But, after all, his worst work is better than a great many other people's best ; and, considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I, myself, know what fixed hours of work are, and their value ; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appian Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing." Mr. James Payn says that Trollope has injured his reputation by publishing his methods of writing, and the *Daily News*, in referring to Al-

phonse Daudet's history of his own novels, doubts whether he has acted wisely. As the editor says, "An effect of almost too elaborate art—a feeling that we are looking at a mosaic painfully made up of little pieces picked out of real life and fitted together, has often been present to the consciousness of M. Daudet's readers. That feeling is justified by his description of his creative efforts."

M. Daudet's earlier works were light and humorous, like *Tartarin*, or they were idyllic, and full of Provençal scenery, the nature and the nightingales of M. Daudet's birthplace, the South. One night at the theatre, when watching the splendid failure of an idyllic Provençal sort of play, M. Daudet made up his mind that he must give the public sterner stuff, and describe the familiar Parisian scenery of streets and quais. His wise determination was the origin of his novels, *Jack*, *Froment Jeune et Rissler Aîné*, and the rest. Up to that time, M. Daudet, with M. Zola, M. Flaubert, and the brothers Goncourt, had all been more or less unpopular authors. It is not long ago since they had a little club of the unsuccessful, and M. Daudet was the first of the company who began to blossom out into numerous editions. M. Daudet's secret as a novelist, as far as the secret is communicable, seems to be his wonderfully close study of actual life, and his unscrupulousness in reproducing its details almost without disguise. He frankly confesses that not only the characters in his political novels, but in his other works, are drawn straight from living persons.

The scenery is all sketched from nature, M. Daudet describing the vast factories with which he was familiar when, at the age of sixteen, he began to earn his own living, or the interiors to which he was admitted by virtue of his position under a great man of the late Imperial administration. Places about which he did not know much and which needed to be introduced into his tales, M. Daudet visited with his note-book. M. Daudet's mode of work is, first, to see his plot and main incidents clearly; to arrive at a full understanding of his characters, then to map out his chapters, and then, he says, his fingers tingle to

be at work. He writes rapidly, handing each wet slip of paper to Madame Daudet for criticism and approval. There is no such sound criticism, he says, as this helpful collaborator, who withal is "so little a woman of letters." When a number of chapters are finished, M. Daudet finds it well to begin publishing his novel in a journal. Thus he is obliged to finish within a certain date; he cannot go back to make alterations; he cannot afford time to write a page a dozen times over, as a conscientious artist often wishes to do.

The Quaker poet, Whittier, considers himself unlike other authors, for he says he never had any method. "When I felt like it," he says, "I wrote, and I neither had the health nor the patience to work over it afterwards. It usually went as it was originally completed." Charles Dickens had the faculty of making his fictitious characters real to himself. Charlotte Brontë was equally interested in the characters she drew. Whilst writing *Jane Eyre*, she became intensely concerned in the fortunes of her heroine, whose smallness and plainness corresponded with her own. When she had brought the little Jane to Thornfield, her enthusiasm had grown so great that she could not stop. She went on writing incessantly for weeks. At the end of this time she had made the minute woman conquer temptation, and in the dawn of the summer morning leave Thornfield "After Jane left Thornfield, the rest of the book," says Miss Martineau, "was written with less vehemence and with more anxious care—the world adds, with less vigor and interest." Wilkie Collins's book, *Heart and Science*, so mercilessly excited him that he says he continued writing week after week without a day's interval or rest. "Rest was impossible. I made a desperate effort; rushed to the sea; went sailing and fishing; and was writing my book all the time 'in my head' as the children say. The one wise course to take was to go back to my desk and empty my head, and then rest. My nerves are too much shaken for travelling. An arm-chair and a cigar, and a hundred and fiftieth reading of the glorious Walter Scott—King, Emperor, and President of Novelists—there is the regimen that

is doing me good. All the other novel-writers I can read while I am at work myself. If I only look at the Antiquary, or Old Mortality, I am crushed by the sense of my own littleness, and there is no work possible for me on that day."

Literary partnerships are common in France, but in England they are confined almost exclusively to dramatists. The one well-known exception was that of Messrs. Besant and Rice. Mr. Rice's partnership with Mr. Besant commenced in 1871, and ended with the death of Mr. Rice. "It arose," explains Mr. Besant, "out of some slight articles which I contributed to his magazine, and began with the novel called Ready-Money Mortiboy. Of this eleven years' fellowship and intimate, almost daily intercourse, I can only say that it was carried on throughout without a single shadow of dispute or difference. James Rice was eminently a large-minded man, and things which might have proved great rocks of offence to some, he knew how to treat as the trifles they generally are."

In France, the best example of literary partnership is found in that of M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian. How these men work in concert has been described by the author of *Men of the Third Republic*.

"M. Chatrian is credited with being the more imaginative of the two. The first outlines of the plots are generally his, as also the love-scenes, and all the descriptions of Phalsbourg and the country around. M. Erckmann puts in the political reflections, furnishes the soldier-types, and elaborates those plain speeches which fit so quaintly, but well, into the mouths of his honest peasants, sergeants, watchmakers, and schoolmasters. A clever critic remarked that Erckmann-Chatrian's characters are always hungry and eating. The blame, if any, must lie on M. Chatrian's shoulders, to whose fancy belong the steaming tureens of soup, the dishes of browned sausages and sauer-kraut, the mounds of flowery potatoes bursting plethorically through their skins. All that M. Erckmann adds to the *ménu* is the black coffee, of which he insists, with some energy, on being a connoisseur. Habitually the co-authors meet to sketch out their plots, and talk them over amid

much tobacco-smoking. Then, when the story has taken clear shape in their minds, one or other of the pair writes the first chapter, leaving blanks for the dialogues or descriptions which are best suited to the competency of the other. Every chapter thus passes through both writers' hands, is revised, re-copied, and, as occasion requires, either shortened or lengthened in the process. When the whole book is written, both authors revise it again, and always with a view to curtailment. Novelists who dash off six volumes of diluted fiction in a year, and affect to think naught of the feat, would grow pensive at seeing the labor bestowed by MM. Erckmann and Chatrian on the least of their works, as well as their patient research in assuring themselves that their historical episodes are correct, and their descriptions of existing localities true to nature. But this careful industry will have its reward, for the novels of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian will live. The signs of vitality were discovered in them as soon as the two authors, nerved by their first success, settled down and produced one tale after another, all too slowly for the public demand. *The Story of a Conscript*, *Waterloo*, *The History of a Man of the People*, and above all, *The History of a Peasant*, were read with wonder as well as interest."

As an illustration of the care taken by some authors over their works, we may quote an anecdote relating to the late G. P. R. James, whose novels at one time had a very large circulation. "I found him," one of his friends says, "dolefully seated over a manuscript. He was not writing, but he was gazing at it in melancholy despair. I thought he was ill, and asked him whether this was the case. 'No,' he replied; he was physically well. What, then, was the matter with him? I anxiously enquired. 'It's my heroine,' he replied; 'I've got her in such a fix that I cannot extricate her without a slight violation of the rules of propriety.' 'Then let her be improper, and don't let us be late for the train,' I flippantly said. 'My dear friend,' he replied, 'do you want to ruin me? Are you not aware that I live by never allowing my heroines to do anything to which the most stringent mamma might object?' If

once the slightest doubt were raised about my novels being sound reading for the most innocent of schoolroom girls, my occupation would be gone.' And so we missed the train; but the heroine emerged from the pages of the novel a model of all the heroine ought to be under difficult circumstances."

Much might be said of the feelings of readers in reference to the fate of the characters drawn by the novelist. "Mrs. Burnett, how could you kill Tredennis?" asked a reader of *Through One Administration*. "Why, I wrote two conclusions," was the answer. "First I killed both, but that would not do, and there was nothing for it but to kill the soldier. It broke my heart, for I loved that man, but he had to die!" On the other hand, the Mrs. Proudie of Anthony Trollope became such a bore that he determined to get rid of her by killing her.

The difference in the methods adopted by different authors is as great as the difference in their choice of subjects. There is a story quoted in illustration of the different characteristics of three great nationalities which equally illustrates the different paths which may be followed in any intellectual enterprise.

An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, competing for a prize offered for the best essay on the natural history of the camel, adopted each his own method of research upon the subject. The German, laying in a stock of tobacco, retired to his study in order to evolve from the depths of his philosophic consciousness the primitive notion of a camel. The Frenchman resorted to the nearest library, and ransacked its contents with a view to collect all that other men had said upon the subject. The Englishman packed his carpet-bag and set sail for the East, that he might study the habits of the animal in its original haunts. The blending of these three methods is the perfection of study; but the Frenchman's method is not unknown even among Englishmen. Nor is it to be absolutely condemned. The man who reads a hundred books on a subject, in order to write one, confers a real benefit upon society, provided he does his work well. But some very capital work has been written without the necessity either of research or of original investigation. Trollope drew

his famous Archdeacon without ever having met a live Archdeacon. He never lived in any cathedral city except London; Archdeacon Grantly was the child of "moral consciousness" alone; he knew nothing, except indirectly, about Bishops and Deans. In fact, *The Warden* was conceived not primarily as a clerical novel, but as a novel which should work out a dramatic situation—that of an honest, amiable man who was the holder, by no fault of his own, of an endowment which was in itself an abuse, and on whose devoted head should fall the thunders of those who attacked the abuse.

Bryan Waller Procter had never seen the ocean when he wrote *The Sea*; neither Schiller nor Rossini had seen Switzerland when they wrote their *William Tells*. George Cruikshank's sketches of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, elaborated from sketches furnished to him, were wonderfully spirited and true, although he had never been across the Channel. Indeed, he never got beyond a French seaport in the course of his long life. A day at Boulogne comprehended all his Continental experiences.

Harrison Ainsworth, the Lancashire novelist, when he wrote *Rookwood* and *Jack Sheppard*, relied absolutely on his power of reading up and assimilation, and never had the slightest intercourse with thieves in his life. It is said that when he wrote the really admirable ride of Turpin to York, he only went at a great pace over the paper with a road-map and description of the country in front of him. It was only when he heard everybody say how truly the country was described, and how faithfully he had observed distances and localities, that he actually drove over the ground for the first time, and declared that it was more like his account than he could have imagined.

"A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are generally the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return." This was the advice of Lord Bacon, whose example has been followed by many eminent men. For instance, it is said of Hobbes that, when he composed his *Leviathan*, he walked much, and mused as he

walked, and that he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and a notebook in his pocket. As soon as a thought darted into his mind, he entered it in his book. Miss Martineau has recorded that Barry Cornwall's favorite method of composition was indulged when alone in a crowd, and best in the streets of London. He had also a habit of running into a shop to write down his verses. Tom Moore's custom was to compose as he walked. He had a table in his garden, on which he wrote down his thoughts. When the weather was bad, he paced up and down his small study. It is extremely desirable that thoughts should be written as they rise in the mind, because, if they are not recorded at the time, they may never return. "I attach so much importance to the ideas which come during the night, or in the morning," says Gaston Plante, the electrical engineer, "that I have always, at the head of my bed, paper and pencil suspended by a string, by the help of which I write every morning the ideas I have been able to conceive, particularly upon subjects of scientific research. I write these notes in obscurity, and decipher and develop them in the morning, pen in hand." The philosopher Emerson took similar pains to catch a fleeting thought, for, whenever he had a happy idea, he wrote it down, and when Mrs. Emerson, startled in the night by some unusual sound, cried, "What is the matter? Are you ill?" the philosopher softly replied, "No, my dear; only an idea."

Thackeray confessed that the title for his novel, *Vanity Fair*, came to him in the middle of the night, and that he jumped out of bed and ran three times round the room, shouting the words. Whether in town or country, Landor reflected and composed habitually out walking, and therefore preferred at all times to walk alone. So did Buckle. Wordsworth was accustomed to compose his verse in his solitary walks, carry them in his memory, and get wife or daughter to write them down on his return. His excursions and peculiar habits gave rise to some anxious beliefs amongst the ignorant peasantry. Even his sanity was questioned. The peasantry of Rydal thought him "not quite hisself," because he always walked

alone, and was met at odd times and odd places. Some poets have been the habit of humming or repeating their verses aloud as they composed the Southey, for instance, boomed his verse so as to be mistaken for a bittern booming by Wilson, who was a keen sportsman. If so, Southey's voice must have been very harmonious, for the bittern is Shakespeare's "night-raven's clamorous voice."

The question of the authorship of certain popular works has given rise to a great deal of speculation. A few months ago, the Americans were puzzling their brains to discover the name of the author of *The Breadwinners*. Amongst other stinging charges against him, to induce him to break the silence was that it was a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously! "The motive in withholding my name is simple enough," he said to his furious critics. "I am engaged in business in which standing would be seriously compromised were it known that I had written the novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act, but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons beside myself know who wrote the *Breadwinners*."

A far more serious dispute followed the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation* forty years ago. The theologians of Scotland were wild with rage at the audacity of the author, who would have been torn to pieces had he been uncovered. In scientific circles Mr. Robert Chambers was credited with the authorship; and Henry Greville seems to have had no doubt upon the matter. Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville there is an entry under the date December 28th, 1847, as follows: "I have been reading a novel called *Jane Eyre*, which is just now making a great sensation, and which absorbed and interested me more than any novel I can recollect having read. The author is unknown. Mrs. Butler—Miss Fanny Kemble—is greatly struck by the talent of

book, fancies it is written by Chambers—who is author of the *Vestiges of Creation*—because she thinks that whoever wrote it must, from its language, be a Scotchman, and from its sentiments be a Unitarian; and Chambers, besides answering to all these peculiarities, has an intimate friend who believes in supernatural agencies, such as are described in the last volume of the book." Thackeray also had the credit of the book.

Nobody knew Charlotte Brontë; but she was unable to keep the secret very long. The late R. H. Horne was present at that first dinner-party given by Mr. George Smith, the publisher, when *Currer Bell*, then in the first flush of her fame, made her earliest appearance in a London dining-room. She was anxious to preserve the anonymity of her literary character, and was introduced by her true name. Horne, however, who sat next to her, was so fortunate as to discover her identity. Just previously he had sent to the new author, under cover of her publisher, a copy of his *Orion*. In an unguarded moment Charlotte Brontë turned to him and said:

"I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your—" But

she checked herself with an inward start, having thus exploded her *Currer Bell* secret by identifying herself with the author of *Jane Eyre*.

"Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the misfortune, "you would never do for treasons and stratagems!"

The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man! After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: "Will you by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves convey this note of thanks to the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable? But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."—*All the Year Round*.

BISMARCK: A RETROSPECT.

BY PRINCE OUTISKY.

THE "aureole of unpopularity" which encircled Bismarck's brow during four short years of inaugural premiership has, to all appearance, vanished under the influence of unbroken success, making room throughout the world for a confiding deference to his capacity and forethought, that every year seems to intensify. It is he, in the belief of most Governments, who has preserved to them what never was more indispensable for their very existence—peace in Europe. With supreme adroitness, he avoids entanglements for himself and his country, bears many an affront patiently before retorting, keeps up the appearance of a good understanding after its substance has long passed away, but, when fairly engaged in diplomatic contention, lays out his field in a manner that insures

success. People agree, therefore, that it is best to take him as he is. And it is in the nature of man when he has once accorded that favor to a fellow-creature, to "take him as he is," that he ends by liking him. Thus Bismarck, of all living men the most unlikely to succeed in the race after a worldwide popularity, is probably at this moment the best-liked man in either hemisphere.

His own countrymen have shown a decided indisposition to admit him among their household gods. To them he was, from the commencement of his political career, the very embodiment of what had gradually become the most objectionable type of Teuton existence—the unmitigated squireen or *Junker*, with his poverty and arrogance, with his hunger and thirst after position and good

living, with his hatred for the upstart Liberal burgher class. "Away with the cities! I hope I may yet live to see them levelled to the ground." Is there not a ring of many centuries of social strife, so laboriously kept down by the reigning dynasty, in these stupendous words, which were pronounced by Bismarck in 1847, when among the leaders of the Conservatives in the first embryo Parliament of the Prussian monarchy? And if uncongenial to the generation of Prussians among whom he had grown up, how infinitely greater was the dislike against him of South Germans, more gifted, as a rule, by nature, to whom the name of Prussian is synonymous of all that is strait-laced and overweening and unnatural and—generally inconvenient.

Little of that sentiment remains among the Germans of the present day. Such strangers as have had the opportunity of observing the attitude of the nation during the late celebrations of his seventieth birthday agree in declaring them to have been spontaneous, enthusiastic, and at times almost aggressive. Some tell us, to be sure, that the farther from Berlin the more gushing has been the ecstasy. The electors of Professor Virchow and of Herr Löwe, in whose electoral districts a torchlight procession on the eve of Bismarck's birthday had to elbow their way through immense crowds, must have kept at home. The municipality of Berlin, a model body of civic administrators, sent a birthday letter to their "honorary citizen," but abstained, with proper self-respect, from tendering their congratulations through a deputation. No Berlin citizen of any importance had a hand in the management of the procession. Yet, if thousands kept aloof, tens of thousands shared the national enthusiasm—students of universities chiefly, but older men too, even in distrustful, Radical Berlin. And as for South Germany, where the gospel of Protection seems, perhaps, to be more firmly believed in than any other, we read of trains to Berlin taken by storm, banquets, processions, chorus-singing—of real, heartfelt, rapturous effervescence.

There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, to numberless non-Prussians at any rate, the new era of German Unity has brought a symbol of greatness not before known, and that they worship in Bis-

marck the hero who has given them a country to love, who has delivered them from the pettiness and self-satisfaction of Philistinism.

Now, if this be so—if, indeed, the countries of the world at large, and Germany in particular, acknowledge him almost affectionately as the leading statesman of the day, would it not be an interesting study to examine the degree of merit due to him personally, the character of the present Administration, and what lasting good or lasting evil may be expected from this new phase of European politics? The subject, through its weight and its bulk alike, excludes full treatment within the limits of an essay. Nevertheless, since it intertwines itself with nearly every other question of moment, a few remarks by an outsider may be acceptable.

None but the incorrigibly childish can be inclined to ascribe to good luck a prosperous career extending over near twenty-three years, spent under the fiercest glare of the world's sunshine. No minister of any age was more bitterly assailed or opposed, even at the Court of which he is now the acknowledged *major domus* in the manner of the Pepins and other *Thum-Meiers* of the Frankish monarchy. The King's brother, Prince Charles, detested the innovator whose opinions on the necessity of Austria being removed from membership in a remodelled German confederation had for years leaked out from the despatch-boxes of the Foreign Office. Even the *Junkers*, whose dauntless leader he had been before and after the revolutionary events of 1848, shrank instinctively from a man who could not be credited with veneration for the Holy Alliance. It is remembered in Berlin that, on the nomination of one of them, well at Court, a diplomatist of some standing, to the post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the new member of the Government confessed to his friends that he accepted the post *in spite* of Bismarck's "foreign" policy and only in consideration of his contempt for parliamentarism. The Queen, on the other hand, brought up in principles of constitutional government, and strongly attached to the English alliance, viewed with horror the bold pugilist who was daily assailing, not the persons only of the people's rep-

representatives, but some of the very foundations of every parliamentary edifice. Yet fiercer was the animosity shown him on every occasion by the Princess Royal of England, whose father had early taught her that a throne, to be safe, requires absolute solidity of institutions and agreement with the people, and who seriously trembled for the preservation of her children's future. Her husband expressed himself forcibly on a public occasion against some reactionary measures of the Government. As the Court, so the Liberal parties, so the people in general. When a fanatic, of the name of Kohn, attempted Bismarck's life in May, 1866, there were few persons who did not regret his failure. It may be said with truth that, for years, two men only understood a portion at least of his political views, and shared them. One was King William. Isolated as Herr von Bismarck was, he learned to rely implicitly on his sovereign's faithfulness, and has had no reason to regret his trust; for the King, though greatly his inferior in intellect, and far from unblest with Legitimist predilections, was as firmly convinced as his minister that the confederation of German States, and Prussia herself, might be swept away, unless placed upon a new footing, in one of those tornadoes which used periodically to blow across the Continent of Europe. Thus, the new departure was as much his own programme as Bismarck's, and although he started (in 1861) with a hankering after "moral" rather than material conquests, he gradually understood the necessity for war, and has of a certainty "taken kindly," as the saying is, to material conquests of no inconsiderable magnitude.

None, even among Bismarck's modern sycophants, would pretend that their hero was the inventor of German Unity. Passionately, though not over wisely, had that ideal been striven after and suffered for by the best patriots in various parts of Fatherland, their vision becoming hazy just as often as they attempted to combine two opposite claims, that of a national texture, and that of a headship of Austria, which is non-German in a majority of its subjects, and alien in nearly all its interests. The Frankfort Parliament of 1848 marks the transition to a clear insight, inasmuch

as its final performance, the Constitution of 1849, placed the new crown on the King of Prussia's head. When offered, it was haughtily declined under the applause of Bismarck and his friends. The King refused because its origin lay in a popular assembly; in Bismarck's eyes its chief defect was that Prussia would be dictated to by the minor states. It was not until later, in 1851, when appointed Prussian Ambassador to the Germanic Diet, chiefly because of his defence of the Treaty of Olmütz which placed Prussia at the mercy of Austria, that he recognised the central point to be the necessity of thrusting Austria out of the Confederation. It is proved now that he was sagacious enough also to perceive that such a wrench would not lead to a permanent estrangement, but that Austria, removed once and for all from her incubus-like and dog-in-the-manger position within the federate body, would become, in her own interest and that of European peace, New Germany's permanent ally.

These, then, became the two purposes of his active life ever since the day when, at the age of thirty-six, he obtained a share of the responsibility in the management of affairs as ambassador in Frankfort: first, to transfer *Austria to a position in the East*, and then to bestow upon Fatherland *political Unity under Prussia, the royal prerogative in the latter remaining uncurtailed* so far as circumstances would allow. Thirty-four years have now elapsed. His opponents in his own country or out of it are at liberty to reiterate that he was born under a lucky star; that he merely took up the thread of German unification where the Frankfort Parliament of 1849 had let it drop; that anybody could have utilised such mighty armaments as those of Prussia with the same effect; that, given total disregard of principle or moral obligations, the result, in the hands of any political gamester, must have been what it was. There is something to be set against each of these assertions. For it was not the goddess of Fortune which pursued Bismarck in the ungainly shape of his former friend, that spiteful Prince Gortschakoff. The Frankfort Assembly had left the Austrian riddle unsolved, and apparently insoluble. There was no hand in the

country firm or skilful enough, no brain sufficiently hard or enlightened as to the needs of the day—not the King's, not Count Arnim's, nor certainly that of any other known to his contemporaries. And finally; when a public man so deftly gauges the mental capacities or extent of power of his antagonists—such as Count Beust, or Napoleon, or Earl Russell—that he knows exactly how far he can step with safety, then such a "gamester," however terrible the risks to which he may have exposed his country, is a great man. Complete unity of aims throughout, power given to carry them out, a wonderful absence of very serious mistakes, and finally a life sufficiently prolonged to admit of retrospection; in each of these respects the career of Bismarck resembles that of Mr. Disraeli.

The oft-told story of his diplomatic adventures at Frankfort, at Vienna, at Petersburg, and at Paris, and still more of his rulership in Prussia since 1862, and in Germany since 1866, has been uniform under two aspects. First, as already mentioned, in the stern continuity of his purposes. And secondly, in the mistaken view entertained regarding him at each successive period of his public life. Passing under review the whole career of this political phenomenon, you naturally pause before its strangest and its most humorous feature, viz., that, although living under the closest inspection, he was misunderstood year after year. Who would, consequently, deny the possibility at least of Bismarck's being so misunderstood, by friend and foe, at this present moment?

Whilst those despatches were written by him from Frankfort which Poschinger's researches have now exhumed, their writer was thought, by his partisans just as much as by his enemies, to be occupied solely with strengthening the "solidarity of Conservative interests" and the supremacy of Austria, or with spinning the rope of steel which was to strangle all parliaments in Germany. And yet we know positively at present that with increasing vigor day by day did he warn his Government against the scarcely concealed intention of Austria to "*avilir la Prusse d'abord et puis l'anéantir*" (Prince Schwarzenberg's famous saying in 1851); we observe

with surprise how quickly Legitimist leanings disappear behind his own country's interests; we stand aghast at the iron sway obtained by so young a man over the self-conceit of a vacillating yet dogmatic and wilful King (Frederick William IV.). It was he whose advice, given in direct opposition to Bunsen's, led to the refusal by Prussia of the Western Alliance during the Crimean War. But he did not give this advice, as German Liberals then believed, out of subservience to the autocrat of the North, whose assistance his party humbly solicited in order to exterminate Liberalism. He persistently gave it to thwart Austria and to preserve Prussia (then in no brilliant military condition) from having to bear the brunt of Muscovite wrath, which he cunningly judged to be of more lasting importance in the coming struggles than the friendship of Western Europe. At a time when European politicians considered that he was the mouthpiece of schemers for a Russo-French alliance in his repeated and successful endeavors to gain Napoleon's good will, he was adroitly sounding the French Emperor's mind and character. He soon convinced himself that it was shallow and fantastic, and he built upon this conviction one of the most hazardous designs which ever originated in a brain observant of realities—that identical design which eventually led Prussia, some years later, first to Schleswig and then to Sadowa, with the "*arbiter of Europe*," as Napoleon was then called, stolidly looking on! And what is one to say of the four years of parliamentary conflicts (1862 to 1866), during which no one doubted but that his object in life and his *raison d'être* consisted in a reinstatement of the Prussian King on the absolute throne of his ancestors—a reaction from all that was progressive to the grossest abuses of despotism? All this time he was fighting a desperate battle against backstairs influences, which with true instinct were deprecating and counteracting his schemes of aggrandisement and national reorganisation. It is clear on looking back to that period which has left such indelible marks on the judgment of many well-meaning Liberals, that his exaggerated tone of aggressive defence in the Prussian Landtag, the furious onslaught of his harangues, were intended

to silence the tongues at Court which denounced him as a demagogue and a Radical. Paradoxical as it may sound, one may safely assert that nothing more effectually helped King William in his later foreign policy than the opinion pervading all Europe in 1864 and 1866 that, having lost all hold upon the minds of his people, weakened and crippled in every sense of the word by Bismarckian folly, his Majesty could never strike a blow.

There was peace and concord in Germany between 1866 and 1877. Without becoming a Liberal, and whilst opposing every attempt to outstep certain limits, Bismarck created and rather enjoyed an alliance with the majority formed in his favor by the National Liberals and a moderate section of the Conservatives. The German Empire, proclaimed by the German sovereigns at Versailles and established upon somewhat novel principles of federation by a Parliamentary statute, looked to outsiders as a home for progress and liberty. There were dangers lurking, it is true, beneath many a provision of the new constitution, such as the absence of an upper house, and the substitution in its stead of delegates from the separate Governments, acting in each case according to instructions received, authorised to speak whenever they choose before the Reichstag, but deliberating separately and secretly both upon bills to propose and upon replies to give to resolutions of the Reichstag. In fact this *Bundesrath*, or Federal Council, represents the governing element under the Emperor, with functions both administrative and legislative. By an artificial method of counting, Prussia, although she would command three-fifths of all the voters by virtue of her population, has less than one-third. Thus the possibility of an imbroglio between the Governments is ever present, as well as that of a hasty vote in the popular assembly.

It will never, probably, be quite understood why Prince Bismarck broke loose from a political alliance which, it would seem, had given no trouble whatever. In foreign affairs the House in its immense majority abstained from even the faintest attempt at interference. As for patronage, it has been said that no appointment was ever solicited for any-

one by a member of the Liberal party. From ministerial down to menial posts no claim was raised, no request preferred. If the section of moderate Conservatives above mentioned has furnished a few ambassadors like Prince Hohenlohe, Count Münster, Baron Keudell, and Count Stolberg, that was by the chief's free will. Why then, it has been asked, a change so absolute as the one the world has witnessed, from the saying of the Chancellor in 1877 that his ideal was to have high financial duties on half-a-dozen objects and Free Trade on all others, to one of the most comprehensive tariffs in the world two years later? His own and his friends' explanations are lamentably deficient—"growing anaemia and impoverishment of the country," "drowning of native industry by foreign manufacturers," "corn imported cheaper than produced," and what not. The present writer, looking from afar, has always thought two motives to have been paramount in the Chancellor's mind when he separated from the Liberals and became, not a convinced, but a thorough-going Protectionist. It is not said that these were his only motives. Chess-players know that each important move affects not only the figures primarily attacked, but changes the whole texture of the play.

First, then, and foremost, fresh sources of income were wanted to make the finances of the Empire independent from the several exchequers of the states bound by statute to make up for any deficiency *pro rata parte* of their population. Two or three objects would have provided the needful, viz., spirits and beet-root sugar and (with due caution) tobacco. Or an "Imperial" income-tax, changing according to each year's necessities. Or both systems combined. Tobacco, it is true, was tried, and the attempt failed. Spirits would bear almost any taxation, but the Chancellor does not choose to tread upon the tender toe of the great owners of land who are potato-growers, and consequently distillers on a large scale. And another important class of agriculturists, the beet-root-growers and sugar-producers, were not to be trifled with either. But how about direct taxation, the manly sacrifice of free peoples, the plummet by which to sound the enlightenment of a

nation? The Chancellor instinctively felt, I believe, that there he would be going beyond his depth; that under such a *régime* the free will of citizens must have the fullest swing; that "prerogative" would suffer, if not immediately, yet as a necessary sequence. And so he deliberately abandoned Free Trade and espoused indirect taxation and Protection.

Success, let Free Traders say what they please on the subject, success has accompanied Bismarck's genius on this novel field, as well as on the other fields where all mankind acknowledges his superiority. For the coffers of the Empire are filling. A motley majority in the Reichstag not only accepts, but improves upon, his Protectionist demands. He has become the demigod of the bloated manufacturing, mining, and landlord interests throughout the country. He is now about to win the last of the great industries, and the one which withstood his blandishments the longest, viz. the trans-oceanic carrying trade. He is credited with having improved the state of certain trades, even by such as know perfectly well that, like the former depression, the present improvement in those has been universal. The whole country is becoming Protectionist. All young men, even in Hamburg and Bremen, believe in Protection as "the thing." The Prussian landlord, whose soul was steeped in Free Trade so long as Prussia was a grain-exporting country, cherished Protectionist convictions now that she must largely import cereals. The bureaucrat who had never sworn by other economic lawgivers than Adam Smith and his followers, now accepts Professor Adolphus Wagner's ever-changing sophisms. And as for the south and the west of Germany, why they adore the man who has fulfilled that dream of Protection in which they, as disciples of Friedrich List, had grown up. It is true that all large cities even there are protesting against the lately imposed and quite lately increased duties upon cereals; but then, "Can any good thing come out of" large cities? Compared to the difficulties that impede the action of the Free Trade party in Germany, Mr. Bright's and Mr. Cobden's up-hill work sinks into insignificance.

An even graver aspect is presented by the Vatican question, graver in the same proportion as religious, or at least Church differences, have a stronger hold upon the German mind even nowadays than purely political or economic ones. There can be no doubt that the week or more which Archbishop Ledochowski spent at headquarters in Versailles in the winter of 1870 to 1871 forms a turning-point in modern history. When may we hope to learn the details of those secret interviews? That he implored and threatened alternately is certain, and there can be no doubt as to the alliance he was authorised to offer or the price at which it was to be obtained. Rome and Latium, or war to the knife! Not many weeks afterwards Bismarck returned to Germany, and was not a little surprised to find an army in battle-array in his own country, called out by the war-whoop of a clergy the great majority of which, with nearly all the bishops as their born leaders, had opposed the Vatican decrees only eight or nine short months before. Not that warnings had been wanting previously. For had not Prince Hohenlohe, the eminent statesman who is now filling the post of ambassador at Paris, then Prime Minister in Bavaria, invited the Governments most interested in the result of the coming Vatican Council to come to an understanding beforehand as to the treatment its decrees should receive at their hands? Bismarck did not then see his way about interfering, although we read in one of his despatches of 1869 that "far-going changes in the organism of the Church of Rome, as designed by the absolutist tendencies of the Curial party, would not remain without influence upon the relations of that Church to the State." Prince Hohenlohe's attempt failed, but its tendency remained impressed upon Bavaria's action ever since, and it is a significant fact that the final impulse to what has since, to no purpose, alas! been called the *Kulturkampf*, or "battle for (higher) culture," in 1873, had not Bismarck for its author but the Government of Bavaria. Then followed three years of unremitting warfare, in order to circumscribe once for all the permissible freedom of the Vaticanist Church. *Feriatur bellua quotidie*, was at that time a favorite expression of the Chancellor's. A

whole code of bills was gradually presented, partly to the Prussian Chambers and partly to the Reichstag, all tending to define the autonomy of the State in its relations to the Papacy which, during the seventeen years' reign of a romantic king (Frederick William IV.), and since, had drilled the spiritual rulers of its eleven millions in Prussia and of its eighteen millions in Germany into a State within the State. The object was, so far as can be gathered from the debates and documents of those anxious days, honestly to seek a formula in which the populations on either side and, in the long run, the clergy—if not the Pope himself—could acquiesce. "Im Reich dieser Welt," as Bismarck said in words not easily translatable without loss of tone and energy, "hat der Staat das Regiment und den Vortritt."

To pick a hole in many if not in all these "Falk" or "May" Laws of 1873 to 1875 is an easy task. But what has more importance is to be impressed with the fact that they have proved an utter failure. By whose fault cannot be doubtful. Oppose a Roman priest to a Teuton master-mind, and the former will win the day. The Kulturkampf was begun with the assent, and even under the propelling influence, of a large proportion of the Romanist population. When it began to be abandoned by the Government in 1880, that population was as nearly as can be unanimous in repudiating it. Non-success had brought about its accustomed results. Leo XIII. had, it is still believed by many, the honest wish, at the time of his elevation to the Papal throne, to meet the Chancellor half-way. Cardinal Franchi, who carried on the negotiations as the exponent of Leo's will, and successfully too, was found dead in his room after having enjoyed perfect health a few hours previously. "Novi stilum curiae romanae," may have been his dying words, like those of Sarpi. The Pope's advisers, more cunning than his Holiness, taught him that to give way on any single point was a needless sacrifice, and their prediction has proved true. The Prussian Government, after obtaining discretionary powers as regards the Falk Laws—not indeed as to their abrogation, but as to the degree of enforcing them—has first retreated "of her own accord," then has

waited some time for parallel action on the part of the Vatican, and when this was not forthcoming, given way again and again until, as Margaret in Goethe's *Faust*, Prussia has "but little more to bestow." The attempt to place the relations of the State in a country nearly half Catholic on a sober and intelligible footing has failed once more, whilst it succeeds with perfect ease in countries absolutely Catholic. Witness several States of South America, or France, or Bavaria, or Austria, in all of which the Episcopacy were made to acknowledge the superiority of the temporal power in its own sphere. Bismarck's failure is manifest, and until it be absolutely consummated, it rests like an incubus upon the nation in the shape of the "Centrum" or Catholic party, which commands about one-fourth of all votes in Parliament and falsifies all its decisions. Shall I be pardoned if I say regarding this German crisis, as in the case of Free Trade, the difficulty for Germany is far more serious than it ever was in England? If the statistics of the British Isles showed the same proportion of Roman Catholics to the rest of the population, the temple of Janus could not have been so permanently closed. There would then be, for England as for Germany, a succession of armistices only, instead of peace in perpetuity.

Nothing, to a beginner in the study of Bismarck's character, would appear so utterly puzzling as his demeanor towards the Communists, Socialists, or, as they call themselves in Germany, Social Democrats. One of his most trusted secretaries is an old ally and correspondent of Herr Karl Marx, the high-priest of Communism, who, towards the end of his London career, rode the whirlwind and directed the storm of German Socialism. Bismarck himself confesses to having received in private audience Lassalle, one certainly of the most capable men of modern Germany, and to whom as to its first author a retrospective inquiry would trace back the present formidable closely-ruled organisation of Socialist operatives of Germany. The first minister of the Prussian Crown was closeted once—people say more than once, but that does not matter—with the ablest subverter of the modern fabric of society. He found

him "mighty pleasant to talk to." He liked his predilection for a powerful supreme authority overawing the organised masses, though "whether he did so in the interest of a dynasty of Lassalles or of Hohenzollerns" seemed to Herr von Bismarck an open question. After Lassalle's tragical death in 1864, we observe how the Prussian Government, while watching with Argus-eyes every excess of speech among Liberals, allowed his first successors, Schweizer and others, a vulgar set of demagogues, such licence of bloody harangue as has of late years got Louise Michel into trouble in republican France. Then we hear of nothing as between Bismarck and the Socialists for some years, the years I have described above as years of peace and concord in Germany, till suddenly, on the occasion of two attempts made in 1878, by Hödel and by Nobiling, against the Emperor's life, he came down upon that sect as with a sledge-hammer. His famous Anti-Socialist Bill was at first rejected. It passed into law only after a dissolution, the electors having in their affectionate pity for the wounded Emperor unequivocally given their verdict in favor of suppression. It has since been re-accepted three times by an unwilling House and with diminishing majorities through Bismarck's personal exertions, the exertions of the same man who had fostered and protected the beginnings of Socialism, and who had the watchword given out at the last general elections of 1884, that "His Serene Highness the Chancellor would prefer the sight of ten Social-Democrats to that of one Liberal (*Deutsch-Freisinnige*)."

Now what is the clue to this Comedy of Errors? No mere waywardness or perversity of character, but some powerful bias and a first-cousinship in principle must account for one of the strangest anomalies in modern history. Perhaps the following consideration will render both the "bias" and the "first-cousinship" at least intelligible. Prince Bismarck is a good hater. Now if he has any one antipathy stronger than another, and that through life, it is that against the burgher class, the reverse of aristocrats, the born Liberals, townsmen mostly yet not exclusively—the "bourgeois," as the French call them (al-

though, if I err not, the exact counterpart to the "bourgeois" species is not found on German soil), a law-abiding set, independent of Government, paying their taxes, and thoroughly happy. When they, through their representatives, bade him defiance in 1862 to '65 and thwarted his measures of coercion, his inmost soul cried, *Acheronta movebo!* He sent for Lassalle, he paid his successors' debts, and generally assisted the sect. So much for the "bias." And now for the "first-cousinship." No student of history will deny that despotism, whenever it has arisen, or been preserved, in highly civilised communities, will extend more of a fatherly care to the masses than Liberalism. This cannot be otherwise; for Liberalism sets itself to educate the masses to self-responsibility, and each individual to thrift and self-reliance. The sight of an able-bodied beggar is, to a genuine Liberal, a source of anger first and only on further contemplation of pity. He will exert all his energies to remove every obstacle from out of the way of his poorer brethren; he will preach wise economy, and facilitate it by personal sacrifices and legislative inducements; but he will not tempt the Government of his country to act as a second Providence for the operative classes. Quite the reverse is Bismarck's opinion. According to him the State should exercise "practical Christianity." With Titanic resolution to drive out Satan through Beelzebub, he does not shrink from acknowledging and proclaiming the "right of labor." There is probably nothing left to say after your lips have spoken these unholy, blood-stained words. If there was, he would be the man to say it rather than allow himself to be outbid by mob-leaders of the Socialistic feather. *Droit au travail*, forsooth! The phrase has cost thousands their lives in the Parisian carnage of June, 1848. In the mouth of Karl Marx and other outspoken champions of his cause it means absorption by the State of all the *sources* of labor, such as land and factories, because by such absorption only can the State insure work for the unemployed. In the mouth of Bismarck it means a lesser thing, of course, in extent but not in its essence. As Chief Minister of Prussia he has ably brought

about the purchase of nearly all lines of railway within that monarchy. As Chancellor of the Empire he has tried his very best to obtain a monopoly on tobacco. All Accident Insurance Companies have already been ruined and their place taken, so far as accidents to factory-hands, &c., are concerned, by an Imperial Office. His mighty hand is stretched out already to suppress and absorb all other Insurances. The kingdom of the Incas in ancient Peru, as described in Prescott's volumes, has probably not done more work for its subjects than Bismarck's ideal of a German Empire would do for its inhabitants. With every species of occupation or enterprise managed directly by Government, why should the ruler of an Empire, or of a Socialist Republic, hesitate about proclaiming a right to labor? A critic might object that its proclamation by Bismarck in 1884 was premature, inasmuch as he had failed in carrying his Monopoly Bill, and could not be certain of success regarding other State encroachments. Granted. But a "first-cousinship" between his views on social reform and those of Messrs. Bebel and Liebknecht is an actuality of modern Germany and should be seen to by those who desire this central power of Europe to remain exempt from a social revolution.

Cursory as this review of Bismarck's past life and present policy has of necessity been, some indulgent reader may perhaps bestow upon me—besides his thanks for having withstood the temptation to quote the pithy and at times impassioned utterances of the wittiest man in power of the present day—just enough of his confidence to believe that I have suppressed no trait of importance.

However, since there is one thing more important still than a great man, namely his country, let us not dismiss the interesting subject of this retrospect without inquiring what that country has gained and what lost through his agency. Germany possesses a federation, not constructed after any existing pattern, not made to please any theory, not the object of anybody's very passionate admiration, but accepted in order to alter as little as possible the accustomed territorial and political arrangements. In one sense it has no army, for the Prus-

sian and the Bavarian armies, although the Empire bears the cost, still exist. In one sense it possesses not the indirect taxation, for the individual States do the collecting of custom-house duties, &c. In one sense it has scarcely any organs of administration, for the whole internal Government, the schools, courts of law, and police, all belong to the single States; and foreign affairs, the navy, the post-office, and railways in Alsace, are the only fields of Imperial direct administration. Yet what it has is valuable enough. The Empire rules the army, and can legislate over and control a prodigious amount of national subjects. Its foreign policy is one. The military command is one. Certain specified sources of revenue are the Empire's. Patriotic aspirations are fulfilled. The individual sovereigns in Germany possess a guarantee of their status, the operative classes an opportunity for organisation and improvement on a large scale. Monarchical feeling has gained in depth, both generally and with personal reference to the Emperor and to the Crown Prince, both "representative men" in the best sense of the word, and the Crown Prince the most lovable man of his day.

Another salutary constitutional reform—not of Bismarck's making, for he gave his consent unwillingly, and not without first having marred its beauty, but yet an effect of his great deeds—is the Prussian "Kreis-" and "Provinzial-Ordnung," first introduced in 1874. No more logical deduction was possible than this commencement of decentralisation within the Prussian monarchy. Before that date provincial Diets had existed for fifty years, and a kind of assembly had also managed certain affairs for the Kreis, an administrative unit smaller than an English county, and averaging about 100,000 inhabitants. In the same proportion as German unity made progress, it was believed that self-government ought to become more extensively introduced, and the "tendency of the blood towards the head," or capital, be obviated. The example of home-rule presented by the "Kreis" and the provinces of Prussia since this reform is not assuredly of a nature to frighten weak nerves. But much money is now usefully spent within and by the prov-

inces independently of any decree from a central authority; and as regards willingness to work on provincial and (so to say) county boards, it is said to be beyond all praise. An English public man of high standing assured me, some years ago, that these Prussian beginnings of home-rule had attracted the serious notice of Mr. Gladstone. I do not wonder at it.

Another permanent good for which Germany seems indebted to Bismarck, and the last I will mention, is of quite modern date—I mean his colonial policy. Individual Germans have at all times and in immense numbers found their way across the sea. On the Baltic and North Sea coast, German ports, though few in number, yet command a very large trade. Next to the English, German traders form the most numerous community in every place, however remote, where business of any kind can be transacted. But to convert the inland Philistines—that vast majority of Germans who have never sniffed sea-air—into enthusiasts for a colonial empire required all Bismarck's ability and prestige. No doubt he described in the movement a chance for a diversion of the public mind from obnoxious topics. It was useful to him to produce an impression as if the export trade, stagnating as it must under the baneful effects of modern Protection, could rally under the influence of colonial enterprise. These considerations would not, however, suffice to explain his long-considered, cautious proceedings in this matter. To comprehend his motives fully, it will be necessary to admit that his prescient mind would consider the time, apparently not very distant, when what are now styled Great Powers will be dwindling fast by the side of such gigantic empires as seem intent upon dividing the earth's surface between them, like England with her colonial possessions, and Russia. The effect upon this country, its foreign policy, and the very character of its inhabitants, would be alike cramping unless a way for expansion was opened for each. When the political schemes of a considerable man are subjects of speculation, it is wiser to guess at something exalted if you wish to come near the truth. So probably in this case. No doubt he, too, has fore-

seen the reaction which, at no very remote period of German history, will gain a mastery over people's minds, when failures and disappointments begin to crowd around each of the present equatorial enterprises. But he believes in his countrymen's capacity to overcome failure and disappointment without recourse to costly warlike expeditions, for which Germany is unfitted by her institution of universal and short military service.

Where brightness and splendor are, there will one find Erebus too. The Bismarckian era has not escaped this curse. To put it all into one phrase, extinction of individual character has followed the Chancellor like his shadow. He has no disciples, cares not to have any. Friends he possesses among the comrades of his early years, and he is a faithful and jovial companion with them. But all around him, in Prussia, in the Imperial Government, in the Bundesrath, nothing is visible save destruction—the field covered with bodies of the slain. The demeanor of the younger Pitt, hitherto believed to have been the most tyrannical of ministers, was mildness itself in comparison with Bismarck's. In Downing Street of old, Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of State were requested to sign despatches they had never read, with the Premier's hand covering the page. This was bad enough in sober truth, but Bismarck's practice is worse. A minister elaborates and perfects a Bill on the lines repeatedly concerted with his chief, obtains the royal assent, and defends the measure before Parliament. Suddenly the whole fabric is overthrown by Bismarck's using, as the case may be, his tongue or his pen as the instrument of destruction, but quite as often in public as in private. It used to be said of the German civil service that it consisted of men with a crooked back and an erect conscience. That time is past; the generation of placemen of all grades which has grown up since the war of 1866 knows of one idol only, success; and of one ambition only, to attract the attention and to retain the favor of the great man. Parliament is demoralised in many of its members because he accepts no divided allegiance. An M.P. may be drawn into his following on account of duties

on timber, or on slate, yet he may desire to keep some little private corner for economic or political conditions on other topics. In vain; his soul is demanded of him. Finally, the important, the influential, the rich of all classes are drawn into the vortex of his will. The habit of initiative, without which Englishmen could not live and in which Germany had certainly made some progress, is fast disappearing before an omnipresent State power. The millennium of every Socialist dream, viz. a condition where all work is fixed, ordered, and requited by Government, has more than dawned upon Germany. Bismarck has made Germany great and Germans small.

One consoling word, however, may conclude these remarks. Democracy in Germany—it may be presumptuous in a foreigner to place the result of his observations in opposition to that of others—has always appeared to me as of a higher stamp than that of any other nation. To define its instincts with fairness, democracy signifies equality in duty. Who of us that has travelled in non-Prussian parts of the Fatherland since 1867 was not surprised to find that one innovation only was popular there with the commonest people, and that one just what would make every Englishman frantic with rage—what a writer of note calls the “thrice-accursed system of universal military service!” And why is it popular with the South German laborer and peasant? Because, in the words of a sentry at Constance, whose *patois* I had great difficulty in understanding, “because the Baron is doing just the same duty round the corner there,” pointing in the direction of some other public building. Or, again, why do we find more cheerfulness in the laboring man of that country, unless it be that he has a chance of purchasing with his money, after years of labor and of economy, some house and patch of land upon which he has set his eyes; and more cheerfulness again in the Rhenish laborer than in a Pomeranian, because patches of land are more in the market

on the Rhine than in the East? He does not complain that another man has risen to be an owner of land quicker than himself, provided that light and shade have been fairly allotted, provided that the duty of work and thrift has been equally shared.

As long as democracy in Germany signifies work, and equally for all, so long are the prophets of social catastrophes likely to be disappointed. It is quite a mistake to say the well-drilled army prevents a social catastrophe. Not so. The peasant lad who spends from two and a half to four years of his life in a regiment would be an easy prey to the Nihilist propaganda, and not to be trusted with his rifle if he did not bring an hereditary treasure of rough, unspoken satisfaction to the door of his barracks.

I know perfectly that I am asserting all this in the teeth of an astounding fact, viz. that two-and-twenty Socialist members have found their way, under the wings of universal suffrage, into the Reichstag. Of their tenets, wherever honestly expressed, it is impossible to speak with sufficient detestation. Reticence is their present watchword; their pandemonium of atheism and lust and greed is studiously left in the background, and the legislative programme with which they appear before the footlights sounds almost like sense. Met half-way, and even more than half-way, by a rash and mighty Chancellor, they will obtain a certain amount of parliamentary success. It is not absolutely impossible that even that monstrous absurdity, their ten hours’ “normal” day of adult male labor, be carried in the Reichstag; but beyond that there is as yet no fear. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the honest, ingrained, and deep-rooted Democratic spirit of the German people which is content in an equality of duty, and that foul importation from French sources, long dried up even in France, which styles itself Social Democracy, and means nothing in truth but *ôte-toi que je m’y mette*.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AT AN EASTERN DINNER-PARTY.

IN Mohammedan countries generally, there is a greater gravity, a greater appearance of austerity in public, and a more apparent mortification of the flesh, than with us. Grave faces are seldom seen to smile; the corners of the mouth are more often drawn down than up. But this apparent solemnity is much produced by the numerous rules of etiquette, a breach of any of which would cause a serious depreciation in the social position of the man who was guilty of it.

As a rule, the Oriental, more particularly the higher-class Persian, has two entities—one of the silent and solemn pundit, speaking only in whispers, and with either the Spartan brevity of Yes and No, or launching out into complimentary phrases, as insincere as they are poetic—a being clad in long flowing garments of price, behatted or beturbaned, according to his class, and with a knowledge of the little niceties of form and phrase that would do credit to an experienced Lord Chamberlain. Priests, lawyers, merchants, the courtier and soldier classes, all are thus; for a single public slip from the code of ceremonial and etiquette would cause at once a loss of caste. In fact, at first, to the newcomer they seem all Pharisees, and wear their phylacteries broad. Such are the upper-class Persians outside their own homes, and from sunrise to sunset. It is of the Oriental in his other phase, and among his friends, or "cup-companions" as Lane in his *Arabian Nights* translates the word, that I have to tell—in fact, the Persian at home.

Some years have elapsed since I went to the little dinner I am about to describe; the giver and some of the guests have submitted to the irony of fate—two dead in their beds, a noteworthy thing among the grandees or wealthy in Persia; one executed for so-called high-treason, really murdered, after having surrendered himself to the king's uncle under an oath of safety for his life; another judicially done to death because he was rich. One, then the greatest and richest of the party, is eating in a corner the bread of charity, blind and poor; one young fellow, then a penniless parasite, little more than a servant without

pay, who handed pipes and ran messages, is now in high employ, and likely to become a minister. Others of that party would now be glad to hand his pipes and run his messages for the mere sake of his protection. It was this young fellow who brought me my invitation—a verbal one. "Mirza M—— Khan sends you his salaams, and hopes you will eat your dinner at his house at an hour after sunset to-night. Will your honor come?"

"Please to sit. I hope you are well. Who is to be there? Any Europeans?"

"No; only yourself. At least, there is one—the Dutch doctor; and as he has been so many years here, he is more a Persian than ourselves. And hakim-sahib [European doctor], will you, the Khan says, bring two packs of cards?"

"Ah, Mirza, the secret's out; it's not me they want, but my two packs of cards."

"No, hakim-sahib. By your head, it's not so. You don't know the Khan—at least, not in private. He is good-nature itself; and he wants you to come to eat his dinner, to taste his salt. Besides, Gholam Nahdi is to be there, and there will be dancing. Ba! an entertainment to dwell in the memory."

Now, the fact of the dancing intrigued me. I knew that Mirza M—— Khan did not merely invite me for the sake of the cards, as he could have had them for the asking. I was anxious to see an entertainment in the house of a rich man, so I resolved to go.

"On my eyes, Mirza."

This is the current expression for an affirmative, a respectful affirmative, meaning that I would certainly do myself the honor.

The Mirza declined a pipe, as he had other errands to fulfil; asked leave to depart, as is the custom, and bowed himself out.

I had gladly accepted, for I wished to see the dancing, of which I had heard much, and also the performance of impromptu farces or interludes, for which the *lūtis* (buffoons) of Shiraz are celebrated throughout Persia; for it was in Shiraz itself that the invitation was given, and it was in the house of one of its local

grandeos that the entertainment was to take place. If, then, I was ever to see a real Oriental entertainment, now was my time, in the city of Saadi and Hafiz, in the real Persian heart of Persia. Mirza M—— Khan was a grandee, and I knew personally very little of him, save that he was very wealthy, very good-natured, and a very good patient, in the sense that he was grateful for work done and remunerated it with no niggard hand.

At the appointed time, I rode through the narrow dusty streets of the town, as was the custom, having quite a little procession of my own. Was I not going out to dinner? and among Persians, to invite a guest is to invite his servants too; consequently, even to the cook's disciple, they were all there to accompany me. When I remonstrated at so large a following, my head-man told me that "I really must allow him to keep up my dignity in a proper way." The only servant left in my house was the doorkeeper, and he was obliged to stay to guard it; the rest all came. First went my two carpet-spreaders, crying, "Out of the way!" each carrying a big stick, and girded, as is the custom, with the short, straight, hiltless sword called a *kammar*, the sharp point of which would nearly always be fatal if thrust with; but it fortunately is almost invariably used merely to hack; and unless the skull be fractured, merely lets out some of the hot Persian blood, and so the frequent quarrel ends. Then came the cook, an artist in his way. He, doubtless, would give a helping hand with the dinner. With him was the table-man, who strutted in all the glory of a bright blue *moiré* antique tunic; a smart black lambskin cap of the latest fashion, cocked knowingly; a silver watch-chain, and my silver *kalian* or water-pipe; for, though one is provided with these and tobacco galore, every man brings his own; and a European, if wise, invariably followed the custom, for it prevented little hitches, such as that of some holy man or priest being obliged to refuse to smoke the pipe of the dog of an unbeliever, or of a special hubble-bubble being handed to the Giaour for his sole delectation. No visit, much less entertainment, in Persia can be made without the frequent introduction of the water-pipe. Certainly it

fills up gaps when the conversational powers of guests or visitors flag; and it is an inexhaustible subject of conversation; besides, it is the poetry and perfection of smoking. With the table-man walked the *sherbetdar*, or sherbet and ice maker. He would doubtless make himself useful. But I fear he went for the more than Homeric feast which he knew would be gladly spread for even the humblest hanger-on of any guest. Then at my horse's head walked my groom, carrying over his arm the embroidered cloth that is thrown over my horse when standing, to preserve him from draughts, and the saddle from sun and dust. They, too, both horse and groom, would be entertained as a matter of course. Such is the lavishness of Eastern hospitality. My head-man, in a long blue cloth cloak, marched at my side, more with the air of a humble friend than that of a servant. Thus, these men did their duty by me in keeping up my position, while at the same time they were well fed at my host's expense. And probably had I gone alone, the first inquiry would have been: "Where are your servants, doctor?"

In honor of my host, I had donned a black frock-coat; and as the temperature was about eighty, my sufferings were great; but in the East, a cut-away coat is indecorous; and my linen suits unfortunately were made in the usual shooting-coat shape. After some half-hour's ride through tortuous and evil-smelling lanes, by mosques and through bazaars, in and out of repair, we came to the large mud-plastered portici of Mirza M—— Khan's house. At the door was a sentry, who saluted. I dismounted, my servants—as is the custom—supporting me under the arm-pits.

"The Khan is expecting you—be pleased to enter," said a grave and well-clad domestic, who proceeded to usher me into the house.

I was shown into the *berūni*, or men's apartments. A paved courtyard, some thirty yards by ten, with sunken beds of common flowers on either side, and many orange-trees covered with their dark-green fruit; a raised tank or *haus* of running water, twenty yards by three, with playing-jets; a crowd of servants with pipes. These struck my eye as I passed up to the further end, where I saw my host seated at the open window

of a large room. Although quite light, the whole place was ablaze with lamps and candles in rows. On a carpet in the courtyard sat the Jew musicians, who played their loudest on the usual instruments of torture—the tambourine, two hand-drums, a kind of fiddle, and a sort of guitar; while an old man made night hideous by drumming on a horrible kind of military drum called a *dohol*, a thing that I have seen, except on this occasion, used at Eastern weddings only. Happily, he varied the dreadful performance by eldritch solos on a two-tubed flute, such as that we see in Roman processions on ancient buildings. Singers, too, made night hideous. But all these men were fortunately in the open air, and their performance was not so deafening when one entered the room.

"Ah, hakim-sahib!" said my host, rising. "Bismillah! be seated; pray be seated."

All the guests on my entry had risen from the ground on which they sat. I was placed in a seat of honor, far above my social deserts, and introduced to those of the guests with whom I was unacquainted. The rest, whom I knew, all shook hands with me.

"Pipes!" shouted Mirza M—— Khan—"pipes!"

A train of servants now entered the room. Each man brought his master's pipe. Conversation became general; the music played on. The bubbling noise of the water-pipes, the profusion of lights, the gay dresses of the whole party, the handsome carpets, the floridly decorated walls, the flowing water of the fountains, and the bright moon hanging over the orange-trees, gave one the feeling that one was "revelling." There is no other word. Tea in tiny cups is handed. More pipes, more tea. Still the music, still the singing, or rather noise, to which nobody listens, of recited poetry howled in a crescendo scale. More guests, more pipes, more tea. All are assembled. Outer cloaks and heavy garments are thrown off, for the night is warm.

"What is this, hakim-sahib?" said the Khan, pointing to my frock-coat. "You must be hot."

I explained that my little white linen cut-aways were not formal enough for

the aristocratic assemblage to which I had had the honor to be invited.

"Bah! Send for one. Make yourself at home."

The order is given by my servant; and my groom gallops off, and soon returns with ease and coolness.

"A colleague of yours is come," I am told in a whisper; "he is about to astonish you. You see the bearded Khan I introduced you to; he is S—— Khan, general of cavalry. He has a needle in his back. The surgeon, Agha Ali, will come here and remove it. He doesn't consult you, as he doesn't believe in European doctors."

Here trays of sweetmeats, salted almonds, pistachios, and other nuts, are brought in; wine in decanters; arrack, either in the form of pure spirits of wine, or flavored and colored green by the infusion of the fresh leaves of anise-seed. We all eat the sweetmeats, nibble the nuts, and most help themselves to wine or arrack.

My friend beckons to the cavalry general, who comes over and squats next me. I am introduced. After the usual glowing Eastern compliments, S—— Khan gives me a list of all his ills from birth. I am obliged to listen. The Persian custom is, whenever you meet a doctor, consult him. I learn that the Khan at present suffers from lumbago, and that he has obtained relief by acupuncture; that he has a special confidential valet, who is in the habit of each morning inserting an ordinary sewing-needle for more than an inch in the seat of pain; but that this morning the needle had been inserted, and then had disappeared. The general rapidly removes his clothing, and exposes his back. There are innumerable scars of acupuncture. I gravely examine the back.

"Ah, there, there it is!" he shouts.

I am compelled to frankly inform him that the needle has probably been lost, and is not in his body.

He is most indignant. "Ah, you Europeans, you Europeans, you never will believe. Why, Agha Ali, the *jerrek* [surgeon], says it's there; and it must be there. Besides, he is going to extract it by the mouse."

"By the what?" I say in astonishment.

"The mouse. 'Don't you understand that?'"

"No. What mouse?"

"Ah, science; ah, Europeans; he doesn't understand the action of the mouse!"

A chorus of explanations is now afforded me. A live mouse is to be bound on the bare back of the general, and by some occult means the needle will leave his body, and be found in that of the mouse.

I laugh, and remain incredulous. The pooh of scorn is my only answer.

"Will you believe it if you see it?"

"Yes; I am open to conviction."

"Ah, you soon will; he will be here directly."

The coming of my Oriental *confrère* is expected eagerly by me. There is no sign of dinner, though eight o'clock. I munch my salted nuts, and ask what kind of needle has been used.

"A European needle—one of these."

The confidential valet produces a packet of No. 8—an ordinary English sewing-needle.

"Are these what you use?"

"Yes. Always these; never any other. The one that is in the Khan's back—may I be his sacrifice—was one of these out of this very packet."

The Khan here puts his finger to the exact spot, and his face expresses agony.

At this moment I see my *confrère* coming up the courtyard. No one makes way for him. The native surgeon is evidently not a person of distinction, as the native physician is; he is merely a little tradesman, in social status below his rival the barber. Where the functions of the one end and the other begin is very doubtful. The barber bleeds, cups, draws teeth, reduces dislocations, performs the actual cautery and various other needful operations. The surgeon does all these things; probes and prods at gunshot wounds; looks at fractures and tumors; has a few strange mediæval instruments, which, like a clever man, he seldom uses; and in cases of surgical emergency, he looks wise, and never, or hardly ever, interferes. I was, however, now to have an opportunity of seeing a Persian surgical operation.

Agha Ali does not attempt to enter the room till bidden by my host with a loud "Bismillah!" Then, stooping humbly, his hands carefully covered by his rag-

ged cloak, whose amplitude hides the numerous deficiencies of the rest of the poor fellow's wardrobe, he enters the room.

"Salaam!"—in a loud tone.

To this salutation no one responds, and the surgeon humbly seats himself in the lowest corner. I felt for the man; and to put him at his ease, attempted to converse with him; but he took no notice of my remarks. Was I not a rival and an unbeliever!

S——Khan, however, ordered him to examine his back; and on his doing so with much parade—listening carefully for the needle with an old stethoscope! the wrong end of which he applied to the general's august person—he formally declared that the needle was deeply seated. But "Please God," said he, "by my science and by the help of the sainted martyrs Houssein and Hessian, I shall remove it."

I now could perceive, from the looks of conviction of my fellow-guests, that I was looked on as the impostor, and that my ragged *confrère* had the confidence of the spectators.

It was now explained to me that the native surgeon proposed to affix a live mouse to the patient's back; and that, after a time, the needle would, by some mysterious power, be drawn from the body of the sufferer into that of the unoffending little quadruped. Of course so monstrous a proposition was received by me with the silent derision it deserved. I knew that some trick would be played. But what? Probably there was no needle at all in the sufferer's back; the pain possibly would be cured by playing on his imagination. But how?

"Bring a mouse," said our host; and several servants scurried off to execute the order. In a large Persian house, there is no difficulty in finding a mouse in the traps, or in the earthen jars in which grain is kept.

"May it please you, Excellency, may I be your sacrifice, I have a mouse ready," said my surgical rival, taking a small flat tin box from his pocket.

There was a hum of expectation. The certainty of a deception of some sort caused me to watch the fellow narrowly. He opened the box very cautiously; a poor little mouse, a silken ligature

affixed to each foot, was in it. He was alive; no doubt of that, but securely tied. When taken up, he gave a squeak of pain.

That squeak decided me; I saw the thing at a glance. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you are able to extract the needle from the Khan's back, and make it enter the body of the mouse?" I asked, open-mouthed, with feigned astonishment.

"Assuredly," calmly replied the surgeon. "With Heaven's and the blessed Prophet's help, I shall certainly do so."

"Ah," I replied; "this is indeed a wonderful thing. Agha Ali, the surgeons of Persia have in you a burning and shining light; but your trick is old (here he turned pale).—Observe, my friends. Hey, presto, pass!—Khan, the needle has left you, and is *now* in the poor mouse's body."

For the surgeon to close the box, in which was the mouse, and spring to his feet, was the work of an instant.

"What is this that the sahib says? What nonsense is this? If the sahib can cure the Khan's pain, why send for me? I am insulted. Let me go!"

But all to no purpose. The box was snatched from him. As I supposed, the needle—that is to say, a needle—was already there, slipped slyly in under the loose skin of the little animal's back. I asked to be allowed to look at it, and requested that it might be compared with the needles in the Khan's packet. It was half an inch too short!

There was no doubt. S—— Khan was furious. "Take him away!" shouted he, almost foaming with rage; nothing a Persian dislikes so much as to be over-reached—"take him away! I shall attend to his matter in the morning."

A general of cavalry, particularly in Persia, is a great man, and his manner of attending to the affairs of those who have offended him is rough. Two black-bearded soldier-servants hustled the disappointed charlatan out of the room. S—— Khan felt almost well already. The mouse ran away, silken bonds and all; and I begged the absent surgeon off with some difficulty.

"I make you a present of him," said S—— Khan.

This little episode had made the time pass. There was as yet (nine P.M.) no

sign of dinner, though roasted quails, smoking hot on the spit, had been handed one to each person, as a sort of stop-gap. Most of the guests began to drink, some heavily.

A little wiry man in a pair of bathing-drawers, and otherwise naked, now entered the room. He juggled; he sung; he played on various instruments; he improvised. He and his son acted a little impromptu farce, in which the priests were mercilessly mimicked; then he did all the tricks of the European contortionist; then he turned somersaults amid a forest of *sharp* daggers, points upwards; then he ate fire; and finally took a header while vomiting flames into the tank below. This man was Gholam Nahdi, the celebrated buffoon. For his performance, he would get his dinner, and perhaps five shillings of our money.

"Where are the cards, sahib? Hakim-sahib, where are the cards?"

I sent for my servant, who produced them.

"Bismillah! let us play," shouted Mirza M—— Khan.

"Let us play," assented the guests.

They all set to, at a kind of lansquenet. All were wealthy men, and as they gambled only for silver coin, not much harm was done. Like a Christmas party of children at Pope Joan, how they shouted; and how they cheated, openly, most openly! He who cheated most was happiest, and the only disgrace was in being found out. S—— Khan, who sat next to me, had a method of cheating so simple, so Arcadian in its simplicity, that it deserves description. He lost, lost persistently; but his heap did not perceptibly diminish. I watched him. His plan was this. When he won, he put his winnings on his heap of coin. When he lost, he would carefully count out the amount of money he had to pay. "Sixty kerans; ah! Correct, you see—sixty." He would then gather it up in his two hands, place the closed hands on his own heap, let out the greater part of the sixty silver coins on his heap, and opening his closed hands from below upwards, apparently paid his losses into the pile of his successful adversary with a "Much good may they do you! Another sixty kerans."

After about an hour of this, the music

and singing having been going on unceasingly, dinner was announced. The money was pocketed, or handed over to the care of servants. A long sheet of embroidered leather was spread on the ground; over this was placed a sheet of hand-printed chintz, some twelve feet by four; bowls of sherbet (iced sirups and water) were laid at intervals; and the various dishes, filled each to overflowing, and mostly swimming in fat, were placed in circular trays before every six guests. A plentiful dinner—no Barmecide feast. Lambs roasted whole, stuffed with dates, almonds, raisins, and pistachio nuts; sparrow and pomegranate-soup; kebabs of lambs and antelope; all of the thousand-and-one delicacies of the Persian cuisine—chillaus, pillaus, curries, fowls boiled and

roast. All were good, well-cooked, and lavish; for each man had some half-dozen servants with him, who would dine on the leavings; and our host had certainly fifty servants, all of whom would get a meal off these crumbs from the rich man's table.

Just as dinner was finishing, a grand display of fireworks took place; and that and dinner over, we all bade our host good-bye, and rode home through the dark streets, lighted only by the lanterns which were carried by our servants; and the only sounds to be heard besides our horses' hoofs, were the barking of the street dogs, and the strangely human cry of the jackals. It was twelve at night, and Shiraz was fast asleep.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE HUMORS OF PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

WITHIN the last few years the mode of conducting our Parliamentary elections has completely changed, and as the passing of the Franchise Bill and the imminent scheme of extensive Redistribution will tend further to efface the ancient landmarks, and to blot out the remembrance of bygone times, it may not be inappropriate to take a glance at former election days, with all their boisterous merriment, their rough humors, and, it must be admitted, their degrading influence on Parliament and people. It is not our intention to make a survey of the constitutional changes that have been evolved through the course of centuries so as to bring our "National Palaver" House into its present shape, but rather to take a glance at the side currents of our national life, drawn by the pencil of a Hogarth, and told in the records of the Parliamentary election struggles that have taken place within the last century, showing us what our ancestors thought and how they acted in these matters.

Our old Teutonic forefathers had their Council of Wise Men, or witenagemot, chosen by popular election, and the Norman conquerors had their Council of Barons to advise with the king; but the first people's House of Commons in England—the meeting of the

knights of the shire and the burgesses of the town, duly elected—dates from the year 1265, in the reign of Henry III. The name, House of *Commons*, plainly shows that the people's representatives were summoned as a popular representative assembly, and as quite distinct from the barons, who had their own place of meeting in the House of Lords. And here it occurs to us to ask, was the old name of Witenagemot, or meeting of the wise, superseded by the Norman-French name of "Parliament," or the place of speaking, as prophetic of the years to come, when laborious days and nights of weary talk should be poured forth by "the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled"? The first writs for the summoning of the people's representatives were issued by the Earl of Leicester, in the absence of the king, but it took nearly two hundred years, or down to the reign of Edward III., before the privileges and duties of the House of Commons were fully understood. The right of election was prized neither by electors nor elected, as the new idea of the people having a say in the national administration was too much allied with the other more prominent idea of the Commons being a mere taxing machine. In some old chronicles we have accounts of the people,

churls and those of a better class, assembling under the shire oak to choose their representatives,—the king's messenger appears to serve the writ, but his appearance is most unwelcome,—an abbot present takes to his horse and flies at full speed,—and the knight, who is elected as a punishment for his unpopularity, flees for sanctuary to the forests of the Chiltern Hundreds, under the protection of whose stewardship so many have taken refuge since.

The right of election in counties was originally in the householders, and it is a remarkable fact that after the lapse of six hundred and twenty years from the first Parliament, the original right for which they had been so long bereft has been restored to the same class. But even the enfranchisement now made does not go to the full original extent, as the payment of poor-rates is a condition of the right to vote, while the payment of "scot and lot," as Church and poor-rates were termed, was not imposed till the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The original elective rights of the people in counties were gradually curtailed by the very representatives who had been chosen for their protection till, down to the passing of the great Reform Act of 1832, the qualification of county electors was confined to owners of property held in *freehold*, to the value of forty shillings yearly, which, as may be supposed, represented a much larger sum then than now. The representatives of the boroughs were elected by the free burgesses, that is to say, those who were householders therein, and had obtained the rights of freedom by being duly admitted and sworn members of one of the trade guilds which existed in every incorporated town. The incorporation of a town took place by Royal Charter, whereby certain privileges, as to trading and others, were conferred on the townspeople, and the citizen could only be admitted to the full status of citizenship by serving an apprenticeship for a term of years with a freeman of the borough, or in some cases by being the son, or marrying the daughter, of a freeman. But so little was the privilege esteemed of being elected to Parliament, either for county or borough, owing to the toilsome journey to, and unattractive residence in, the metropolis, that not only

were the members paid a considerable salary, but a positive enactment was passed to compel them to attend to, and faithfully discharge, the duties entrusted to them.

In regard to the boroughs entitled to return representatives, these varied with the pleasure of the sovereign from time to time, so that down to the time of the Stuarts many original boroughs had been left out, and many new ones added, which selection, having been made on a purely arbitrary principle, tended further to increase the incongruities of the electoral system. With the change of population from one place to another, some towns dwindled away to such an extent as not to retain a single house on the original site, but yet enjoying the privilege of returning two members to Parliament: while large and influential towns, such as Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, were wholly unrepresented. During the Commonwealth, Cromwell tried to remedy this state of matters by a rearrangement of the writs, but his efforts were not attended with much success, and were afterwards rendered wholly abortive by the Restoration. From the time of Charles II., who, according to the well-known epitaph, "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," the spoliation of the rights of the "free and independent electors" commenced in its most aggravated form, at the instance of that illustrious monarch himself. He was anxious that his brother James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., should succeed him in the throne; but knowing well that the strong Protestant feeling of the sturdy English burghers would have resisted such an intrusion of the Papacy, and would have returned members in overwhelming numbers to oppose his succession, he called in nearly all the original charters of the boroughs, and granted them back on the debasing condition that the corporations should be self-elected, and that they alone should return the members, while in many cases it was stipulated that the mayor should be removable from time to time at the wish of the crown.

In order further to deceive the people whom he was robbing of their legal rights, the monarch caused a certain Dr. Brady to write a treatise to prove that the word

"burgenses" or commonalty in the original charters really meant, not the people at large, but merely the corporation! In those boroughs which would not surrender their charters willingly the king caused proceedings, *quo warranto*, to be adopted against the magistrates, the enormous expense attending which often caused them to give up their dearly loved privileges as British freemen. As showing the despotic character of the Court, we may note in passing that in 1688, the year of the Revolution, it was proved to the satisfaction of a committee of the House of Commons, that in the small town of Wallingford a number of soldiers had entered the town at the time of the election, and threatened the mayor to cut off his ears if he did not return Mr. Dormer, the Court nominee! From this time onwards, by decisions of these close corporations, and by verdicts of committees of the House of Commons on election petitions, the rights and privileges of the electors were curtailed to such an extent that in the first quarter of the present century, instead of the election of their representatives being in the hands of the people themselves, it was found that one hundred and forty-four peers of the realm returned three hundred members, one hundred and eighty-seven more were nominated by private individuals, including sixteen by the Government of the day, and only one hundred and seventy-one, or less than a fourth of the whole, were chosen independently; and even these last, as we shall afterwards see, were often freely elected more in name than in reality.

But it was during the long reign of George III., when, according to Walpole, "every man had his price," that the anomalies and absurdities of our electoral system grew into a shame and a reproach, and showed themselves as a gross excrescence on the free constitution of Great Britain. During that reign *three hundred and eighty-eight* peers were created, most of whom received the peerage, not for services to the State, but for political jobbery in returning members to the House of Commons by voters whose qualifications were purely nominal, and for boroughs which existed as such only in the fervid imaginations of the lords of the soil. In one small place in Dorsetshire, for instance, we

read of two hundred freeholds being split into two thousand, so that some of the so-called electors possessed as a qualification the thirteen-hundredth part of a sixpenny freehold! When such a large creation of voters was made, numbers flocked around the officiating attorney's office to have their names put into the parchments, in order that they might have a share in the general debauchery that accompanied the election. The polling went on sometimes for thirty or forty days. Voters were created up to the last moment, and general riot and disorder prevailed. The public houses and hotels were kept open at the expense of the candidates, and bribery, to which we shall allude more in detail afterwards, went on to a scandalous extent. Bands of music, followed by half-drunken crowds with flags and banners, paraded the streets, and business was completely suspended. Voters were brought in carriages from all parts of the country, and in a memorable contest for Yorkshire in 1807, when Wilberforce, the philanthropist, fought and gained the popular battle against the territorial lords of the soil, the roads to York were completely blocked, horses died from exhaustion at the rate of eight a day, and provisions in the city of York rose to famine prices. Lord Fitzwilliam, who was successful, and the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood, who was defeated, spent above 100,000*l.* each in the contest; while Wilberforce's expenses amounted to nearly 60,000*l.*, which was all subscribed in the course of a few days by the Whigs and Dissenters throughout the country, and with such liberality that a portion of the sum contributed, being in excess of the requirements, was returned to the subscribers. The excitement was intense, and the joy of victory in a constituency of such numbers may be judged from the saying of one of the Dukes of Norfolk. "After all," he says, "what greater enjoyment can there be in life than to stand a contested election for Yorkshire, and win it by one!"

Most of the other counties were the tilting-grounds of rival noble families belonging to the opposing political factions, who fought one another, election after election, as their ancestors did, in battle after battle, in the wars of York

and Lancaster. From the enormous expense attending the contest of a large and widely scattered county, the contest often degenerated into a game of "beggar my neighbor," which was only brought to a close by a treaty of peace, whereby the contending factions were each allowed to nominate and return a member, the freeholders of the county never being consulted, and having no say in the choice of their representatives. And all this went on notwithstanding the resolution standing in the Journals of the House of Commons, "That it is a high infringement upon the liberties and privileges of Great Britain for any lord of Parliament or any Lord Lieutenant of any county, to concern themselves in the election of members to serve for the Commons' House of Parliament."

While the peers had their own hereditary and unrepresentative House, they claimed and exercised a like privilege in regard to the people's House. Thus the Duke of Norfolk nominated eleven members, the Earl of Lonsdale seven, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington six each; or, in other words, five peers elected thirty-six members to the House of Commons! And while this anomaly existed as to individuals, an equally flagrant one was apparent in regard to the electoral districts from which the members were chosen. Thus the populous and important counties of York and Middlesex returned two members each, or as many members as were returned by each one of a paltry lot of villages, to which we shall afterwards refer, whose nominal electorate was ten and under, but in reality comprised the patron of the borough alone! The county of Cornwall, which was a Crown domain, and therefore peculiarly suitable for the manipulations of the Ministerialists of the day, returned from its scattered hamlets and districts forty-four members, or one less than the total members from the kingdom of Scotland! Surrey returned fourteen members, ten of whom were sent to Parliament by the nomination of as many individuals; while Suffolk elected fourteen members, thirteen of whom were appointed under the direct nomination of nine individuals.

It would be foreign to our purpose to refer to the repeated elections for the

county of Middlesex in the case of the notorious John Wilkes, who was returned seven times as the champion of the liberty of the press, and of the people's right to choose their representatives without the dictation of Court or Commons. In passing, however, we would take a glance at the famous election contest for Westminster (whose electors numbered over twenty thousand) which took place in 1784, as showing the evils of our former electoral system in another form. The hero of the fight was that darling of the Whig party, Charles James Fox, who was assisted in the contest by the leading gentlemen and ladies of the party, including the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, immortalised by Coleridge, who, in her zeal for the cause, actually bribed a butcher with a *kiss*! During the contest an Irish laborer said to her ladyship, "Your eyes are so bright, me lady, that I could light me pipe by them;" a compliment which she valued more highly than any she had received during a long and brilliant career of social and political life. The poll lasted for forty days, during which business was almost entirely suspended to permit of the electors hearing the candidates from the hustings in Covent Garden. Drunkenness and riot prevailed, and the coarsest lampoons and most scurrilous satires were freely indulged in.

One amusing anecdote is told of Fox in this contest. He entered a shop to canvass its occupant, who, without uttering a word, went into his back premises and returned with a rope. He then savagely said to Mr. Fox, "Instead of voting for you, if I had the power I would hang you with this rope." Fox lifted the rope, looked at it carefully, returned it to its owner with the scathing remark, "Ah! a family relic, I presume," and then quitted the shop, leaving the discomfited shopkeeper to ponder over the fresh light thus shed on his ancestral history! Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Pitt and the Court party, Fox was returned by a majority of two hundred and thirty-six votes above his opponent, Sir Cecil Wray, but he was not allowed to take his seat, in consequence of the gross partiality of the high bailiff, who failed to make a return of the election on the

ground that a scrutiny of the votes was necessary, which afterwards took place, occupying more than a year to complete, and costing not less than 18,000*l.* ! Meanwhile to prevent his exclusion from Parliament pending the scrutiny, Fox was found a seat as representative of the northern or Kirkwall district of Burghs.

This high-handed action of the high-bailiff, or as we should call him, the returning officer, was no uncommon proceeding, as the records of Parliament abundantly show. Thus in a petition from New Shoreham we find it alleged that the returning officer had "returned a candidate with only thirty votes, in prejudice of the petitioner, who had eighty-seven;" and the defaulter was accordingly ordered by the House of Commons into the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. In a petition from Coventry in the year 1780 we find it stated that the sheriffs had shown flagrant partiality by constructing the poll booth in such a way as to allow commodious access through the mayor's parlor to the voters in a certain interest, while the agents and friends of the other were obliged to ascend by a ladder. The election was annulled. Petitions against the return of members were continually coming before the House, in consequence of the great variety of qualifications for voting in different places, and were referred to a committee for consideration. Great party struggles always took place over the appointment of these committees; and the chairman having a casting vote, the decision of the committee was more frequently determined by the claims of party than by the merits of the case. In fact, instances are on record where members for the same place have been found to be each duly qualified, and continued to sit in the same Parliament, although different committees had given exactly contrary decisions as to whom the right of voting belonged! Thus, in the small town of Chippenham, while it was always understood that the householders had a right to vote, it was determined by a committee that this only applied to those who had houses on the foundations in existence when the original charter was granted. One man had built his house not exactly of the ancient form and dimensions, and consequently not on the exact site on

which the original house had stood, but his vote was held good, while another committee subsequently found it to be bad. In both these instances there was an equality of votes, and this man's vote decided the election; but the decision of the committee in each case was needful in order to allow the ministerial candidate to get the seat!

In going over these old journals of the Commons it is surprising how many names, well known in the political life of the present day, we come upon as taking an active part in the politics of a century or more ago. Thus we have Lord Harrington and Sir John Pakington, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Massey (then Sir Manasseh) Lopes and many others. And there, too, we encounter names "familiar in our mouths as household words"—Andrew Marvell the poet, "the great Mr. Addison," as his contemporaries loved to call him, the kind-hearted and witty Dick Steele, Burke the sublime, and many others distinguished in the great republic of letters. Our friend Dick, or more properly Sir Richard Steele, whose racy papers have charmed every reader of the "Spectator," gave also a characteristic flash of his own eccentric genius on the arid waste of political controversy. He won his election for a small town in Hampshire by filling a large apple with guineas, and promising it, not as the golden apple adjudicated upon by Paris in Grecian story, to the fairest among women, but to the one who gave the most indubitable proof of her conjugal love; and so he gained the women on his side, who gained over their husbands, and so gained the day!

The system of bribery, especially in the smaller boroughs, advanced with enormous strides, and was considered a necessary part of nearly every election. So much so that an election for some, even of the very small, constituencies cost as much as 13,000*l.* The most whimsical devices were sometimes adopted to cover bribery, and the value of single votes rose to fabulous prices. At East Looe, in Cornwall, where there were forty-two electors, the sum received by each was three hundred guineas. At Wootton Bassett, in Wiltshire, in 1807, owing to the closeness of the contest, the price rose from twenty to forty-

five guineas. At Honiton the prices varied, according to the exigencies of the occasion, each elector receiving from five to fifty guineas, besides free and luxurious living at the inns which existed in large numbers for the very purpose, and abundance of clothing for his wife and children ! At Poole, where a single vote frequently decided the election, as much as 1,000*l.*, is known to have been given for such vote ; and at Bridgewater three, four, and five hundred guineas was the common market price ! And this notwithstanding that there were statutes in existence against bribery, and each elector had, when required, at the poll, to take the bribery oath.

In order to elude this, and in taking the oath against bribery to keep a conscience void of offence, the pure-souled electors of New Shoreham, in Sussex, formed themselves into an association called the *Christian Society*, and at Arundel, the electors there did the same, under the title of the Malthouse Club, for the purpose of selling the seats in Parliament to the highest bidder, the money being received by a committee of their number, who did not vote, but afterwards divided the spoil among the whole electors. Some boroughs, having run into debt, publicly advertised their representation for sale by auction, the price, in some instances, being above 5,000*l.* As late as 1812, Lord Vernon bequeathed, by his will, to his son-in-law a sum not exceeding the sum just mentioned for the purpose of purchasing a seat in Parliament, that being the average price for the preceding thirty years. At Shaftesbury, in the election of 1774, a person, believed to be one of the aldermen of the town, disguised in a ludicrous costume, and passing under the name of *Punch*, was concealed in a small apartment, and through a hole in the door passed twenty guineas to each elector, for which each, in order to take away the appearance of a bribe, had to sign a bill in presence of *Punch's* secretary, payable to an imaginary person named *Glenbucket* !

At Bridgewater one elector sold his pig for one hundred guineas, and another his parrot for the same amount, to one of the candidates, who never asked delivery of the purchase so made by him. At Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, the

townspeople rebelled against their political overlord, the Earl of Verney, and agreed among themselves to return two members for the consideration of 6,000*l.* A gentleman, accordingly, came from London, and met the electors, by appointment, a mile outside the town. They asked him whence he had come, to which he replied, "From the moon." They then asked, "What news from the moon?" He answered that he had brought thence 6,000*l.* to be distributed among them by the borough agent. The money was forthwith handed over, distributed at the rate of about 60*l.* per head, and the moon's two candidates were duly elected !

Malmesbury had long a corrupt system peculiar to itself. The corporation, which consisted of thirteen members, had the return of two members. About a hundred years ago a local magnate got ten of the council into his pay at the rate of thirty pounds, afterwards increased to fifty pounds, per annum, on the condition that they would always vote for himself as high steward, and his nominees as members for the borough, under the penalty of five hundred pounds, for which he took a bond from each of them. The annuities were surreptitiously conveyed to the recipients, being sometimes sent concealed under a cabbage, or at other times the annuitants were summoned to a banquet at the high steward's house, and, after the feast, the amount payable was found lying in some dish in the house which had been used by him, where it could only be found by those possessed of the key to the secret ! The candidates never visited the borough, the high steward merely addressing his serfs, of whom sometimes only five were present, regarding the members *he* was about to support ; and concluding by saying, "Gentlemen, you have been addressed on behalf of Messrs. A and B, who are candidates to represent you in Parliament ;" and they were accordingly elected.

In Maidstone, where the price of votes was regulated by the well-known law of supply and demand, at one election it was found that a very few votes would turn the scale, and that about twenty voters remained unpolled. Messengers were dispatched in search of them, but neither in house nor shop could

they be found. At last the proverbial "little bird" whispered their place of concealment to one of the candidates, who, on going to the spot indicated, found the missing twenty secreted in a hayloft, with the entrance barricaded, and the ladder drawn up inside. He beseeched and prayed them to come down, but they only would do so on his agreeing to their financial terms; and matters having accordingly been satisfactorily adjusted, they marched to the poll and returned their paymaster by a majority of votes! But it was not only by money payments that votes were secured throughout the country, but by appointments to sinecure offices under Government, and places and pensions for the electors and their friends.

The boroughs, on account of their limited electorate, were peculiarly susceptible to this venal influence. These boroughs may conveniently be described under three heads: the close or pocket borough, belonging to private individuals, who had the sole control of the representation; the corporation borough, in which the members were chosen by a dozen or two self-elected councillors; and the free or open boroughs, where the number of electors ranged from five hundred to ten or twenty thousand. The pocket, or, as they have been most appropriately called, the rotten boroughs which prior to the Reform Act of 1832, were exceedingly numerous, thirty-six of them returning two members each, may at one time have been thriving places, but the wave of prosperity and population had receded, leaving them stranded and unpeopled, but still most abundantly represented in the Great Council of the nation. Thus Steyning and Bramber, two little thatched villages in Sussex, closely contiguous to one another, although called separate boroughs, consisted of one short row of about twenty houses each, and returned four members. Old Sarum, in Wiltshire, which had no houses at all, and only a thorn bush marked where they once had stood returned, through the bailiff of the Earl of Caledon, two members; while Gatton in Surrey, had six houses and one voter, who combined in his own person the offices of magistrate, church warden, surveyor of highways, overseer of the poor, and collector of taxes; and in ad-

dition to these onerous duties he appointed the local constable, and returned two members to represent himself! At another of these sham boroughs, Haslemere, on the morning of the election it was found that there were no voters. What was to be done? Clearly such an important place must be represented. The poll was adjourned till the following day, and meanwhile all the lawyers and lawyers' clerks in the district were set to work all night at conveyances in favor of the electors nominated for the occasion by the noble patron of the borough, with the result that fourteen were got ready by the next forenoon, and the two members were duly elected, their election being afterwards sustained by the House of Commons on an election petition.

In other cases the deeds were kept ready for any emergency, but were never entrusted to the parties in whose favor they were nominally granted, but were generally brought in a bag to the place of election, and, having served their purpose, were carried back in the same manner to the proprietor of the borough. A pocket borough was considered to be worth about 3,000*l.* a year to the patron, that is 1,500*l.* for each seat; and would it be believed that it was actually urged that on these wretched boroughs being swept out of existence the proprietor should receive compensation out of the taxes, at the rate of twenty years' purchase? Occasionally, but not often, the indwellers in these boroughs, rebelled against the tyrannical nomination of members by their landlord, and had to suffer for their temerity. One instance will suffice. Thus in Wendover, in 1768, a temporary revolt took place, with the result that all who thus voted contumaciously were instantly evicted from their houses, and obliged to squat in huts and tents for six months; and only after the expression of extreme penitence and sorrow were they, with some exceptions, restored to their homes. As a marked contrast to this conduct, although not analogous in point of time or circumstances, we would mention the case of an earl in the west of Scotland who, some time after the passing of the Reform Act, summoned the tenants to his castle, and told them how he wished them to vote. One of the

tenant farmers, whom we shall call Mr. P., boldly told his lordship, that he had no right to dictate how they ought to vote, and on the morning of the election marched early to the poll, and voted directly against the expressed desire of his landlord. Mark the result. Shortly afterwards the railway was being made through part of the earl's lands, the value of the ground to be taken to be fixed by arbitration. The earl, to mark his sense of the independence of character of Mr. P., appointed him as arbiter on his behalf, and continued the farm to his wife and daughters after his decease, at a much lower rental than could easily have been obtained for the farm from others.

We come now to notice the corporation boroughs, which were quite as dependent as the close boroughs on the will of some neighboring proprietor. In fact, they seem to have been devised as a convenient machinery for carrying out the behests of their patron, without the necessity of granting charters to nominal voters. The corporations were all self-elected; and if a vacancy occurred, it was filled up by some one whom the remaining members knew would coincide with them in all things. Relatives of the patron, who resided hundreds of miles away from the spot, menials and body servants from his castle, or the most illiterate of the populace, were often elected to form the local corporation. In Malmesbury, during this century, the corporation, as before mentioned, consisted of thirteen, and in certain Chancery proceedings their signatures were required, when it was found that ten of them could not write, but had to subscribe by mark. In another place, also returning two members, the corporation was a purely family party, consisting of a father and his four sons, his son-in-law, and one outsider, probably for want of more relatives; while in a third borough we find the bailiff or returning officer the village innkeeper, who, in order to enable him to receive the recognised bribes as an elector, got one of his ostlers elected as bailiff, while he himself actually carried the mace before him! *O tempora! O mores!* or according to Thackeray's free translation, *O trumpery! O Moses!* The members elect frequently never saw the place

which they were presumed to represent, a stipulation to this effect being often made to prevent the possibility of a new interest being created in the borough; and as the chairing of the candidate after the declaration of the poll was considered a necessary part of the election, an aged pauper resident in the place was chaired and carried in procession, as a substitute for the newly elected member of Parliament.

It may, perhaps, be supposed that the free or open boroughs were preserved from the vices of the smaller ones, but these vices generally reproduced themselves there in a more aggravated form, with others, additional, peculiar to themselves. The qualifications for exercising the elective franchise throughout the country were endless. In some places the right was exercised by the householders, in others by the householders paying "scot and lot;" in some it was the freemen who had served seven years' apprenticeship to duly qualified freemen; while others extended the privilege to the sons, or those who had married the daughters, of freemen. In these latter cases, during an election contest, the sons of freemen were ferreted out from all parts of the country, and brought down, at enormous expence, to vote, while husbands were sometimes brought from London and elsewhere to marry the unmarried daughters of freemen burgesses! Instances have been known where, after Benedick was made a married man, it was discovered that, through some informality, the wife which he had married for the purpose had no vote to bestow; while some fair damsels possessing the right have been known to have gone through the ceremony of marriage, only to find, to their lifelong sorrow, that the newly found husband was already a married man! One peculiar genus of voter in certain boroughs, was known as a *potwaller*, or *potwalloper* (*i.e.* potboiler), which comprehended all indwellers who had obtained a parochial settlement, and provided for themselves, whether they were householders or merely lodgers. Every poor wretch who belonged to the parish was sought out and caused to boil a pot in the open air, whereby he acquired all the privileges of an elector, from which so many men of wealth,

education, and influence were debarred. In order to exclude opponents where payment of "scot and lot" was a condition precedent of voting, the parties in power did not include their names in the valuation roll, and therefore no taxes were levied; those assessed were often paid by the candidate, as well as the fees required for making persons free burgesses. In the year 1831, shortly before the passing of the first great Reform Act, we read of a scapegrace youth having been brought before a London magistrate, charged with assaulting his father. The delinquent pleading in justification of his conduct that his father had declined to take the necessary steps for making him a freeman of Rochester, which position he assured the magistrate would have been *worth sixty pounds to him!*

In order to swamp the free electors of independent character, what were called *honorary freemen* were often admitted, wholesale, the night before the election. Thus, in one contest in the city of Carlisle, fourteen hundred honorary freemen, mostly selected from the collieries and estates of Lord Lonsdale, were admitted by the mayor to their freedom without any of the qualifications which the charter of the city required. In Chester, in the memorable general election of 1784, to which we have already referred, this wholesale creation of voters, the night before the election, was interfered with by the populace breaking open the doors and driving out the aldermen, which was followed by a bloody fight in the streets next day. By the manipulation of votes the nominee of the corporation was declared duly elected, whereupon the mob drove the mayor and aldermen from the hustings, who fled for refuge to the Exchange Coffee-house, the doors of which were broken open, the official sword and mace were seized by the crowd, who chaired their favorite candidate and carried him in triumph to his own house. In a little village called Maldon, in Essex, in 1826, above two thousand honorary freemen were created in the fifteen days during which the poll lasted, which added enormously to the costs of the election, the expenses of the three candidates exceeding 40,000*l.* As showing what candidates had to pay for the honors of representing a free bor-

ough, the following, culled at random from a variety of others, and which all occurred within the six years prior to 1832, may be taken as examples: viz. York city cost one candidate 20,000*l.*, Leicester had a grand total of 61,000*l.*, and Liverpool cost all over above 85,000*l.* From what we have already explained it may be well understood that large portions of these sums were expended in bribery, as the excitement of parties caused the voters to hold back till near the close of the poll, in order to extort higher prices for their votes. An election contest in such boroughs was one protracted saturnalia; rival mobs paraded the streets, wrecking the houses of opponents; scurrilous lampoons were placed on every wall, and bloodshed, and even loss of life, were the frequent result. Voters were often abducted—spirited, as it were, out of the country—or concealed in unknown parts till the election was over. At the hustings the candidates were pelted with eggs, vegetables and other missiles, while the rival factions in front endeavored to drown the speeches with the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, or fought with one another for the possession of the flags and emblems of their opponents. We have heard of one noble lord, well known in the world of literature, in more recent times, who was addressing his constituents, when first an army of bakers was sent to march through and jostle the better-dressed electors, and these were followed in their turn by a long array of heavily sooted sweeps!

We can only take a glance, for a moment, at the state of matters in Scotland and Ireland. The representative system, bad in England, was even worse in the sister countries. Lord Melville, who had the administration of Scotch affairs during the first quarter of this century, used to boast, and truthfully, that out of Scotland's forty-five elected members, *he* could return thirty-nine! In that country the county franchise was only exercised by those who held lands, to a specified value, direct from the Crown, thereby excluding all proprietors who, under the feudal law, held in feu from subject superiors. In several of the counties the number of electors did not exceed twelve; in no case did they

exceed two hundred and fifty, and many of these were purely fagot or fictitious voters. On the election day the county gentlemen, who were freeholders of the Crown, met at the county town, and selected one of their own number to represent them in Parliament, and thereafter they adjourned to a neighboring hotel, and feasted at the new member's expense. The county of Bute had a population of fourteen thousand, with twenty-one electors, of whom only *one* was resident in the county. "At an election during the present century only one person attended the meeting, except the sheriff and the returning officer. He, of course, took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of freeholders, answered to his own name, took the vote as to Preses, and elected himself. He then moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question as to the vote, and was *unanimously* returned."* The chronicle from which the foregoing extract is taken does not record whether he brought the meeting to a close by proposing a vote of thanks to himself for his conduct in the chair! The only burgh which had a member to itself was Edinburgh, as the capital of the country, whose self-constituted town council of thirty-three members duly elected the city's representative. Other burghs were grouped in districts of four and five, the town councils of which each elected a delegate, and these delegates met and elected a member. Thus Glasgow, which now claims to be the second city of the Empire, had no direct representation, but its town council elected a delegate, who met with similarly appointed delegates from Rutherglen, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, and these four men chose their member of Parliament. Popular opinion did not exist, and if it attempted to find utterance by means of public meetings, these were instantly suppressed by the civil authority, and the promoters of them punished by banishment and imprisonment.

In Ireland the county electors were dragooned to the poll by their Protestant landlords, who had such power over them that even when the question of Catholic emancipation was agitating the

public mind we find the voters, by command, voting against the very men who were championing their cause. The borough corporations were composed of the nominees of the landlords, their relations scattered throughout England and Ireland, or their menial servants and attendants. As may well be supposed a vast amount of "potheen" was consumed in connection with an Irish election. Sir Joshua Barrington, who contested Dublin in the beginning of this century, has recorded in his memoir that he had to go through three months' training in hard drinking preliminary to, and presumably to fit himself for, the duties of an Irish member of Parliament.

The subject of the humors of Parliamentary elections is so vast that it could be enlarged upon to almost any extent, but we do not think we can draw this paper to a close without noticing very briefly one very interesting and amusing part of the subject, viz. the questions and answers, or, as it is called in Scotland, the "heckling" of the candidates, and the impromptu remarks on the hustings and platform. A few examples out of many will suffice. When Campbell of Monzie was standing for Edinburgh he asked a man for his vote, to which the man testily replied, "I would rather vote for the devil than for you." "Well," was the bland reply, "if your *friend* does not stand, may I depend upon your support?" When Sir John Douglas, who was a great favorite with the populace, was contesting Glasgow a dog began to bark at one of his meetings. A voice in the crowd shouted out, "Hey! Jock, is that your dog?" to which came the witty rejoinder, which set the house in a roar, "No, sir, I'm dog-less!" In another contest, a certain member, being questioned by one of "the black squad" as to what taxes he would take off, settled his questioner, to the great amusement of the audience, by declaring "There is one tax I intend to take off for your special benefit, and that is *the soap tax!*" One more to conclude with. A sporting M. P., who knew more about the racecourse than the senate, was asked, out of pure mischief, by one of his constituents if he would vote for the abolition of the *Decalogue*. In vain the questioned one tried to solve in his mind

* Hansard, 3rd series, vii. 529.
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what the object referred to was, as to him the Decalogue might be anything from a *regium donum* grant to a settlement in the Straits of Malacca; but failing in this, and in order to preserve his own consistency, he replied, "I won't pledge myself, but I'll give it my consideration."

Most of the matters of which we have been treating are things of the past, the

Reform Acts of 1832, 1867, and 1884 having extended and broadened the electoral basis; the Ballot Act having abolished the hustings and the open poll; and the recent Corrupt Practices Act having cut down the expense and made illegal those various devices which formerly tended so largely to make up the humors of Parliamentary elections.
—*Cornhill.*

IONA, 1885.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

The quiet clouds within the west
Have built white domes above the isles,
And o'er the leagues of sea at rest
The azure calm of summer smiles.

The sheldrake and the eider float
In peace along each sandy bay;
And softly, with the rock-dove's note,
The caverns greet the warmth of day.

The purple beds of deep seaweed
Scarce wave their fronds around the Ross;
A silence blesses croft and mead,
Each sculptured stone and knotted cross.

The lark may sing in sunlit air,
And through the clover hum the bees;
They yield the only sounds of care
Where warred and toiled the pure Culdees.

And yonder gray square minster tower
For orisons in silence calls,
To where, enshrined in turf and flower,
Kings guard the ruined chapel walls.

Iona, "island of the wave,"
Faith's ancient fort and armory,
Tomb of the holy and the brave,
Our sires' first pledge of Calvary;

Christ's mission soil, O sacred sand,
That knew His first apostle's tread!
O rocks of refuge, whence our land
Was first with living waters fed!

Mysteriously Columba's time
Foretold "a second deluge dark,
When they who on Thy hill may climb
Shall find in Thee their safety's ark.

Though hushed awhile, the hymns of praise
 Again shall rise, where feed the kine."
 Once more shall o'er thy grassy ways
 Religion's long processions shine ?

Shall then each morn and evening late
 Unfolded see the illumined scroll,
 While echoed over shore and strait
 The sea-like organ-surges roll ?

O saint and prophet ! doth thy word
 Foretell an earthly Church's reign,
 Firm as thine island rocks, unstirred
 By tempests of the northern main ?

Perchance ! Thy wasted walls have seen
 The incense round the altars rise,
 When cloister, tower, and cell had been
 To Pagan rage a sacrifice.

But if the old cathedral ne'er
 Again shall send such children forth,
 Like those who, with the arms of prayer,
 Were conquerors of the Pictish north ;

Yet hath that vanguard set and cast
 Such light upon our age's tide,
 That o'er life's trackless ocean vast
 Secure we sail, or anchored, ride.

And pilgrims to his grave shall tell
 The prophet's meaning where he trod,
 And in Columba's spirit dwell,
 Safe-isled, within the fear of God !

— *Good Words.*

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

BY H. H. PRINCE HALIM PASHA.

As the last surviving son of Mehemed Ali ; as the first President of the Council of the late Khedivate, in which office I strove, to my heavy cost, against the oppression which was the root of all the evils to which my unhappy country has since been a prey ; as an Egyptian not without honor amongst my own people, who know that my understanding of them is as true as my sympathy ; and as a patriot moved to deepest concern by late events, I ask the courtesy of a few pages of space in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Full as my mind still is of the long and painful sequence of events that has led to the situation of to-day, I do not intend to over-rake this hard-trodden

ground. Such a process would be long, and of doubtful profit. At the same time, I cannot approach the subject without touching briefly upon those early beginnings of the Egyptian difficulty which have most particularly influenced events.

When my brother Saïd died in January 1863, Egypt was prosperous and content. The total debt of the country was five millions sterling, of which less than half was owed to foreigners. The misfortunes of the country began with the reign of my nephew Ismail. They were, like his own collapse, the natural consequences of his character.

Ismail before his accession had very

ardently desired the Vice-royalty, and when it came to him it brought at once into relief the two ruling passions of his nature, viz. the love of money and the love of notoriety. His aspirations were divided between the desire to accumulate wealth and the ambition to play a part of exceptional prominence in the political world. Unfortunately for himself and for Egypt, his intelligence, not wanting in vivacity, lacked the profundity and stability necessary for the achievement of his objects; while the country, essentially simple in its social construction and economic capabilities, did not supply the material necessary for the realisation of his ample dreams.

Who that knew Ismail in the early days of his reign has not heard him say repeatedly "I am above all a man of business"—*un homme d'affaires avant tout*? He not only made no secret of his desire to acquire wealth, but he even ostentatiously paraded it as his paramount object; and the effect of so doing was to attract to his court a surrounding of adventurers. I remember once when he used his favorite phrase, one who was present replied, "We see in your Highness above all things the Viceroy of Egypt." The only answer to this remark was the shadow that came over the Viceroy's face—for Ismail did not like to be reminded that there were solemn duties attaching to his office. He wanted to be rich, and he wanted to seem to be great; the rest was of secondary importance.

The conquest of Darfour and the attempt against Abyssinia were undertaken for no other object than to give Ismail importance. The one succeeded, thanks solely to Zebeir Pasha; of the miserable failure of the other, Ratib Pasha, who commanded the expedition, could perhaps give some explanation. But the sole purpose of these enterprises, as shaped in Ismail's mind, was to add to his title of Khedive of Egypt those of King of Darfour and King of Abyssinia.

Every one knows that Ismail's rule in Egypt was a failure; the results of it are also patent enough, even now, six years after his fall. But everyone does not clearly know that the failure lay neither in the country nor in its people, nor in the pressure of any external circumstances, but solely in Ismail him-

self. All the serious duties of his office were neglected. Driven as he was by his peculiar propensities, he followed objects wholly incompatible with the fulfilment of his obligations as a ruler, more especially in such a country as Egypt. And on this point I desire to insist; because Egypt, as a problem of government, presents no inherent difficulty whatever. Its constitutive elements are essentially simple and easy of treatment, and the complexities now surrounding it are wholly artificial, the handiwork of Ismail or directly traceable to it.

I would fain pass on to other subjects, but I must yet point out how the mind of Ismail became distracted by the complications he had created; and this, not for the sake of the fact itself, but because of what it led to. The event which most strikingly revealed the lost balance of his judgment and the reckless condition of his mind was his provocation of a military demonstration in order to overthrow the "International Cabinet" of which Sir Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignères were members. The effect which this expedient of the Khedive had upon the sequel of events was most disastrous, and it was aggravated by the so-called "National Council," imagined and contrived by Ismail and attended by him, which assembled in the house of the late Sheikh el Bahri.

And in truth it was a curious spectacle to see a ruler in whom the despotic idea was predominant and whose rule was essentially arbitrary teaching the army and the people what they might do to resist the Government of which he was the head!

When Ismail fell he left the country and its dependencies in perfect chaos, and the mind of the people, who hungrily craved for justice, in a state of angry effervescence. This was the natural and inevitable consequence of seventeen years of government, the prominent feature of which was the egotism of its chief, and in which nothing had been done for the people whose energy it had depressed by exhausting the substance of their existence.

During a brief period after Ismail's fall there lived in Egypt a feeling of gratitude towards Europe for its deliverance from his rule, and the population,

although not much prepossessed in favor of Tewfik, welcomed his accession with a certain cheerfulness. He is a man of small parts, but he might have sufficed for the government of so simple a country if the Egypt of that day had been Egypt in its normal state. But it needed a ruler of another fibre to handle Egypt in the condition in which it was handed over to him by his father.

Unfortunately for Tewfik Pasha, and for the country, the foreign friends of Egypt sought to fortify his position by a contrivance of a nature so singularly inconsistent with the maintenance of his authority, that it would seem to have been specially devised with the object of reducing his position in the State to that of a mere cipher. I speak of the Anglo-French Control—the disastrous Condominium.

The youth and inexperience of the Khedive encouraged the representatives of French and English financial interests to a larger action than rightly belonged to their office. In fact, they so encroached upon the prerogative of the Khedive that within a few months of the installation of the Dual Control, the Prince Tewfik had become, to all intents and purposes, a nullity in his principality, and the powers of the Khedive had passed into the hands of the Control.

But the Egyptians, although they were by no means blind to the course of events, did not take alarm at this dislocation of power in the State. They found cause for satisfaction in the rivalry which existed between the two component elements of the Control, and the jealously watchful eye which each kept upon the other. They saw in it a guarantee of their maintenance of their autonomy, and they viewed the position with relative complacency.

But when in 1881 the hand of France was laid upon Tunis, alarm took possession of the country, and popular opinion began to read preceding events by a new light. The cession of Cyprus to England, which was not at the time specially remarked in Egypt, then acquired in Egyptian eyes a new and sinister significance. Suspicion was awakened, and the impressionable Egyptian mind was brought into a state of panic, which at once obliterated its complacent view of the Control. In place of this view, Egypt

now discerned in that very mutuality of surveillance exercised by England and France, in which they had previously found re-assurance, evidence of an artfully contrived secret understanding between the Governments, which placed the autonomy of Egypt in peril. They came to believe that Egypt was the portion of the Sultan's estates which had been awarded to England. Forthwith, and with a singular rapidity, England became an object of general distrust in Egypt, and the feeling rapidly hardened into one of strong animosity.

While Egypt was thus painfully impressed, the two foreign Powers concerned imposed upon the reluctant Khedive Riaz Pasha as President of the Council. This measure, to which no great importance was attached at the time, was prolific in mischievous effects. For while, on the one hand, it was eminently unpopular, it created a situation for Tewfik in which he discovered an analogy between his own position and that of his father when he was overshadowed by the International Ministry. If Tewfik had been capable of original thought, this discovery would have led him to wider reflections than those which ultimately determined his action. He would have reflected that by the very fact of his father's invocation of the military element to overawe the Government, that element had acquired an importance to which it had no previous pretensions, and which made it in its own estimation the arbiter of national questions. He would have measured the great risk of putting the same forces in motion a second time. But the truer philosophy of the situation did not strike the mind of Tewfik; while the face-to-face tyranny of Riaz put all his nature into a flutter of recalcitration. The only resource, however, that suggested itself to his mind was to repeat the tactics by which his father had overturned the International Ministry.

So Tewfik made his compact with Arabi, and the Riaz Ministry was upset.

Thus, in the space of a few months, two successive rulers, father and son, to ease their own necks from the yoke of overbearing Ministers, had invoked the evil spirit of revolt against themselves.

Tewfik had formed no notion of the mettle of the steed to which he was

rashly giving rein. He thought to apply the curb when he pleased ; but he found to his dismay that the courser took no heed of bit or bridle, and that he was utterly powerless to bring under restraint the revolt which he himself had deliberately turned loose.

Notwithstanding the faith which foreign opinion professes in the benefits resulting to Egypt from the Control, I share with Mr. Gladstone the conviction that it did more harm than good. It left almost untouched the insupportable fiscal burdens imposed by Ismail, and the little it did to improve that evil manner of collecting the taxes which outraged every feeling of the people, and which was at the bottom of all the mischief, was so slight as to be scarcely appreciable.

In the days of Ismail, the tax-collector went his rounds twelve times in the year. The Control thought it had done wonders in reducing these visitations to nine per annum. But the reduced number, the nine, was still too many by at least five. It gave the luckless fellah no rest, no breathing space, no time to feel that any part of his life was his own, or that he had any *raison d'être* beyond that of payer of imposts or recipient of stripes for default. There were by way of relief only the heart-breaking bargains with the usurer, whose calling was created by these abuses of fiscal authority.

The fellah is a long-suffering creature, and an excellent payer of taxes. But it is possible to overstrain these qualities. Ismail overstrained them, and the relief afforded by the Control was wholly inadequate.

Payment of taxes should only be required of the peasants when they have their crops in hand ; if this practice, which was strictly followed in my father's reign, were revived, it would give a new impulsion to industry, and make another man of the fellah, enabling him to extricate himself from the clutches of the usurer, to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and to see some brightness beyond the present squalid and hopeless gloom of his existence.

What I would particularly wish to bring home to those who read these pages is, that both in Egypt and in the Soudan the thirst for justice had in 1880

reached a point at which its cravings could no longer be restrained. And if at the outbreak of the mischief those who undertook to repair it, instead of placing themselves upon the stilts of political principles, had taken the trouble to treat the Egyptian people by the simple methods of humanity, to investigate impartially their grievances, and to grant them what was reasonable in their demands, all the miserable and useless bloodshed of which my unhappy country has been the scene for the last three years, all the embarrassments, complications, and expenditure which have sprung from it—without the faintest shadow of advantage to any one—would alike have been avoided.

But that which was ordained to happen has happened, and lamentations over its avoidability are useless. If I have dwelt at some length upon by-gones, it is because of my great desire to dispel the confusion of mind generally prevalent on a subject which is all simplicity. Let any one of ordinary intelligence cast aside theories, crotchets, prejudices and irrelevances, fix his mind upon essential facts—that is to say, upon the condition of the fellah during the seventeen years of Ismail's reign—and view them, not through the warping medium of the official prism, but in the clear light of reason and elementary knowledge of human nature, and he will understand how little is needed to heal the ills of Egypt, if only the right treatment be adopted. True he will also see that they are not otherwise curable ; layers of blunders will not plaster them, nor rivers of blood wash them away.

Egypt, I declare, was only sick of injustice ; every other symptom was produced by the nostrums with which she was dosed.

The case was precisely the same in the Soudan, where the insurrection, at its outset, was nothing but a popular movement of the same character as that which took place in Egypt—easy to arrest by the use of the right means, because it was only the expression of that craving thirst for justice felt by the people whose life was parched and withered for the lack of it. A moderate application of the true remedy in due season would have stopped the movement in the Soudan at once.

But when a foreign army occupied Egypt, and an Egyptian army officered by men of the same race as the invaders entered the Soudan, the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The mischief wrought by the untoward expedition of Hicks Pasha is incalculable. Its consequences have been terrible enough already, and there are worse in store if the original blunder is persevered in.

By the advance of the army of Hicks Pasha, Mohammed Achmet, better known as the Madhi, whose previous influence was inconsiderable, was at once raised to a new position. He no longer headed a mere revolt against the injustice of the Government. The thirst for justice was transformed into religious hate by the intrusion of the foreigner, and Mohammed Achmet became the leader of a religious war. In this religious hate the Soudanese included the Egyptian Government, because in their eyes, as in those of the Mahomedans of Egypt, it was the Government which had sought the aid of a foreign and Christian Power to crush the Mahomedan population under its rule.

Never in any previous contests with the Egyptian Government have the Soudanese displayed any such prowess as has marked their conduct in the field against the British. This is to be accounted for only by the fact that the religious sentiment has called into action all the ferocity of their nature. The Arabs of the Soudan fighting against the Egyptians—Mahomedan against Mahomedan—as well at the time of the conquest as in subsequent conflicts, were half-hearted in the field, and were apparently satisfied to make a sort of military protest against the Egyptian proceedings. All this is changed now; a fiery fanaticism inspires the whole race, and their rage, whether Europeans may judge it to be noble or ignoble, will make itself felt. It will be difficult to repress and impossible to appease it, unless the prime cause of its outbreak is removed.

I think I have now said all that I need say to establish the true nature of the position in Egypt and in the Soudan, and to show its connection with preceding events. This exposition, of itself, suggests the remedy, but my position precludes me from expanding this sugges-

tion into a detailed programme. Still I may usefully, perhaps, give it a more definite body.

In the Turkish language we call the ostrich the camel-bird; and we use that biped as the symbol of anything that has a changeful and indefinite character. For the tradition is that when the ostrich is asked to fly, he declares that he is a camel; but when it is proposed that he should bear a camel's load, he protests that he is a bird. Now the Egyptian Government is at present as ambiguous as the ostrich. Under certain conditions it assumes an English character; under others, it becomes Egyptian. This undecided and shapeless condition of the Egyptian Government renders it alike incapable of sustaining the load of the present or of soaring into a better future.

It is obvious that this abnormal condition must continue so long as the present Government is maintained, since it wholly depends for support upon the British troops. This difficulty can never be overcome; because the more fervent Mahomedans have convicted the Khedive in their own minds of being the cause of the intrusion of a Christian Power; while the more moderate, who are able to view the matter politically and without fanaticism, equally attribute to him the odious presence of the foreigner in the country. Nothing could change these convictions, and therefore Tewfik Pasha will never be able to stand alone in Egypt; consequently there can never be a stable, self-sustaining, Egyptian Government without the combination of entirely new elements.

Thus, although it is evident that the British Government cannot withdraw its troops from Egypt without first constituting a strong Government, it is equally evident that a strong Egyptian Government cannot be created out of existing materials. There are always the alternatives of protectorate or annexation, and under either of these methods of solution Tewfik might be upheld as an Egyptian figurehead for a British hull. But in this there is no discoverable advantage, while there is much manifest disadvantage. For so long as the Government of Egypt contains the elements of which it now consists, the British can never have the friendship of the Mosul-

mans, who would be far more ready to forgive the British for their invasion than to pardon those of their own faith who have been the means of bringing it upon the country.

There are two influences without the aid of which no Khedive can effectively govern in Egypt, viz. the friendly countenance and support of the Khalif, and the sympathy of the people.

If, then, England is frankly and sincerely desirous of creating a Government in Egypt which shall be self-sufficing, there is but one mode of giving effect to that desire, viz. by obtaining the co-operation of the Sultan in realising it. This is the only practical, because it is the only legal course. That is to say, that by no other course could the aid of those two legitimate influences be obtained without which no Khedive can effectively govern. The co-operation of the Sultan, which would necessarily be circumscribed by existing treaties, would carry with it the needful *amende honorable* to the offended feelings of the Moslems, and the whole moral position of England in Egypt would be changed. England would lose, probably, the "cupboard love" of some of her present creatures; but she would certainly regain what she has lost in the esteem of the Mahomedan masses, which would materially facilitate the pacification of the Soudan, while it would give a far more stable basis to her moral influence throughout the country.

The apprehension is sometimes expressed that, were an Egyptian Government left unwatched by British troops, it would become impervious to the influence which England would naturally wish to exercise over the land through which lies the highway to her Indian Empire. This is but a shadowy apprehension, which the British Government would scarcely share, because the influence which England exercises in Egypt must depend on her relations with European Powers, and not on those which she may happen to entertain with the Viceroy. So small a country as Egypt has no means of resisting any Power, and by the construction of the Canal it has become a universal passage. Egypt is therefore obliged to be exceedingly correct in her conduct, so as to satisfy her clients.

It is nearly three quarters of a century since the installation of my father as Governor-General of Egypt. Can one single instance be adduced, either before or after the opening of the Canal, of any intention on the part of any Viceroy to hinder England in her passage? I can find no such instance. One, however, of contrary significance occurs to me. I remember that when Admiral Napier in 1840 blockaded Alexandria, and sent an ultimatum to my father, the dignitaries of State proposed to him that, by way of reprisal, the English mails and passengers should not be allowed to pass by the Suez route. My father refused to adopt the proposal, saying: "It is not the British people, but the British Government, that is making war upon me." He went in person to Cairo, ordered special facilities for the passage of the mail and travellers, and superintended personally the arrangements for their security. The great mercantile cities of England sent gold medals to my father on this occasion, and one of them is still in my possession.

And now a word about the Soudan. The permanent separation of the Soudan from Egypt is an impossibility; because the mutual necessities of the two regions will always attract the two peoples towards each other. As they are on different levels of civilisation, they will not meet on terms of equality: either the lower civilisation of the Soudan must swamp Egypt by the sheer weight of numbers, or Egypt must dominate these numbers by the superiority of her moral influence and material resources.

Heretofore, the higher civilisation has prevailed over the lower. How far these relative positions may be maintainable in the future remains to be seen.

The Soudanese are learning a great lesson at the hands of England. England has given this people to taste the new and intoxicating delights of intense passion; through this, she is educating them to a consciousness of their own strength; and, by the lessons she is giving them in the art of warfare, she is adopting the most practical mode of teaching them how to use it.

The natural tendency of all this is to disturb the equilibrium which my father

established between Egypt and the Soudan, and which has never until now been perceptibly disturbed. But as the Soudanese are still destitute of administrative organisation and of the capacity to create one, the equilibrium may be restored, unless England persist in aggravating the disturbance which she has caused.

But how, it may be asked, is the fire which has been lighted in the Soudan to be extinguished? My answer is, by altering the character of the war; by depriving it of its religious spirit and of the passionate fanaticism which gives the fire to its soul and the force to its body; by bringing it back to what it was at the beginning—a mere civil war, or revolt, for the redress of administrative grievances.

This cannot be accomplished all at once, but it may be done by degrees and with unerring certainty as regards result. The first step towards it is to remodel the Egyptian Government, so that it may have the support of the Khalif and the sympathy of the population, and thus render possible the withdrawal of the British troops, or, at least, enable England to limit her occupation to certain stations on the two seas which it might be desirable that she should temporarily hold. As soon as this is done, a great proportion of the influence of the Soudanese Chief will disappear; the ground will be taken from under his feet, and he will have nothing to stand upon; his leverage upon the fanaticism of the population will be lost; his self-given title of Mahdi will have no further significance in the eyes of his followers; the rallying cry to the defence of the Sacred Cause will be an unmeaning appeal. Then normality will be re-established both in Egypt and the Soudan, and the only matter for treatment will be the redress of those grievances which accumulated during the seventeen years of Ismail's reckless rule.

When this condition of things is once more established in Egypt, the new Government may turn its attention to the re-settlement of the Soudan—a problem of no formidable difficulty, provided the foundations are prepared in the manner I have pointed out.

When, at my request in 1856, my brother Saïd Pasha, the then Viceroy,

appointed me Governor-General of the Soudan, I was impressed by the great facilities which the whole region watered by the White and Blue Niles presents for the exercise of Egyptian influence, and for the maintenance of every relation which is necessary for either country. The rivers themselves provide these facilities if they are turned to proper account, and if the Egyptian Government is actuated by simple motives of practical utility, and not by the disordered ambition of its chief to wear the empty titles of kingdoms which cannot, for long years to come, be shaped upon any basis offering a prospect of stability or political or social cohesion.

What I recommended my brother to do, and he adopted on my recommendation, was to aim more particularly at maintaining security on the river. With this object, I advised the establishment of military stations at frequent intervals all along the banks of the White Nile, maintaining communication between them by means of armed sailing boats until steamboats could be procured for the purpose.

I obtained from the Viceroy orders to carry out my views, subject to the proviso that no attempt should be made to penetrate the country, or to take possession of more land than was absolutely necessary for the provisioning of the military stations.

On arriving at Khartoum I forthwith proceeded to execute my brother's instructions, and in this way set back the frontier from El-Ais, where I found it, to the island where the Soubat joins the White Nile in about latitude $9^{\circ} 35'$; and on the island formed at the meeting of the rivers I established a garrison of Soudanese. Later the frontier was further pushed back to Bahr-el-Gazel.

The effect of this measure was eminently salutary. The population understood that Egypt was making the river safe but had no evil designs upon the territory through which it passed. And the proof that this principle was the true one is that, while it provoked no serious opposition, it answered every purpose, until Ismail's ambition endeavored to improve upon it. For the principle of promoting the gravitation of the population towards the rudimentary civilisation offered to them, Ismail sought

to substitute administrative interference and the tax-collector.

The process of civilising a country so wild and so unhealthy as the Soudan must necessarily be slow ; but the river affords an infallible instrument for the process.

By establishing military stations at the more salubrious points along the river, little by little each becomes a centre of trade, and from each radiates the civilising influence of commerce. By-and-by, on either bank of the river, there will be a belt of country relatively civilised which will always tend to widen.

This is the process by which the Soudan is to be civilised ; this is its true future, and Egypt is the agent best able to realise it. Best able, because there is no natural repulsion in the Soudan against Egypt, in its normal state, as there would be against any Christian Power ; because the Egyptians are fitted to endure the severities of the climate ; because they constitute—note that I always speak of Egypt in a normal state—a link between the Khalifat and the Soudanese Moslems ; and because for these preceding reasons the work would be done at a far less cost of men and money than if it were attempted under the auspices of any European Power.

It is needless to show that, by whatever agency the civilisation of the Soudan were effected, it would be the commercial States of the world, foremost amongst which stands England, which would reap the benefit of the transformation.

Direct action against the slave trade can never be effectual. It tends rather to defeat its humanitarian object by aggravating the cruelties which are inherent to the trade, and which are often increased in order to evade the measures adopted to check it. The slave-trade is an evil that must be borne with while it lives. Civilisation will kill it, slowly perhaps, but surely.

This is the outline of my views on the Soudan, views founded upon a personal knowledge of the country and of the people, of whose natural docility I have had abundant proof.

When I hear it proposed that England should annex Egypt, or establish a protectorate over the country, I am tempted

to ask why either one measure or the other should be adopted. Broadly speaking, it is better that every country and people should do its own work in the world than that it should be taken out of their hands and done by some other country to which it is but of secondary importance. Egypt has by no means given proof of incompetency in the management of her own existence, which sped easily and prosperously from 1841 onwards, until the follies of Ismail, which sold the country to the loan-mongers of Western Europe, brought foreign interference into it.

Egypt, as I have said before, is a simple country, and the people are simple ; but they suffice for the country, and if tranquillity is assured to them, they are perfectly able to cope with the economic difficulties into which a misguided ruler has plunged them. They are capable, under a ruler whom they trust, and whom, trusting, they will obey, to repurchase their financial independence ; and that much more speedily than it could be done by the costly methods which foreigners employ.

It is not for me, as an Egyptian, to dwell upon the difficulties which seem to attach alike to the protectorate and to annexation, and which differ, on either hypothesis, only in degree. Either as possessor or protector of Egypt, England would become more continental and less insular ; her vulnerability would be increased, and Egypt does not afford the military material requisite to guard against this increased vulnerability.

If England held such a position in Egypt that a blow could be struck at her there, such a possibility would render necessary the maintenance of military establishments in Egypt on a very large scale. And who would pay for these establishments ?

As a dependency of the Ottoman Crown, Egypt requires but a small army for the internal support of the Government ; its political existence is guaranteed by treaties.

But if these treaties were superseded, and England were established in Egypt, it would be quite another matter. England herself could then be attacked in Egypt, and she would be compelled to show a military front in the country

which would suffice to deter aggression. Naturally, Egypt, would be expected to pay the cost of these defensive measures, and by so much would the power of Egypt be reduced of playing her own modest and legitimate part in the world.

Cairo would become the centre of intrigue, not only wrestling, as at present, for local influence, but scheming against the British power, in a spot where England would be at a manifest disadvantage.

Suppose even the protectorate, the minor responsibility of the two—the Khedive flanked by two British residents, one civil, one military, the army commanded by British officers. What guarantee would this be of security? A guarantee so thin that it would be almost a danger in itself.

Moreover, annexation or protectorate would inevitably bring changes which would alter the political surroundings of

Egypt; and England, established there, would have neighbors less easy to deal with than Turkey.

But these are points which cannot have escaped the attention of the British Government, and of which the consideration probably explains its reluctance to adopt that "forward" policy in Egypt which has been urged upon it with much persistence and with some authority.

In my opinion annexation or a protectorate is unnecessary. All that Egypt wants is a restoration of her normal situation—the constitution of a Government acceptable to the Khalifate and to the people. Give this to Egypt, and Egypt is quite capable of making her own way through present embarrassments, and of satisfying all the demands with which the misgovernment of Ismail and its consequences have saddled her.—*Nineteenth Century*.

SYLVESTER'S WIFE.

BY ERNEST DODSON.

I.

AFTER tiffin on the second day of the summer assizes for Griqualand West, the languid interest which had hitherto been taken in the proceedings suddenly developed into something nearly akin to excitement. The jury had just returned a verdict of culpable homicide against a dozen out of some fifty Shangaans who stood huddled together, helpless and frightened, in the dock, charged with participation in a fatal tribal affray at the Lone Star Diamond Mining Company's compound; the judge had duly sentenced the gaping unfortunates, and the gaolers were endeavoring to sort them out from amongst their unconvinced but probably no less guilty comrades, when the Crown Prosecutor, a fresh-colored young Englishman, with no small idea of his own importance, turned in his seat at the barristers' table, and whispered to the official who sat behind him to put forward Dirk Sylvester. The official rose and repeated the name aloud; a hum of expectancy ran through the little crowd of

spectators, and passed on to the loungers outside, who eagerly crowded into the corrugated iron temple of justice; gentlemen of the long robe, and members of the press hurried over from "The Yellow Bar" just opposite, and the stalwart Zulu, attired in canvas marked with the broad black arrow, paused in his monotonous jerking of the punkah cord in order to catch a glimpse of "Baas" Sylvester, as he stepped into the dock.

The prisoner was a tall, handsome colonial, with dark gleaming eyes, black beard, and a skin the paleness of which had been ripened into swarthinness by the fierce African sun. He was erect and fearless; he threw a glance of defiance at his enemies; he nodded with a smile to his friends, and then, as the door of a private entrance to the body of the court opened, and a figure draped in purest white, with bright golden hair rippling in rich profusion over the shapely shoulders, glided in softly and quietly like a sunbeam from the free world outside, he leant over the rail which interposed between him and the

erty, and hoarsely whispered her name—the dearest name on earth to him.

It was Sylvester's wife. She responded quickly with a look more eloquent than words; and then the prisoner drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms, listened intently as the clerk of the court—an old friend with whom he had spent many a roystering evening in his bachelor days—droned through the indictment, and in a clear voice replied to the charge of wilful murder, "Not guilty."

The Crown Prosecutor, in slow and measured tones, began to sketch the history of the crime; the judge lounged back in his chair and leisurely sought for the clean pages in his record book; the counsel for the defence pushed back his wig from his perspiring brow, and hunted out a reference in an almost forgotten work on the Roman-Dutch law; the spectators hushed their murmuring; the punkah swayed regularly to and fro overhead; and Sylvester's wife sitting there in the well of the stifling court, with her sweet blue eyes riveted on the prisoner, and her luxuriant locks rising and falling with the artificial breeze, looked to me even more beautiful than two years ago, when she nightly ravished the hearts of susceptible diggers in the make-shift theatre in the Dutoitspan Road.

In those memorable bygone days she was Mademoiselle Marie La Cour, and the star of a travelling theatrical company, which, like most other "combinations of talent" visiting the Diamond Fields, never, as a whole, got any farther. The proprietor made so much money in a short season that he left to assume the lesseeship of a big Australian house, and Marie's father took over the management of the sheep thus bereft of their shepherd. How divinely she danced and sang; how she brought the tears into the eyes of great rough fellows, or made them shake the rafters with their sonorous laughter; how she fluttered the hearts of the bank magnates and the Jew diamond merchants, and how she caused the "treasury" to overflow with fatness—are not all these things written in the tablets of the memory of every dweller on the Fields? In the zenith of her fame she married Dirk Sylvester, and if ever a man de-

served his bride he did, for his passion wore him almost to a shadow, and his dark eyes gleamed dangerously if a rival presumed as much as to speak to her; and before Dirk came upon the scene there were rivals in plenty, but though Marie sipped the champagne they proffered, and even accepted their diamonds, she laughed openly at all of them. Dirk was proprietor of one of the richest claims at the New Rush; and the moment he and Marie met, the host of more or less hopeful suitors saw their chances were over. She seemed to have fallen in love with him quite as much as he had with her, and would have married him long before she did, but that her father besought her to continue on the stage a little longer for his benefit. At last, the old gentleman drank himself into the Carnarvon Hospital, and only came out thence to occupy one of the graves which are always yawning, ready dug in the Kimberley Cemetery, for victims to fever and alcohol; and then Marie La Cour became to us, and all our world, "Sylvester's wife."

They took a little villa at the extremity of Dutoitspan Road; a neat verandah-surrounded residence, screened from the dust and heat by tall blue gums, and half covered with creepers and tropical flowers. After that we saw little of the once so well known Marie La Cour. Occasionally, at long intervals, they would invite a few bachelor friends—myself included—to witness their bliss, and on such evenings the great bull frogs which invaded the garden of "The Oasis," as their place was rightly named, would hush their vile croaking as Sylvester's wife trilled forth some gay chansonette to the accompaniment of the Broadwood which Dirk specially imported for her from Europe; or sometimes the happy pair would ride over to a picnic on the banks of the meandering Modder river, and Mrs. Sylvester would deign to astonish us with the feats of marksmanship which she could accomplish with the pretty revolver—ivory handled and chased with gold—which Dirk had given her.

One night, as I strolled into the Albert Saloon for a game of billiards, I found a knot of diggers gathered around a new arrival—a handsome little Frenchman, who had come to the Fields to

look after some claims in which a Parisian firm had invested. He was laughing conceitedly, and stroking his carefully waxed imperial with a self-satisfied air, when Dirk came in, and was immediately hailed by a man who was no friend of his—the manager of some ground which was always tumbling into Dirk's claims and smashing his gear.

I did not hear exactly what he said, but my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing Dirk make a bound at the Frenchman, and seize him by the throat, while his eyes fairly blazed with passion. The Frenchman tried to elude his grasp, and in a moment Dirk had dashed him to the floor and was standing over him, raging with fury.

"You miserable liar and scoundrel," he cried, "if ever I hear of your mentioning my wife's name again, I'll kill you!" Then he strode out of the saloon.

A silence fell on the company standing round the fallen Frenchman, and as he staggered to his feet and slunk away into a side room where the rattle of dice went on all day long and far into the night, no one found so much as a word to throw after him.

I met Dirk on several occasions after this curious episode, but, as if by mutual consent, we avoided the subject. One night, however, when the moon was sailing majestically overhead and lighting up the dusty road between "the Pan" and Kimberley with a flood of lambent light, I was riding slowly into camp when I heard the rapid pattering of a horse behind me, and turning in the saddle confronted Dirk. He was agitated and angry, and without a word of greeting plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know, old fellow," he said, "I've just been told by a digger at Hallis's that that rascally little Frenchman has been repeating his lies about being intimate with my wife in Paris before she came out here. Not only that, but he says he has a miniature of her which she gave him, set in gold. The unmitigated liar! If I find time I shall canter over to his cabin the other side of the mine to-night, and if he can't produce that souvenir it will be hard for him. If he does, it won't be in his possession long!"

"Don't do anything rash, Dirk," I said. "Remember, there is another to think of beside yourself."

"That's what it is that bothers me, old fellow," he replied; and then, rein-ing in his horse, and jogging along by my side, he told me his trouble. It appeared that his wife denied any intimacy with the Frenchman, but stated that her father tried to force his attentions on her in the old days when he was a half-starved ballet-master, and she a struggling aspirant at a Paris theatre. The miniature was a new feature in the story, and Dirk firmly believed it to be a myth, but was bent on finding out whether it was so or not.

After a while he grew calmer, and paid more attention to my entreaties to him to proceed with caution.

On parting, he shook me by the hand, and his last words, shouted to me as he galloped off at the turning for "The Oasis" were—

"I sha'n't trouble the little Frenchman to-night, but let him keep out of my way!"

The next morning the body of Jules Lacroix was found lying on the floor of his cabin, with an ugly hole in the left temple. In one hand he grasped tightly part of a gold chain and the swivel of a miniature. There was the fresh spoor of a horse not far from the door, and the bullet found in the brain fitted Dirk's revolver to a nicety.

It was not long before Dirk was in custody, and the case looked black against him. His threat to shoot the Frenchman was well remembered; his excited demeanor in Hallis's bar at the Pan, when the news of the Frenchman's reiterated assertion of a former intimacy with his wife was brought to him, was commented upon, and the circumstantial evidence was strong.

As for Dirk himself, he utterly denied going near the Frenchman's cabin on the night of the murder, and he accounted for the fact that he did not reach home for nearly an hour after leaving me by saying that, feeling hot and excited, he went for a scamper over the veldt, and the beauty of the moonlit night caused him to stay out longer than he intended.

He pressed me to tell all I knew about the matter, and I reluctantly did so,

making the most of his expressed determination on leaving me not to visit the Frenchman that evening.

The trial dragged on until late in the night, and at twelve o'clock the jury came into court with a verdict of "Guilty."

I shall never forget the look of mute agony on his wife's face as Dirk stood up to be sentenced to death, or the calm, proud way in which he heard his doom.

II.

"MARK my words, boys, Sylvester's wife will get him reprieved."

The speaker was lounging at the counter of the "Yellow Bar," in the Transvaal Road, and his words evoked a murmur of sympathy.

Ever since the conviction, efforts had been made in all directions to prevent the dread sentence of the law being carried out, and Sylvester's wife had become the heroine of the camp. There were few who did not believe that he shot the Frenchman; but why should he die for an offence which was light compared with some which lay quite easily on the consciences of not a few of the inhabitants of Kimberley?

As the hum of approval subsided, some one directed our attention to a lady walking rapidly in the direction of the gaol. We recognised her at once, and respectfully saluted as she drew near. She stopped for a moment and spoke to the foremost man, who, as she hurried on, turned and gave a great shout.

"Hurrah," he cried, "Dirk's reprieved! The little lady has just had a telegram from Cape Town. Three cheers for Sylvester's wife!"

I doubt if the attention was pleasing, but the kindly gaoler told me that she smiled for the first time since Dirk's conviction, as that cheer reached her ears, just as she stepped into the prison yard.

* * * * *

Three weeks afterwards, I had occasion to call on the governor of the gaol, and as we sat in his cool little room, discussing his Martell and smoking his Boer tobacco, he looked up suddenly with a troubled air, and said, "By-the-by, do you know that Dirk Sylvester

goes to Cape Town with the next lot of I.D.B.'s (Illicit Diamond Buyers)?"

I expressed my surprise, as I knew the governor had the selecting of the prisoners to be transferred to the breakwater at Cape Town, and had heard that he had an idea of making Dirk a clerk in the Kimberley Prison office. There was little chance of his ever being a free man again, but it was something that he should serve his weary years at Kimberley, amongst friends who could visit him, and close to his faithful wife. I mentioned this, and the governor, stepping to a little cupboard, turned the key and took out a little blue packet.

"I have had to forbid Mrs. Sylvester's visits," he said, "and when I tell you the reason, I think you will agree that I am right in sending Dirk to Cape Town. You see, he seemed to expect, when the reprieve came, that he would be set at liberty; and so did she, but, as you know, the death sentence has only been commuted to one of imprisonment for life; and how on earth they managed to persuade the Governor to do that, I can't tell. Well, since that has been made plain to Dirk, he has been a changed man. He talks hopelessly of his future—and, God knows, poor fellow, it's dark enough!—he seems to be pining for freedom, he says the convict dress clings to him like sere-cloth, and the other day, just after his wife had visited him, I saw such a queer look in his eyes that I quietly turned over his things. At the bottom of a basket of 'comforts' she had brought him, I found this."

He opened the packet, and poured out before my eyes a whitish powder.

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.

"Poison!" he briefly replied, as he swept the powder back into the packet. "And now," he added, "don't think me hard if I send Dirk to Cape Town."

* * * * *

There was an unusual stir and excitement in Kimberley; the streets were crowded with men and women whose faces bespoke every kind of emotion, from despairing rage to rejoicing malice: whilst hither and thither amongst the throng in the market square rode officials in the dark blue uniform of the Cape Civil Service.

At length there was a cloud of whirl-

ing dust in the Transvaal Road ; the crowd swayed and parted, and at a hand gallop two heavily laden mule wagons passed through the surging ranks, and halted for the escort to close round.

A woful freight those wagons bore ; a load of human misery ; a company of wretched convicts, into whose souls the iron of captivity had already entered ; a consignment of baffled, trapped, and forsaken seekers after illicit wealth. Youth and age were there, and the galling fetters bound all together in the links of a common despair. Chained as they were, like wild beasts, some stood up, and in agonised voice called upon friend, wife, and child, who answered not ; while others, crouching piteously in a corner of the rude conveyance, bowed their heads between their trembling hands and sought to keep out the light of a sun which had become hateful to them.

Suddenly, I caught sight of Dirk Sylvester. He was sitting on the side of the foremost wagon, his arms folded across his chest, and a look of eager expectation on his finely moulded face, thin and pale with confinement and suffering. I called to him, but he heard not ; his gaze seemed fixed on some far-away object, and a smile played upon his wan lips.

I hurried on in advance of the cavalcade towards "The Oasis," which I knew it must pass on its way to the open veldt. I remembered that the governor of the gaol had told me the night before that he had allowed a last interview before the fearful journey to Cape Town between man and wife, and that they spoke some words in French, which he did not understand, but which seemed to have a wonderful effect on Dirk.

As I neared the gate of "The Oasis," over which the blue-gums cast their shade, and where the sweet trailing flowers were in their full autumnal beauty, I saw Sylvester's wife standing motionless. She was attired in the plain white dress she wore on the day of the trial, and also when she crowned Dirk's hopes and rendered him the envy of the bachelors of the Fields by becoming his own. Her golden hair floated unheeded on the lazy breath from the distant plain ; her eyes were turned upwards to the deep blue sky above, and her lips

seemed to be moving as if in silent prayer. There was no need to tell her of the approach of the convict party ; their coming was heralded by the wild refrain of a dismal song chanted by the prisoners ; and adown the startled air came the sound of creaking wheels, the cracking of whips, the shouting of orders and the responsive curses of the mob. I was unwilling to obtrude myself on her notice, and therefore I did not speak to her, but merely took up a position close by the gate.

Nearer and nearer came the rolling wagons ; and the crowd rushed on through the eddying dust, till, suddenly, they caught a glimpse of the lonely watcher in the gateway. There was not a man there who did not know that the slight, pale woman standing with her hands clasped convulsively together, and her whole soul concentrated as it were in one long gaze, was Sylvester's wife. Even the officials knew his history ; they knew he was no midnight purchaser of stolen gems, but only a passionate, hapless man ; and, as if by instinct, the melancholy procession slowed and steadied and paused before what was once the home of a pure and holy love.

Dirk was standing now ; the smile on his lips lit up his whole countenance ; he looked like the careless, happy Dirk of former days ; the lines of care and deep dull agony seemed to soften and disappear from his face.

He made a motion with his left hand to his breast ; with his right he pointed to the awful blue of the cloudless heaven, and then—a thin streak of flame leapt from the midst of the creepers and the quivering leaves, a sharp report rang out upon the morning air, a puff of smoke curled upward from the gateway, and Dirk Sylvester, with that strange, glad smile upon his lips, fell heavily forward, shot right through the heart by his wife !

* * * * *

She never lived to take her trial, indeed she was unconscious from the time when by one supreme act she broke the fetters which were wearing Dirk Sylvester's spirit down into the dust and ashes of a misery too keen for his endurance, till within a few minutes of her death.

Then a new light shone in her fast-

closing eyes ; she stretched out her arms as if to embrace a viewless form, and with the words "Dirk ! Dirk ! Free for ever, dear ! Free, Dirk, free !" trembling on her lips, her soul went forth rejoicing on the mystic journey to the dark hereafter.

* * * * *

Soon after she had been laid to rest by the side of her husband in the cemetery, white with many a memorial stone to ruined hopes, lives wrecked and shattered, and affections sundered by the cruel hand of Death, a Kafir, sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law for an atrocious murder, confessed that he and

he alone was the cause of the Frenchman's tragic end. He had watched, through the half-drawn blind, the miserable man toying with a golden chain to which a miniature was attached, and, his cupidity fired by the sight, crept on him unawares, and tried to wrest it from him. A struggle ensued ; the Kafir snatched a revolver from the Frenchman's hand and shot him, then, fearing discovery, fled with only the miniature in his possession. The size of the bullet and the spoor were coincidences only ; but there is one mystery which will never be cleared up. Was the miniature that of Sylvester's wife ?



THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

It seems strange that the noisiest city of Europe should have invented a complete language of signs. The greatest lover of the Neapolitans cannot call them a quiet people. The cries of the town are as loud as they are discordant ; the very dialect seems to have been created for the express purpose of enabling the itinerant vendors to inflict the greatest possible torture on the ears of the nervous. At least, if this is not the case, it is a wonderful example of spontaneous adaptation. The shrieks and howls which denote fresh vegetables, oranges, boiled shellfish, and roasted chestnuts are varied, it is true, but equally unendurable. When they pause, the barrel-organ whose internal apparatus is entirely out of order, or the street singer who bawls in harsh tones a song imperfectly remembered from the latest comic opera, is always at hand. From five in the morning till noon, the church bells, which are beaten, not rung, fill the intervals with a clangor even more intolerable. The very peasant bringing his fruit to market soothes his solitude by droning a monotonous tune as he passes down the country lanes and shouting it as soon as he enters the Grotto. Naples is not a quiet city.

Nor are the people taciturn. In shop and market-place, at their own doors and in the villa, in coffee-room, omnibus, and railway-carriage they are always ready to have a chat with any one who turns up ; it is even said that they will

talk to themselves when they can find no other listener. Their tongues are the most active part about them, and they consider the hour lost during which they are silent. Yet Naples is the only town known to us in which, if you are acquainted with the recognized language of signs, you can buy and sell, impart and receive useful information of various kinds, make love, and challenge your enemy to the death without opening your lips. Why this is so is a difficult question. Some have supposed that these gestures were once a secret speech, which the lazzaroni used in order to shield themselves from the oppression of their social superiors, and which they still employ to inform each other of the weaknesses of their foreign patrons. This theory may be correct ; but sometimes one is inclined to think that the motive that prompted the invention and gave it currency was less heroic and more practical. May not the Neapolitans have adopted it because it enabled them to hold two conversations at the same time, and thus to indulge in a double loquacity ?

We have spoken of the language as an invention ; in this perhaps we were wrong—it may be a survival. Some time during the first half of the present century a learned Neapolitan wrote a book to prove that the gestures of the figures depicted on Etruscan vases are to all intents and purposes the same as those that are still daily employed in

the streets of his native city. It is long since we have seen the charming little volume, its very name and that of its author are forgotten by us ; but even if it lay on the desk we should hesitate to decide a question which demands so much knowledge and acumen and such a delicacy of taste. The very suggestion, however, lifts the subject out of the region of triviality to which it at first seems to belong. We may believe in progress ; but who can deny that an ancient Etruscan possesses a dignity to which no modern man can aspire ? It is impossible to call his respectability into question, and if we were only convinced that the beggar at the street corner was in fact the heir of his looks and gestures, we should regard the ragged figure with something approaching a personal esteem. One cannot be too careful in choosing one's parents, as the old Berlin farce says, and an ancient Etruscan would appear to most of us an unusually eligible ancestor. Whether these strange signs are a relic of ancient lore or only a modern trick, it is certain that no foreigner and very few Neapolitans of education have ever gained a mastery over them. A few of the simplest are known to every one who has lived a year or two in the town, and may be seen even in the drawing-rooms : but how your cabman manages to inform his friend that you have come from the railway station, are going to private lodgings in a certain district of the city, that you know its customs, and he considers you rather a screw, is a mystery that none but cabmen ever know. That he does so you will soon perceive if you keep your eyes open ; and if, on the contrary, he reports that it is your first visit to Naples and you are lavish in cab fares, the fact will be announced in every street through which you pass, and you will find your travelling expenses rise accordingly. To the foreigner the cabmen seem the chief guardians of the Etruscan mystery ; but the boatmen are equally cognizant of it, and probably all the lazzaroni are initiated. Whether each trade has a language of its own or all use the same gestures is a question we cannot even attempt to answer.

There are some simple signs, however, which every one in the city uses, and if the traveller can learn and use them

naturally he will escape from many of the inconveniences of life in Southern Italy. The man who says "No," or, still worse, who shakes his head at those who are importunate either for his alms or his custom, has delivered himself over into the hands of the tormentors. They know by experience that foreigners may be driven by loud cries and persistent following to such desperation that quiet seems cheap at almost any price. You have made up your mind to walk from the station to the hotel at Salerno, and think you will enjoy the walk ; but you find, on trial, that it is rather hard to execute it with dignity and ease, when you are followed by, say, fourteen carriages and numerous saddled donkeys. If you pause, the procession pauses ; if you turn aside, it respectfully waits your return. In the by-streets children and old women take up the part that the horses and donkeys are no longer able to perform, and, on the whole, you do not find them less disagreeable animals. At last you throw yourself into one of the carriages in the mere hope of getting rid of the rest. If you have been particularly obstinate it is not unlikely that your surrender may be greeted by an ironical cheer from all the spectators except your own coachman, who "treats you gently as if he loved you," seeing you are his natural prey for the next few days.

Now, all this discomfort may be avoided in a very simple way. You have, first of all, to make yourself acquainted with the plan of the town, and to walk out of the station without any hesitation. If you go wrong it does not much matter ; you can soon find your way again, or if not, you can buy a trifle at some shop, where they will set you right. When the cabmen scream at you, as they do at every one, do not look at them, but raise your chin slightly. That means "No," and it will generally quiet them. If they persist, shrug your shoulders, pout your lips, and elevate your chin more suddenly and distinctly, with a side glance at them, while you continue your walk. That means "Don't trouble me." If it should prove ineffectual, which it rarely does, summon as much ferocity as you can easily command at a short notice into your face, turn sharply on your persec-

cutor, fix your eyes on his, and draw your right hand, with the back uppermost, gently but firmly from your throat to your chin, in such a way as to push out your beard, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. What this gesture means we cannot say ; it is best not to inquire. To judge from its effect on the lazzaroni, it is tantamount to very bad language indeed ; so that he who employs it innocently may have all the satisfaction, without incurring any of the guilt, of those noble soldiers of ours who once fought in Flanders. But the gestures must be performed simply, easily, almost mechanically, or the cabmen will discover that you are only a fraud, and act accordingly.

To return to Naples, no inhabitant of the town ever thinks of paying a cabman his legal fare. Every one feels it would be unjust to compel him to drive from one end of the city to the other for the eightpence he has a right to claim, and on such occasions every one gives him something extra. But for short drives the eightpence is too much. On summer afternoons a walk through the streets is almost intolerable. You have been to see the Museum or the Aquarium, let us say ; the walk from either to the neighborhood of San Carlo, where the great coffee-houses are, is short ; but, if you go on foot, you know you will be exhausted before you reach your destination. As soon as you appear on the public way half a dozen cabmen offer their services. You choose the cab you like, say "San Carlo," place the first finger of your left hand across the second joint of the first finger of your right, and walk on. You have offered the driver half a lire. He shrugs his shoulders, and sits firmly on his box ; do not turn your head ; in half a minute he will be rattling along the road beside you. "But also a gratuity for me, sir." The only notice you take is slightly to elevate your chin, without honoring him even with a side glance. Seeing you are an adept, he cries at once, "Come in, sir, come in." If you do so, you will have no quarrel with him at parting. All but the very worst Neapolitans will adhere to the agreement they have once made ; but your cabman will think none the worse of you if you give him two soldi—one penny—at parting. This

gratuity is not unusual, and does not, if a bargain has been made, denote extravagance.

In dealing with the lazzaroni, even if the tongue is employed, it is wise to use the fingers as well. Every finger denotes a lire ; the first joint of the forefinger when crossed represents the quarter, the second the half of that coin ; the whole of the right hand extended means five, both hands ten ; but it is best for the foreigner to use only one hand at such times, and keep the other firmly clasped, if possible, in some pocket, or mistakes may arise. To fold your hand means to repeat the sum. Thus, if you wish to offer a boatman twelve lire for an excursion, you extend your whole hand with the palm towards him, then close it, then open it again, and finally keep it clasped with only two fingers extended.

These are simple and obvious devices, but there are others that are at least as useful and less easily explicable. Thus, when a foreigner is intent on purchasing corals, pearls, photographs, or walking-sticks, and thinks he is being overreached, he can hardly do better than gaze at the dealer with the most placid of smiles, insert the two first fingers of his right hand between his neck and the shirt collar, and then ask with an easy laugh what the prices really are. The more respectable the seller is the more pronounced the gesture must be. This sign signifies almost everything, from "Do you take me to be a fool ?" to "I don't quite believe that story." When skilfully used it often leads to a great reduction of prices.

Of the signs by which vendetta may be declared we have spoken in an earlier article ; but there is another declaration that is at least as important for which the silent language has also provided. In loitering through Italian towns nothing strikes the youthful stranger more than the extraordinary grace and beauty of the women, and he naturally desires to express his gratitude to those who have lent a new loveliness to life. In the North this is easy enough. "How beautiful she is !" echoes wherever small feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and now even to Rome. Dainty little ears hear the words not unkindly, and

soft sweet voices will sometimes argue not quite kindly as to whom they were intended for. But in Naples we must be silent and discreet. The noblemen have revolvers and the lazzaroni long knives hidden away somewhere out of sight of the police, but yet within easy reach. Let the young man be careful, and if he must give vent to an admiration too passionate to be silenced, let him draw his right hand down his face from the cheek-bones to the chin. That means "O how lovely she is!"

and the slower the movement is, so long as it is clearly perceptible, the more deep and lasting is the impression supposed to be indicated. Every woman, be she peeress or peasant, understands this sign, and will go home the happier for having seen it. Whether it was of yore a symbol of worship for the old Etruscans we cannot tell. It is certainly one of the most sincere forms of adoration that modern Naples knows.—*Saturday Review*.

THE QUEEN'S MARYS.

BY LOUIS BARBE.

I.

REFERENCE is seldom made to the Queen's Marys, the four Maids of Honor whose romantic attachment to their royal mistress and namesake, the ill-fated Queen of Scots, has thrown such a halo of popularity and sympathy about their memory, without calling forth the well-known lines:—

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael and me.

To those who are acquainted with the whole of the ballad, which records the sad fate of the guilty Mary Hamilton, it must have occurred that there is a striking incongruity between the traditional loyalty of the Queen's Marys and the alleged execution of one of their number, on the denunciation of the offended Queen herself, for the murder of an illegitimate child, the reputed offspring of a criminal intrigue with Darnley. Yet, a closer investigation of the facts assumed in the ballad leads to a discovery more unexpected than even this. It establishes, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, of the four family names given in this stanza as those of the four Marys, two only are authentic. Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton herself are mere poetical myths. Not only does no mention of them occur in any of the lists still extant of the Queen's personal attendants, but there also exist documents of all kinds, from serious

historical narrative and authoritative charter to gossiping correspondence and polished epigram, to prove that the colleagues of Mary Beton and Mary Seton were Mary Fleming and Mary Livingston. How the apocryphal names have found their way into the ballad, or how the ballad itself has come to be connected with the Maids of Honor, cannot be determined. The only passage which may be looked upon as furnishing a possible foundation of truth to the whole fiction is one in which John Knox records the commission and the punishment of a crime similar to that for which Mary Hamilton is represented as about to die on the gallows. "In the very time of the General Assembly there comes to public knowledge a heinous murder, committed in the Court; yea, not far from the queen's lap: for a French woman, that served in the queen's chamber, had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom with common consent, the father and mother murdered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe heard, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so was the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was heinous."* Between this historical fact—for which

* Knox's *History of the Reformation*, pp. 373, 374.

it must, however, be noticed that Knox is the only voucher—and the ballad, which substitutes, Darnley and one of the Maids of Honor for the Queen's apothecary and a nameless waiting-woman, the connection is not very close. Indeed, there is but one point on which both accounts are in agreement, though that, it is true, is an important one. The unnatural mother whose crime, with its condign punishment, is mentioned by the historian, was, he says, a French woman. The Mary Hamilton of the ballad, in spite of a name which certainly does not point to a foreign origin, is also made to come from over the seas :—

I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem ;
Let neither my father nor my mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame.

* * * * *

O, little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me ;
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

It does not, however, come within the scope of the present paper to examine more closely into the ballad of Mary Hamilton. It suffices to have it made clear that, whatever be their origin, the well-known verses have no historical worth or significance, and no real claim to the title of "The Queen's Marie" prefixed to them in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Except for the purpose of correcting the erroneous, but general belief, which has been propagated by the singular and altogether unwarranted mention of the "Four Maries," and the introduction of the names of two of them in the oft-quoted stanza, there would, in reality, be no necessity, for any allusion to the popular poem in a sketch of the career of the fair Maids of Honor, whose touching fidelity through good and evil fortune has won for them a greater share of interest than is enjoyed by any of the subordinate characters in the great historical drama of which their royal mistress is the central figure.

The first historical and authoritative mention of the four Marys is from the pen of one who was personally and intimately acquainted with them—John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. It occurs in his description of the departure of the

infant Mary Stuart from the small harbor at the foot of the beetling, castle-crowned rock of Dunbarton, on that memorable voyage which so nearly resembled a flight. "All things being reddey for the jorney," writes the chronicler, in his quaint northern idiom "the Quene being as than betuix fyve and sax yearis of aige, wes delivered to the quene dowarier hir moder, and wes embarqued in the Kingis owen gallay, and with her the Lord Erskyn and Lord Levingstoun quha had bene hir keparis, and the Lady Fleming her fadir sister, with sindre gentilwomen and nobill mennis sonnes and dochteres, almoist of hir owin age ; of the quhilkes thair wes four in speciall, of whom everie one of thame buir the samin name of Marie, being of four syndre honorable houses, to wyt, Fleming, Levingstoun, Seton and Betoun of Creich ; quho remainit all foure with the Quene in France, during her residens thair, and returned agane in Scotland with her Majestie in the yeir of our Lord I^mV^olxi yeris." Of the education and early training of the four Marys, as companions and playmates of the youthful queen, we have no special record. The deficiency is one which our knowledge of the wild doings of the gayest court of the age makes it easy to supply. For the Scottish maidens, as for their mistress, intercourse with the frivolous company that gathered about Catharine de Medici was but indifferent preparation for the serious business of life. Looking back on "those French years," doubtless they too, like her, "only seemed to see—

A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle."

Brantôme, to whom we are indebted for so much personal description of Mary Stuart, and so many intimate details concerning her character, tastes, and acquirements, is less communicative with respect to her four fair attendants. He merely mentions them amongst the court beauties as "Mesdamoiselles de Flammin, de Ceton, Beton, Leviston, escoissaises." He makes no allusion to them in the pathetic description of the young queen's departure from her

"sweet France," on the fateful 24th of August, a date which subsequent events were destined to mark with a fearful stain of blood, in the family to which she was allied. Yet, doubtless they, too, were gazing with tearful eyes at the receding shore, blessing the calm which retarded their course, trembling with vague fears as their voyage began amidst the cries of drowning men, and half-wishing that the English ships of the jealous Elizabeth might prevent them from reaching their dreary destination. That they were with their royal namesake, we know. Leslie, who, with Brantôme and the unfortunate Chastelard, accompanied the idol of France to her unsympathetic northern home, again made special note of "the four maidis of honour quha passit with hir Hienes in France, of hir awin aige, bering the name everie ane of Marie, as is befoir mencioned."

During the first years of Mary Stuart's stay in her capital, the four maids of honor played conspicuous parts in all the amusements and festivities of the court, and were amongst those who incurred the censure of the austere Reformers for introducing into Holyrood the "balling, and dancing, and banqueting" of Amboise and Fontainebleau. Were our information about the masques acted at the Scottish court less scanty, we should, doubtless, often find the names of the four Marys amongst the performers. Who more fit than they to figure in the first masque represented at Holyrood, in October, 1561, at the Queen's farewell banquet to her uncle, the Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, and to take their places amongst the Muses who marched in procession before the throne reciting Buchanan's flattering verses in praise of the lettered court of the Queen of Scots?

Banished by War, to thee we take our flight,
Who worships all the Muses, purely right.
We don't complain; our banishment's our gain,
To look on us, if thou shalt not disdain.*

Had Marioreybanks given us the names of those who took part in the festivities which he describes as having taken place on the occasion of Lord Fleming's mar-

riage, can we doubt that the Marys would have been found actively engaged in the open-air performance "in the Parke of Holyroudhouse, under Arthur's Seatt, at the end of the loche"? Indeed, it is not matter of mere conjecture, but of authentic historical record, that on more than one occasion Buchanan did actually introduce the Queen's namesakes amongst the dramatis personæ of the masques which, as virtual laureate of the Scottish court, he was called upon to supply. The "Diurnal of Occurrents" mentions that "upoun the ellevint day of the said moneth (February) the King and Quene in lyik manner bankettit the samin (French) Ambassatour; and at evin our Soveranis maid the maskrie and mumschance, in the quhilk the Queenis Grace and all hir Maries and ladies wer all cled in men's apperell; and everie ane of thame presentit one quhingar, bravelie and maist artificiallie made and embroiderit with gold, to the said Ambassatour and his gentilmen, everie ane of thame according to his estate." That this, moreover, was not the first appearance of the fair performers we also know, for it was they who bore the chief parts in the third masque acted during the festivities which attended the Queen's marriage with Darnley; and it was one of them, perhaps Mary Beton, the scholar of the court, who recited the verses which Buchanan had introduced in allusion to their royal mistress's recovery from some illness otherwise unrecorded in history:—

Kind Goddess, Safety; Nymphs four plead
with thee.

Thou to their Queen will reconciled be;
And, as thou hast reduced her to health
(More valuable far than richest wealth),
So in her breast, thou wilt thyself enshrine,
For there sublimest worship shall be thine.

That the four Nymphs mentioned in this, the only fragment of the masque which has been preserved, were the four Marys, is explained by Buchanan's commentator Ruddiman: "Nymphas hic vocat quatuor Mariæ Scotæ corporis ministras, quæ etiam omnes Mariæ nominabantur." It is more than probable, too, that the Marys were not merely spectators of the masque which formed a part of the first day's amusements, and of which they themselves were the sub-

* The translations of this and the following quotations from Buchanan have at least one merit, that of antiquity; they are Monteith's.

ject-matter. It may still be read under the title of "*Pompa Deorum in Nuptiis Mariæ*," in Buchanan's Latin poems. Diana opens the masque, which is but a short mythological dialogue, with a compliment to the ruler of Olympus that one of her five Marys—the Queen herself is here included—has been taken from her by the envious arts of Venus and of Juno :—

Great Father, Maries five late served me,
Were of my quire the glorious dignitie ;
With these dear five the Heaven I'd regain,
The happiness of other gods to stain ;
At my lot, Juno, Venus, were in ire,
And stole away one from my comely quire,
Whose want so grieves the rest, as when we
see
The Pleiads shine, whereof one wanting be.

In the dialogue which follows, and in which the five goddesses and five gods take part, Apollo chimes in with a prophecy which was only partially accomplished :—

Fear not, Diana, I good tidings bring,
And unto you glad oracles I sing ;
Juno commands your Maries to be married,
And in all state to marriage to be carried.

In his summing up, which, as may be imagined, is not very favorable to the complainant, the Olympian judge also introduces a prettily turned compliment to the Marys :—

Five Maries thine, whose beauty, grace, and wit
Might with five fairest goddesses compete ;
Deserving gods in wedlock, if hard fate
Allow the gods to undergo that state.

The whole pageant closes with an epilogue spoken by the herald Talthylus, who also foretells further defections from Diana's maidens :—

Another marriage now ! Sounds reach the sky,
Another Mary joined in nuptial tie.

As was but natural, the Queen's favorite attendants possessed considerable influence with their royal lady, and the sequel will show, in the case of each of them, how eagerly their good offices were sought after by courtiers and ambassadors anxious for the success of their several suits and missions. In a letter which Randolph wrote to Cecil on the 24th of October, 1564, and which, as applying to the Marys collectively, may be quoted here, we are shown the haughty Lennox himself condescending to make pretty presents to the maids with a view of ingratiating himself with the mistress. "He presented also each

of the Marys with such pretty things as he thought fittest for them, such good means he hath to win their hearts, and to make his way to further effect."

II.

It is scarcely the result of mere chance, that in the chronicles which make mention of the four Marys, Mary Fleming's name usually takes precedence of those of her three colleagues. She seems to have been tacitly recognised as "*prima inter pares*." This was, doubtless, less in consequence of her belonging to one of the first houses in Scotland, for the Livingstones, the Betons, and the Setons might well claim equality with the Flemings, than of her being closely related to Mary Stuart herself, though the relationship, it is true, was only on the side of the distaff, and though there was, moreover, a bar sinister on the royal quarterings which it added to the escutcheon of the Flemings. Mary Fleming—Marie Flemyng, as she signed herself, or Flamy, as she was called in the Queen's broken English—was the fourth daughter of Malcolm, third Lord Fleming. Her mother, Janet Stuart, was a natural daughter of King James IV. Mary Fleming and her royal mistress were consequently first cousins. This may sufficiently account for the greater intimacy which existed between them. Thus, after Chastelard's outrage, it was Mary Fleming whom the Queen, dreading the loneliness which had rendered the wild attempt possible, called in to sleep with her, for protection.

Amongst the various festivities and celebrations which were revived in Holyrood by Mary and the suite which she had brought with her from the gay court of France, that of the Twelfth Night seems to have been in high favor, as, indeed, it still is, in some provinces of France, at the present day. In the "*gâteau des Rois*," or Twelfth Night Cake, it is customary to hide a bean, and when the cake was cut up and distributed, the person to whom chance—not unfrequently design—brought the piece containing the bean, was recognised sole monarch of the revels until the stroke of midnight. On the 6th of January 1563, Mary Fleming was elected queen by favor of the bean.

Her mistress, entering into the spirit of the festivities with her characteristic considerateness for even the amusement of those about her, abdicated her state in favor of the mimic monarch of the night. A letter written by Randolph to Lord Dudley, and bearing the date of the 15th of January, gives an interesting and vivid picture of the fair maid of honor decked out in her royal mistress's jewels: "You should have seen here upon Tuesday the great solemnity and royall estate of the Queene of the Beene. Fortune was so favourable to faire Flemyng, that, if shee could have seen to have judged of her vertue and beauty, as blindly she went to work and chose her at adventure, shee would sooner have made her Queen for ever, then for one night only, to exalt her so high and the nixt to leave her in the state she found her. . . . That day yt was to be seen, by her princely pomp, how fite a match she would be, wer she to contend ether with Venus in beauty, Minerva in witt, or Juno in worldly wealth, having the two former by nature, and of the third so much as is contained in this realme at her command and free disposition. The treasure of Solomon, I trowe, was not to be compared unto that which hanged upon her back. . . . The Queen of the Been was in a gowne of cloath of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so besett with stones, that more in our whole jewell house wer not to be found. The Queen herself was apparelled in collours whyt and black, no other jewell or gold about her bot the ring that I brought her from the Queen's Majestie hanging at her breast, with a lace of whyt and black about her neck." In another letter the same writer becomes even more enthusiastic. Writing to Leicester he says: "Happy was it unto this realm that her reign endured no longer. Two such nights in one state, in so good accord, I believe was never seen, as to behold two worthy queens possess, without envy, one kingdom, both upon a day. I leave the rest to your lordship to be judged of. My pen straggereth, my hand faileth, further to write. . . . The cheer was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came to the point that the

old queen herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance granted me by the younger queen, drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could with good will have spared to your lordship, as much fitter for the purpose."

The queen of this Twelfth-tide pageant was also celebrated by the court poet Buchanan. Amongst his epigrams there is one bearing the title: "*Ad Mariam Flaminiam sorte Reginam.*" It is thus quaintly translated by Monteith:—

Did birth or vertue diadems procure,
Thou long ago hadst been a Queen, most sure:
Did comely personage, or beauty rare,
Give scepters; thine are such beyond compare:
Did heav'nly powers with wishes frail agree,
Men's wishes then had scepters giv'n to thee;
If Fortune deaf and as Tiresia blind,
Should rule affairs, tho' foolish in her mind;
Foolish, nor deaf, nor blind, she'd noways be,
While she affords a scepter unto thee:
If foolish, deaf, or blind, we then must say,
Vertue was guide, and led her on the way.

The "Faire Flemyng" found an admirer amongst the English gentlemen whom political business had brought to the Scotch court. This was Sir Henry Sidney, of whom Naunton reports that he was a statesman "of great parts." As Sir Henry was born in 1519, and consequently over twenty years older than the youthful maid of honor, his choice cannot be considered to have been a very judicious one, nor can the ill-success of his suit appear greatly astonishing. And yet, as the sequel was to show, Mary Fleming had no insuperable objection to an advantageous match on the score of disparity of age. In the year following that in which she figured as Queen of the Bean at Holyrood, the gossiping correspondence of the time expatiates irreverently enough on Secretary Maitland's wooing of the Maid of Honor. He was about forty at the time, and it was not very long since his first wife, Janet Monteith, had died. Mary Fleming was about two-and-twenty. There was, consequently, some show of reason for the remark made by Kirkcaldy of Grange, in communicating to Randolph the new matrimonial project in which Maitland was embarked: "The Secretary's wife is dead, and he is a suitor to Mary Fleming, who is as meet for him as I am to be a page." Cecil appears to have been taken into the

Laird of Lethington's confidence, and to have found amusement in the enamored statesman's extravagance. "The common affairs do never so much trouble me but that at least I have one merry hour of the four-and-twenty. . . . Those that be in love are ever set upon a merry pin; yet I take this to be the most singular remedy for all diseases in all persons." Two of the keenest politicians of their age laying aside their diplomatic gravity and forgetting the jealousies and the rivalry of their respective courts to discuss the charms of the Queen's youthful maid of honor: it is a charming historical vignette not without interest and humor even at this length of time. We may judge to what extent the secretary was "set on a merry pin," from Randolph's description of the courtship. In a letter dated March 31st, 1565, and addressed to Sir Henry Sidney, Mary Fleming's old admirer, he writes: "She neither remembereth you, nor scarcely acknowledgeth that you are her man. Your lordship, therefore, need not to pride you of any such mistress in this court; she hath found another whom she doth love better. Lethington now serveth her alone, and is like, for her sake, to run beside himself. Both night and day he attendeth, he watcheth, he wooeth—his folly never more apparent than in loving her, where he may be assured that, how much soever he make of her, she will always love another better. This much I have written for the worthy praise of your noble mistress, who, now being neither much worth in beauty, nor greatly to be praised in virtue, is content, in place of lords and earls, to accept to her service a poor pen clerk." We have not to reconcile the ill-natured and slanderous remarks of Randolph's letter with the glowing panegyric penned by him some two years previously. That he intended to comfort the rejected suitor, and to tone down the disappointment and the jealousy which he might feel at the success of a rival not greatly younger than himself would be too charitable a supposition. It is not improbable that he may have had more personal reasons for his spite, and that when, in the same letter, he describes "Fleming that once was so fair," wishing "with many a sigh that Randolph

had served her," he is giving a distorted and unscrupulous version of an episode not unlike that between Mary Fleming and Sir Henry himself. To give even the not very high-minded Randolph his due, however, it is but fair to add that his later letters, whilst fully bearing out what he had previously stated with regard to Maitland's love-making, throw no doubt on Mary's sincerity: "Lethington hath now leave and time to court his mistress, Mary Fleming;" and, again, "My old friend, Lethington, hath leisure to make love; and, in the end, I believe, as wise as he is, will show himself a very fool, or stark, staring mad." This "leisure to make love" is attributed to Rizzio, then in high favor with the Queen. This was about the year 1565. Early in 1566, however, the unfortunate Italian was murdered under circumstances too familiar to need repetition, and for his share in the unwarrantable transaction, Secretary Maitland was banished from the royal presence. The lovers were, in consequence, parted for some six months, from March to September. It was about this time that Queen Mary, dreading the hour of her approaching travail, and haunted by a presentiment that it would prove fatal to her, caused inventories of her private effects to be drawn up, and made legacies to her personal friends and attendants. The four Marys were not forgotten. They were each to receive a diamond; "*Aux quatre Maries, quatre autres petis diamants de diverse façon*," besides a portion of the queen's needlework and linen: "*tous mes ourasges, manches et collets aux quatre Maries*." In addition to this, there were set down for "Flamy," two pieces of gold lace with ornaments of white and red enamel, a dress, a necklace, and a chain to be used as a girdle. We may infer that red and white were the maid of honor's favorite colors, for "*blancq et rouge*" appears in some form or another in all the items of the intended legacy.*

* "A Flamy. Vne brodure dor esmaille de blancq et rouge contenant xxxvij pieces.

Vne brodure dorelette de mesme façon garnye de l'j piece esmaille deb lancq et rouge.

Vne cottouere de mesme façon contenant soixante piece esmaille de blanc et rouge.

Vng quarquan esmaille aussy de blancq et rouge garny de vingt une piece.

As we have said, the Secretary's disgrace was not of long duration. About September he was reinstated in the Queen's favor, and in December received from her a dress of cloth of gold trimmed with silver lace: "Une vasquyne de toille d'or plaine avecq le corps de mesme fait a bourletz borde dung passement d'argent."

On the 6th of January, 1567, William Maitland of Lethington and Mary Fleming were married at Stirling, where the Queen was keeping her court, and where she spent the last Twelfth-Tide she was to see outside the walls of a prison. The Secretary's wife, as Mary was frequently styled after her marriage, did not cease to be in attendance upon her royal cousin, and we get occasional glimpses of her in the troubled times which were to follow. Thus, on the eventful morning on which Bothwell's trial began, Mary Fleming stood with the Queen at the window from which the latter, after having imprudently refused an audience to the Provost-Marshal of Berwick, Elizabeth's messenger, still more imprudently watched the bold Earl's departure and, it was reported, smiled and nodded encouragement. Again, in the enquiry which followed the Queen's escape from Lochleven, it appeared that her cousin had been privy to the plot for her release, and had found the means of conveying to the royal captive the assurance that her friends were working for her deliverance: "The Queen," so ran the evidence of one of the attendants examined after the flight, "said scho gat ane ring and three wordis in Italianis in it. I iudget it cam fra the Secretar, because of the language. Scho said, 'Na, it was ane woman. All the place saw hir weyr it. . . . Cursall show me the Secretaris wiff send it, and the vreting of it was ane fable of Isop betuix the Mouss and the Lioune, hou the Mouss for ane plesour done to hir be the Lioune, efter that, the Lioune being bound with ane corde, the Mouss schuyr the corde and let the Lioune lous.'"

During her long captivity in England, the unfortunate Queen was not unmin-

ful of the love and devotion of her faithful attendant. Long years after she had been separated from her, whilst in prison at Sheffield, she gives expression to her longing for the presence of Mary Fleming, and in a letter written "du manoir de Sheffield," on the 1st of May, 1581, to Monsieur de Mauvissière, the French ambassador, she begs him to renew her request to Elizabeth that the Lady of Lethington should be allowed to tend her in "the valetudinary state into which she has fallen, of late years, owing to the bad treatment to which she has been subjected."

But the Secretary's wife had had her own trials and her own sorrows. On the 9th of June, 1573, her husband died at Leith, "not without suspicion of poison," according to Killigrew. Whether he died by his own hand, or by the act of his enemies, is a question which we are not called upon to discuss. The evidence of contemporaries is conflicting, "some supponyng he tak a drink and died as the auld Romans wer wont to do," as Sir James Melville reports; others, and amongst these Queen Mary herself, that he had been foully dealt with. Writing to Elizabeth, she openly gives expression to this belief: "the principal (of the rebel lords) were besieged by your forces in the Castle of Edinburgh, and one of the first among them poisoned."

Maitland was to have been tried "for art and part of the treason, conspiracy, consultation, and treating of the King's murder." According to the law of Scotland, a traitor's guilt was not cancelled by death. The corpse might be arraigned and submitted to all the indignities which the barbarous code of the age recognised as the punishment of treason. It was intended to inflict the fullest penalty upon Maitland's corpse, and it remained unburied "till the vermin crept under the door of the room in which he was kept." In her distress the widow applied to Burleigh, in a touching letter which is still preserved. It bears the date of the 21st of June, 1573.

My very good Lord,—After my humble commendations, it may please your Lordship that the causes of the sorrowful widow, and orphans being by Almighty God recommended to the superior powers, together with the firm

Vne chesne a saindre en semblable façon contenant liij pieces esmaillez de blanc et rouge et vng vase pendant au bout."

confidence my late husband, the Laird of Ledington, put in your Lordship's only help in the occasion, that I his desolat wife (though unknown to your Lordship) takes the boldness by these few lines to humbly request your Lordship, that as my said husband being alive expected no small benefit at your hands, so now I may find such comfort, that the Queen's Majesty, your Sovereign, may by your means be moved to write to my Lord Regent of Scotland, that the body of my husband, which when alive has not been spared in her hiennes' service, may now, after his death, receive no shame, or ignominy, and that his heritage taken from him during his life-time, now belonging to me and his children, that have not offended, by a disposition made a long time ago, may be restored, which is agreeable both to equity and the laws of this realme, and also your Lordship will not forget my husband's brother, the Lord of Coldingham, an innocent gentleman, who was never engaged in these quarrels, but for his love to his brother, accompanied him, and is now a prisoner with the rest, that by your good means, and procurement, he may be restored to his own, which, beside the blessing of God, will also win you the goodwill of many noblemen and gentlemen.

Burleigh lost no time in laying the widow's petition before Elizabeth, and on the 19th of July a letter written at Croydon was despatched to the Regent Morton: "For the bodie of Liddington, who died before he was convict in judgment, and before any answer by him made to the crimes objected to him, it is not our maner in this contrey to show crueltey upon the dead bodies so unconvinced, but to suffer them streight to be buried, and put in the earth. And so suerly we think it mete to be done in this case, for (as we take it) it was God's pleasure he should by death be taken away from the execucion of judgment, so we think consequently that it was His divine pleasure that the bodie now dead should not be lacerated, nor pullid in pieces, but be buried like one who died in his bed, and by sicknes, as he did."

Such a petitioner as the Queen of England was not to be denied, and Maitland's body was allowed the rites of burial. The other penalties which he had incurred by his treason—real or supposed—were not remitted. An Act of Parliament was passed "for rendering the children, both lawful and natural, of Sir William Maitland of Lethington, the younger, and of several others, who had been convicted of the murder of the King's father, incapable of enjoying,

or claiming, any heritages, lands, or possessions in Scotland."

The widow herself was also subjected to petty annoyances at the instigation of Morton. She was called upon to restore the jewels which her royal mistress had given her in free gift, and in particular, "one chayn of rubeis with twelf markes of dyamontis and rubeis, and ane mark with twa rubeis." Even her own relatives seem to have turned against her in her distress. In a letter written in French to her sister-in-law, Isabel, wife of James Heriot of Trabroun, she refers to some accusation brought against her by her husband's brother, Coldingham—the same for whom she had interceded in her letter to Burleigh—and begs to be informed as to the nature of the charge made to the Regent, "*car ace que jantans il me charge de quelque chose, je ne say que cest.*" The letter bears no date, but seems to have been penned when the writer's misery was at its sorest, for it concludes with an earnest prayer that patience may be given her to bear the weight of her misfortunes.

Better days, however, were yet in store for the much-tried Mary Fleming, for in February 1584 the "relict of umquhill William Maitland, younger of Lethington, Secretare to our Soverane Lord," succeeded in obtaining a reversal of her husband's forfeiture. In May of the same year, the Parliament allowed "Marie Flemyng and hir bairnis to have bruik and inioy the same and like fauour, grace and priuilege and condition as is contenit in the pacification maid and accordit at Perth, the xxiii day of Februar, the yeir of God I^m V^olxxxij yeiris."

With this document one of the four Marys disappears from the scene. Of her later life we have no record. That it was thoroughly happy we can scarcely assume, for we know that her only son James died in poverty and exile.

III.

Mary Livingston or, as she signed herself, Marie Leuiston, was the daughter of Alexander fifth Lord Livingston. She was a cousin of Mary Fleming's, and, like her, related, though more distantly, to the sovereign. When she sailed from Scotland in 1548, as one of the

playmates of the infant Mary Stuart, she was accompanied by both her father and her mother. Within a few years, however, she was left to the sole care of the latter, Lord Livingston having died in France in 1553. Of her life at the French Court we have no record. Her first appearance in the pages of contemporary chroniclers is on the 22nd of April, 1562, the year after her return to Scotland. On that date, the young Queen, who delighted in the sport of archery, shot off a match in her private gardens at St. Andrews. Her own partner was the Master of Lindsay. Their opponents were the Earl of Moray, then only Earl of Mar, and Mary Livingston, whose skill is reported to have been—when courtesy allowed it—quite equal to that of her royal mistress.

The next item of information is to be found in the matter-of-fact columns of an account-book, in which we find it entered that the Queen gave Mary Livingston some gray damask for a gown, in September 1563, and some black velvet for the same purpose, in the following February. Shortly after this, however, there occurred an event of greater importance, which supplied the letter-writers of the day with material for their correspondence. On the 5th of March, 1564, Mary Livingston was married to John Sempill, of Beltreia. It was the first marriage amongst the Marys, and consequently attracted considerable attention for months before the celebration. As early as January, Paul de Foix, the French Ambassador, makes allusion to the approaching event: "*Elle a commencé à marier ses quatre Maries,*" he writes to Catharine de Medici, "*et dict qu'elle veult estre de la bande.*" In a letter, dated the 9th of the same month, Randolph, faithful to his habit of communicating all the gossip of the court in his reports to England, informs Bedford of the intended marriage: "I learned yesterday that there is a conspiracy here framed against you. The matter is this: the Lord Sempill's son, being an Englishman born, shall be married between this and Shrovetide to the Lord Livingston's sister. The Queen, willing him well, both maketh the marriage and indoweth the parties with land. To do them honour she will have them marry in the

court. The thing intended against your lordship is this, that Sempill himself shall come to Berwicke within these fourteen days, and desire you to be at the bridal." Writing to Leicester, he repeats his information: "It will not be above 6 or 7 days before the Queen (re-)turning from her progress into Fifeshire, will be in this town. Immediately after that ensueth the great marriage of this happy Englishman that shall marry lovely Livingston." Finally, on the 4th of March, he again writes: "Divers of the noblemen have come to this great marriage, which to-morrow shall be celebrated." Randolph's epistolary garrulity has, in this instance, served one good purpose, of which he probably little dreamt when he filled his correspondence with the small talk of the court circle. It enables us to refute a calumnious assertion made by John Knox with reference to the marriage of the Queen's maid of honor. "It was weill knawin that schame haistit mariage betwix John Sempill, callit the Danser, and Marie Levingstoune, surnameit the Lustie." Randolph's first letter, showing, as it does, that preparations for the wedding were in progress as early as the beginning of January, summarily dismisses the charge of "haste" in its celebration, whilst, for those who are familiar with the style of the English envoy's correspondence, his very silence will appear the strongest proof that Mary's fair fame was tarnished by no breath of scandal. The birth of her first child in 1566, a fact to which the family records of the house of Sempill bear witness, establishes more irrefutably than any argument the utter falsity of Knox's unscrupulous assertion.

John Sempill, whose grace in dancing had acquired for him the surname which seems to have lain so heavily on Knox's conscience, and whose good fortune in finding favor with lovely Mary Livingston called forth Randolph's congratulations, was the eldest son of the third lord, by his second wife Elizabeth Carlyle of Torthorwold. At court, as may have been gathered from Randolph's letters, he was known as the "Englishman," owing to the fact of his having been born in Newcastle. Although of good family himself, and in high favor at court, being but a younger son he does

not seem to have been considered on all hands as a fitting match for Mary Livingston. This the Queen, of whose making the marriage was, herself confesses in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, reminding him that, "in a country where these formalities were looked to," exception had been taken to the marriage both of Mary and Magdalene Livingston on the score that they had taken as husbands "the younger sons of their peers—*les puînés de leurs semblables*." Mary Stuart seems to have been above such prejudices, and showed how heartily she approved of the alliance between the two families by her liberality to the bride. Shortly before the marriage she gave her a band covered with pearls, a basquina of gray satin, a mantle of black taffety made in the Spanish fashion with silver buttons, and also a gown of black taffety. It was she, too, who furnished the bridal dress, which cost £30, as entered in the accounts under date of the 10th of March:—

Item : Ane pund xiii unce of silver to ane gown of Marie Levingstoun's to her mariage, the unce xxv s. Summa xxx li.

The "Inuentair of the Quenis movables quhilks ar in the handes of Seruais de Condry vallett of chalmer to hir Grace," records, further, that there was "deliveret in Merche 1564, to Johnne Semple's wiff, ane bed of scarlett veluot bordit with broderie of black veluot, furnisit with ruif heidpece, thre pandis, twa vnderpandis, thre curtenis of taffetic of the same cullour without freingis. The bed is furnisit with freingis of the same cullour." To make her gift complete, the Queen, as another household document, her wardrobe book, testifies, added the following items:—

Item : Be the said precept to Marie Levingstoun xxxi elnis ii quarters of quhite fustiane to be ane marterass, the eln viii s. Summa xii li xii s.

Item : xvi elnis of cammes to be palzeass, the eln vi s. Summa liij li xvj s.

Item : For nappes and fedders ; v li.

Item : Ane elne of lane ; xxx s.

Item : ij unce of silk ; xx s.

The wedding for which such elaborate preparation had been made, and for which the Queen herself named the day, took place, in the presence of the whole court and all the foreign ambassadors, on Shrove Tuesday, which, as has already been mentioned, was on the 5th of

March. In the evening the wedding guests were entertained at a masque, which was supplied by the Queen, but of which we know nothing further than may be gathered from the following entry:—

Item : To the painter for the mask on Fastionis evin to Marie Levingstoun's mariage ; xij li.

The marriage contract, which was signed at Edinburgh on the Sunday preceding the wedding, bears the names of the Queen, of John Lord Erskine, Patrick Lord Ruthven, and of Secretary Maitland of Lethington. The bride's dowry consisted of £500 a year in land, the gift of the Queen, to which Lord Livingston added 100 merks a year in land, or 1,000 merks in money. As a jointure she received the Barony of Beltreis near Castle Semple, in Renfrewshire, the lands of Auchmanes and Calderhaugh, with the rights of fisheries in the Calder, taxed to the Crown at £18 16s 8d. a year.

A few days after the marriage, on the 9th of March, a grant from the Queen to Mary Livingston and John Sempill passed the great seal. In this official document she styles the bride "her familiar servatrice," and the bridegroom "her daily and familiar serviter, during all the youthheid and minority of the said serviters." In recognition of their services both to herself and the Queen Regent, she infeods them in her town and lands of Auctermuchty, part of her royal demesne in Fifeshire, the lands and lordships of Stewarton in Ayr, and the isle of Little Cumbrae in the Forth of Clyde.

After her marriage "Mademoiselle de Semple" was appointed lady of the bed-chamber, an office for which she received £200 a year. Her husband also seems to have retained some office which required his personal attendance on the Queen, for we know that both husband and wife were in waiting at Holyrood on the memorable evening of David Rizzio's murder. The shock which this tragic event produced on Mary was very great, and filled her with the darkest forebodings. She more than once expressed her fear that she would not survive her approaching confinement. At about the end of May or the beginning of June, shortly before the solemn ceremony of

"taking her chamber," she caused an inventory of her personal effects to be drawn up by Mary Livingston and Margaret Carwod, the bedchamber woman in charge of her cabinet, and with her own hand wrote, on the margin opposite to each of the several articles, the name of the person for whom it was intended, in the event of her death and of that of her infant. Mary Livingston's name appears by the side of the following objects in the original document, which was discovered among some unassorted law papers in the Register House, in August, 1854 :—

Quatre vingtz deux esguillettes xliij petites de mesme facon esmaillez de blancq.

Une brodure du toure contenant xxv pieces esmaille de blanc et noir facon de godrons.

Vne brodeure doreillette de pareille facon contenant xxvij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir.

Vne cottouere de semblable facon contenant lx pieces de pareille facon esmaillee de blanc et noir.

Vng carcan esmaille de blanc et noir contenant dixsept pieces et a chacune piece y a vng petit pendant.

Vne chesne a saindre de semblable facon contenant liliij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir et vng vase au bout.

Vne corde de coural contenant lxiiij pieces faictes en vase.

Vne aultre corde de coural contenant treize grosses pieces aussy en vase.

Vne aultre corde de coural contenant xxxvlij pieches plus etittes aussy en vase.

Vne reste de patenostres ou il a neuf meures de perles et des grains dargent entredeux.

Vne sainture et cottouere de perles garnie bleu et grains noir faict a roistean.

Item : haill acoustrement of gold of couter carcan and chesne of 66 pyecis.

Only on one occasion after this do we find mention of Mary Livingston in connection with her royal mistress. It is on the day following the Queen's surrender at Carberry, when she was brought back a prisoner to Edinburgh. The scene is described by Du Croc, the French ambassador. "On the evening of the next day," he writes in the official report forwarded to his court, "at eight o'clock, the Queen was brought back to the castle of Holyrood, escorted by three hundred arquebusiers, the Earl of Morton on the one side, and the Earl of Athole on the other; she was on foot, though two hacks were led in front of her; she was accompanied at the time by Mademoiselle de Sempel and Seton, with others of her chamber, and was

dressed in a night-gown of various colors."

After the Queen's removal from Edinburgh the Sempills also left it to reside sometimes at Beltreis, and sometimes at Auchtermuchty, but chiefly in Paisley, where they built a house which was still to be seen but a few years ago, near what is now the Cross. Their retirement from the capital did not, however, secure for them the quietness which they expected to enjoy. They had stood too high in favor with the captive Queen to be overlooked by her enemies. The Regent Lennox, remembering that Mary Livingston had been intrusted with the care of the royal jewels and wardrobe, accused her of having some of the Queen's effects in her possession. Notwithstanding her denial, her husband was arrested and cast into prison, and she herself brought before the Lords of the Privy Council. Their cross-questioning and brow-beating failed to elicit any information from her, and it was only when Lennox threatened to "put her to the horn," and to inflict the torture of the "boot" on her husband, that she confessed to the possession of "three lang-tailit gowns garnished with fur of martrix and fur of sables." She protested, however, that, as was indeed highly probable, these had been given to her, and were but cast-off garments, of little value or use to any one. In spite of this, she was not allowed to depart until she had given surety "that she would compear in the council-chamber on the morrow and surrender the gear."

Lennox's death, which occurred shortly after this, did not put an end to the persecution to which the Sempills were subjected. Morton was as little friendly to them as his predecessor had been. He soon gave proof of this by calling upon John Sempill to leave his family and to proceed to England, as one of the hostages demanded as security for the return of the army and implements of war, sent, under Sir William Drury, to lay siege to Edinburgh Castle.

On his return home, Sempill found new and worse troubles awaiting him. It happened that of the lands conferred upon Mary Livingston on her marriage some portion lay near one of Morton's estates. Not only had the Queen's gift been made by special grant under the

Great and Privy Seals, but the charter of infeoffment had also been ratified by a further Act of Parliament in 1567, when it was found that the proposal to annul the forfeiture of George Earl of Huntley would affect it. It seemed difficult, therefore, to find even a legal flaw that would avail to deprive the Sempills of their lands and afford the Regent an opportunity of appropriating them to himself. He was probably too powerful, however, to care greatly for the justice of his plea. He brought the matter before the Court of Session, urging that the gift made by the Queen to Mary Livingston and her husband was null and void, on the ground that it was illegal to alienate the lands of the Crown. It was in vain that Sempill brought forward the deed of gift under the Great and Privy Seals, the judges would not allow his plea. Thereupon Sempill burst into a violent passion, declaring that if he lost his suit, it would cost him his life as well. Whiteford of Milntoun, a near relative of Sempill's, who was with him at the time, likewise allowed his temper to get the better of his discretion, and exclaimed "that Nero was but a dwarf compared to Morton." This remark, all the more stinging that it was looked upon as a sneer at the Regent's low stature, was never forgiven. Not long after the conclusion of the lawsuit, both Sempill and Whiteford were thrown into prison on a charge "of having conspired against the Regent's life, and of having laid in wait by the Kirk, within the Kirkland of Paisley, to have shot him, in the month of January, 1575, at the instigation of the Lords Claud and John Hamilton." After having been detained in prison till 1577, John Sempill was brought up for trial on this capital charge. His alleged crime being of such a nature that it was probably found impossible to prove it by the testimony of witnesses, he was put to the torture of the boot, with which he had been threatened on a former occasion. By this means, sufficient was extorted from him to give at least a semblance of justice to the sentence of death which was passed on him. In consideration of this confession, however, the sentence was not carried out. Ultimately, he was set at liberty and restored to his family. His health had com-

pletely broken down under the terrible ordeal through which he had gone, and he only lingered on till the 25th of April, 1579.

Of Mary Livingston's life after the death of her husband, but little is known. From an Act of Parliament passed in November, 1581, it appears that tardy justice was done her by James VI., who caused the grants formerly made to "umquhile John Semple, of Butress, and his spouse, to be ratified." Her eldest son, James, was brought up with James VI., and in later life was sent as ambassador to England. He was knighted in 1601. There were three other children—two boys, Arthur and John, and one girl, Dorothea.

The exact date of Mary Livingston's death is not known, but she appears to have been living in 1592.

IV.

The family to which Mary Beton, or, as she herself signed her name, Marie Bethune, belonged, seems to have been peculiarly devoted to the service of the house of Stuart. Her father, Robert Beton, of Creich, is mentioned amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who sailed from Dunbarton with the infant Queen, in 1548, and who accompanied her in 1561, when she returned to take possession of the Scottish throne. His office was that of one of the Masters of the Household, and, as such, he was in attendance at Holyrood when the murderers of Rizzio burst into the Queen's chamber and stabbed him before her eyes. He also appears under the style of Keeper of the Royal Palace of Falkland, and Steward of the Queen's Rents in Fife. At his death, which occurred in 1567, he recommends his wife and children to the care of the Queen, "that scho be haill mantenare of my hous as my houe is in hir Maiestie under God." His grandfather, the founder of the house, was comptroller and treasurer to King James IV. His aunt was one of the ladies of the court of King James V., by whom she was the mother of the Countess of Argyll. One of his sisters, the wife of Arthur Forbes of Reres, stood in high favor with Queen Mary, and was wet-nurse to James VI. His French wife, Jehanne de la Ruelle,

and two of his daughters, were ladies of honor.

Of the four Marys, Mary Beton has left least trace in the history of the time. It seems to have been her good fortune to be wholly unconnected with the political events which, in one way or another, dragged her fair colleagues into their vortex, and it may be looked upon as a proof of the happiness of her life, as compared with their eventful careers, that she has but little history.

Though but few materials remain to enable us to reconstruct the story of Mary Beton's life, a fortunate chance gives us the means of judging of the truth of the highflown compliments paid to her beauty by both Randolph and Buchanan. A portrait of her is still shown at Balfour House, in Fife. It represents, we are told, "a very fair beauty, with dark eyes and yellow hair," and is said to justify all that has been written in praise of her personal charms. The first to fall a victim to these was the English envoy, Randolph. A letter of his to the Earl of Bedford, written in April, 1565, mentions, as an important fact, that Mistress Beton and he had lately played at a game at bills against the Queen and Darnley, that they had been successful against their royal opponents, and that Darnley had paid the stakes. In another letter, written to Leicester, he thinks it worthy of special record that for four days he had sat next her at the Queen's table, at St. Andrew's. "I was willed to be at my ordinary table, and being placed the next person, saving worthy Beton, to the Queen herself." Writing to the same nobleman he makes a comparison between her and Mary Fleming, of whom, as we have seen, he had drawn so glowing a description, and declares that, "if Beton had lyked so short a time, so worthie a rowme, Flemyng to her by good right should have given place." Knowing, as we do, from the testimony of other letters, how prone Randolph was to overrate his personal influence, and with what amusing self-conceit he claimed for himself the special favors of the ladies of the Scottish court, there is every reason to suspect the veracity of the statement contained in the following extract from a letter to Sir Henry Sidney: "I doubt

myself whether I be the self-same man that now will be content with the name of your countryman, that have the whole guiding, the giving, and bestowing, not only of the Queen, and her kingdom, but of the most worthy Beton, to be ordered and ruled at mine own will."

Like her colleague, Mary Fleming, "the most worthy Beton" had her hour of mock royalty, as we learn from three sets of verses in which Buchanan extols her beauty, worth, and accomplishments, and which are inscribed: "Ad Mariam Betonam pridie Regalium Reginam sorte ductam." In the first of these, which bears some resemblance to that addressed to Mary Fleming on a similar occasion, he asserts, with poetical enthusiasm, the mimic sovereign's real claims to the high dignity which Fortune has tardily conferred upon her:—

Thy mind and vertue princely; beauty fair
May well unto a diadem be heir;
Fortune, asham'd her gifts should wanting be,
Sent wealth and riches in good store to thee;
And, when had honored thee, without all hate,
Her long delay she could not exiate,
Unless that Queen, deserving earth's empire,
Subjection to thy sceptre should desire.

In his next effusion the poet rises to a more passionate height in his admiration. It is such as we might imagine Randolph to have penned in his enthusiasm, could we, by any flight of fancy, suppose him capable of such scholarly verses as those of Buchanan.

Should I complain? Or should I Fortune
praise?

To Beton fair who makes me slave always;
O, Beauty at this time, what need I thee?
When no hopes are of mutual love for me,
If Fortune had been kind, in youthful prime,
And me advanc'd to honor so sublime;
I soon had turn'd to dust, and my short day
Had been small pain, altho' it would not stay;
Now ling'ring Fates torment; I want life's joy,
And sudden death were pleasure, not annoy;
In either case, it's all my comfort still,
My life and death is at my Lady's will.

The third epigram is more particularly interesting, as bearing reference, we think, to Mary Beton's literary tastes:—
Cold winter flowers and fields holds bound; no
where

Can I find nosegay for my Lady rare;
My muse, once fruitful garden, now by years
Defaced is, and barren winter bears:
Did comely Beton's gale but once me touch,
Spring in her blossoms all were nothing such.

The will drawn up by Mary Stuart, in 1566, which, it is true, never took effect,

seems to point to Mary Beton as the most scholarly amongst the maids of honor. It is to her that the French, English, and Italian books in the Royal collection are bequeathed; the classical authors being reserved for the university of St. Andrews, where they were intended to form the nucleus of a library: "Je laysse mes liures qui y sont en Grèc ou Latin à l'université de Sintandre, pour y commencer une bible. Les aultres ie les laysse à Beton."

This is further borne out by the fact that, many years later, William Fowler, secretary to Queen Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI., dedicated his "Lamentatioun of the desolat Olympia, furth of the tenth cantt of Ariosto" "to the right honorable ladye Marye Betoun, Lady Boine." Of the literary accomplishments which may fairly be inferred from these circumstances, we have, however, no further proof. Nothing of Mary Beton's has come down to us, except a letter, addressed by her in June, 1563, to the wife of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whose acquaintance she may have made either in France or in Scotland, Sir Nicholas having been English ambassador in both countries. In this short document the writer acknowledges the receipt of a ring, assures the giver that she will endeavor to return her love by making her commendations to the Queen, and begs her acceptance in return, as a token of their good love and amity, of a little ring which she has been accustomed to wear daily.

In the month of May, 1566, Mary Beton married Alexander Ogilvie, of Boyne. But little is known of this marriage beyond the fact that the Queen named the day, and beyond such circumstances as a purely legal and technical nature as may be gathered from the marriage contract, which is still extant, and has been published in the Miscellany of the Maitland Club. It sets forth that the bride was to have a dowry from her father of 3,000 merks, and a jointure from her husband of lands yielding 150 merks and 30 chalders of grain yearly. This legal document derives its chief interest from bringing together in a friendly transaction persons who played important and hostile parts in the most interesting period of Scottish history. It bears the

signatures of the Queen and Henry Darnley, together with those of the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, Bothwell, Murray, and Atholl, as cautioners for the bridegroom, that of Alexander Ogilvie himself, who subscribes his territorial style of "Boyne," and that of "Marie Bethune." The signature of the bride's father, and that of Michael Balfour, of Burleigh, his cautioner for payment of his daughter's tocher, are wanting.

It would appear that Mary Beton, or, as she was usually called after her marriage, "the Lady Boyn," or "Madame de Boyn," did not immediately retire from the court. In what capacity, however, she kept up her connection with it, cannot be ascertained. All that we have been able to discover is that after her marriage she received several gifts of ornaments and robes from the Queen. Amongst the latter we notice a dress which was scarcely calculated to suit the fair beauty: "Une robbe de satin jeaulne dore toute goffree faicte a manches longues toute chamaree de bisette d'argent borde de dung passement geaulne goffre d'argent!"

Both Mary Beton and Alexander Ogilvie are said to have been living as late as 1606. All that is known as to the date of her death is that it occurred before that of her husband, who, in his old age, married the divorced wife of Bothwell, the Countess Dowager of Sutherland.

It is interesting to note the contrast between the comparatively uneventful reality of Mary Beton's life and the romantic career assigned to her in the latest work of fiction, which introduces her in connection with her royal and ill-fated mistress. In Mr. Swineburne's "Mary Stuart," the catastrophe is brought about by Mary Beton. For some score of years, from that day forth when she beheld the execution of him on whom she is supposed to have bestowed her unrequited love, of the chivalrous, impetuous Chastelard, when her eyes "beheld fall the most faithful head in all the world," Mary Beton, "dumb as death," has been waiting for the expiation, waiting

Even with long suffering eagerness of heart
And a most hungry patience.

It is by her action in forwarding to

Elizabeth the letter in which Mary Stuart summed up all the charges brought against her rival, that the royal captive's doom is hastened, that Chastelard's death is avenged. It would be the height of hypercritical absurdity to find fault with the poet for the use which he has made of a character which can scarcely be called historical. Nevertheless, as it is often from fiction alone that we gather our knowledge of the minor characters of history—of those upon which more serious records, engrossed with the jealousies of crowned heads, with the intrigues of diplomatists and the wrangles of theologians, have no attention to bestow—it does not seem altogether useless at least to point out how little resemblance there is between the Mary Beton of real life and the Nemesis of the drama.

V.

"The second wyf of the said Lord George (Marie Pieris, ane Frenche woman, quha come in Scotland with Quene Marie, dochter to the Duik of Gweis) bair to him tua sonnys and ane dochter . . . the dochter Marie." This extract from Sir Richard Maitland's "History of the House of Seton" gives us the parentage of the fourth of the Marys. She was the daughter of a house in which loyalty and devotion to the Stuarts was traditional. In the darkest pages of their history the name of the Setons is always found amongst those of the few faithful friends whom danger could not frighten nor promises tempt from their allegiance. In this respect Mary Seton's French mother was worthy of the family into which she was received. At the death of Marie de Guise, Dame Pieris transferred not only her services, but her love also, to the infant Queen, and stood by her with blind devotion under some of the most trying circumstances of her short career as reigning sovereign. The deposition of French Paris gives us a glimpse of her, attending on Mary and conferring secretly with Bothwell on the morning after the King's murder. At a later date we find her conspiring with the Queen's friends at what was known as the council "of the witches of Atholl," and subsequently imprisoned, with her son, for having too freely expressed her loyalty to her mistress. We

may, therefore, almost look upon it as the natural result of Mary Seton's training, and of her family associations, that she is pre-eminently the Queen's companion in adversity. It seems characteristic of this that no individual mention occurs of her as bearing any part in the festivities of the court, or sharing her mistress's amusements. Her first appearance coincides with the last appearance of Mary Livingston in connection with Mary Stuart. When the Queen, after her surrender at Carberry, was ignominiously dragged in her night-dress through the streets of her capital, her faltering steps were supported by Mary Livingston and Mary Seton. At Lochleven Mary Seton, still in attendance on her mistress, bore an important part in her memorable flight, a part more dangerous, perhaps, than Jane Kennedy's traditional leap from the window, for it consisted in personating the Queen within the castle, whilst the flight was taking place, and left her at the mercy of the disappointed gaolers when faithful Willie Douglas had brought it to a successful issue. How she fared at this critical moment, or how she herself contrived to regain her liberty, is not recorded; but it is certain that before long she had resumed her honorable but perilous place by the side of her royal mistress. It is scarcely open to doubt that the one maid of honor who stood with the Queen on the eminence whence she beheld the fatal battle of Langside was the faithful Mary Seton.

Although, so far as we have been able to ascertain, Mary Seton's name does not occur amongst those of the faithful few who fled with the Queen from the field of Langside to Sanquhar and Dundrennan, and although the latter actually states in the letter which she wrote to the Cardinal de Lorraine, on the 21st of June, that for three nights after the battle she had fled across country, without being accompanied by any female attendant, we need have no hesitation in stating that Mary Seton must have been amongst the eighteen who, when the infatuated Mary resolved on trusting herself to the protection of Elizabeth, embarked with her in a fishing-smack at Dundrennan and landed at Workington. A letter written by Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil, on the 28th of June, makes par-

ticular mention of Mary Seton as one of the waiting-women in attendance on the Queen, adding further particulars which clearly point to the fact that she had been so for at least several days :—

Now here are six waiting-women, although none of reputation, but Mistress Mary Seton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest busker, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair, that is to be seen in any country whereof we have seen divers experiences, since her coming hither. And, among other pretty devices, yesterday and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately. And every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing, without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gaylie well.

For the next nine years Mary Seton disappears almost entirely in the monotony of her self-imposed exile and captivity. A casual reference to her, from time to time, in the Queen's correspondence, is the only sign we have of her existence. Thus, in a letter written from Chatsworth, in 1570, to the Archbishop of Glasgow, to inform him of the death of his brother, John Beton, laird of Creich, and to request him to send over Andrew Beton to act as Master of the Household, Mary Stuart incidentally mentions her maid of honor in terms which, however, convey little information concerning her, beyond that of her continued devotion to her mistress and her affection for her mistress's friends. "Vous avez une amye en Seton," so the Queen writes, "qui sera aussi satisfayte, en votre absence, de vous servir de bonne amye que parente ou aultre que puissiez avoir aupres de moy, pour l'affection qu'elle porte à tous ceulx qu'elle connait m'avoyr esté fidèles serveurs."

The royal prisoner's correspondence for the year 1574 gives us another glimpse of her faithful attendant, "qui tous les jours me fayct service tres agreable," and for whom the Archbishop is requested to send over from Paris a watch and alarum. "La monstre que je demande est pour Seton. Si n'en pouvez trouver une faite, faites la faire, simple et juste, suyvant mon premier mémoyre, avec le reveilmatin à part."

Three years must again elapse before Mary Seton's next appearance. On this occasion, however, in 1577, she assumes special importance, and figures as the chief character in a romantic little

drama which Mary Stuart herself has sketched for us in two letters written from her prison in Sheffield to Archbishop Beton.

It will be remembered that when, in 1570, death deprived Queen Mary of the services of John Beton, her Master of the Household, she requested that his younger brother should be sent over from Paris to supply his place. In due time Andrew Beton appeared at Sheffield and entered upon his honorable but profitless duties. He was necessarily brought into daily contact with Mary Seton, for whom he soon formed a strong affection, and whom he sought in marriage. The maid of honor, a daughter of the proud house of Winton, does not appear to have felt flattered by the attentions of Beton, who, though "de fort bonne maison," according to Brantôme, was but the younger son of a younger son. Despairing of success on his own merits, Andrew Beton at last wrote to his brother, the Archbishop, requesting him to engage their royal mistress's influence in furtherance of his suit. The Queen, with whom, as we know, match-making was an amiable weakness, accepted the part offered her, and the result of her negotiations is best explained by her own letter to the Archbishop :—

According to the promise conveyed to you in my last letter, I have, on three several occasions, spoken to my maid. After raising several objections based on the respect due to the honor of her house—according to the custom of my country—but more particularly on the vow which she alleges, and which she maintains, can neither licitly nor honorably be broken, she has at last yielded to my remonstrances and earnest persuasions, and dutifully submitted to my commands, as being those of a good mistress and of one who stands to her in the place of a mother, trusting that I shall have due consideration both for her reputation and for the confidence which she has placed in me. Therefore, being anxious to gratify you in so good an object, I have taken it upon myself to obtain for her a dispensation from her alleged vow, which I hold to be null. If the opinion of theologians should prove to coincide with mine in this matter, it shall be my care to see to the rest. In doing so, however, I shall change characters, for, as she has confidently placed herself in my hands, I shall have to represent not your interests, but hers. Now, as regards the first point, our man, whom I called into our presence, volunteered a little rashly, considering the difficulties which will arise, to undertake the journey himself, to bring back the dispensation, after having con-

sulted with you as to the proper steps to be taken, and to be with us again within three months, bringing you with him. I shall request a passport for him; do you, on your part, use your best endeavors for him; they will be needed, considering the circumstances under which I am placed. Furthermore, it will be necessary to write to the damsel's brother, to know how far he thinks I may go without appearing to give too little weight to the difference of degree and title.*

After having penned this interesting and well-meaning epistle, the Queen communicated it to Mary Seton, to whom, however, it did not appear a fair statement of the case, and for whose satisfaction a postscript was added:—

I have shown the above to the maiden, and she accuses me of over-partiality in this, that for shortness' sake, I have omitted some of the circumstances of her dutiful submission to me, in making which she still entertained a hope that some regard should be had for her vow, even though it prove to be null, and that her inclination should also be consulted, which has long been, and more especially since our captivity, rather in favor of remaining in her present state than of entering that of marriage. I have promised her to set this before you, and to give it, myself, that consideration which is due to her confidence in me. Furthermore, I have assured her that, should I be led to persuade her to enter into that state which is least agreeable to her, it would only be because my conscience told me that it was the better for her, and that there was no danger of the least blame being attached to her. She makes a great point of the disparity of rank and titles, and mentions in support of this that she heard fault found with the marriage of the sisters Livingston, merely for having wedded the younger sons of their peers, and she fears that, in a country where such formalities are observed, her own friends may have a similar opinion of her. But, as the Queen of both of them, I have undertaken to assume the whole responsibility, and to do all that my present circumstances will allow, to make matters smooth. You need, therefore, take no further trouble about this, beyond getting her brother to let us know his candid opinion.

With his mistress's good wishes, and with innumerable commissions from her ladies, Andrew Beton set out on his mission. Whether the dispensation was less easy to obtain than he at first fancied, or whether other circumstances, perhaps of a political nature, arose to delay him, twice the three months within which he had undertaken to return to Sheffield had elapsed before information of his homeward journey was received.

He had been successful in obtaining a theological opinion favorable to his suit, but it appeared that Mary Seton's objections to matrimony were not to be removed with her vow. This seems to be the meaning of a letter written to Beton by Mary Stuart, in which, after telling him that she will postpone the discussion of his affairs till his return, she pointedly adds that Mary Seton's letters to him must have sufficiently informed him as to her decision, and that she herself, though willing to help him by showing her hearty approval of the match, could give no actual commands in the matter. A similar letter to the Archbishop seems to point to a belief on Mary's part that, in spite of the dispensation, the match would never be concluded, and that Beton would meet with a bitter disappointment on his return to Sheffield. It was destined, however, that he should never again behold either his royal lady or her for whom he had undertaken the journey. He died on his way homewards; but we have no knowledge where or under what circumstances. The first intimation of the event is contained, as are, indeed, most of the details belonging to this period, in the Queen's correspondence. In a letter bearing the date of the 5th of November she expresses to the Archbishop her regret at the failure of her project to unite the Betons and the Setons, as well as at the personal loss she has sustained by the death of a faithful subject and servant.

With this episode our knowledge of Mary Seton's history is nearly exhausted. There is no further reference to her in the correspondence of the next six years, during which she continued to share her Queen's captivity. About the year 1583, when her own health had broken down under the hardships to which she was subjected in the various prisons to which she followed Mary Stuart, she begged and obtained permission to retire to France. The remainder of her life was spent in the seclusion of the abbey of St. Peter's, at Rheims, over which Renée de Lorraine, the Queen's maternal aunt, presided.

The last memorial which we have of Mary Seton is a touching proof of the affection which she still bore her hapless Queen, and of the interest with which

* The original is written in French.

from her convent cell, she still followed the course of events. It is a letter, written in October, 1586, to Courcelles, the new French ambassador at Holyrood; it refers to her long absence from Scotland, and concludes with an expression of regret at the fresh troubles which had befallen the captive Queen, in con-

sequence, it may be supposed, of Babington's conspiracy:—

I cannot conclude without telling you the extreme pain and anxiety I feel at the distressing news which has been reported here, that some new trouble has befallen the Queen, my mistress. Time will not permit me to tell you more.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

NEITHER by training nor disposition was Edward Wollstonecraft fitted for agricultural pursuits, yet a farmer he chose to be. His farming operations were a succession of failures; he wasted over them a considerable fortune inherited from an industrious father. He was always changing his place of residence, appearing now in one county, now in another, yet without improving his condition. Quick-tempered by nature, disappointment rendered him morose; and when he took to drinking—which he did at last—his fits of violence were a terror to those about him. His wife was a quiet, submissive woman, whose one aim was to keep him in good humor.

Their eldest daughter was named Mary. Of her appearance, as a girl, nothing has been recorded. Her portrait by Opie, taken in later life, shows her to have possessed an abundance of wavy hair, fine expressive eyes (of a "light brown," writes Southey), and full lips. Like most other children with sound constitutions, reared in the country, she was healthy and active, liking rather to romp with her brothers than dandle dolls. She was a favorite with neither of her parents. Often was she scolded without reason, or punished for what she had not done. This very treatment was the cause of her getting to think for herself, and act independently of others, while still young. As she advanced in years, her force of character obtained her a distinct influence at home. Her brothers and sisters looked to her for advice, her mother for assistance. Her father, even when most enraged, would yield to a reproof from her, and become gentle for a space.

In 1774, when Mary was between fifteen and sixteen, the Wollstonecraft

family moved from Beverley, where they had passed seven years, to Hoxton. This step was taken to allow Mr. Wollstonecraft to pay close attention to some commercial speculation on which he had entered, and from which he expected to reap golden profits. His usual ill-luck, however, attended him in the venture, and he lost instead of making money.

It was at this time that Mary made the acquaintance of a needy family named Blood. She and Fanny Blood, the eldest daughter, conceived, at first sight, a strong affection for each other. They were unlike. Mary had excellent natural abilities, but little or no education. Fanny, though slow, was studious. She undertook to instruct her friend, and her lessons were not thrown away. When Mary, later on, had to take to her pen for a livelihood, she found how much she owed to the other's teaching.

In 1780, Mrs. Wollstonecraft died. Mr. Wollstonecraft, soon afterwards, married again, and settled down permanently in Carmarthenshire, where he continued to drown care in the bowl. This was the signal for a general break-up in his family. His two younger sons, still boys, remained with him for a bit, but his three daughters departed. Mary went to live with the Bloods, and earned enough by her needle to pay for her board and lodging; the second sister, Everina, undertook to keep house for her eldest brother, who was practising as an attorney in London; the third, Eliza, made a hasty, imprudent marriage with an objectionable man named Bishop, from whom she separated after enduring much ill-treatment.

Mary had long since decided that teaching, for which she had a real turn,

was her vocation in life. It seemed a fitting moment, now that her sister was homeless, to make a beginning. It was arranged that she and Eliza should open a school, and that Fanny Blood, from whom she was unwilling to part, should live with and assist them. Lodgings were therefore procured at Islington, and a few pupils obtained; but things did not go satisfactorily. Fanny soon returned home, while Mary and Mrs. Bishop removed to Newington, where their brother, the attorney, helped them to start afresh. This time, the prospect seemed brighter. The number of their pupils rose steadily: they also received lodgers. Prompted by this seeming prosperity, they induced their sister Everina to join them, and installed themselves in a larger house—an unwise step, which brought them into debt.

Early in 1785, Fanny Blood married a Mr. Skeys, a merchant settled in Portugal, and went with him to Lisbon. Before the year was out, Mary heard of her friend's serious illness, and started at once for Lisbon, to nurse her; but she arrived only to find her dying. She had a stormy voyage home, with a narrow escape from shipwreck. Her cares had not decreased in her absence. Owing to her sisters' mismanagement, the school had dwindled to nothing: the lodgers too, for the same cause, had taken themselves off. In addition to this, she learned that Mr. and Mrs. Blood, Fanny's father and mother, were in the utmost pecuniary distress. The thought that she was unable to help them afflicted her keenly. The following extract from a letter, written to a friend at the time, will show what was her state of mind:

"Let me turn my eyes on which side I will, I can only anticipate misery. Are such prospects as these likely to heal an almost broken heart? The loss of Fanny was sufficient of itself to have thrown a cloud over my brightest days; what effect then must it have when I am bereft of every other comfort? I have too many debts. I cannot think of remaining any longer in this house, the rent is so enormous; and where to go, without money or friends, who can point out? My eyes are very bad, and my memory gone. I am not fit for any situation; and as for Eliza, I don't know what will become of her. My constitution is impaired. I hope I shan't live long, yet I may be a tedious time dying." *

* "William Godwin, his Friends and Con-

But she strove to shake off despondency, and set to work at her first literary effort, a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters." For this she received from the publisher ten guineas, which sum she handed to the Bloods, to enable them to get to Ireland, where Mr. Blood hoped to obtain employment.

Their school-keeping having failed, the three sisters agreed that it would be advisable to seek their fortunes separately. Mary was not sorry at the dissolution of partnership. Her sisters were not constituted as she was. To one of her energetic spirit, their constant presence was a drag. In the summer of 1787, both Everina and Eliza obtained situations as governesses, while Mary herself, in October of the same year, accepted a similar post in the family of Lord Kingsborough, in Ireland, at a yearly salary of forty pounds. She did so with great reluctance:

"I by no means like the prospect of being a governess," she writes. "To live only on terms of civility and common benevolence, without any interchange of little acts of kindness and tenderness, would be to me extremely irksome."

With such misgiving did she set out for Mitchelstown Castle, the home of the Kingsboroughs. The present Castle of Mitchelstown is a splendid edifice—an imposing collection of towers, turrets, and battlemented walls. It stands in a broad breezy valley, through which a river ripples windingly. To the south rises the Kilworth, to the north the Galtee range of mountains—the latter with points soaring to a height of three thousand feet. A castle occupied this picturesque site at the time we speak of; but it was small compared to the present one. It was a stately building nevertheless, and in keeping with the character of the surrounding scenery. Its aspect rather awed than pleased Mary:

"There was such a solemn kind of stupidity about this place," says she, writing a few days after her arrival, "as froze my very blood. I entered the great gates with the same kind of feeling as I should have if I was going into the Bastille."

Had her spirits not been hopelessly

temporaries," by C. Kegan Paul, vol. i., p. 80. From this work most of the quotations in the present paper are made.

depressed, she might have been contented, for she was received by her employers in a friendly manner, and her duties were not onerous. She speaks of Lady Kingsborough as "civil, nay kind," and of the rest of the party (the house was full of guests) as treating her "like a gentlewoman." Yet the atmosphere was uncongenial. The people surrounding her were of a type she had never met before, and for their foibles she could hardly make allowance. Lady Kingsborough was an odd mixture of shrewdness and affectation. Except to bully them occasionally, she took little notice of her children. She made a ridiculous fuss though about her dogs, to which she lisped out endearments in French. After a fortnight's acquaintance, Mary dismisses her ladyship and her friends thus, "Confined to the society of a set of silly females, I have no social converse; and their boisterous spirits, and unmeaning laughter, exhaust me." Retiring from such intercourse, she would seek solitude in the schoolroom, and there listen to the moaning of the wind, form figures in the fire, or watch the clouds settling on the mountains.

Mary had not held her situation a year, before a trifling difference with Lady Kingsborough led to her amicable dismissal. She hailed her emancipation with joy. While in Ireland, she had continued to correspond with Mr. Johnson, the publisher of her pamphlet on education. It was to him she turned at this juncture. He received her encouragingly, and offered her literary employment. She had confidence enough in her own powers to snatch at the proposal.

"I am going to be the first of a new genus," she tells her sister Everina. "I tremble at the attempt; yet, if I fail, I only suffer. Freedom, even uncertain freedom, is dear. This project has long floated in my mind. You know I am not born to tread in the beaten track; the peculiar bent of my nature pushes me on."

Very soon she was settled at a little house in George Street, Blackfriars, and working away busily. She had already finished a tale called "Mary," which Mr. Johnson hastened to publish. She now completed another short work entitled "Original Stories from Real Life." This last went forth to the

world with the advantage of illustrations by Blake—illustrations sometimes graceful, sometimes ghastly; wherein women and children are pleasingly drawn, but men are given heads too fiendish for description. She also translated from German and French, and contributed articles to the "Analytical Review," besides "reading" for her publisher. It was no selfish motive that spurred her to work, but a determination to be useful to her relations, all of them in difficulties. She was able to offer a home to her sisters when out of place. She summoned her two younger brothers from South Wales, afforded them some much-needed education, and started them in life. She took in hand the settlement of her father's affairs, now sadly involved; but this proved a hopeless task. Her father, for the remaining years of her life, continued, in a great measure, dependent on her for support. In this manner, two years fled by. When weary of toil, she would repair to the house of Mr. Johnson, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where she was always welcome. A talk with this good friend would calm and reassure her when in trouble. Beneath his roof she met many people whose society interested her, among them the author William Godwin, and the artist Henry Fuseli.

She was at heart a Republican. The outbreak of the French Revolution enlisted her warmest sympathy. When Burke's celebrated "Reflections" on that event appeared, she was the first among many writers to come forward with a reply. This reply, which was widely read at the time, is violent throughout, and in parts vigorous. After flying at Burke himself and his "slavish paradoxes," she deals stunning blows at established authority in its various forms. The House of Commons, the clergy (as a class), and hereditary nobility, the law of primogeniture, the game laws, are felled promiscuously. Her rather wild *brochure* caught the public ear. Before long her voice was again raised. This time the subject was one on which she had long been meditating. Her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" is the work by which her name is chiefly remembered. She intended that it should fill two volumes; but there is little reason to regret that it never ad-

vanced beyond one. It is pitched in the same shrill key as her reply to Burke, but is far more daring and outspoken. As an essay it is too long; there is little or no arrangement; the same ideas, clothed in different words, recur; she is always rambling from her subject, and returning (when she does return) as if by accident. There is, nevertheless, much that is just and true in what she advances; and it must be remembered that many of the changes she advocates so zealously in the condition of women have since come to pass. Her main argument seems to have been that the women of her day were fools, and would infallibly continue so, till an improved education gave scope to their reason. Men, she declared to be despots, anxious to keep women ignorant for fear of losing authority over them.

"Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it," she pleads, "and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavor to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves, and the latter a plaything."

The remedy she suggests for this state of things is the establishment of government elementary day-schools, free and open to all classes, wherein little boys and girls may be educated together. Their childhood over, these young people—youths and maidens still together—are to continue their studies at more advanced day-schools, there obtaining instruction suitable for the careers they have severally chosen. In defence of this system, she asserts that

"Marriage will never be held sacred till women, being brought up with men, are prepared to be their companions rather than their mistresses, for the mean doublings of cunning will ever render them contemptible, whilst oppression renders them timid."

In pursuing her theme, she pauses now and then to gibbet vice and hypocrisy, or lay bare the worst flaws in our social system. Nor does she mince her words. The ugliest things are called by their right names. Her work was received with a storm of censure. Men were provoked, and women shocked, by its subversive tendency.* At the same time it had an extensive sale, and was

translated into French and German, besides securing for the writer a notoriety by no means distasteful to her.

But questions of political and social reform did not exclusively occupy her mind. Notwithstanding her opinion that men were "systematic tyrants," she was fully prepared, herself, to give their tyranny a trial. The following confession, written three years later, proves it:

"For years have I endeavored to calm an impetuous tide, laboring to make my feelings take an orderly course. It was striving against the stream. I must love and admire with warmth, or I sink into sadness."†

It has been mentioned that she often met Fuseli, the artist, at Mr. Johnson's. Fuseli was abrupt and overbearing in manner, but clever, cultured, and entertaining. He and she thought alike on many public questions, and their intimacy was a source of pleasure to both. We learn from Knowles, in his "Life of Fuseli" (and Godwin, who certainly ought to have known, confirms the story), that Mary, starting no doubt with sentiments the most platonic, fell by degrees in love with the artist, who was already provided with a wife. Fuseli, perceiving this, tried to avoid her; but she acted with strange impetuosity. While writing her "Vindication," she had been in danger of becoming a sloven. "She wore," says Knowles, "a habit of coarse cloth, black worsted stockings, and a beaver hat, with her hair hanging lank about her shoulders." She now began to dress becomingly, left her modest residence in Blackfriars for well-furnished rooms in Bloomsbury, and spent much of her time in writing letters to Fuseli full of professions of regard. According to Knowles, she had "the temerity to go to Mrs. Fuseli, and tell her that she wished to become an inmate in her family." Mrs. Fuseli, however, declined the proposal.

Mary resolved to try what change of scene might do, to enable her to forget this attachment. A desire seized her to witness the events proceeding in France, where the tempest of revolution was raging. She fired a parting epistolary shot at Fuseli, begging his pardon "for having disturbed the quiet tenor of his life," and then set out for Paris. She

* Horace Walpole, writing to Hannah More, pronounces Mary a "philosophizing serent."

† "Letters from Norway." Google

got there in the middle of December 1792. As she came with letters of introduction, she made acquaintance with many notable people, among them some revolutionary leaders. She was oftenest to be found at the house of a couple named Christie, country people of her own. It was here that she met an American, one Gilbert Imlay, who had served in the army during the War of Independence. Our information regarding this person is wholly derived from herself. She alludes to him, in writing to her sister Everina, as

"a most worthy man, who joins to uncommon tenderness of heart and quickness of feeling, a soundness of understanding and reasonableness of temper rarely to be met with. Having also been brought up in the interior parts of America, he is a most natural, unaffected creature."

We find him credited too, in her letters to himself, with "an honest countenance," also with "eyes glistening with sympathy," and "lips softer than soft." So the outward man, it would seem, was attractive—at any rate to her.

In February 1793, France declared war against England. A decree for the imprisonment of all English residents in the country, till peace should be made, soon followed. For some time before this, English folks had been scrambling for passports, and hurrying off. Mary, however, did not move. The deep interest in her, and her position, shown by Gilbert Imlay—an interest to which her susceptible nature at once responded—detained her. In order to avoid observation as much as possible, she moved from Paris to Neuilly, where she received constant visits from Imlay. Between them, love quickly succeeded friendship. There was a difficulty in the way of their marrying, even had either of them wished it. Had such a ceremony taken place, Mary would have had to declare herself a British subject, and thereby have incurred danger: whereas, by putting herself under the protection of an American, and assuming his name, she was safe from molestation. This, with other excuses less valid, has been urged to account for her consenting to live with Imlay as his wife, without being married to him. Yet facts are stubborn things, and it is a fact that, among other advanced theories, she held the sanction of Law and

Church to the union of man and woman to be superfluous. Even afterwards, when her connection with Imlay had brought her nothing but misery, she clung to this opinion, merely admitting that she had neglected to take "vulgar precautions," and had shown, perhaps, "want of prudence."

In August, she and Imlay were living together in Paris. The following month, he went to Havre on business, leaving her behind. Her letters to him, commencing from this date, were published after her death. They are, as Mr. Paul observes, "the letters of a tender and devoted wife, who feels no doubt of her position." Her tone is now and then a little petulant, for Imlay's obdurate silence alarmed her. She upbraids him for his neglect. He chides her in return, alleging that, in both their interests, he must devote himself to money-making. This brings her to her knees at once, and she cries:

"Pardon the vagaries of a mind that has been almost 'crazed by care,' as well as 'crossed in hapless love,' and bear with me a little longer."*

The shadow of approaching trouble was already darkening her path. She was expecting to become a mother: she was cut off from correspondence with her family: she was all alone in the midst of the Revolution. Although a sincere sympathiser with the cause of liberty, the cruelties daily perpetrated by those in power revolted her. At last, after four months had elapsed, Imlay agreed to her joining him at Havre, which she did about the middle of January 1794. In the following May, her daughter Fanny was born. Soon after, Imlay betook himself to London.

When Imlay first embarked in business, he had a definite plan for the future. It was to accumulate a thousand pounds, buy a farm in America, and settle down thereon with the companion he had chosen. But now his ideas soared far above farms. Nothing would satisfy him but to amass wealth, and secure what he called "a certain situation in life." He had promised to rejoin Mary as early as he could, but he never came. She wrote to him regu-

* This declaration of having been "crossed in hapless love," refers doubtless to her attachment to Fuseli.

larly, but he seldom answered her. When he did, it was only to explain that some freshly-conceived plan needed all his attention. She strove to win him back, now entreating, now warning.

"Beware!" she writes. "You seem to be got into a whirl of projects and schemes which are drawing you into a gulph that, if it do not destroy your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine. Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely the pleasures for which I had the most lively taste—I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection—escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you, I have been endeavoring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give. Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?"

It is impossible to reflect on her position without pity. She was dependent for money-supplies on a partner-in-business of Imlay's, whom she particularly disliked: sometimes, rather than apply to him, she would endure privation. Her suspicion that Imlay really meant to abandon her increased till it became a maddening conviction. Anxiety on her child's account, far more than on her own, was undermining her health. Thus eight miserable months passed away. Suddenly, in April 1795, Imlay summoned her to join him in London. His reason was that he required her to see to his affairs, during a journey which his interest in the timber-trade obliged him to make to Norway. She accordingly set out for England—"a country," to use her own words, "that has not merely lost all charms for me, but for which I feel a repugnance that almost amounts to horror." On their meeting, Imlay was cold and constrained: his replies to her questions were evasive. Presently the truth slipped out. He was living with an actress. However distressing may have been this discovery, it is surprising that to one with Mary's strong religious feeling (for such she unquestionably had) and store of philosophy, suicide should have appeared the only resource. She resolved to abandon her helpless child, and die. Imlay, somehow, was apprised of her intention, and succeeded in dissuading her from carrying it out. At the same time, he desired to be rid of her. It occurred to him that she might

go to Norway in his place. He had perfect confidence in her good sense, judgment, and devotion to his interests. He pointed out that the journey would be good for her broken health; and she, poor woman, readily consented, thinking that by performing her mission successfully, she might earn his gratitude and regain his heart. Accordingly he gave her a written commission, signed and witnessed, empowering her to act in his behalf. In this document he described her as his "best friend and wife."

In company with her child (now a year old) and a little French maid, Mary set out on her journey. Her well-known "Letters from Norway" give an account of her adventures. They were addressed to Imlay, and, in their original state, contained much that referred to matters of business. This was struck out in preparing them for publication. "If ever there was a book," observes Godwin, in allusion to these letters, "calculated to make a man fall in love with its author, this appears to me to be the book." They certainly possess a genuine charm, and can be read with interest still. The writer moved about with her eyes open, observing everything and making sensible remarks on the condition of the country and its inhabitants. After the terrible time she had passed in France, surrounded by crime and bloodshed, she seemed to have entered a realm of peace. It was the month of July, and a glorious spell of summer weather had set in. Reclining on a grassy eminence near Tonsberg, she gazed with rapture on the stupendous rocks that gird the Norwegian coast, on the bay with its verdant islets, on the calm sunlit sea flecked with white sails. Yet even as she gazed, her sorrow welled up, and the remembrance of her wrongs made her eyes overflow. The pure invigorating air she breathed soon restored her to health. With health, hope began to revive. Her fancy, always active, dwelt fondly on a vision of happiness in the future.

Imlay had given her a sort of promise that he would meet her at Hamburg on her return from Norway. On getting there she found, instead of himself, a chilling letter, in which he hinted that a permanent separation between them would be desirable. He would continue

though, he assured her, to take an interest in her welfare, and provide for her maintenance.

Impatient to know the worst, and bring things to a point, she hurried to London. Here her gravest suspicions were confirmed. Imlay made no pretence of welcoming her. For transacting his business for him in Norway (with results on the whole satisfactory) he hardly thanked her. She quickly discovered that he had set up a new mistress. A violent scene ensued between them, the result being that Mary, for a second time, determined to take her own life. She addressed Imlay in a final letter.

"I shall make no comments on your conduct," were her words, "or any appeal to the world. Let my wrongs sleep with me! Soon, very soon, shall I be at peace. When you receive this, my burning head will be cold."

It was on a misty October evening that she approached the river at Battersea. Her intention was to seek death on this spot; but, fancying she might be observed, she hired a boat, and had herself rowed to Putney, where she landed. Night had meanwhile descended, and with it a downpour of rain. She walked up and down Putney Bridge for half an hour, in order to let her clothes become so soaked as to ensure her sinking. During that time nobody passed her. At last she mounted the parapet, and plunged in. As her fall was long, she sank deep. She remained acutely sensible throughout her immersion, and on rising again to the surface drew her clothes tightly around her lest they should, by spreading, keep her afloat. Again she sank, with the hissing flood above and beside her. And now she began to experience the agony of suffocation, which, though really brief, seems interminable to the drowning. But Providence did not will that she should die thus. Some men in a passing boat beheld her inanimate body borne toward them, and by them she was saved. She was taken to the nearest house, and slowly brought back to life. It is said that those snatched from death by drowning suffer indescribable torture while being restored to consciousness. We learn from Godwin that the pain Mary underwent on this occasion was such that "it would have been impossi-

ble for her to resolve upon encountering the same sensations again."

From her first asylum, she was removed to the house of her friend Mrs. Christie, in Finsbury Square. Here she regained her strength, but that was all. Her desire to quit the world continued unabated. She was not long in resuming her pen, and addressing her deserver:

"I have only to lament that when the bitterness of death was past, I was inhumanly brought back to life and misery. But a fixed determination is not to be baffled by disappointment, nor will I allow that to be a frantic attempt which was one of the calmest acts of reason."

Imlay, it appears, had sent a doctor to see her, and had written to remonstrate with her on her rashness. He abstained, however, from visiting her himself. She was much incensed by this, as also by his continued assurances that he would gladly supply the means of support to herself and her child:

"I want not such vulgar comfort," she responds, "nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart; that gone, you have nothing more to give. Had I only poverty to fear, I should not shrink from life. Forgive me then if I say that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities as an insult which I have not merited, and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation than for me."

The moment had now arrived for her to break completely with Imlay, and root out all remembrance of him from her heart. But this, with all her resolution, she could not do. The pertinacity with which she clung to this unworthy man is beyond belief. But Imlay had not the slightest intention of renewing the tie. He returned her a heavy bundle of her letters, and begged of her not to torment him any longer. After this, she gave up the chase. Of Imlay we hear no more.

Five years had elapsed since Mary had met William Godwin for the first time at Mr. Johnson's. Godwin was then planning his "Political Justice," while Mary had just given to the world her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." The impression they made on each other was scarcely favorable. Godwin, though he admitted her to be "a person of active and independent

thinking," considered that she talked over-much, and too vehemently; while she was tempted to put him down as a pedant. A chance meeting at the house of a mutual friend brought them together again now. Her "Letters from Norway," which he had just been reading, had fairly enchanted him. The appearance of the writer, softened and humbled by misfortune, interested him deeply, and he did not disguise his feelings. Nor was she disposed to repel his advances. In the author of that gloomy, powerful romance, "Caleb Williams," she saw before her the most celebrated literary character of the day. Her heart yearned for sympathy and affection. Here, at least, she felt that she could trust. She lost no time in establishing herself at a lodging near her admirer's residence in Pentonville. "From that time," Godwin tells us, "our intimacy increased by regular, but almost imperceptible degrees."

Mary's opinions respecting marriage were unchanged. Godwin thought as she did on the subject. That people of opposite sexes should pair, like birds in the spring, was, they considered, quite right; but that they should be bound together by any religious or legal tie, if they wished to separate, was quite wrong. They therefore dispensed with a wedding, and set up house together. They changed their minds, though, some months later, and proceeding to old St. Pancras Church, were made one in due form. This fact was soon after revealed to their friends. Here is Godwin's account of the affair:

"The principal motive for our complying with this ceremony, was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy. She was unwilling, and perhaps with reason, to incur that exclusion from the society of many valuable and excellent individuals, which custom awards in cases of this sort. I should have felt an extreme repugnance to the having caused her such an inconvenience. And, after the experiment of seven months of as intimate an intercourse as our respective modes of living would admit, there was certainly less hazard to either in the subjecting ourselves to those consequences which the laws of England annex to the relations of husband and wife."

Their marriage was a tardy concession

to the world's opinion—so tardy indeed that it may be said to have failed in its purpose. There were some of their acquaintances, who, though aware of what Mary's relations with Imlay had been, and with Godwin were, eagerly sought their society. Yet, strange to tell, these same persons, when informed of their marriage, dropped them at once. The Godwins did not allow this to disturb them much. They were entirely happy in each other—yet of the days that they were to pass together, very few remained. In September 1797, Mrs. Godwin died in giving birth to a daughter. She had not completed her thirty-ninth year. She was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard. Godwin survived her thirty-nine years. In 1836, his remains were laid beside hers. Their resting-place was at last invaded by the construction of the Midland Railway, which runs through the centre of the once peaceful enclosure. The bodies of both were then removed to Bournemouth.

Mary left two children. The younger of these, her daughter by Godwin, became the wife of the poet Shelley. The elder—who, although Imlay's daughter, bore the name of Godwin—came to a sad end. She grew up an amiable, attractive girl, and proved a useful companion to her step-father and his second wife, from the latter of whom she did not always receive the most considerate treatment. Though habitually cheerful, she was subject to fits of despondency. For many years she was ignorant of the circumstances attending her birth; but they were at length disclosed to her by her mother's sisters, whose acquaintance she only made in 1816. In October of that year, she set out alone to pay these aunts a visit in South Wales. The last stage on her journey was Swansea, and she rested for the night at an inn there. The next morning she was found dead in her room, having poisoned herself with laudanum. Near her lay a slip of paper, on which she had inscribed her determination "to put an end to the existence of a being whose birth was unfortunate."

—*Temple Bar.*

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARM OF WAR.

IT must, we fear, be admitted that, except with a very few men upon whom the feminine side of Christianity—the side which preaches resignation—has taken a strong hold, or who realize with painful thoroughness the horrors inseparable from battle, war, as such, has for cultivated mankind a distinct intellectual charm. It attracts them as nothing else does, until in its presence they cannot turn their eyes away, and every other subject of thought becomes comparatively insipid, and this even if the war is not one in which they are personally concerned. Of course, if they are, their absorption is easily explained. The results of a war are so tremendous and far-reaching, they affect all interests so deeply, and they may involve the future of a country so inextricably, that it is impossible for men who have any patriotic or political imagination at all not to study its progress, and even its minute details, with concentrated attention. One big blunder in war may prostrate a nation. Even when, as is rarely the case, invasion is out of the question, the incidents of a campaign, the conduct of the troops, the capacity or imbecility of the Generals, become matters of personal and vital interest,—a victory seems a pleasure beyond all others, a defeat a cruel and individual catastrophe. Men's interests, their hopes, their virtues, their foibles, and their fears are so involved in a war in which the nation is engaged, that every turn of fortune is an event of personal moment, and the excitement becomes as intense as if the onlooker were himself engaged. Men have been known to go mad with joy after a great victory, and to sicken mortally of the grief produced by a great defeat, and this in cases when, as it turned out, neither victory nor defeat lingered long in the general memory. There is nothing to be explained in that kind of interest; but the intellectual charm of war extends much further than this. Wars which are not ours interest us nearly as much as wars which are. Scores of thousands of Englishmen followed the great American Civil War with an attention which missed no detail; and the European world watched the duel between France

and Germany with a gaze which was almost painful in its intensity of watchfulness. The journals, which always reflect the popular curiosity better than the popular thought, were full of nothing else; and the excitement was felt as keenly by men ordinarily devoted to study as by men who had been soldiers, or—a curiously common case in a nation so devoted to civil pursuits—were soldiers by inner prepossession. It is usual to ascribe this attraction to unconscious self-interest, a desire that one or the other side should win; but we do not think that has very much to do with the matter. The onlookers in a war take sides, no doubt, often enthusiastically, and with a persistence which it is not easy to explain; but it is not because of their hopes or fears that they become so absorbed. They are hardly less attracted by the wars of history, which they ought to regard without passion; and there may be keen excitement, though they fail to decide which side they wish to win. The English people in the Franco-German War swerved distinctly from one side to the other; but they watched Gambetta and Chanzy with as much interest as they had watched Bismarck and Von Moltke. Moreover, invisible wars, though they may strongly affect the interests of men, do not exercise this attraction. The war waged by France in Tonquin has hardly been watched at all, while the two great Chinese wars of our day have hardly received anything beyond casual mention, and never, even when in progress, excited the slightest popular attention. Yet the war in Tonquin was in many respects the most important Colonial war of our time; and the two Chinese wars were, in the strangeness of their incidents and their awful consumption of human life, among the phenomenal occurrences of the century.

We suspect the truth to be that it is the variety of the excitements offered by war which, when the details are visible, so rapidly diffuses interest in them through classes the most diverse or far apart. Some, perhaps the majority, are attracted almost solely by the dramatic effects of a campaign. The changes in

war are so rapid and so wonderful, the action is so continuous, the situations are so scenic, that the spectators who perceive these things are lost in a kind of excitement. War fevers them as a spectacular drama fevers children. The sense of surprise which lies so deep in human nature, and is the mainspring at once of laughter and of rage, is constantly being evoked, as it is evoked by nothing else. No battle is ever quite certain, nor was there ever a campaign in which it was not possible that individual genius might create situations, or cause catastrophes of the most entirely unexpected kind. History itself—which, being past, is unchangeable—seems modified when the old army is beaten by the new one; and when Napoleon crushes the Austrians, or Von Moltke crushes the French, there is as much of material for amazement as if new forces from Heaven had descended into the field. Men love surprise; and no surprise could be greater than that of the skilled onlooker when Koeniggratz revealed the powers of the needle-gun, and Spicheren showed to what kind of dreadful discipline the Prussian army had been wrought-up. Many spectators, again, who care less for dramatic effects, feel intensely the historic aspect of war, the light it throws on the martial capacities of the different peoples, on their organisation, and on their aspirations. "These Germans, then, are not dreamers." "These French are only great when they win." "These Russians die in heaps uselessly." "These Arabs are heroes." Such revelations as these, palpable and unmistakeable, beyond argument as beyond alteration, enchant observers with historic minds, and seem to them to throw on the past a stronger light even than on the present. They feel in themselves that they know what they previously only fancied, and are as delighted, sometimes, we fear, as callously delighted, as physiologists with a successful experiment on the living. To this writer, for example, the true "charm" of the Soudanese war, which he followed in every detail, was the marvellous light it flung on the whole history of the Arabs, the difference it made to his whole view of Asia, to see that there were tribes still existing in whom were all the capacities for war

which once changed the fate, and the face, of half the world. Then there is the passionate interest excited by great individualities. Nothing arouses this like war, because no human being, except sometimes a great king, is so visible, so transparent as far as his capacities are concerned, as a great General. His strokes, his ideas, his shifts, are studied like those of a superior being, and whole nations wince if he has made a palpable mistake, or is cut off before he has executed his plans. The portrait-gallery of the mind, which to many men—to all good diplomatists, for example—is more interesting than even history, gets thoroughly filled in war. It is Wellington who interests, not the British army; it is the fate of Gordon that attracts, not that of Khartoum. So widely-spread is this feeling, that between 1800 and 1815 the thoughts of nations fixed themselves upon Napoleon till he filled an unnatural space in their imaginations, and came to be regarded as if he had supernatural methods of controlling war. For ten years at least, his death would throughout Europe have instantly altered every soldier's opinion of the chances of his own army. And finally, there is the interest in the mighty "game" itself, in the moves on the "measureless table dread," which secure victory or ensure defeat. If the faculty of strategy—strategy as distinguished from tactics—is not much more widely-spread than is believed—and we have heard good soldiers say that every first-rate huntsman is a General spoiled—the interest in strategy is; and it is one of the most absorbing kind. Of the thousands who watch the turns of a campaign, hundreds, whether qualified or not, form an opinion as to the merits of the last move, and the necessity for the next; and when it is made, feel all the delight or pain of personal success or failure. One rarely meets the mute, inglorious Milton; but the non-fighting Jomini is at every corner, and though often a fool, is occasionally singularly sharp-witted. Add to the lovers of the great drama, to the lovers of history, to the enthusiasts for ability, and to the men who delight in chess with a country for table and brigades for pieces, the uncountable crowd who only feel alive when emotions are strong and dangers

great, and events cataclysmal, and we shall understand pretty fairly the wide diffusion of the interest in war, which develops in some minds, often belonging to sedentary people, into a consuming passion. To such a man—and he is

not always as bad as Quakers think—life is never vivid or interesting, except when nations, among whom perhaps he has never lived, are struggling with each other to make history go their way.—*Spectator*.

THE COMING WAR.

BY PRINCE P. KROPOTKIN.

If I were asked to give my opinion, as a geographer, on the pending conflict on the Afghan frontier, I should merely open the volume of Elisée Reclus's *Géographie Universelle, L'Asie Russe*, and show the pages he has consecrated under this head to the description of the Afghan Turkistan. Summing up the results of his extensive, careful, and highly impartial studies of Central Asia, Reclus has not hesitated to recognise that, "geographically, the upper Oxus and all the northern slope of the Iran and Afghan plateaux belong to the Ural-Caspian region," and that "the growing influence of the Slavonian might cannot fail to unite, sooner or later, into one political group, the various parts of this immense basin." And, surely, nobody who has studied these countries without being influenced by political or patriotic preoccupations will deny that the Afghan Turkistan cannot be separated from the remainder of the Ural-Caspian region. Afghanistan proper may remain for some time the bone of contention between England and Russia; and if it be divided, one day or the other, into two parts by the two rivals—no geographical or physical reasons could be alleged for the partition; but the vassal Khanates of Maimene, Khulm, Kunduz, and even the Badakshan and Wakhran, certainly belong geographically and ethnographically to the same aggregation of tribes and small nations which occupies the remainder of the basin of the Amu-daria. "Arrangements" concluded by diplomatists may provisionally settle other frontiers: these frontiers will be, however, but provisory ones; the natural delimitation is along the Hindoo-Kush and the Paropamisus; Afghan Turkistan must rejoin the now Russian Turkistan.

The necessity, in Central Asia, of holding the upper courses of rivers which alone bring life to deserts, and the impossibility of leaving them in the hands of populations which to-morrow may become the enemies of the valleys; the necessities of traffic and commerce; the incapacity of the populations settled on the left bank of the Upper Amu to defend themselves against raids after they have lost in servility their former virile virtues; nay, even the national feelings of the Uzberg population, however feeble—all these and several other reasons well known to the explorers and students of those regions contribute to connect the whole of the basin of the Amu and the Murghab into *one* body. To divide it for political purposes would be to struggle against physical, ethnographical, and historical necessities. As to the Wakhran, the Shugnan, the Badakshan, and even the small khanates west of the Pamir, perhaps they could struggle some time for their independence if they were able to rise in arms like the Circassians; but they would necessarily succumb before the power which already holds the high pasture-grounds of the Pamir, since it has taken a footing on the Trans-Alay and about Lake Kara-kul. The fact is, that the Roof of the World already belongs to the generals of the Russian Tsar.

As soon as the Russian Empire had stepped into the delta of the Amu, the conquest of the whole of the basin of the Oxus, with its thinly scattered oases, with its populations which had not yet succeeded in constituting themselves into national units, became a sad necessity. The march on Khiva already implied the occupation of Merv; and, as soon as a footing was taken on the eastern coast of the Caspian, the conquest of Geok-

Tepe, of Merv, and of the last refuges of the Saryks at Penj-deh were unavoidable. The advance no longer depended on the will of the rulers : it became one of those natural phenomena which must be fulfilled sooner or later. Notwithstanding its seeming incoherence, its floating population, its small tribes now at war with one another and to-morrow allied together for a common raid ; notwithstanding the continuous wars between the desert which besieges the oasis—the whole of the Steppe is *one organism*. The separate parts are perhaps still more closely united together than the settled populations of valleys separated by low ranges of hills. Owing to the impressionability of its populations, the Steppe may remain for years together as quiet as an English village ; but suddenly it will be set on fire, be shattered in its farthest unapproachable parts, be covered with outbreaks stopping all intercourse for thousands of miles. African travellers know well how rapidly the physiognomy of the desert changes : the same is true with the Central Asian Steppe. Its internal cohesion cannot be destroyed by frontiers colored on our maps. Those who have entered the Steppe with their military forces have no choice ; either they must retire immediately, or they will be compelled to advance until they have met with the natural limits of the desert. This is the case with England in the Soudan, and so it is with Russia. She cannot stop before she has reached the utmost limits of the Steppe in the "Indian Caucasus" and the Hindoo-Kush.

Such is the opinion which a geographer, whatever his nationality, ought to give, and which I should give, but with sadness of heart. For, during the years I spent in Eastern Siberia I was enabled closely to appreciate what the anomalous, monstrous extension of the frontiers of the Russian Empire means for the Russian people. One must have stayed in one of our colonies to see, to feel, and to touch the burden, and the loss of strength which the population of Russia in Europe have to support in maintaining a military organisation on the absurdly extended frontiers of the Empire ; to reckon the heavy cost of the yearly extension of the limits of the Empire ; the demoralisation which re-

peated conquests steadily throw into the life of our country ; the expense of forces for assimilating ever new regions ; the loss resulting from emigration, as the best elements abandon their mother-country, instead of helping her to conquer a better future. The expansion of the Russian Empire is a curse to the metropolis. We must recognise that. But life in our Asiatic colonies teaches us also that this continual growth is taking the character of a fatality : it cannot be avoided ; and even if the rulers of Russia did nothing to accelerate it, it still would go on until the whole of the process is fulfilled.

Of course the expansion might have been slower ; it ought to have been slower. When the St. Petersburg Geographical Society was besieged in 1870-73 with schemes of exploration of the Amu basin, it was in the power of Government either to favor them or to abandon them to their proper destiny. Abandoned to itself, private initiative would have done but very little ; and none of the scientific expeditions which used to be the precursors of military advance would have started at all were they not literally, very literally, supported and patronised by Government. While geologists, botanists, engineers, and astronomers came to us every day to offer themselves for penetrating further and further into the Transcaspian region ; while we naively interested ourselves in discussions about the testimonies of Greek and Persian writers as to the old bed of the Amudaria, and planned detailed explorations, the Government took advantage of this scientific glow for planning its advance into the Turcoman Steppes, never refusing either money or Cossacks and soldiers to escort the geographers who dreamed of resolving the long-debated question as to the Uzbergs. While the Irkutsk geographers and geologists were compelled to start with a few hundred roubles and a broken barometer for the exploration of the great unknown Siberia, thousands of roubles were immediately voted by all possible Ministries for pushing forward the learned pioneers into the Transcaspian. This willingness to support scientific exploration, precisely in that direction, was obviously the result of a scheme long ago

elaborated at the Foreign Office for opening a new route towards the Indian frontier. Far from checking the advance—as it does on the Mongolian frontier—the Government favored it by all means.

Recently, we have been told by the *enfant terrible* Skobelev what was the real meaning of this advance, "*vid Herat, to Constantinople*"—such, we are told, is the watchword of a group of Russian politicians; and when we consider the energy and consciousness displayed by Government in that matter, instead of the formerly quite unsystematic advance in Central Asia, we cannot but recognise that the advance in the Transcaspian region has been really made with a determined aim—the seizure of Herat. But in this case, the Afghan frontier question is no more a geographical or ethnographical question. It is not a question of more or less rapidly aggregating into one political body the loose populations scattered north of the "Indian Caucasus" and the Hindoo-Kush: it becomes a political question, and, as such, an economical one.

There was a time when so-called national jealousies were nothing more than personal jealousies between rulers. Nations were moved to war and thousands were massacred to revenge a personal offence, or to satisfy the ambition of an omnipotent ruler. But manners have changed now. The omnipotent despots are disappearing, and even the autocrats are mere toys in the hands of their *camarillas*, which *camarillas*, however personal their aims, still submit to some influence of the opinions prevailing among the ruling classes. Wars are no longer due to personal caprices, and still they are as numerous as, and much more cruel than, they formerly were. The Republican faith which said, "Suppress personal power, and you will have no wars," proved to be false. Thus, for instance, in the pending conflict between England and Russia no personal causes are at work. The Russian Tsar entertains personally quite friendly relations with English rulers, and surely he dreads war much more than any of his soldiers who would be massacred on the battle-fields. As to the English Premier, it is a secret to nobody that he tenderly, much too tenderly, looks on the "Tsar

of All the Russias," and still both countries are ready to fight. Not that the eighty millions of our peasants sing very warlike songs just now, as they are asking themselves how they will manage to keep body and soul together until the next harvest, the last handful of flour already having been swept up and eaten, together with dust and straw. Not that the English miners or weavers, who also ask themselves how to go through the industrial crisis, are inspired with much hatred towards the famine-struck Russian peasants. But it is so: gunpowder smells in the air, and a few weeks ago we were so near fighting that if we escape from war, it surely will be a very narrow escape. The reason is very plain. Wars are no more fought for personal reasons, still less are they occasioned by national idiosyncrasies: they are fought *for markets*.

What is, in fact, the chief, the leading principle of our production? Are we producing in order to satisfy the needs of the millions of our own countries? When launching a new enterprise, when creating a new branch of industry, when increasing an old one, and introducing therein the "iron slaves" we are so proud of—does the manufacturer ask himself whether his produce is needed by the people of his country? Sometimes he does; but, as he produces merchandise only *for selling*, only to realise certain benefits on selling, he seldom cares about the real needs of his own country—he merely asks himself whether he will find customers in any quarter of the earthball or not. The English people need some less cottons, and want some cheaper shoes—for instance, for the 110,585 boys and girls *under thirteen years of age* employed in Great Britain's textile industries—less velveteen, and some more cheap clothing for the inhabitants of Whitechapel; less fine cutlery, and some more bread. His only preoccupation is to know whether the Indian, the Central-Asian, the Chinese markets will absorb the cottons, the velveteen, and the cutlery which he will manufacture; whether new markets will be opened in Africa or New Guinea. And the producers themselves, the laborers, being reduced to live on twenty, on fifteen, and even twelve and ten shillings a week for a whole family,

are no customers for the riches produced in England ; so that English produce goes in search of customers everywhere : among Russian landlords and Indian rajahs, among Papuans and Patagonians, but not among the paupers of White-chapel, of Manchester, of Birmingham. And all nations of Europe, imitating England, cherish the same ambition.

To produce for exportation—such is the last word of our economical progress, the watchword of our pseudo-economical science. The more a nation exports of manufactured ware, the richer it is ; so were we taught in school, so are we told still by economists. All this, however, was very well with regard to England as long as England's manufacturing development was by a whole fifty years in advance of that of other countries of Europe, and all markets were open to her produce. But now, all other civilised countries are entering the same line of development ; they endeavor, too, to produce their merchandise for selling throughout the world ; they also produce for exportation ; and, therefore, all our recent history becomes nothing but a steeple-chase after markets,—a struggle for customers on whom each European nation may impose the produce which her own producers are rendered unable to purchase. The "colonial politics" of later years mean nothing more. England has in India a colony to which she can export 20,000,000*l.* of cottons, and whence she can export 11,000,000*l.* of opium, realising on both some twenty millions of profits. No wonder that the ruling classes of France, of Germany, and of Russia try in their turn to find anywhere advantageous customers, that they endeavor to develop their own manufactures, also for exporting—no matter that their own people may go barefoot, or starve for want of a *Mehlsuppe* or of black bread. Russia is now beginning to enter on the same road. Her manufactures being not yet sufficiently developed, she exports the corn taken from the mouths of her peasants. When the tax-gatherer comes, our peasant is compelled to sell so much of his harvest that the remainder will hardly do to give him a scanty allowance of black bread for nine months out of twelve. He will mix grass, straw, and

bark with his flour ; each spring one-third of our provinces will be on the verge of starvation ; but the exports will rise, and economists will applaud the rapid economical development of the Northern "Empire ;" they will foretell the time when the peasants, "having been liberated from the burden of land," will gather in towns and feed the ever-growing manufactures ; when Russian merchants also will send their steamers on the oceans in search of customers and good profits. A new mighty runner joins thus the steeple-chase for markets and colonies.

Of course we may foresee that this anomalous organisation of industry, being not a physical necessity, but the result of a wrong direction taken by production, cannot last forever. Already we hear voices raised against this anomaly. We begin to perceive that, not to speak of countries so thinly peopled as Russia is, even the United Kingdom, with its 300 inhabitants per square mile, could yield for the whole of its population the necessary agricultural produce, and give them, together with a healthy occupation, a wealth not to be compared with the actual poverty of the millions. Already Belgium nourishes her 497 inhabitants per square mile with her own produce, and needs to add to her own yearly crops but one-twentieth of their amount imported from other countries. Yet Belgian agriculture is still very far from the pitch which might be reached, even under the present conditions of agricultural knowledge, not to speak of further improvements. Those are surely not far from the truth who say that, if all Great Britain were so cultivated as some of her estates are, if all ameliorations of her machinery were employed, not for weaving cottons for the earthball, but in producing what is necessary for her own people, she would give to all her children wealth such as only the few may now dream of. The time will come when it will be understood that a nation which lives on her colonies and on foreign trade is subject to decline, like Spain and Holland, and when applying their experience, their industry, their genius to the benefit of their own people, the civilised nations of Europe will no more consider the Far East

and West as "markets," but as fields for diffusing the true principles of humanity and civilisation.

But we are still in that period when manufacturing for exportation is considered the only means of giving wealth to a country, and Russia's rising industry follows the example it has in its predecessors. Her manufactures are rapidly developing, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, her exports are steadily increasing. A free issue to the ocean becomes a necessity under these conditions; but this outlet is precisely what fails to the young competitor. The outlet of the Baltic may be shut up at a moment's notice, and that of the Black Sea depends on the good-will of those who will rule at Constantinople. At the same time Southern Russia is daily acquiring more and more importance, not only in consequence of the richness of the soil and the rapid growth of population, but also on account of the development of industry. The commercial and industrial centre of gravity of Russia slowly moves towards the south; but this south has no outlet to the ocean. Under more normal conditions the circumstance would be of no moment, though in foreign hands the Bosphorus still would remain open to pacific navigators. But with the actual nonsensical competition for markets the want of a free issue becomes a real danger. And it is obvious that the Russian Empire will never cease to struggle to conquer the outlet it is in need of. It will recoil before no sacrifices, no difficulties. It is already planning to reach this issue through Asia Minor, perhaps through the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates; it will bleed itself nigh to death, but it will still endeavor to reach its aim: and there will be no peace in Europe and Asia until the problem has been solved in one way or another.

Three times during our century—in 1828, 1853, and 1877—Russian statesmen have tried the direct way—that of conquering the Balkan peninsula. Happily enough for civilisation, they have not yet succeeded; but it must be acknowledged that, if they failed, it was not on account of the obstacles put in their way by English diplomatists. These last, to speak frankly, have been very awkward. Lord Beaconsfield found

nothing better to oppose to Russian advance than the disintegrating body of the Turkish Empire, or so fantastic a scheme—at least it is attributed to him—as that of uniting Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan into a common action! As to the Liberal Ministry, they patronised the Russian Tsar during the war and opposed him only when his decimated armies were unable to move farther. The Liberal Ministry came into power, to some extent, in consequence of the sympathies with the revolted and massacred Slavonians which were awakened in the people of England. But the Slavonians were forgotten as soon as Mr. Gladstone was in office. Obeying the influences which represented to him the Russian Tsar as a liberator, he confounded the cause of the Slavonians with that of the Moscow manufacturers and St. Petersburg diplomatists; as to the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, and the Herzegovinians, they were handed over, manacled, to Russian despotism and Austro-Hungarian militarism. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals perceived the only right way of preventing once for all any further attempt of Russia, and of Austria too, on the Balkan peninsula: that of recognising the rights of the South Slavonians to independence, and of helping them to conquer it, that of opposing to Russian autocrats—a South Slavonic Federation. Neither France nor England understood at that time that a South Slavonic Federation would be the best dam against Russian and Austrian encroachments; that if the Servians and the Bulgarians accepted Russian intervention surely it was not from mere sympathy: they would have sold themselves to the devil himself, provided he would promise to free them from the Turkish yoke. Once free, they would care as little about "Russian protection" as about Turkish rule. But apart from a few war correspondents, who cared in England about Slavonians?

Therefore, even the partial success of the Russian Empire during the last war brought about such sad consequences that several generations will hardly repair the evil already done. The Russian people gave the lives of their best children to help the oppressed Bulgarians, and they succeeded only in giving them

new oppressors worse than the former. The intervention of the Russian autocracy in Servia, its rule in Bulgaria, have killed in the bud all the excellent germs of healthy development which were growing up in Servia, and even in Bulgaria, before the war. It has lighted up internal war, it has opened an era of internal discords, which will not be pacified for twenty or fifty years. The heart bleeds when one learns what is now going on in Servia, since Russian generals inspire the Court and diplomatists struggle for "influence." Will it then never be understood in Europe that the only way of resolving "the Eastern question" is to guarantee a South Slavonic Federation a free life? As to the question of a free issue for Russian merchants it is quite different from that of keeping Constantinople, and the former can be resolved without endangering anybody's liberty in Europe.

And now, to return to Afghanistan. After having said so much about European interests, is it not time to say a few words, at least, about the interests of the Mohammedan population of Central Asia and of the 250,000,000 inhabitants of British India, for the possession of whom we are so ready to fight? Surely the loose aggregations of Central Asia will finally fall under the influence, or the rule, of some European Power. But, at the risk of shocking some of my readers, I must avow that it seems to me most desirable to see them remain as they are, free of that influence, as long as possible—until the Europeans, more civilised themselves, will be able to come to them, not as conquerors, but as elder brethren, more instructed and ready to help them by word and deed to ameliorate their condition. Two years ago the benefits of Russian "civilisation" were ably enumerated before the London Geographical Society, and the fact was dwelt upon that Russia had liberated slaves wherever they were found. The statement is quite true, and we have good reason to believe M. Petrusevitch when he says that the slaves in the Turcoman Steppes immediately left their masters as soon as a Russian traveller made his appearance. Surely the liberation of slaves is a great progress, but all is not yet done by saying to a slave, "You are free; go away;" for the thus liber-

ated prisoner will return to his former or to another master if he has nothing to eat. Let any one read the elaborate work published by the Tiflis Geographical Society on the liberation of slaves in the Caucasus, and he will see *how* the Russian Government has accomplished it; and we have no reason to suppose that it has been accomplished better in Central Asia.

As for the agrarian relations, perhaps nowhere in Europe have they the same importance as in Central Asia, on account of the necessities of co-operative work and common agreement for the digging out and utilisation of irrigation-canals. In such countries, the slightest error of the administration in agrarian contests may have, and often has had on the Caucasus and in Russian Turkistan, countless consequences; a simple error, a confirmation of supposed rights, turns a rich garden into a desert. All European administrations are liable to such errors as soon as they come into contact with the Mohammedan agrarian law, and their consequences are too well known with regard to India to dwell upon. True that, as a rule, the Russian Administration, familiarised at home with village communities, does not interfere much with agrarian questions among the Mohammedan population which falls under its rule. But the direction prevailing at St. Petersburg with regard to agrarian questions is continually changing. For ten years the St. Petersburg rulers may favor self-government in villages, they may take the village communities under their protection; but for the next twenty years they will abandon the peasants; they will rely in the newly-conquered regions upon an aristocracy they will try to create at the expense of the laborer. The history of the Caucasus is nothing but a series of such oscillations, which resulted in the growth of the Kabardian feudal system and the servitude of the Ossetians.

In Russian Turkistan, too, the reckless confirmation of imaginary rights in land which was carried on on a great scale at the beginning (we do not know if it continues) endangered the very existence of the Uzbek villages. And one cannot but remember, when speaking on this subject, the scandalous robbery of Bashkir lands which was carried on

for years at Orenburg and became known only when the Bashkir people were deprived of their means of existence. Of course, the cruelties of a khan at Khiva, or of a Persian shah, will not be repeated under Russian rule; but the creation of a Turcoman, a Khivan, and a Bokharian aristocracy, adding the temptations of European luxury to Asiatic pomp, surely will be a much greater evil for the Central-Asian laborers than the atrocities of a khan. With regard to Russian administration itself, we must certainly admit that during the first years after a conquest the choice of administrators is not very bad; but as time goes on and all enters into smooth water one will be perplexed to make his choice between them and the officials of a khan. Finally, the time is not far off when Russia will send to Central Asia her merchants, who will ruin whole populations, of which we may see plenty of proofs in Siberia, and not only in Siberia, but also everywhere else where Europeans have made their appearance.

And what, on the other side, could England give? It is time, quite time, to cease repeating loud words about civilisation and progress, and closely to examine what British rule has done in India. Progress is not measured by the lengths of railways and the bushels of corn exported. It is time to examine

what the creation of the class of *zamindars*, followed by the sub-infeudation and subdivision of rights, which is so well described by Sir John Phear, has produced in Bengal. It is time to ask ourselves whether the millions of Bengals have, each of them, even the handful of rice they need to live upon. It is not enough to admire at the Indian Museum in London the ivory chairs and chess-boards brought from India by Mr. A. and Mr. B., and each piece of which represents a human life. It is time that the English people should consider and meditate over the model of an Indian *bazaar* exhibited at the same Museum, and ask themselves how it happens that the incredible riches exhibited in the rooms were brought about by the same naked and starving people who are represented in the bazaar around a woman whose whole trading-stock consists of a few handfuls of rice in a bowl. Perhaps they will discover that the very origin of the above riches must be sought for in the nakedness of the starving human figures whose portraits were exhibited in 1877 at the doors of the Mansion House. And perhaps they will agree then that, before carrying our present civilisation to Central Asia and India, we might do better to carry it to the savages who inhabit the den-holes of Moscow and Whitechapel.—*Nineteenth Century*.

AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI.

BY H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

[THE first edition of the *Odi Barbare*, from which the following poem is taken, appeared in 1877. "No book," says Doctor Ugo Brilli, "has given rise to a controversy more ardent, more varied, more wide-spread, more serious, more learned, more fruitful of good results than the *Odi Barbare* of Giosué Carducci." Into this controversy I do not propose to enter here, beyond noting that one German critic calls Carducci "the Italian Heine," and gives good reasons for the name. The strange mixture of romantic sentiment and startling realism is what will strike an English reader most, and it certainly renders the poems as unlike the rest of modern Italian poetry as they well can be. As to the metre, the example given will show that the poems attempt to revive in modern Italian the classical measures of antiquity. Carducci himself looked upon them as little more than experiments, and says, "I have called these Odes '*Barbare*' because such would they sound to the ears and minds of the old Greeks and Romans." Later on in his interesting and beautifully written preface he adds: "I have thought that if to Catullus and Horace it was lawful to introduce the metres of the *Æolian* Muse into the Roman tongue; if Dante was able to enrich Tuscan poetry with the *care rima* of Provence; if Chiabrera and Rinuccini might add to its wealth the verse-forms of France, I ought in reason to be able to hope that for what constituted the praise of the great poets and verse-makers I have mentioned, I should at least be granted a pardon. I ask pardon also for having believed that the classical revival of lyric measures was not condemned and finally brought to

an end, with the more unpoetical experiments of Claudio Tolomei and his school, and the slender attempts of Chiabrera. I crave pardon for not having despaired of our noble Italian tongue, believing it well fitted to do for itself what the German poets from Klopstock onwards have been doing with happy enough results from theirs; and I beg to be forgiven for having dared to introduce into our modern lyric measures some little variety of form, in which respect they are not by any means so well off as some of us seem to imagine."]

LAMP after lamp how the lights go trooping,
Stretching behind the trees, dreamily yonder;
Through the branches adrip with the shower
The light slants and gleams on the puddles.

Plaintively, shrilly, piercingly whistles
The engine hard by. Cold and grey are the heavens
Up above, and the autumn morning
Ghostlike glimmers around me.

Oh quei fanali come s'inseguono
accidiosi là dietro gli alberi,
fra i rami stillanti di pioggia
sbadigliando la luce su 'l fango!

Flebile, acuta, stridula fischia
la vaporiera da presso. Plumbeo
il cielo e il mattino d' autunno
come un grande fantasma n' è intorno.

Whither and whence move the people hurrying
Into dark carriages, muffled and silent?
To what sorrows unknown are they rushing—
Long tortures of hopes that will tarry?

You too, oh fair one, are dreamily holding
Your ticket now for the guard's sharp clipping—
Ah, so clips Time, ever relentless,
Joys, memories, and years that are golden.

Far-stretching the dark train stands; and the workmen
Black-capped, up and down keep moving like shadows;
In his hand bears each one a a lantern,
And each one a hammer of iron.

And the iron they strike sends a hollow resounding
Mournful; and out of the heart and echo
Mournfully answers—a sudden
Dull pang of regret that is weary.

Now the hurrying slam of the doors grows insulting
And loud, and scornful the rapidly-sounding
Summons to start and delay not:—
The rain dashes hard on the windows.

Puffing, shuddering, panting, the monster
Now feels life stir in its limbs of iron,
And opens its eyes, and startles
The dim far space with a challenge.

Then on moves the evil thing, horribly trailing
Its length, and, beating its wings, bears from me

Dove e a che move questa che affrettasi
a i carri oscuri ravvolta e tacita
gente? a che ignoti dolori
o tormento di speme lontana?

Tu pur pensosa, Lidia, la tessera
al secco taglio dà de la guardia,
e al tempo incalzante i belli anni
dà, gl' istanti gioiti e i ricordi.

Van lungo il nero convoglio e vengono
incappucciati di nero i vigili,
com' ombre ; una fioca lanterna
hanno, e mazze di ferro : ed i ferrei

freni tentati rendono un lugubre
rintocco lungo : di fondo a l' anima
un' eco di tedio risponde
doloroso, che spasimo pare.

E gli sportelli sbattuti al chiudere
paiono oltraggi : scherno par l' ultimo
appello che rapido suona :
grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.

Già il mostro conscio di sua metallica
anima sbuffa, crolla, ansa, i fiammei,
occhi sbarra ; immane pe' l buio
gitta il fischio che spida lo spazio.

Va l' empio mostro : con traino or ribile
sbattendo l' ale gli amor miei portasi.

My love—and her face and her farewell—
Are lost to me now in the darkness.

O sweet face flushed with the palest of roses !
O starlike eyes so peaceful ! O forehead
Pure-shining and gentle, with tresses
Curling so softly around it !

The air with a passionate life was a tremble,
And summer was glad when she smiled to greet me ;
The young sun of June bent earthward
And kissed her soft cheek in his rapture.

Full 'neath the nut-brown hair he kissed her—
But though his beauty and splendor might circle
Her gentle presence—far brighter
The glory my thoughts set around her.

There in the rain, in the dreary darkness
I turn me, and with them would mingle my being ;
I stagger ; then touch myself grimly—
Not yet as a ghost am I moving.

O what a falling of leaves, never-ending,
Icy, and silent, and sad, on my spirit !
I feel that forever around me
The earth has grown all one November.

Better to be without sense of existence—
Better this gloom, and this shadow of darkness.
Would I, ah, would I were sleeping
A dull sleep that lasted forever.

Ahi, la bianca faccia e' l bel velo
salutando scompar ne la tenebra.

O viso dolce di pallor roseo,
o stellanti occhi di pace, o candida
tra' floridi ricci inchinata
pura fronte con atto soave !

Fremea la vita nel tepid' aere,
fremea l' estate quando mi arrisero ;
e il giovine sole di giugno
si piaceva di baciare luminoso.

In tra i riflessi del crin castanel
la molle guancia : come un' aureola
più belli del sole i miei sogni
ricingean la persona gentile.

Solto la pioggia, fra la caligine
torno ora, e ad esse vorrei confondermi ;
barcollo com' ebro, e mi tocco,
non anch' io fossi dunque un fantasma.

Oh qual caduta di foglie, gelida,
continua, muta, greve, su l' anima !
Io credo che solo, che eterno,
che per tutto nel mondo è novembre.

Meglio a chi 'l senso smarri de l' essere,
meglio quest' ombra, questa caligine ;
io voglio lo voglio adagiarmi
in un tedio che duri infinito.

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MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

THE strong side of a nation's character, some French critic has observed, is often the weak side of its poetry. The remark has essential justice, though in a perverted form ; for the truth would seem to be, that when the strong side of national character is not represented in its poetic art, then we may be sure that such poetry as may be produced is not conspicuously national. On the other hand, it is very rare that there is such complete accordance between character and artistic product as can assure us that the one is the effect of which the other is the cause. Whenever such union is realised there is what the Germans call a genuine art-epoch. History teaches us that such periods are short-lived, and whatever causes philosophers of æsthetics may assign, one thing is clear, that it is only in times of greatly superabundant energy that the national forces issue in artistic creation. The sudden brilliance of Greek art, the capricious activities of mediæval Italy, the glow and glory of Elizabethian literature, all tell the same tale. When art is recommended or de-

fended "for art's sake," there is the beginning of the end. If it be not the spontaneous overflow of restless power, which neither asks the reason of its exercise, nor craves the acknowledgment of a specific end, then it may be "precious," or "thankworthy," or "divine ;" it may exhaust all the adjectives of an enthusiast's vocabulary, except that it is not national.

The modern poetry of England has a curiously artificial air when judged by this standard. Once, and once only, in the history of English literature was a strongly-marked national character wedded with a perfect artistic expression. The bride was the drama : she had as wedding guests men like Raleigh, Sidney, Bacon, and Essex ; while the high-priests and grooms of the marriage ceremony were Marlow and Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher, Webster and Ford. In a modern day the leading poets have characteristics which, so far from being representatively English, are in reality alien and exotic. Nowhere do the forensic and rhetorical tendencies of

Englishmen, their measured activities, their unmeasured emotions, the majestic poise and balance of their diction, the illimitable wealth of their language find better artistic expression than in the drama. But our modern poets are not conspicuously successful in drama. The strong side of modern English life is its science, its practicalness, its sanity. But the poets are not run in this mould; they are over-thoughtful, as Browning—a gift or defect which is not English but German; they are over-refined and pretty, as Tennyson—a characteristic which he shares with the Italians; they are over-sensuous, as Swinburne—not in this instance alone reminding us of his French models. It is not in any spirit of disrespect that such judgment is passed. One can but judge a literature by its own highest realisation in history, and if such standard makes us speak lightly of honored names, the fault is not ours nor theirs, but the solitary and cruel pre-eminence of Shakespeare.

Poetic art has possibly other functions than to be national. It is above all things cosmopolitan and catholic. And even though its more modern forms may hardly lay claim to such vague though unlimited empire, they may at least make apology that no art can be representative of materialism. In this our modern poets are undoubtedly right. A few years ago the attempt to make science speak the language of common human emotion and feeling was made in her later novels by George Eliot. A more definite effort to idealise the philosophy of Herbert Spencer in rhythmical verse, to find the poetic equivalents for "environment" and "social medium," and "change from homogeneity to heterogeneity," bore the name of that talented agnostic, Miss Bevington. Such efforts are not supremely happy, and so far as materialism has conquered or is conquering the national tone and temper, poets are right to disregard the current philosophy and abandon themselves to their own fine careless rapture. But there are certain rigid tests to which the creations of every artist become liable, even though the touchstone of ready correspondence with social medium be abandoned. Is the thought of the artist independent of

language and expression? If not, he may be full of musical voices, but he is a singer and not a poet. Is he a master builder? is his genius original, creative, architectonic? If not, whatever may be his individual brilliancies, however rich may be his decorative imagery, he remains only an amateur, not an artist. Of the three poets recently named, there is no doubt that Browning, by his profound thoughtfulness, and Tennyson, by his lyrical sweetness, have won their way to an acknowledged eminence. The question, however, may be held to be still open with regard to the third. The announcement that a new poem from his prolific pen is on the verge of publication affords a convenient opportunity for the attempt to see in what relation Mr. Swinburne stands to such tests as have been mentioned.

There is much in the development of Mr. Swinburne's genius which throws light upon the position which he holds amongst his contemporaries. His earliest work was published in 1861, containing two plays, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, both of which bear obvious traces of juvenile immaturity. Neither of them, however, are without interest, from the evidence they furnish of early poetic influences. In *Rosamond* there are touches here and there of Browning, whose peculiar characteristics are singularly alien to the more mature stage of Swinburne, but still leave marks of their power in that most discerning criticism on Browning which is to be found in the opening pages of the much later study on Chapman. Bouchard, for instance, in the play often talks the language of Browning, and single lines occur which, transplanted from their context, would never be supposed to belong to Swinburne.

" So his tooth
Bites hard in France and strikes the brown
grape hot,
Makes the wine leap, no skin-room leaves for
white."

" Beaten and blown i' the dusty face of the
air."

" Being no such sinewed ape,
" Blunder of brawn, and jolted muscle-work."

Such expressions convey the distinct flavor of Browning's verse. *The Queen Mother*, on the other hand, is formed on a different model. It is by no means a

successful drama, some of the incidents—for instance, the scene in which Catharine poisons her clown—being brought into harsh and unnecessary relief. But here and there the style is copied from Shakespeare.

"The sea's yellow and distempered foam."

"Towers and popular streets
Should in the middle green smother and
drown,
And havoc die with fulness."

"She is all white to the dead hair, who was
So full of gracious rose the air took color,
Turned to a kiss against her face."

Lines such as these have more than a distant echo of Elizabethan verse. In this stage the poet, it is clear, is only looking for such models as might satisfy his aspiration, and making those preliminary essays, without which the yet undeveloped wings cannot learn to soar in their own proper air. Then came the happy inspiration, born of a long training in classical languages, which produced a Greek play worthy to rank with the most successful specimens of this kind of work in our literature. For there is hardly anything like *Atalanta in Calydon* in our modern verse. Its hard, clear outline, like that of some Greek temple in the pure Attic sky; its wonderful richness and variety of music, together with its strong grasp of the central situation of Hellenic tragedy,—the irony of a human being in the toils of relentless fate; its rhymed choruses, combining the melodiousness of modern verse, with the reticent music of the Dorian lyre—all these characteristics make *Atalanta in Calydon* an unique and almost faultless work of art. The third venture was of a different kind. If we omit for the present *Chastelard*, to which we shall return later, two years after *Atalanta*, in 1866, Mr. Swinburne published the notorious *Poems and Ballads*. The volume produced a keen literary warfare between the poet's champions and detractors. Mr. W. M. Rossetti was the author of a criticism on the book; and finally Mr. Swinburne himself in certain *Notes* felt obliged to protect his own offspring against the maledictions of outraged propriety.

Even thus early there are supplied for the critic's guidance important data in forming an estimate of Mr. Swinburne.

Two points have been placed in clear and conspicuous relief—the linguistic skill and the sensualistic interest. *Atalanta in Calydon* is only one evidence out of many of Mr. Swinburne's extraordinary proficiency in languages not his own. The instinct which enables a man to transplant himself into conditions of thought and existence, which are not those into which he has been born, has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. To Mr. Swinburne nothing seems to have been so easy as to feel, so to speak, in another language. He was, it would appear, a natural scholar, and the Greek tongue which he could bend so easily to purposes of his own, was the sister of that modern French poetry whose turns and phrases from Ronsard down to Victor Hugo he has so exhaustively explored. But a training in languages gives rather facility of expression than the penetrative insight of thought. The fatal ease with which the ideas of another age and another country are acquired, however much it may improve style and chasten expression, leaves the student without the power of appreciating or interpreting the insistent problems which vex the soul of his contemporaries. It is the weakness of classicalism that it yields no philosophy of life; and if the student be brought to say his word to his own age, it either wears a curiously old-world air, or else is couched in the language of frivolous cynicism. To such a man there is no such thing as modern thought. He has the trick of the old manner which knows nothing of modern burdens, or else he turns in daily practice to epicurean principles. For there is nothing in the ancient thought which can help the modern inquirer in his struggle to keep alive the soul of man amidst the imposing mechanisms of science, and if it suggests a philosophy, it is only the contemptuous advice to get the full sensational equivalent out of each minute as it flies. In Mr. Swinburne, at all events, the alternative takes a clearly accentuated form: linguistic culture on the one hand, a culture which makes the verses throb with the fire and fervor of the Hellenic spirit; and for practical moral in daily life nothing but the undisguised sensualism of *Poems and Ballads*.

It is not right perhaps to condemn with such a short and easy method the Cyrenaic mood of *Poems and Ballads*. Certainly it is not intended to deny their poetic graces. The sumptuous imagery, the affluence and variety of music, the curious felicities of diction remain unimpaired, however much the spirit may be criticised. But Mr. Swinburne must not be judged as a lesser poet might be, in whose case we might thankfully acknowledge the brilliancy of style and fervor of poetic flow. In his case the severer canons of criticism have to be applied as to one who in mould and stature claims to be in the first rank of poetry. We desire to know whether he is an artist or a stylist, a poet or an amateur. Shall we say that with him the expression is sought for its own sake; or shall we say that he is in the true sense original and creative? The criterion, so far at all events, is easy, for if he be veritably creative he can be so, not in virtue of certain powers of wearing the garment of his poetic forefathers, nor in virtue of a musical utterance which can make our rhetorical mother tongue sing with all the airs and graces of southern languor, but either because he has grappled directly and sincerely with thoughts which are lifted above the common level of our ordinary intellectual moods, or because he has interpreted with more passionate intensity the experience of the men and women of our contemporary age.

It is quite clear that Mr. Swinburne is not, at all events in his earlier work, a philosopher. No such excuse can be given for *Poems and Ballads* as that we are here presented with a sensationalism which is the natural and inevitable outcome of a particular theory of the world, as a phantasmagoria of passing effects. History, it is true, gives us a sensationalism so based in the doctrines of Aristippus the Cyrenaic, as modelled on a Heracleitean doctrine of universal flux; and Mr. Pater in his recent book has once again revealed the dependence of his peculiar æsthetic theories on an avowed acceptance of the dogmatic standpoint of the old Ephesian thinker. But if sensationalism be not founded on a philosophic theory, it must be defended as a loyal acknowledgment of concrete facts of experience, as the unim-

paired reflection of the simplest data which go to form both our beliefs and our practice. Can, however, Mr. Swinburne's sensationalism be accounted for on such a ground? Is it experience, or morbid fancy, that dictates such poems as those on an extinct type of Roman lust, or a love fragment of Sappho, or on the statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre? If nothing else stood in the way, at least the strained and artificial expression would serve to show that we have here not the creative melody of one who, like Shelley, was nourished on musical thoughts, but rather the recedite ravings of an artificer of impotent emotions.

Will it be said that the connection thus traced between such different studies as *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads* is forced and arbitrary? It can be so only if we forget the principles of a deeper criticism. Its task should be to exhibit all the different phases of activity as they spring from one common soil, to retrace the various branches of artistic workmanship to the single root of the artist's own personality. The problem which the early years of Mr. Swinburne present us with is the contrast between classical studies (wherein should be, as we think, all the calm dignity and confident repose of Greek *Sôphrosyne*) and the perfervid glow and hurry of sensual imagination. One suggested solution is the fact that studies in the antique afford a poor discipline in life problems; another might be the real absurdity of the attempt to write Greek plays in a modern tongue. 'Take the acknowledged successes in this department of literature: Matthew Arnold's *Merope*, Goethe's *Iphigeneia at Tauris*, Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Keat's *Hyperion* being only a fine torso hardly comes into the question, and Mr. Bridges' *Prometheus the Fire Giver*, has not yet attained the dignity of a classic. Arnold's *Merope*, however, full of classical grace and insight, is stricken with the mortal palsy of dulness. Goethe's *Iphigeneia* is only as good as Euripides' play on the same subject, because it is modern in conception, and deals with essentially modern problems and ethics: dramatically, especially in the ἀνταγώνιστος between Iphigeneia and Orestes, it

is immeasurably inferior. Milton's *Samson Agonistes* is successful, according to the unanimous verdict of competent critics, but why? Because it is *not* a transcript from the Greek, but while the treatment is Greek, it takes its subject from a cycle of legendary history which stands in the same relation to Milton's readers as the heroic myths stood to a Greek audience. What is the fault of Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta*? However perfect in execution and flawless in workmanship, however musical in its range of poetic voices and rhythms, however full of the old Greek idea of resistless destiny, it has a defect whether viewed from the ancient or the modern side. From the modern standpoint it fails because it is too remote from that sum of common interests and difficulties which it is alike the task and the privilege of modern poets to interpret; and from the ancient standpoint, it fails, because it connects the powerlessness of man before destiny, not with reverential submission and quiet self-restraint, but with a noisy intolerance and an almost frantic atheism. When the poet has not before him a Greek model, on what line of thoughts is his poetical contemplation to run? The charm of the Hellenic world being for him its æsthetic fascination, and not its essential spirit of sobriety, moderation, and self-control, the poet throws the reins on the neck of a fiery imagination; the sage remark of Socrates in the republic—that the true love must have no taint of vice or madness—will soon be forgotten; æsthesia will lead to acrasia, and art will pander to incontinence. And so the chaste *Atalanta* has for her unruly sisters *Faustina Imperatrix*, and "the splendid and sterile *Dolores*, our Lady of Pain."

The most decisive advance on the conceptions with which Swinburne was occupied in his earlier studies is found in two works bearing the dates of 1871 and 1874. In those years were produced *Songs before Sunrise* and the tragedy of *Bothwell*, the first being a glorification of the principles of Pantheism and Republicanism, and the second a serious dramatic study on lines not too far removed from contemporary interests. If the first of these works exhibits Swinburne as attempting to lay the foundations of a creed, the second

is the best answer to that easy criticism which complained of the want of serious purpose and the absence of hard work in the writings of the poet. To estimate these works aright is a matter of considerable importance, for here, if anywhere, is to be found the high-water mark of Swinburne's genius, the most virile and statuesque productions which are associated with his name.

Songs before Sunrise is an interesting book from two points of view. In the first place it contains the speculative foundation for the reckless sensualism of *Poems and Ballads*, and in the second place it adopts a definite political programme in relation to the great revolutionary movements of modern society. Whether, however, in either of these aspects the book is a successful one is another matter. The psychology of Mr. Swinburne is very simple, so simple, indeed, that we are hardly prepared for the superabundant rhetoric with which he adorns so elementary a scheme. Appetite and desire are the only motive impulses of humanity. It is true that the human being is sometimes acted on by reason, by deference to established custom, by conscience. But these, we are told, are blind guides, because not only in themselves the pale and colorless reproductions of what in sensation is positive and definite, but also because they have been connected, as history shows, with all sorts of tyranny, superstition, and wrong. The simple human being, with primary desires and strong, ineradicable appetites, is the only version of humanity whom Mr. Swinburne would admire. Two elemental principles (whom the poet, as his custom is, envisages as goddesses) are provided for the adoration of true believers. One of these is earth, "The ghost of God, the mother uncreated," whose connection with natural impulses is too obvious to require illustration. The other, in a highly mystical poem, is called "Hertha," and is apparently an embodiment of Heraclitus' doctrine of the identity of contraries, the old Ephesian philosopher here as elsewhere serving as the name to swear by, to all who espouse a sensationalistic creed. Such a restoration of the human being to his primitive and inalienable birthrights naturally involves the doctrine of free-

dom, a freedom which is very like the license claimed by the animals in the Platonic version of Democracy, who refuse to get off the pavements in the streets, as a proof of the universal equality and brotherhood professed by the State. Freedom and liberty are indeed the watchwords of Mr. Swinburne's pyrotechnical triumphs. They blaze in the midst of a coruscation of rhetorical verbiage and metrical effects which it would be difficult to parallel in any other English poetry. Curiously enough, the volume is dedicated to Mazzini, whose constant doctrine was that there could be no rights without duties. In Mr. Swinburne, however, freedom, the right to enjoy, appears to involve no duties, whether of self-denial or of self-protection. At most there is the duty of self-realisation in the narrowest and most limited sense of the word self, which confines its activities to pleasure and passion. Nor is Swinburne's political propaganda less theatrical and meretricious. Here the sacred name of Shelley is invoked, as though his example consecrated all revolutions and every attempt to upset existing religions. Possibly no serious comparison with Shelley is intended; if it be, the issue is doubly disastrous to the younger poet. The conditions of the revolutionary programme, to begin with, are different. There is no longer any talk about the beheading of kings, or the downfall of dynasties, or the wild upheaval of chaotic disorder. Language of this sort strikes one as thrasonical and insane, for the modern revolutionary creed is confined to certain practical issues, especially the organisation of labor against capital, and the confiscation of property. Shelley, too, was, of course, an atheist, but in attacking the prevalent superstitions of the world he is at once more graceful and more plain-spoken than the younger apostle. He would not, for instance, have employed biblical phraseology in an attack on the Bible, nor would he have made use of the Litanies of the Prayer Book in an assault on all forms of worship. As a mere question of taste, Swinburne's poems entitled *Before a Crucifix*, *Blessed among Women*, and *The Hymn of Man* are as revolting as they are essentially ludicrous. No one, of course, desires to ob-

ject to Mr. Swinburne's profession of Pantheism so long as it is reasonably argued and coherently deduced from logical principles, but a wild dithyramb in favor of atheism, couched in terms which are actually borrowed from the books of Christianity, is neither rational, humorous, nor artistically tolerable. When Mr. Swinburne is content to be simply poetic, as in some of his apostrophes to Italy and to Greece, there let us accord him all the praise that is his due. But his so-called philosophical foundation is too narrow, too rhetorical, too full of feminine hysteria.

Fortunately, Mr. Swinburne has provided us with better materials for estimating his poetic maturity. The drama of *Bothwell* is the second in a noble trilogy on the character and fortunes of Mary Queen of Scots. If it be right to depreciate the value of Mr. Swinburne's ancient studies, the poet himself has testified to the greatness of the change which came over him when, after *Atalanta in Calydon*, he composed *Bothwell*. In two ways his advance is a conspicuous one. Not only do we get the more manly and catholic study involved in a change to drama from a subjective and not entirely healthy exercise of the erotic imagination, but, instead of the pale ghosts of the Hellenic world, we have before us the substantial flesh and blood of those characters who, whether by their vices or their virtues, helped to build up the fabric of our nation. *Chastelard*, the first of the trilogy, belongs, indeed, to the earlier period. There is no firmness in the characterisation, no grasp of the dramatic elements of a situation: and the same insistence on the sensual and passionate aspects of love appears which is to be found in the juvenile drama of *Rosamond*. In *Bothwell*, however, a great deal of this is changed. Queen Mary is no longer exhibited as a baneful and criminal Eros luring men to destruction, but as herself brought under the subjection of a stronger will and a more brutal resolve. Moreover, there are so many traces in the drama of careful and conscientious use of authorities that we are almost dazed by the series of historic scenes and the introduction of countless historic personages. If the critic said in his haste that Mr. Swinburne was

deficient in seriousness and study, with the drama of *Bothwell* before him he must recant his error. Nor can it be said that there is any want of clear and definite characterisation, at all events in the principal parts. The successive changes in Mary's character, from the time of the murder of Rizzio, through the domination of Bothwell and the complicity in the destruction of Darnley at Kirk-o'-field, down to the final surrender of herself to Elizabeth in view of a possible future revenge, are traced with a conscientious fidelity to nature which is the best gift of the dramatist. The character of Bothwell himself is clear in outline and consistent in details. His warlike prowess, his brutal frankness, his innate strength of resolve, his power of at once subduing the Queen of Scots and yet binding her to himself with stronger chains than she had ever worn in all her previous amours, throw the whole savage personality out in conspicuous relief from the multitude of subordinate characters. Moreover, there is a good dramatic use of materials, witness the fine scene when Mary and Darnley have their last interview at Kirk-o'-Field. Here most of the incidents are historical, especially the terrible words of Mary: "'Twas just this time last year David was slain;" and Darnley's application to his own case of the words of the Psalmist, "the deadly Scripture," wherein he complains that it was not an open enemy that had done him this dishonor, but his own familiar friend with whom he had so often taken sweet counsel.

On the other hand, the drama suffers from all the inherent defects of so-called "literary" dramatic writing. It is much too long and diffuse, and too complicated in historic characters and historic detail. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* is enough to appal the stoutest heart; for sixty-three personages struggle and writhe on Mr. Swinburne's stage. Five hundred and thirty-two pages of close print are required to evolve the tragic incidents of the play; and after all, the fifth act is not properly the close of a completed dramatic evolution, but the prelude for the *Mary Stuart* which ensues. The fourth act is undoubtedly the best, for the reason especially that it includes the famous sermon

of John Knox; but the third and second acts are very tedious, being devoid of that power of artistic selectiveness which enables a dramatist to concentrate his action on two or three salient points. The fifth act falls absolutely flat after the grandeur of the fourth, the only excuse being the necessary preparation of ground for the ensuing play. In these and other points, it may be regretted that Mr. Swinburne should not have attempted to write professedly for the stage, in which case he might have learned that pregnant conciseness, both in incident and characterisation, without which no practical dramatist can win the ear of a busy and somewhat impatient audience.

Mary Stuart, the concluding part of the trilogy, is by no means so fine or so powerfully written as its predecessor, though it undoubtedly adds somewhat to the great dramatic and poetic achievement of its author, the discovery, namely, of the true character of the Queen of Scots. For here was a personality which, in its subtlety and weakness, essentially suited the forcible yet narrow capacities of Mr. Swinburne's poetic genius. *Mary Stuart* he may claim to have thoroughly understood, because the hysterical, passionate, subjective nature of that strange woman struck certain answering chords in her biographer's temperament—

"She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have,
Who had it never, pity,—yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal."

But it is to Mr. Swinburne's credit that he has almost made live before our eyes two other personalities with whom he has little or nothing in common—the brutal Bothwell and the puritanical Knox, both intense, arrogant, and impetuous forces, devoid possibly of spiritual interest, yet instinct with natural and imperious fire. And the character of Mary Beaton, though its importance is probably unhistorical, is full of interest, and has a noticeable influence on the development of the tragedy in serving as a link to connect the three dramas together. In such characterisations the dramatist must have his due.

A happy specimen of Mr. Swinburne's later manner is furnished by the Greek tragedy called *Erechtheus*, in many respects one of the most completely enjoyable poems which the author has produced. Full of musical sound, and furnished with many magnificent lines, *Erechtheus* is perhaps superior to *Atalanta* in that it has more breadth and stateliness of action, and exhibits a more perfectly Hellenic repose. It has less sweetness but more majesty, and frantic declamation against the gods is conspicuously absent. What it loses in graceful juvenility it gains in maturity of grasp and virile self-control. The legend which Mr. Swinburne follows groups together the two events of Chthonia's sacrifice and Eumolpus' defeat as contemporaneous incidents, instead of exhibiting the immolation of the daughter as the recompense required by Poseidon for the death of his son. He is thus enabled to bring into prominence the character of Erechtheus's wife, Praxithea, who has on one and the same day to bear the loss of daughter and of husband, and yet, through her noble devotion to the cause of Athens, for whom no sacrifices are too costly, is still able to say with peaceful resignation, "I praise the gods for Athens." In other respects, Mr. Swinburne's arrangement leads to some awkwardness of construction. For two messengers have successively to present themselves, the first with tidings of how Chthonia met her death, "with light in all her face as of a bride;" and the second with the story of the great battle, in which Erechtheus drives his spear "through the red heart's root" of Eumolpus, and himself falls smitten by a "sheer shaft of lightning writhen." The intimate connection between the two events is left for the reader to surmise, where a clear statement of cause and effect might have led to a better dramatic development. But the chorus which divides the speeches of the two messengers is in Mr. Swinburne's finest style. The verse heaves and pants with the furious riot of the battle-scene which the Chorus are imagining, and eye and ear alike are dazed with the wonderful affluence of the diction:—

"From the roots of the hills to the plain's dim verge, and the dark, loud shore,

Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and
hurling of wheels that roar.
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion
that foam as they gnash,
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the
shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and glitter, the
mouths of the mad steeds champ,
Their heads flash blind through the battle,
and death's foot rings in their tramp."

So the picture goes on for three pages, rich in wild hyperbole of effective imagery, as is Mr. Swinburne's wont. There appears to be something very congenial to the author's temperament in such a worship of "Mother Earth" as the autochthonous inhabitants of Attica professed. In reality Chthon is the divinity, who protects her children against the sea's offspring, Eumolpus, rather than the Athena, who appears, as Greek tragic custom demands, at the end of the play, when the "dignus vindice nodus" has been reached. To celestial gods the poet is disinclined to do homage; to the bountiful mother of all being, the material element from which things receive their frame, which contains in itself, as Professor Tyndall once declared, "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life"—to such a dark negation of all spiritual force, Mr. Swinburne here, as elsewhere, pays his tribute of enthusiastic devotion. This is the link which connects the poet with an age of materialistic science. There remains, however, even in *Erechtheus*, that sense of unreality and fruitless ingenuity to which all such adaptations from the classics must, in the nature of things, be exposed. Here, for instance, are some lines put in the mouth of the blameless Chthonia, when she first appears on the scene:—

"Forth of the fine-spun folds of veils that hide
My virgin chamber toward the full-faced sun,
I set my foot not moved of mine own will,
Unmaidenlike, nor with unprompted speed
Turn eyes too broad or dog-like unabashed——"

Faultlessly Greek, but absolutely fatuous. Did not Mr. Lowell once write an ingenious caricature of such Hellenism in a *στυγμυθία*, commencing, "Foolish who bites off nose, his face to spite?"

Mr. Swinburne's later contributions have not added much to the promise or the realisation of his poetic powers, albeit that his admirers are fond of bringing them in evidence that he has outlived

the errors of his youth. Doubtless they are more restrained in expression; they do not exhibit so much exuberance of emotional riot, while at the same time they prove that the musical gift has not waned with the passing years. "Boy poet" Mr. Swinburne can no longer claim to be, and our judgment must perforce be harder on anything which reminds us of juvenile rhodomontade and bombast. Yet if we ask what new ideas the years which bring the philosophic mind have contributed, what thoughts of clearer or deeper insight have enriched our common heritage, the answer reveals the infertility of the soil from which we expect a second harvest. Two subjects inspire all the later work of Mr. Swinburne—the sea and babies. The worship of the baby, as practised by its latest devotee, is not perhaps an inspiring spectacle. But the praise of the sea is even more significant, for it is nothing if not sensuous; it is the conscious ecstasy of the wash of waves over the naked body of a swimmer, the delirium of solitary exposure to the blind fury of elemental strength. When a strong man, like Byron or Shakespeare, praises the sea, he describes it as its master. The poems of Mr. Swinburne on the same subject reveal the attitude of the slave, or rather the passionate, submissive joys of some creature of a tyrant's whims. Is there any later thought to be culled from his verse? If so, possibly it may be found in the wonderful verses which exhibit his antagonism to the House of Lords in the *Midsummer Holiday*. But a caricaturist of Mr. Swinburne's versification could not possibly outdo in extravagance of diction these most characteristic odes. No parody or burlesque could do its subject such perfect justice.

Mr. Swinburne's prose criticisms in his *Essays and Studies* afford convenient material for a summary of the chief points in his literary character. That his prose style is a good one few would be prepared to admit; it has too much artificial and meretricious brilliancy. Nor is his critical instinct wholly trustworthy or admirable, for it is too petulant, and suggests too few ideas. There is a sentence in one of the essays which serves exactly to represent the ordinary reader's feelings in this matter. "We

do not always want," says Mr. Swinburne, in unconscious self-criticism, "to bathe our spirit in overflowing waters or flaming fires of imagination: pathos, and passion, and aspiration, and desire are not the only springs we seek for song." Yet if we take the essays in hand, just as when we read the poems, we are always being bathed in overflowing waters and flaming fires. There is no repose of spirit, no beauty of calm, we never find ourselves saying it is good for us to be here. Sympathy is a precious quality for the critic, and the faculty for praise sometimes argues a richly endowed nature. Yet the constant use of superlatives in discussing poetic work does not help our judgment or impress our minds. Reading each essay by itself, we might suppose that Mr. Swinburne is in turn introducing us to the greatest poet of the age. Rossetti, Morris, Matthew Arnold, Coleridge, Shelley—each is the most magnificent artist that ever lived to confound the Philistine. It is true that Matthew Arnold, who has more sanity and less poetry than Mr. Swinburne, only affects him on his classical side, and not on that by which he has most influence on his generation; but that is explicable to antecedent considerations. Only Wordsworth, as the chosen poet of Philistinism, is left out in the cold. Even Byron gets bespattered with some frothy praise, though subsequently Mr. Swinburne has seen fit to qualify his judgments. But the most servile adulation is of course reserved for Victor Hugo, "the master," as he is usually styled, in whose presence Mr. Swinburne always takes the shoes from off his feet, and crawls in prostrate reverential awe. Within the limits of his Pantheon there is no such ecstatic worshipper as this most intolerant of atheists, for his nature is essentially yielding and receptive, with stormy gusts of passion and indiscriminating impulses of emotion. There is no strong masculine formative quality about him, which explains why he uses so many adjectives and suggests so few thoughts. Is there anything in the philosophy of *Songs before Sunrise* to compare with the long soliloquy of Empedocles in Matthew Arnold's poem? Is there any thoughtfulness of characterisation in his dramas which can be put

by the side of Browning's *Djabal*, or *Anael*, or *Strafford*? Moreover, there is an entire absence of humor—a serious defect in any poet claiming to be intellectual. For clumsiness of irony it would be difficult to beat the pages (pp. 29, 30) in *Essays and Studies*, in which he comments on the action of the Belgian Government towards Hugo. The power of satire depends largely on terseness, as wit depends on brevity, and Swinburne's periods are far too prolix to be effective. There remains the indubitably picturesque qualities of his style, the wealth and fluency of rhetoric, and the unique command of music. Sometimes the result is marred by alliterative tricks; at other times it is heightened by the graceful touches of classical culture. Here, for instance, on two successive pages of one of Mr. Swinburne's essays, are passages which illustrate this contrast. He is describing one of Hugo's heroines:—

"But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live color, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable."

The force of tawdry alliteration could no farther go; but on the next page is a fine passage, instinct with the life and spirit of Greek tragic verse:—

"We seem to hear about her the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels, the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the 'bull voiced' bellowing under-song of those dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder, the fury of Divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron."

Perhaps some of Swinburne's best studies are on Elizabethan dramatists, John Ford, for instance, in *Essays and Studies*, or the criticism on George Chapman. It is in the latter that some of the most discriminating remarks occur which have perhaps ever been made on Browning. The obscurity which arises from wealth of ideas is most carefully distinguished from that which is due to confusion of thought, a distinction which ought to be always present to the student of our modern poet of enigmas. But the total impression left on us by Swinburne's prose is the same as that of his verse. Brilliantly gifted, profusely voluble, passionately rhetorical, it puts before us too often phrases instead of thoughts, verbal contortions instead of conceptions. It errs in point of taste, not rarely nor unwittingly. Professional poet of regicides, official mouthpiece of democratic atheism, self-chosen champion of a creed of glorified sensationalism, Mr. Swinburne is, however, artistic, yet not an artist, and however cultured, yet still an amateur: for he is not creative, not original in the best and largest sense of the word, because not instinct with illuminating ideas. There clings to him too much of the feminine quality. Like the Mary of his own trilogy, he has fallen under many fascinations, he has been the victim of constant amours. Landor was his Chastelard; Hugo is certainly his Bothwell. Will the sombre tragedy end by leaving him in the hands of some hard-headed Philistine Elizabeth?—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA TOWARDS INDIA.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

[It is possible that the readers of the *National Review* will look for an indignant denunciation of the Government for the fresh and final perils in which they have involved the Empire; and, truly, materials abound for the bitterest Indictment. But no mere words avail to arraign the Government as they deserve to be arraigned; and the Situation into which they have brought our

affairs, speaks for itself. There is no one who does not now see that we owe the predicament in which we find ourselves, of having to suffer intolerable shame or to enter upon a gigantic war bristling with difficulties and dangers, to the vain and vindictive Rhetorician whom the majority of the nation insensibly selected as their Chief, and his pliant and unpatriotic accomplices.]

We have, therefore, thought it best to allow the offences of the Cabinet and the complicity of the Liberal Party to pass for the moment, save for these few words, *sub silentio*, and to allow the writer of the following paper to indicate the past, present, and future aspects of the grave Question that occupies all minds. No one speaks upon it with more knowledge and authority. In season, and out of season, and notably in his admirable work, *Herat, the Granary and Garden of Central Asia*, published five years ago, he warned the English people of the stealthy approach of the perils with which they now find themselves sharply confronted. But indeed the hand writing on the wall was so clear that it needed no interpreter. Verily, we have had a Belshazzar's Feast, and "praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know." We can only pray that it will not again be written, "Darius the Median took the Kingdom."—EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."]

"ALTHOUGH these Kirghizes are a roaming and fickle people, their steppe is the key and gate to all the countries of Central Asia." These words were uttered by Peter the Great when, visiting Astrakhan in 1722, he gazed in the direction of the eastern shore of the Caspian. They form the key to the policy which Russia has persistently pursued since that date, and is pursuing at this hour with accelerated vigor.

When these words were uttered the south-eastern frontier of Russia skirted the northern shore of the Caspian as far as Gariev on the Ural. Thence it turned northward, following the course of that river, and touching Uralsk, Orenburg, and, again running eastward, Orsk. From Orsk it ascended the river in a northerly direction to a point near its source in the mountains of the same name. From this point it extended nearly due east for a hundred and seventy miles as far as Omsk. Thence, making a turn southeast by south, it ascended the Irtysh to a point about forty miles short of Lake Zaisan.

That very year Peter gave effect to the thoughts which had prompted his words by conquering and annexing the

towns of Derbend and Baku, the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad. Some sixteen years later, however, those towns and provinces were won back for Persia by Nadir Shah.

A new policy was formulated and acted upon by Elizabeth, daughter of, and fifth in descent from, Peter. This policy, based on the system familiar to the Thugs of India, of insinuating one's self into the confidence of an intended victim before destroying him, extended the Russian empire to the lower rangers of the western Caucasus, at the expense of the Nogais, the Circassians, and the Calmucks.

By a similar method Russia assailed Georgia. Georgia was a dependency of Persia, garrisoned by Persian troops but ruled by its own chiefs, who, bearing the name of Vali or Governor, received in succession investiture from Ispahan. Into the good graces of the then reigning Vali Russia, during the time when Persia was suffering from the disorganization which followed the death of Nadir Shah, contrived to insinuate herself. In 1783 she persuaded the Vali to recognise the paramount authority of the Czar. In 1798 that autocrat deposed his successor, and published a ukase incorporating Georgia with the Russian Empire.

The acquisition of Georgia was but a step to further advance. In 1804 Russia made a stealthy attempt to capture Erivan, a hundred and fifteen miles south-south-west from Tiflis. Fath Ali Shah armed to protect that city. The war which followed was disastrous to the Persian army. It was brought to a conclusion in 1814. By the Treaty of Gulistan, concluded that year, Russia gained, besides Georgia, the cession of which Persia then for the first time recognised, the provinces and districts of Imeritia, now known as Kutais, of Mingrelia, of Daghestan, of Karabagh, of portions of Mogan and Talish, and of the towns of Derbend, Baku, Shirvan, and Ganjeh. Persia engaged likewise to maintain no vessels of war on the Caspian.

Well would it be if the treatment meted out by the conqueror for the inhabitants of the countries thus transferred could be brought to the understanding of the races occupying the borderland between the frontier of British

India and the advanced posts of Russia. Of the ceded provinces and districts the inhabitants of all, except those of Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, were almost wholly Muhammadan. With the races of that faith Holy Russia had no sympathy. She employed, then, all the means which she has so well at her disposal to drive them from the homesteads which they and their forefathers had cultivated for centuries. She succeeded entirely. The chiefs, harassed by espionage, by plots to drive them to rebellion, by false charges, were, without a solitary exception, driven to abandon their possessions and seek refuge in Persia. Russia might still, had she so willed, have conciliated the people. But she preferred to exterminate them. Deliberately, then, did she set to work to insult their faith, to scoff at and to rob the pilgrims to the holy shrines, to treat them as slaves who deserved no consideration. Treatment of this nature provoked retaliation. Hatred of the Russian conqueror became the one living idea of the conquered. This feeling, acting on the minds of a high-spirited but uncultivated race, led, whenever opportunity offered, to assassination. This was the goal to which the efforts of Russia had been directed. The assassination of a Russian was invariably followed by the indiscriminate slaughter of every man, woman, and child belonging to the village or villages supposed to have harbored the assassin. Enthusiasts who, maddened by insults offered to their faith, had preached a religious war, were, when captured, cut open or hung up by the feet and left to die!

But, for these people, a time was approaching. Shortly after the signature of the Treaty of Gulistan, Russia, not yet satisfied, seized the whole of Talish, admitting, at the same time, that her claims to it were solely the claims of the strongest, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the Shah, refused to restore it. Emboldened still further, she seized Goktscha, a strip of land bordering the lake of that name, on the road from Baku to Erivan. This, likewise, she refused to restore. To still the remonstrances of Persia she despatched, in 1825, a splendid embassy, at the head of which was Prince Mentschikoff, to Teheran. It was a solemn farce,

designed like the embassy conducted by the same nobleman to Constantinople in 1853, to bring about war. Arriving at Teheran, Mentschikoff declared that he had powers to treat upon every subject except upon that which he had avowedly come to settle. He could not speak upon the subject of Goktscha. On his return he was detained a few days at Erivan until certain movements of the troops, which the Court of Teheran desired to conceal from him, should have been effected. This detention, though explained and apologised for, was treated as a *casus belli*. In the war that followed, the oppressed inhabitants of the provinces annexed by the Treaty of Gulistan rose in revolt in sympathy with Persia. Thanks to their efforts, victory inclined at first to the troops of the Shah. But as strong Russian reinforcements poured in, the tide turned. Erivan, after sustaining three attacks, was stormed by Prince Paskievitch, 13th October 1827. The month following, the Shah sued for peace. By the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, which followed (22nd February 1828), Persia yielded the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan.

Russia had demanded these provinces because, she declared, it was necessary to the safety of her empire that she should possess the frontier-line of the Aras (Araxes). But Talish was on the Persian side of that river. Fairly, then, using the Russian argument, Persia might claim the retention of the district. But Talish extended from the Persian district of Ghilan, direct, by the western shore of the Caspian, to the mouth of the Aras, where that river was not fordable. It formed a wedge, in fact, very valuable for future aggression, thrust in between Persia and the western shore of that sea. To the remonstrances of Persia, Russia replied by offering the renewal of hostilities as an alternative. I need scarcely add that Russia kept Talish.

The Treaty of Turkmanchoi still constitutes the agreement between Persia and her powerful neighbor. Since its signature, however, the advance of Russia along her northern frontier has made her existence little more than an existence upon sufferance. The conquest of the Tekke Turkomana, the construction of a railway along that frontier,

and the occupation of the line of the Tejend and the Heri-rud as far as the Zulfikar ford, will place her absolutely at the mercy of the persistent aggressor.

The frontier of Russia at the close of the last century, with reference alike to Turkey and Persia, was a frontier which seemed designed as a natural barrier against an enemy. It was flanked by the Black Sea on one side, by the Caspian on the other, both seas connected by the ranges of the Caucasus—the Caspian again flanked to the eastward by the desert of Kara Kum. In 1828, however, the frontier had been pushed on the Persian side as far as the Aras, with the wedge-like strip beyond it up to Astara. North of the Caspian the frontier-line had gradually been advanced from the point where the Ural debouches into that sea south-eastward to the mouth of the Emba, and thence to a point on the river Tschu, below the Lake of Balkasch, the two being connected by a semi-circular ring, the apex of which was Turgai. No sooner had Russia gained all that she had demanded from Persia by the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, than she began to steal stealthily southward from the westernmost point of this semi-circle—the mouth of the Emba. In pursuance of this plan she erected, in 1833, at the apex of the projecting peninsula, Mangischlak, a fort known as Fort Novo-Alexandrovosk. She proceeded then to connect the fort of Orenburg with the Caspian by means of a fort built at Uralsk on the Ural. To obtain, next, a firm hold of the Sea of Aral, she despatched, in 1846, a competent engineer to report upon the capabilities of the country immediately to the north of the Jaxartes; to sound the channel eastward from that mouth; and to select a convenient spot for the erection of a fort. The officer executed his mission thoroughly. The first result of it was the construction of Fort Aralsk, about thirty-three miles from the point where the Jaxartes flows into the Sea of Aral.

In this manner Russia gained a footing on the Jaxartes. Suspiciously did the wild tribes who fringed the desert of the Kizil Kum note the approach of the foreigners. Such men Russia might conquer, but could not cajole. Hostilities between the tribes and the new-com-

ers began at the very outset. They were carried on with a steady mercilessness on both sides. Neither party asked for or gave quarter. Life was invariably taken whenever a chance offered. After seven years of contest, in the course of which Russia completed Fort Aralsk, the conviction dawned upon the Nomads that the expulsion of the foreigners was not within their capacity; upon the Russians, that their best chance of permanent predominance lay in the further extension of their territory.

The Russians determined, then, to utilise their lodgment on the Jaxartes to launch on that river steam-vessels which should enter and navigate the Sea of Aral. To this purpose they ordered, in Sweden, the construction of a steamer and a steam-barge. Whilst they were yet expecting these, the officer commanding at Fort Aralsk organized a survey party to examine the right bank of the Jaxartes with a view to secure without hindrance the passage of the vessels. The party proceeded by Kasalinsk, which they marked as a site for a new fort, and by Karmaktschi, which they similarly noted, as far as Ak Mechet, now known as Fort Perowsk. The Kokanian Governor of Ak Mechet, distrusting the purposes of the foreigners, refused to allow them to proceed farther. With rage in their hearts, and firmly resolved to make the Kokanian pay for his audacity, the party returned to Fort Aralsk. In spite of the heat of the weather, for it was May, they set out again immediately, their numbers increased to four hundred and fifty, taking with them two 9-pounder guns. The Kokanians, scenting the storm, endeavored to embarrass their assailants by destroying the dam which had been built to divert the waters of the Jaxartes into Lake Ber-kasan, by a canal which, beginning just below Ak-Mechet, ran through the lake and rejoined the river at Karmaktschi. In spite of the difficulties thus caused, the Russians reached Ak Mechet on the sixteenth day after leaving Fort Aralsk. Vain, however, were their efforts to gain the place. Scarcely had they effected a lodgment in the outer works when they were overpowered by numbers, driven out, and forced to retreat. They returned, however, in the spring of the following year.

to the number of two thousand, well equipped and well provided, led by Count Perowski in person. This time there was no mistake. Perowski stormed Ak Mechet, and re-baptised it with his name. The same year the steamer and the steam-barge entered the Sea of Aral.

The war with France and England, which broke out the same year, whilst it caused no intermission in the contest between Russia and the nomadic tribes who had for centuries occupied the banks of the Jaxartes, prevented the former country from putting forth her strength. Reduced to the defensive, Russia had to repel attacks, not to make them. Emboldened by this change in her attitude, the Kokanians made a desperate effort, towards the close of 1853, to recover Fort Perowsk. They were repulsed, but, like their antagonists of 1852, they fell back with a firm resolve to renew the struggle in greater strength the following year. Their purpose was, however, frustrated by the attitude of the Amir of Bokhara. In an evil moment for his House, that Prince made a diversion in favor of Russia so formidable that the Kokanians were forced to renounce their design. They succeeded, however, during the two years that followed in greatly harassing the strangers.

The close of the Crimean War, 30th March 1856, left Russia free to pursue her conquests with greater freedom in Central Asia. Again did she succeed in blinding Europe as to her real intentions. The new Czar, Alexander II., announced ostentatiously to the world that, for Russia, the era of war had passed; that she was about to devote all her energies to internal reforms. He began his peaceful procedure by granting, September 1856, an amnesty to the Poles; less than two years later, 2nd July 1858, he partially emancipated the serfs; the year following he posed before Europe as the reprover of the war-like demonstrations of the princes of Northern Germany during the Italian War; on the 1st January 1861, he concluded a treaty with China for the enlargement of commerce; and, on the 3rd March following, he issued a decree for the total emancipation, within two years, of twenty-three millions of serfs!

Before these benevolent actions Europe bowed the head in admiration. There never was such a prince, so enlightened, so generous, such a lover of peace and mercy! Not even the Radicals of England could utter a word of reproach against a character so noble. Praise of the Czar of Russia became a stock subject at Liberal meetings all over the country. Dissenting ministers thundered from their pulpits the good deeds of the Prince who had redeemed the mistake of his birth by the splendid example he had set to his fellow men. The rugged apostle of peace himself, pointing to the actions of the Czar, denounced, with increased bitterness, the English folly which had led to the Crimean War!

Yet, during this time, whilst the Czar was posing before Europe as a saint and a deliverer, his armies were being hurled, recklessly and ruthlessly, against the ranges of the Caucasus. The inhabitants of these ranges were descendants of the same Circassians whom Elizabeth had attempted to subdue in 1741-5, and who, rather than submit to the yoke of Russia, had fallen back from the slopes into the passes. These men were as daring, as fond of freedom, as had been their ancestors. But the Russian army was too strong to be withstood. The Russian general, Orbelliani, gained three successive victories over them in June, November, and December, 1857. In April 1858 the same general occupied a large portion of their territory, expelling the inhabitants. Still, however, their leader, the illustrious Schamyl, resisted. But, on the 7th September 1859, Schamyl, fighting at the head of the noblest members of his race and tribe, was defeated and taken prisoner. But, though by this victory Russia gained the most important passes of the Caucasus, the resistance was not overcome; nor was it until the 6th June 1864, when Vaidar, the last of the Circassian strongholds, was stormed, that the Grand Duke Michael was able to declare that, for Russia, there was no longer a Caucasus!

Whilst the contest for that magnificent range was continuing Russia had still stealthily pursued her operations in the Transcaspian territories. In 1856, the year in which she made her peaceful

professions to Europe, she began the occupation of the country between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, descending southward along the shores of the former sea to Kulmugir, in the Bay of Karabugas. Thence, year after year, she continued to descend till she reached Hassan Kuli Bay, where the Atreck flows into the sea, building, as she proceeded, one fort at Krosnovodsk in 1869, another at Chikishliar in 1870, and improving and increasing her steam communications with Baku, a place which was soon after brought into railway communication with all the arsenals and important centres of Russia.

From the eastern shores of the Sea of Aral the advance was delayed somewhat longer. Gradually and stealthily, however, after the first victories over the Circassians had been achieved, Russia began to creep up the right bank of the Jaxartes, until, in 1863, she entered the rich, fertile, and well-populated districts between that river and the range of the Karatan. In this district are the important cities of Turkestan, of Tchemkend, and Tashkend. Russia hesitated not a moment. Caring little for the fact that Turkestan was garrisoned by the troops of the Amir of Bokhara, she captured the place. Within a few weeks Tchemkend followed the fate of Turkestan.

Then Russia paused. Tashkend was a town of far greater importance than the two I have mentioned. Eight miles in length and five and a half in breadth, it possessed 80,000 inhabitants and a strong garrison. Before marching to attack such a place Russia thought it a wise policy to reassure Europe, and especially England. England, in fact, was beginning to feel some alarm. Not only had the proceedings of Russia in the Caucasus and Central Asia got wind, but the acts of the Czar nearer home—the repression of a revolt in Poland by measures of unparalleled severity—had begun to shake the faith even of the Radicals and Dissenters in the benignity of Alexander II. To reassure England, then, Prince Gortschakoff issued one of the many manifestoes with which Russia has deluded the world. The manifesto might well have been written by General Komaroff. It breathed the sentiments, it used almost the words, which that

general employed to describe his recent battle with the Afghans. Russia, be it remembered, was ascending the Jaxartes, was entering a country not belonging to her, a country inhabited by an industrial population, in whose hands was a very large portion of the rice and cotton trade of Central Asia. Entering that country, she attacked and captured two considerable rice and cotton depôts, signified by the cities Turkestan and Tchemkend. Prince Gortschakoff justified these attacks on the ground that the nomadic and predatory character of the populations on her frontier had forced them upon Russia! Well might it have been asked—if the tribes occupying the captured cities were nomadic and predatory, were not the Russians who attacked them far more so?

To combat the idea that the aggression had been premeditated, and to assure Europe that the capture he defended was purely an isolated act which would not be repeated, Prince Gortschakoff proceeded to imply that the limits of Russian advance had been reached. "We are now," he added, "in the presence of a more solid and compact, less unsettled and better organized social state; fixing for us, with geographical precision, the limit up to which we are bound to advance and where we must halt."

This manifesto was dated November 1864. The ink with which it was penned was scarcely dry before its implied promises were broken. On the flimsiest pretext a quarrel was picked with Bokhara. In the June following (1865) Tashkend was attacked and taken. Then followed a second manifesto, in which Russia repudiated all desire to add to her territories. This manifesto did not, however, prevent her from capturing (1866) Khojend, a city on the left bank of the Jaxartes, and the key to the dominions of the Khan of Kokan. The conquest of that principality, and its annexation to Russia by a ukase, dated July 1867, under its ancient name, Ferghana, followed immediately after. This annexation brought Russia into contiguity with Zarafshan. Of this principality the famous city of Samarkand is the capital, and Russia, then represented by General Kaufman, eager to seize it, forced a quarrel upon

the Amir. The unhappy prince had no desire to quarrel, but he had to fight or to submit without fighting. Compelled to choose the former alternative, he was beaten, and had to yield Zarafshan to Russia, November 1868, and to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Czar!

This conquest was followed by a third, and, in view of the existing state of affairs, a very important assurance on the part of Russia. Lord Clarendon, alarmed at the progress of that power towards India, proposed, in 1869, the constitution of Afghanistan as a neutral zone, into which neither country should enter. The Russian Chancellor hastened to assure Lord Clarendon that his master, the Czar, "looks upon Afghanistan as completely without the sphere in which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence!"

The excitement caused amongst the populations of Asia by the capture of the holy city of Samarkand had scarcely died away when the report spread far and wide that Khiva was threatened by the conqueror. The fabled wealth of that city had indeed for more than a hundred years excited the cupidity of the sovereigns of Russia, but up to the period at which we have arrived every attempt to capture it had ended in failure. An expedition despatched by Peter the Great in 1716 had reaped only disaster; an agent, sent thither in 1731, had been plundered by the nomads; Blankenagel, a Russian oculist, lent by the Empress Catharine in 1793 to cure the uncle of the reigning Khan, had been scurvily treated; Count Orloff, proceeding thither by order of the Emperor Paul, had returned on hearing of his master's murder; Mouravieff, who had succeeded in reaching the city in 1819, had been imprisoned as a spy; Perowski, who marched against it from Orenburg with 5,325 men and 22 guns in 1839, had been compelled to retrace his steps; Ignatieff, sent thither in 1858 to enforce a treaty on the Khan, had returned without accomplishing his object; finally, an expedition despatched under Markazoff, in 1872, had been ignominiously defeated. Khiva had, in fact, baffled for nearly a century and a half the curiosity and cupidity of Russia.

But it was written that Khiva was to

fall. In compassing that end Russia displayed her usual duplicity. Whilst the Czar was directing the despatch on the same errand of an expedition, under the famous Kaufman, his Minister was carefully assuring England that Russia had no intention whatever of moving on Khiva. The expedition, said the Chancellor to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is a very small one, designed only to punish some predatory tribes. As for Khiva, he added, "far from its being the intention of the Czar to take possession of that place, he has given positive orders to prevent it." On the 10th June following (1873), General Verevkin took Khiva by assault. Russia promptly annexed the Khivan territory on the right bank of the Oxus, and forced her suzerainty on the wretched Khan!

General Kaufman and the officers of three columns out of the five which had marched against Khiva had had no share in the capture of that city. They were greedy for the crosses and honors, which, as we have seen lately in the case of Komaroff and his raid, Russia bestows with no unsparing hand upon those who shed blood in her service. To obtain those crosses and honors Kaufman promptly forced a quarrel upon the Yomud Turkomans, and massacred them, their wives, and their children, by thousands.

The northern part of the Kara Kum having thus been made secure, Russia was in a position to prepare for that great advance upon India which has been the mainspring of all her action in the steppes. Her task was a difficult one. She had to find her way from the eastern shore of the Caspian, skirting the northern frontier of Persia, until she should obtain a footing in the passes which dominate Herat. To reach those passes three conditions were indispensable to her. She had to conquer the Turkomans of the desert; she had to secure the connivance of Persia; she had to hoodwink England. In all those objects she was successful!

The story of the hard fight with the Turkomans has been often told. I will not weary the reader by repeating it. It must suffice to state that to conquer those hardy warriors three defeats and four campaigns were necessary. The

attack upon the desert began in 1877. The desert was only conquered in 1881.

The conquest of the desert brought Russia to Askabad, 182 miles from the north-east angle of the Persian frontier, represented by the fortress of Sarakhs. The road thither was made traversable, but Russia did not depend upon the road alone. The persistent prescience of her statesmen and her soldiers had transported to the eastern shore of the Caspian rails ready to be laid down as soon as the Turkomans should be subdued. In an incredibly short space of time skilled workmen were transported to the spot. A point, Michaelovsk, at the re-entering angle of the bay below Krasnovodsk, to be reached in a small steamer from that fort in a few hours, was fixed as the starting point. Thence the line was laid as speedily as possible to Kizil Arvat, just above the northernmost part of the Persian frontier, 144 miles from Michaelovsk. From Kizil Arvat it is now being continued with all possible speed to Askabad—135 miles—and to Sarakhs, 186 miles farther!

For the conquest of the Turkomans was simply the prelude to an advance upon Merv and on Sarakhs. To be able to accomplish this, Russia required, I have said, that two conditions should be observed: that Persia should be cowed into connivance, and that England should be hoodwinked into indifference. With respect to the first condition, I may state that every British officer who has visited Persian Khorásán has represented the inhabitants of its towns and its villages as being more afraid of Russia than of the Shah. The province is, in fact, honeycombed by Russians. Every town has its agent, every important village his deputy. These men are of incalculable service to Russia. They talk of the greatness of their master, of the power and the resources of their country; and they point to the humiliating position of England, not daring to permit its officers to travel there, not presuming to question even the right of Russia to advance!

On the subject of the other condition, the hoodwinking of England, it is not necessary for me to say anything. The men who were not hoodwinked, the Rawlinsons and the Freres, the MacGregors and the Hamleys, wrote and

spoke, and urged and advised, till they were regarded as men who had but one idea. They were not listened to. But it is useless to go back to that subject now. The time for recrimination is past. We are in the presence of a great danger, and it becomes every true Englishman to aid in repelling it.

The occupation of Merv in the beginning, and of the plains round Sarakhs in the summer, of 1884, gave Russia positions whence she could march at any moment to seize the passes which dominate Herat. England scarcely questioned her right to occupy those places, and she had leisure to look about. Very soon did she recognise the fact that her new conquests were excellent as places of departure, but as nothing more. They gave her no new base for an army. They provided in sufficiency neither forage nor grain. In all other respects they had no claim to be regarded as repayment for the trouble and the expense already incurred. The able men who directed the forces of Russia soon recognised the fact that to gain a position on the Khushk and the Murgháb, whence they could make a rapid forward move on Herat, they must seize Penjdeh; to obtain a flanking position on the Heri-rúd, they must occupy the ford of Zulfikar.

But, again, certain conditions were held to be as indispensable before the forward move could be made on those points. The frontier of Afghanistan, to which Russia had blindly assented in 1872-73, which had been marked as the frontier in all the German, Russian, and English maps since that date, that frontier must be abolished; advantage then was to be taken of the presence of English troops in the Soudan, of the peaceful sentiments and presumed embarrassments of England, to seize another frontier, a frontier better fitted to the carrying out of the long-cherished ulterior views of Russia.

We all know what followed. Russia acceded with difficulty to the proposal of the English Cabinet to the despatch to Penjdeh of the commissioners from both nations to mark out the new frontier. She sent no commissioner. She sent instead an armed force, which, failing to provoke the Afghans to attack it, fell upon the troops of that people,

peacefully occupying the positions in their own territory to which they had been despatched before the frontier question had arisen, and massacred them almost to a man. The report of their general announcing his success is, as I have said, almost identical in words, exactly identical in spirit, with the manifesto in which Prince Gortschakoff announced, in 1864, the capture of Turkistan and Tchemkend!

So far the first condition had been fulfilled. The Russians had gained a dominating position. Why and how it is a dominating position has been explained by Sir Edward Hamley in a letter addressed to the *Times*, on the 18th April:

"While the general intention," wrote that distinguished officer, "of the Russian advance—namely, to open the way to Herat—is well known, the particular effect of the movements is by no means fully realized. But at this juncture it is very desirable that the change thus made in the situation should be appreciated by the public here, as it certainly is by the instructed soldiers of the continent.

"In seizing the junction of the rivers Kushk and Murghab at Penjdeh the Russians have not only deprived the defenders of Afghanistan of a position of great value both tactically and strategically, but have also secured for themselves—

"1. The principal road to Herat, which lies along the Kushk valley to an easy pass leading into the valley of the Heri Rud at Kushan.

"2. The power of turning the pass opposite the Zulfiyar ford if occupied for the defence of Herat.

"3. The command of the chief road (that described in No. 1 is part of it) between Herat and Balkh, and thence on Cabul, which passes through Penjdeh; leaving the communications by this road between those Afghan towns dependent on the permission of the Russians.

"4. The means of thereby advancing from the Caspian upon Cabul.

"Several hill roads on Kushk leading by other passes on Herat.

"By seizing the Zulfiyar ford a way from the Persian town of Meshed (where two great highways through Khorassan meet) to the Afghan bank of the Heri Rud is secured. Any concession of the pass opposite the ford to the Afghans is illusory, for their position there would be turned, not only by the route from the Kushk mentioned in No. 2, but by other roads up the valley of the Heri Rud.

"If the Russians should retain possession of these points, they will be able to march on Herat by many roads, not one of which was open to them so long as the Afghans held Penjdeh, Akrobat, and the Zulfiyar ford, and to maintain throughout perfect co-operation and communication between the columns moving by the two valleys of the Kushk and the Heri

Rud. From Penjdeh they can also direct their forces on Cabul as well as on Herat. The distance of Penjdeh from Herat is about fourteen days' march, from the Zulfiyar ford about ten or eleven."

Many circumstances combine to complicate the situation. Russia is in force in the positions she has seized; Herat is incapable of standing a siege against an enemy well provided with guns; the English troops are distant from Herat nearly six hundred miles; were the English to march thither, they must carry all their supplies; those of Russia can be brought for a part of the distance by railway, and, to a great extent, from the towns on the Persian frontier; the Afghans refuse to admit an English army within their territory. It is, therefore, certain that, if hostilities should break out, Russia will seize Herat. England cannot prevent her. If Russia seize Herat she will never willingly restore it.

What would be the consequences to us of a permanent occupation of Herat by Russia? On this point I cannot add a line to the words I wrote in 1878-80:—

"It is easy to understand," I stated in the argument to my work on Herat, "why a Russian Herat—that is a Herat possessed by a powerful and ambitious Power always enlarging its borders—must ever be a standing menace to Hindustan. The fruitful and fertile valley of the Heri-rud furnishes a new base in which an army can be thoroughly equipped and whence it can march south-eastward. In that valley all the munitions of war can be produced or can be manufactured. The willow and the poplar flourish; mines of lead and iron abound. Russia would require to bring nothing across long, sterile, and sandy deserts. The iron and the lead are there; the saltpetre is there; the charcoal is there; the corn, the wine, and the oil are there; the horses are there; and in a very short time she could drill the hardy population into such a state of efficiency as would enable them to vie even with the Sikhs of the Punjab and the Pathans of the frontier. But that is not all. Secure in a fertile country which provided all the supplies requisite for her army; possessed, by the occupation of Herat, of the markets of Central Asia—a magnificent trade from which England would thus forever be excluded—Russia could afford to wait while she put in practice in the native courts and the bazaars of Hindustan those devices in which she is a proficient, and which she has worked so successfully in Bulgaria, in Servia, and in Roumelia. Thenceforward there would be no peace for the people of India. The English in that country would live in a continual fear of the intrigue which corrupts native soldiers, which wins over native allies, which makes every man doubtful of the morrow."

Since those words were penned the situation has become a thousandfold more intense. Russia has conquered and enlisted in her ranks those splendid Turkoman horsemen who have always formed the vanguard of an invading army of India; and she stands now, with an armed force, literally at the very gates of Herat, whilst we, to whom her occupation of that city would be pregnant with mischief, have not been able to wring from the Amir an assent to the entrance of a single Englishman within her walls!

On every side arises the cry, "What is to be done if Russia, pursuing the advantage she has treacherously gained, should suddenly seize and occupy Herat?" We could not easily assail her there. She would have close at her back all the resources of her vast empire. "From Odessa," we have been told by Sir Edward Hamley, "troops can be conveyed across the Black Sea to Batoum in two days, from thence by rail to Baku in twenty-four hours; another twenty-four hours would see them landed at Krasnovodsk, transferred in lighters to the shallow water by Michaelovsk, and the entertainment of them begun, when the journey to Kizil Arvat, the present, but by no means the final, terminus of the Transcaspian line, occupies twelve hours." Let the reader contrast that position with our position, six hundred miles from Herat, with no railway to carry our supplies, and separated from it by an uncultivated and, in many respects, a difficult and inhospitable country, and he will admit that an advance on Herat occupied by Russian troops in close communication with Russia, across an Afghanistan which by that time Russia might have enlisted on her side, would be a very perilous venture.

Almost equally impossible will it be to remain where we are. Not only would a quiescent attitude, in the presence of a rebuff such as the seizure of Herat, enormously weaken our prestige in India, it would tempt Russia to move on still farther. At Herat she would be three hundred and sixty-nine miles from Kandahar, only two hundred and ninety-four miles from the important position of Girishk on the Helmund. If we were to

permit her to seize those places, she would occupy a position of menace within a hundred and forty-five miles of the British frontier, and she would command nearly a hundred passes leading into the valley of the Indus. Her presence there could not be tolerated. Our first answer, then, to the seizure of Herat by Russia should be the re-occupation of Kandahar and Girishk by England. That is the one safe solution yet remaining to us. With a fortress of the first rank at Kandahar, and the present fort at Girishk enlarged and re-armed, England might yet defy the Machiavellian policy of Russia in the East. What at the present moment is most to be feared is that there will be a patched-up compromise; that Russia may propose that both Powers shall remain where they are: she, in possession of the places she has fraudulently acquired, we, holding our existing frontier; that neither shall advance farther. No sane man can doubt the result of the acceptance by England of such a proposal. England would, undoubtedly, remain true to her obligation: Russia, employing the means used so successfully on countless occasions—with the Nogais of the western Caucasus; with the Valis of Georgia; with the populations of Turkestan and Tchemkend; with the Governor of Samarkand; with the Khans of Kokan and of Khiva; with the Afghans of Penjdeh—would suddenly seize Herat. She would take the opportunity of doing so when she had troops on the spot to support her action; when England was more embarrassed and less wide awake than she is at the present moment. She would excuse the action on the plea that "the nomadic and predatory character of the population had actually forced the capture upon her." Of all possible arrangements, that arrangement would be for England the most humiliating and the most unsafe. It would sanction the attack by Russia on an ally's position, the seizure of the passes dominating his capital, in a time of profound peace. Open war were a thousand times preferable; for this arrangement would not even give us peace. We should have but an armed truce to be broken at the pleasure of our enemy!—*National Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN POEMS, BALLAD AND LYRICAL. Original Texts with English Versions by Various Translators. Edited, with Notes, by Karl Knortz. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The object of this excellent anthology is to present the reader with a clear historical outline of the best lyrics and ballads of Germany, and certainly no country has within the last century and a half been more prolific in noble literature of this order. The heart of Germany has expressed itself in this way with a fulness and freshness almost unrivalled in the world's history. The national love of music is to a great degree responsible for this, as the tendency has been almost irresistible to embody its aspirations and feelings in a form which could be easily and naturally sung. We believe no one will question, at least no German, that in the *lieder* and those forms of modern poetry most closely allied to them, we have the most characteristic examples of German poetic genius. This is even the case with Goethe, for in the longer and more elaborate developments of Goethe's poetic power, he belongs to the world and not to a single nation. The author, or rather editor, has shown a wide and catholic taste. Among the authors represented are Arndt, Bodenstedt, Bürger, Chamisso, Claudius, Eichendorff, Freiligrath, Gelbel, Goethe, Anastasius Grün, Heine, Herder, Herwegh, Von Hoffman, Holtz, Kerner, Körner, Lensau, Lessing, Müller, Von Platen, Rückert, Schiller, Tieck, Uhland, Vogelweide, Wieland, and Zedlitz. We have only mentioned the most distinguished, but there are many other minor poets, from whom delightful specimens are given. An interesting feature of the book is found in the *lieder* whose authors are unknown, and which sprang straight from the hearts of the people; and in the example of the Minnesingers' and the Meistersingers' song. These have been chosen with excellent taste and knowledge to preserve the historic continuity of German song. A successful attempt has been made to use only the most literal translations, many of which have been made by distinguished English poets with great success in the preservation of the beauty of the originals. The student of German, as well as the adept, will hardly fail to find great pleasure in the volume. At the end of the book brief biographical notes are given, sufficient to freshen the mind of the reader. The publish-

ers have issued the book in a charming dress, and the typographical work is more than usually elegant, even with a house noted for its care in this respect.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKING. By W. Matthew Williams, author of "The Face of the Sun," "Science in Short Chapters," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This book was published firstly in serial chapters in the English magazine *Knowledge*, and afterward in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Originally they were delivered as lectures to ladies as a part of a course on "Household Philosophy," or at least the material out of which these lectures were woven was, then collected and arranged. Mr. Williams has contributed a very interesting, suggestive and valuable little book, and no ordinarily intelligent person will read it without grasping a good many useful ideas. The matter is so simply and untechnically stated that no one will have any difficulty in following his argument. The author tells us that he has not merely embodied the substance of the investigations of other chemists, but has put forth his own explanations of many simple phenomena concerning the changes effected by cookery. He very modestly, but no less firmly, controverts some of the notions put forth by other authors, and he certainly shows sound cause for his divergence. It is not necessary that a good cook or mistress of a household should be deeply versed in the chemical changes effected in cooking, but it cannot be disputed that some knowledge on this topic, to the extent at least furnished by Mr. Williams, is very distinctly valuable. The ordinary plain cook, who does her work in a perfunctory and mechanical way by the rule of thumb—and that is about all the average family can aspire to—certainly needs a mistress who knows something about the simpler facts in the chemistry of cooking.

Our practical philosopher begins at the A B C of the business, and so the first chapter is given up to the boiling of water. Some notions of the scope of the book may be shown in the captions of the chapters: "Albumen," "Gelatin Fibrin and the Juices of Meats," "Roasting and Grilling," "Frying," "Stewing," "Cheese," "Fat-Milk," "Cookery of Vegetables," "Gluten-Bread," "Vegetable Casein and Vegetable Juices," "Rumford's

Cooking and Cheap Dinners," "Count Rumford's Substitute for Tea and Coffee," "Condiments," "The Cookery of Wine," "The Vegetarian Question," "Matted Food," etc. Mr. Williams approves and follows in great measure the investigations of an American philosopher, a contemporary of Franklin and an equally remarkable man, though less well-known, Count Rumford.

Firstly a Massachusetts 'prentice-boy and schoolmaster, he became successively a British soldier and diplomatist, Colonel Sir Benjamin Thompson, then colonel of horse and general aide-de-camp of the King of Bavaria, then major-general of cavalry, privy counsellor of State, and head of the War Department of Bavaria, then Count Rumford of the Holy Roman Empire and Order of the White Elephant, then military dictator of Bavaria, with full governing power in the absence of the king, then a resident of London and the founder of the Royal Institution, then a citizen of Paris and the husband of the "Goddess of Reason," the widow of the great Lavoisier. Among all Count Rumford's investigations there were none he valued so highly as those on the chemistry of cooking, in which branch of science he may be regarded as the great pioneer. Count Rumford insisted that the quality and value of cooked food depended upon the quantity of solid nutritious food used, than on the choice and mingling of ingredients, and a proper management of the fire in the combination of them. In a word, much more stress was laid on the art and skill of the cook than on the sums laid out in the market.

It would be impossible for us to do more than to give a very general notion of the scope and character of the book. Its value is not merely that of rules of information, but it stimulates the action of thought and common sense. This the cook and often the mistress of a household lack. If every one performing such function should be made to read and inwardly digest such a book as that under notice, we have no doubt that the world would be far better off.

A COMPANION TO THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT. By Talbot Chambers, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The purpose of this volume is clearly given in the title. It is intended to furnish a convenient key and a manual to those readers of the Old Testament who wish to acquaint themselves with its origin and aim, and the principles on which it was carried out. Dr. Cham-

bers was one of the American Revision Committee, and, it need hardly be said, executes his task with great thoroughness, as well as good judgment. The author does not attempt to defend the work of the revisers, conscious that it must stand or fall on its own merits, but contents himself with clearly indicating just what these changes are. A brief digest of some of the most interesting of these alterations will be in place at this time.

The New Testament Revision was issued in May, 1881, and more than three millions of copies were sold before the close of the year. The sale of the Old Testament is not likely to equal that of the New Testament. It will probably be more favorably received, as it involves no changes of the Hebrew text—no older manuscripts than the Masoretic having been discovered—and the idiom of the Authorized Version is most carefully preserved, out of regard for the conservative feeling of the Church in its attachment for the language of the old version. It is not in any sense a new translation, only a revision of the common version. The simple aim has been to correct the errors of the translation and make the revision as perfect as possible. It presents the results of the combined labor of a large number of the best Hebraists and Biblical scholars of England and the United States, most of them professors of Hebrew in universities and seminaries. It has, moreover, the advantage of the great advances of the last fifty years in Oriental philology, biblical geography, history and antiquities, all of which were but imperfectly understood by the forty-seven translators of King James' Bible.

Whatever may be the final general verdict as to the merits of this revision as a whole, it cannot but be regarded as the most important event in the history of the English Bible since 1611, when the Authorized Version was given to the English-speaking world. And, whether it be accepted and adopted or not, its influence on Biblical exegesis and interpretation will be wide-spread and pronounced. No intelligent man anticipates that the Revised Bible will at once supplant the common version. Thousands of self-constituted critics will object to manifold specific changes which have been made, as unwarranted and unwise. Still it admits not of a doubt that the revision is a more intelligent and accurate representation of the original than our present Bible. It could not well be otherwise, as no pains have been spared, under wise and comprehensive rules, to get the best results of the most advanced

and accomplished scholarship of the day. Though the revision will not afford universal satisfaction, yet it is a good beginning and a grand advance toward a complete and universally accepted revision of the Bible. If the present revision were *perfect*, or as nearly so as Christian scholarship and painstaking can ever make it, it would not at once displace the old.

Among the leading features of the revision, it need hardly be said, are the changes of obsolete words for those which clearly express the meaning according to the current phrase of to-day. Again there are many renderings declared to be incorrect by all lexicons and critical commentators. For example, the word *hypocrite* is found eight times in the Book of Job, yet in not one of them does the original term have that meaning. So one of the oblations mentioned often in the Pentateuch and elsewhere is called a "meat offering," which leads the reader to suppose that it is an animal sacrifice, whereas the Hebrew means an unbloody oblation, and is correctly rendered "meal offering." Space prevents us from giving any extended illustrations of such alterations, but the work of the revision has been very complete in this direction, the idea being to insure unmistakable clearness.

A feature which at once challenges universal attention is the printing of the poetical passages in the form of verse. We have instances in the blessing of Jacob (Gen. xlix.), the song of triumph at the Red Sea (Ex. xv.), the rapt utterances of Balaam (Num. xxiii., xxiv.), and the song and the blessing of Moses at the end of his life (Deut. xxxii., xxxiii.). Also as in shorter texts, as the song of Lamech (Gen. iv.), the prophecy of Noah (Gen. ix.), the Lord's answer to Rebecca (Gen. xxv.), the blessings by Isaac (Gen. xxvi.), the song of the well (Num. xxi.), and the abrupt ode on the downfall of Moab (*ibid.*). The form of these passages shows that they belong to that poetical feeling and habit which pervaded the entire life and history of the Hebrews. Whatever moved the heart was expressed in song, whether it was the discovery of a fountain in the desert or joy over some great victory. The revision has wisely given the verse form only to those passages which by their origin and structure compel one to see in them an outburst of poetical feeling.

The following selection of passages which have been changed in the revision is intended as a specimen of the work done, and of the principles upon which it has been carried out.

GENESIS.—In the first chapter the putting of each day's work in a separate paragraph aids the common reader. In iv. 23 the song of Lamech is made more intelligible by making the second couplet read,

For I have slain a man for wounding me,
And a young man for bruising me.

In xlii. 1 "Abraham went up out of Egypt . . . into the South," the printing of the last word with a capital letter shows that it refers to a definite region (the Negeb), and thus avoids the incongruity of the A. V. in leading one to think that the patriarch reached Palestine by going south from Egypt. In v. 18 "the plain of Mamre which *is* in Hebron" is changed to "the oaks of Mamre which are in Hebron," because this is the meaning of the Hebrew, and there is no plain in Hebron or its vicinity. (So xiv. 13 and xviii. 1.) In xviii. 19, "For I know him that he will command his children and his household after him," is changed to "For I have known him, to the end that he may command," etc. In xxiv. 2, "Abraham said to his eldest servant of his house," is made to read, "Abraham said to his servant, the elder of his house," which is what the Hebrew means. In xxxiii. 18, "And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem," the revision reads, "came in peace to the city of Shechem," because no such city as Shalem is known, and the true rendering shows how God fulfilled Jacob's request (xxviii. 21). In the prophecy of Jacob (Gen. xlix.) are several manifest improvements. Reuben is charged with being not "unstable," but, as the original word means, "boiling over"—that is, impulsive or excitable, which exactly describes his character, as shown by his conduct on various occasions. In the fifth verse, "instruments of cruelty are in their habitations," the margin of the A. V., "weapons of violence are their swords," is inserted in the text, as being both more literal and more expressive. In the ninth verse, instead of saying that Judah couched "as an old lion," the revision returns to Tyndale's more accurate rendering, "as a lioness."

EXODUS (ii. 22) "A stranger in a strange land" is rendered "a sojourner in a strange land." In the song of triumph after passing the Red Sea (Ex. xv.) the vividness and poetical grandeur of the lyric are shown in the revision by the change of the past tense into the present in vv. 5-7, and of the future into the past in vv. 14-16, a change required by the original. In the obscure passage (Ex. xvii. 16) the text retains the rendering of the A. V.,

while the margin gives the more literal sense of the Hebrew. "Because there is a hand (i.e., the hand of Amalek) against the throne of the Lord [therefore] the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation." In the second commandment (xx. 5) we have a slight change, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me" (the exact sense of the original). The sixth command (v. 13) is, after the pattern of the Prayer Book and the A. V. in Matt. xix. 18, given as "Thou shalt do no murder," and the same at Deut. v. 17. The advantage of this rendering is that it needs no limitation or explanation. To *kill* is often lawful, and sometimes a duty, but to *do murder* is wrong always and everywhere. "Tabernacle of the Congregation" is changed to "Tent of Meeting." In the word "Jehovah," the A. V. is followed, the revisers not thinking it advisable to insert it uniformly in place of "Lord" or "God," which when printed in small capitals represent the words substituted by Jewish custom for the ineffable name. Of technical terms from the Hebrew, one in three seems to have been generally introduced. The word "grove" (Judges vi. 28) has been replaced by "ashera," with its plurals "asherim" and "asheroth."

THE HISTORICAL BOOKS.

JUDGES. (ch. v.) The song of Deborah is amended according to the demands of modern scholarship. Verses 10 and 11 are rendered,

Tell of it, ye that ride on white asses.

Ye that sit on rich carpets,

And ye that walk by the way.

Far from the noise of archers, in the places of drawing water

There shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord.

2 SAMUEL. (i. 18.) A. V. reads, "Bade them teach the children of Israel the *use of the bow*," the revision puts it "*song of the bow*." In ii. 23, "Abner smote him under the fifth rib," changed in agreement with modern lexicons to "in the belly." In v. 10 we read "David went on and grew great;" the revision resolves this Hebrew idiom "David waxed greater and greater." In vi. 19, instead of a "flagon of wine," the revision properly reads, "a cake of raisins."

2 KINGS. The interrogation in i. 3 as to Ahaziah's folly in consulting the god of Ekron when he was sick, gains much in force and vividness by being put, as the Hebrew demands, in a positive form—"Is it because there is no God in Israel that ye go to inquire

of Baal-zebub?" The addition of the margin to ii. 9 forbids the common mistake of supposing that Elisha asked to have twice as much of the Spirit as Elijah had. He asked a first-born's portion in his master's spirit. In viii. 11 the addition of the words in italics, "*upon him*," to the statement, "and he settled his countenance steadfastly," removes an ambiguity by showing that it was the steady gaze of Elisha that put Hazael to shame. In ix. 8, and everywhere, the term "man child" expresses the full sense, and does away with a disagreeable form of speech. (A similar euphemism is introduced in xvii. 27.) In xii. 4 the phrase "current money," which exactly renders the Hebrew, displaces the obscure statement, "*even the money of every one that passeth the account*." Many readers have stumbled at the statement (xxii. 14) that Huldah dwelt at Jerusalem "in the college," but the word means, as the revision has it, "the second quarter" of the city, probably an addition recently made to its inclosure.

In 2 Chron. in A. V. we read of oxen that compassed the molten sea "ten in a cubit," which is impossible. The revision has it "for ten cubits." The word "devils" in xi. 15 is incorrect, and is therefore rendered literally "he goats." The last words of this chapter, "And he desired many wives," which in the A. V. only repeat what has been already said, are made in the revision to have a sense which is legitimate and in harmony with the connection. "And he sought for them [the sons just mentioned] many wives."

IN THE POETICAL BOOKS

"Sheol" replaces "hell," which has been changed in prose passages to "the grave" and "the pit," with "sheol" in the margin. "Of these renderings, hell," says the preface, "if it could be taken in its original sense as used in the creeds, would be a fairly adequate equivalent for the Hebrew word, but it is so commonly understood as the place of torment that to employ it frequently would lead to inevitable misunderstanding." In Isaiah xiv., where "hell" is used in more of its original sense, the revisers have left "hell" in the text, putting "sheol" in the margin.

Jon i. 5 (also ii. 11, and ii. 5, 9), "cursed God" is rendered "renounced God." In iii. 8, the change of "mourning" into "Leviathan" (the marginal reading of A. V.) is demanded by fidelity. In v. 7, 8 the reasoning of Eliphaz is sadly perplexed in the A. V. by making him say "Although affliction cometh not, yet

man is born to trouble, etc.;" whereas what he says is really as the revision gives it:

For affliction cometh not forth of the dust,
Neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;
But man is born unto trouble,
As the sparks fly upward.

Sorrow does not come from natural causes, but from man's sinful nature. In viii. 13, as in seven other places, "hypocrite" is changed to "godless man," which is the true meaning of the word. In ix. 29 "If I be wicked" is justly, and with great advantage to the sense, made to read, "I shall be condemned." In the very difficult verse, xi. 12, the revision ~~renders~~

But in vain man would be wise,
Though man is born as a wild ass's colt,

and puts in the margin one of the most probable of the many other renderings, some of which show that if the charge in the text is not true of the race, it is of some members of it. In xii. 5 the obscure comparison of a man ready to fall to "a lamp despised" disappears in the revision, which renders faithfully and clearly,

In the thought of him that is at ease there is contempt for
misfortune;
It is ready for them whose foot slippeth.

We are glad to see that the common version of 13, 15, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," is substantially retained, though most critics give it a different sense.

In v. 27 the obscure "settest a print upon the heels of my feet" becomes "drawest a line about the soles of my feet"—i.e., keepest me a prisoner. The revision renders xvii. 11 "Are the consolations of God," etc., more literally and forcibly, thus:

Are the consolations of God too small for thee,
And the word that *dealeth* gently with thee?

So in xvi. 21 it makes Job express the wish that his witness, God, would see right done him both with God and with men. The touching passage xvii. 15, 16, "where is now my hope? They shall go down," etc., is so altered as to show Job's conviction that the hope held before him by his friends, instead of being realized, will go down with him to Sheol when once he finds rest in the grave. Thus:

Where, then, is my hope?
And as for my hope, who shall see it?
It shall go down to the bars of Sheol,
When once there is rest in the dust.

In xviii. 15 the meaningless words "It shall dwell in his tabernacle because it is none of his," become "There shall dwell in his tent that which is none of his"—viz., strangers.

The notable passage xix. 25-27 is greatly clarified. The offensive and needless mention of "worms," to which there is nothing answering in the Hebrew, is dropped. Job had just expressed a wish for a perpetual record of his words, that coming generations might know his claim to rectitude. This, however, was not enough. Hence he adds, "But I know"—whatever their opinion may be; "I know"—that my Redeemer liveth. This vindicator will stand up upon the earth in a future day, and Job will see him. That vision of God will be all that he needs, as it is an assurance of peace and reconciliation. It will be from his flesh, and as his body is said to have been destroyed, it must be from a new body, which implies a resurrection. In the margin are stated the other and more generally accepted views, which consider the vision as made "without the flesh"—i.e., in a disembodied state, and that Job sees God "on my side"—i.e., favorable, and "not a stranger"—i.e., not hostile or estranged. The last clause, "My reins are consumed within me," is an expression of intense longing.

THE PSALMS are definitely divided into five books, the last four beginning respectively at Psalms xiii., lxiii., xc. and cvii. In Ps. viii. 5 man is said "to have been made a little lower than God," which exactly conforms to the Hebrew. The A. V.'s "lower than the angels" was taken from the LXX. (and copied by the Vulgate, and quoted in Hebrews ii. 7), where they answer the needs of the writer's argument. But the quotation in the N. T. affords no reason for overlooking the strength of the Hebrew. The use of JEHOVAH (in place of LORD) in the first verse and the last adds to the force and beauty of the psalm. In Ps. ix. the confusion and obscurity of v. 6 are removed by a version which brings God's overthrow of the wicked into marked contrast with the fact that He sits as king forever. In Ps. x. every verse except the first is more or less changed, with the effect on the whole of greatly increasing the vividness of the characterization. In xi. 2 the substitution of "in darkness" for "privily" is one of many instances in which a literal version is more expressive than any paraphrase. The 16th Psalm is greatly improved. Its general theme is that God is all in all to the believer, and this is well given in the new rendering of v. 2,

I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord;
I have no good beyond thee.

In v. 10 the revision substitutes for the misleading "in hell" the literal rendering "to

Sheol," which means that the singer's soul is not to be abandoned to the state of the dead. The change of the same word in xviii. 5 shows that the writer there was not complaining of hellish sorrows, but of the net-work of the unseen world closing around him.

The cords of Sheol were round about me.

WE PLACE A FEW CHANGES IN PARALLEL COLUMNS.

AUTHORIZED VERSION.	REVISED VERSION.
Ps. 22: 5. "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."	"I will set him in safety at whom they mock."
Ps. 68: 4. "Extol him that rideth upon the heavens."	"Cast up a highway for him that rideth thro' the deserts."
Ps. 68: 19. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits."	"Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burdens."
Ps. 68: 30. "Rebuke the company of spearmen."	"Rebuke the wild beasts of the roads."
Ps. 82: 7. "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there. All my springs are in Thee."	"As well the singers as they that dance say, all my fountains are in Thee."
Ps. 141: 5. "And let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head."	"And let him reprove me; it shall be oil upon the head; let not my head refuse it."
Prov. 14: 9. "Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is sin."	"The foolish scorn the guilt offering; but among the upright there is good will."
Is. 16: "Carved woods, fine linen of Egypt."	"Striped cloths of the yarn of Egypt."
Is. 23: "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom."	"And so is wisdom to a man of understanding."
Is. 25: 15. "The way of transgressors is hard."	"The way of the treacherous is ragged."
Is. 26: 2. "The preparations in man and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord."	"The preparations of the heart belong to man, but the answer of the tongue is from the Lord."
Ecc. 5: 14. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."	"All is vanity and striving after wind."
Is. 23: 13. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, etc."	"This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard. Fear God, etc."

THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

The revision adheres to the A. V. in the prose form, except in those cases where the poetic form and spirit plainly contrast with that which precedes and follows, e.g., the prayer of Jonah and the sublime ode in the 3d chapter of Habakkuk, and the whole of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which are evidently of a lyric character. The division into paragraphs is suggested either by the short titles given the text, as in Isaiah xxi. 11, 13, where "The

burden of Dumah" and "The burden upon Arabia" obviously imply the transition to a new theme, or by the internal structure to other parts where the prophet passes from one subject to another. The christology of the O. T. is scarcely changed. The crucial passage, Isaiah vii. 14, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," remains unchanged, except that the margin suggests, "the Virgin is with child and beareth." Isaiah xl. 4, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord," is changed to read "The voice of one that crieth, prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord." Is. 5. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire," is changed for the better, "For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for the fuel of fire." In the 53d chap. the revision removes the confusion of tenses in vs. 2, 3, as "He *shall* grow up;" "when we shall see him;" "He *is* despised and rejected." The correction of these makes the description more correct and impressive, as one continuous picture of lowliness and rejection. In v. 3, instead of "we hid as it were our faces from Him," there is the exacter rendering, "as one from whom men hide their face, He was despised," etc. The difficult 8th verse, "he was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation?" is made plainer by rendering, "By oppression and judgment He was taken away; and who considereth His generation?" In liv. 8 "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee" becomes "In overflowing wrath I hid my face," etc., thus making a stronger contrast with the kindness mentioned in the next clause. In v. 12 the promise to Zion is not "windows of agate," but "pinnacles of rubies." In lvi. 10, 11 the comparison of Israel's rulers to dumb, indolent, greedy dogs, and to faithless shepherds, is brought out much more clearly than in the A. V. The indignant question of Jehovah at offerings made to idols (lvii. 6), "Should I receive comfort in these?" is much better expressed by "Shall I be appeased for these things?" "who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah," etc., is greatly helped by representing the conqueror as "marching" rather than "travelling" in the greatness of his strength, and by a more vigorous rendering of the last clause of v. 6, but especially by preserving the preterite tenses of the original.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A SOCIETY for the study of Teutonic and Romance philology has recently been founded in St. Petersburg. At its third meeting, held a few days ago, "Beowulf" was the subject of the paper read by M. Th. A. Braun. M. Braun has prepared a close prose Russian translation from the text published by the Early English Text Society.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS has returned to his work on Italian history, and is studying the sequel to his "Renaissance in Italy." This book will show the changes wrought in Italian society and culture by the Catholic revival and Spanish influence, during the period between 1530 and 1600.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is now preparing for his approaching departure across the Atlantic, and intends to undertake no fresh literary work until he returns with some more "impressions of America."

THE *Times* records the death at Leipsic, on April 15, of Walther von Goethe, the grandson of the great poet, whose family thus becomes extinct. The deceased had some repute as a musician, and had been a pupil of Mendelssohn. It is said that he possessed a large number of documents relating to his illustrious ancestor, which it is expected will now be made public.

HUNGARIAN literature has suffered a heavy loss by the death at Buda-Pesth on April 14th of Wilhelm Györy, the popular poet and author of several plays. Györy was an Evangelical pastor, and a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

SOME little time ago a gentleman bought for a few pence at a bookstall in London an old book, which was of no particular value, but which he happened to want. It was bound in vellum, and by the lapse of time the skin had become separated from the cardboard to which it had originally been pasted. On reaching home, and when about to commence the perusal of his purchase, Mr. — noticed a something between the vellum and the boards. Without much thought of what he was doing, he unfolded the vellum, when to his great delight he saw what proved to be nearly a whole pack of very rare and ancient playing cards. After keeping his treasures for some little time, and exhibiting them to his friends, Mr. — was at last induced to part with them for a considerable sum to the British Museum. He

has spent all his leisure time since in examining the bindings of old books at stalls and elsewhere.

It has been decided that the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, hitherto closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, shall, from the 1st of May till the 15th of September, remain open till 6 P.M. A century ago the library was open but on two days a week, and then only from 9 to 2 o'clock. By a decree of 25 Vendémiaire, An IV., it was ordered that it should be regularly opened every day from 10 till 2; in 1832 the time was extended another hour; and in 1858, under M. Taschereau's administration, the closing hour was fixed at 4 o'clock.

M. PAUL BOURGET, the author of "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" and several other volumes of prose and verse, is engaged on a series of studies on the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England in its literary aspect. These studies will probably ultimately be collected into a volume after their appearance in one or two of the leading French magazines.

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI has prepared for the press a book whose title, "Time Flies, a Reading Diary," indicates its nature. It is to consist of entries of various kinds for every day of the year: adjusted to church festivals and black letter days. The subject matter is nevertheless varied in character; anecdotes, personal reminiscences, discursive remarks, etc., finding constant place in the three hundred pages or thereabout of which the volume will consist.

MRS. MARY HOWITT has written a series of papers which she entitles "Reminiscences of My Life." They are to appear in "Good Words," beginning with the June number.

THE first chapter of Mr. Ruskin's illustrated "Autobiography" has appeared in London. The work is to be completed in thirty chapters (three volumes) which will be brought out monthly. A limited number of large paper copies will be issued with India proof impressions of the plates. The title of the book is "Præterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life."

MR. STANLEY's book on the Congo is to be printed in eight different languages, conveying to as many great nations the views of "four river basins," which, to employ the author's characteristically mercantile words, are "offered to civilization at the rate of 1½d. per acre, with an annual trade of over 3s. per acre almost guaranteed."

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GENIUS AND INSANITY.

BY JAMES SULLY.

THE problems which have so long perplexed the thoughtful mind in the presence of that dark yet fascinating mystery, the nature and origin of genius, have recently propounded themselves with new stress and insistence. Whatever may be said against Mr. Froude's neglect of the pruning knife in publishing Carlyle's *Journals and Letters*, the psychologist at least will be grateful to him for what is certainly an unusually full and direct presentment of the temperament and life of genius. Here we may study the strange lineaments which stamp a family likeness on the selected few in whose souls has burnt the genuine fire of inspiration. These memoirs disclose with a startling distinctness the pathetic as well as the heroic side of the great man. In Carlyle we see the human spirit in its supreme strength jarred and put out of tune by the suffering incident

to preternaturally keen sensibilities and an unalterably gloomy temperament.

In this strange record, too, we find ourselves once more face to face with what is perhaps the most fascinating of the fascinating problems surrounding the subject of intellectual greatness, that of its relation to mental health. Carlyle compels the attentive reader to propound to himself anew the long-standing puzzle, "Is genius something wholly normal and sane?" For there is surely a suggestion of temporary mental unsoundness in the idea of that lonely wanderer through the crowded streets of London suddenly seeing in the figures he met so many spectres, and feeling himself to be but another "ghastly phantom haunted by demons." And if all anger is a sort of madness, it is but natural that one should see something of a momentary mania in those terrible outbursts of a

spirit of revolt against all things which now and again made desolate the Chelsea home, and wrung from the sage's wife the humiliating confession that she felt as if she were "keeper in a madhouse."

The idea that there is an affinity between genius and mental disease seems at first foreign to our modern habits of thought. In the one, we have human intellect rejoicing in titanic strength; in the other, the same intellect disordered and pitiably enfeebled. Yet, as has been hinted, the belief in the connection of the two is an old and persistent one. In truth, the common opinion has always gravitated towards this belief. A word or two may make this clear.

To the multitude of men genius wears a double aspect. Superlative intellectual endowment is plainly something very unlike the ordinary type of intelligence. The relation of lofty superiority includes that of distance, and mediocrity in viewing the advent of some new spiritual star may adopt either the one or the other *manière de voir*. Which aspect it will select for special contemplation depends on circumstances. In general, it may be said that, since the recognition of greatness presupposes a power of comprehension not always granted to mediocrity, the fact of distance is more likely to impress than the fact of altitude. It is only when supreme wisdom has justified itself, as in the predictions of the true prophet, that its essential rightness is seen by the crowd. Otherwise the great man has had to look for recognition mainly from his peers and the slightly more numerous company of those whose heads rise about the mists of contemporary prejudice.

It is easy to see that this vulgar way of envisaging genius as marked divergence from common-sense views of things may lead on to a condemnation of it as a thing unnatural and misshapen. For, evidently, such divergence bears a superficial likeness to eccentricity. Indeed, as has been well said, the original teacher has this much in common with the man mentally deranged, that he "is in a minority of one;" and, when pains are not taken to note the direction of the divergence, originality may readily be confounded with the most stupid singularity. And further, a cursory glance

at the constitution of genius will suffice to show that the originator of new and startling ideas is very apt to shock the sense of common men by eccentricities in his manner of life. A man whose soul is being consumed by the desire to discover some new truth, or to give shape to some new artistic idea, is exceedingly liable to fall below the exactions of conventional society in the matter of toilette and other small businesses of life. Among the many humorously pathetic incidents in the records of great men, there is perhaps none more touching than the futile attempt of Beethoven to dress himself with scrupulous conformity to the Viennese pattern of his day.

In contradistinction to this disparaging view, the admiring contemplation of the great man as towering above minds of ordinary stature seems directly opposed to any approximation of the ideas of genius and mental disorder. And this has undoubtedly been in the main the tendency of the more intelligent kind of reverence. At the same time, by a strange eddy-like movement in the current of human thought, the very feeling for the marvellousness of genius has given birth to a theory of its nature which in another way has associated it with mental aberration. I refer to the ancient doctrine of inspiration as developed more particularly in Greece.

It may be worth while to review for a moment the general course of thought on this dark subject.

In the classic world, preternatural intellectual endowments were on the whole, greeted with admiration. In Greece, more particularly, the fine æsthetic sense for what is noble, and the quenchless thirst for new ideas led to a revering appreciation of great original powers.* The whole manner of viewing such gifts was charged with supernaturalism. As the very words employed clearly indicate, such fine native endowment was attributed to the superior quality of the protective spirit (*δαίμων*, genius) which attended each individual from his birth. We see this supernatural-

* Sokrates is perhaps only an apparent exception, for the odium he excited seems to have been due to the essentially critical and destructive character of his mission.

ism still more plainly in the Greek notion of the process of intellectual generation. The profound mystery of the process, hardly less deep than that of physical generation, led to the grand supposition of a direct action of the Deity on the productive mind. To the Greeks, the conception of new artistic ideas implied a possession (*κατοχή*) of the individual spirit by the god.

Now it might naturally occur to one that such an inundation of the narrow confines of the human mind by the divine fulness would produce a violent disturbance of its customary processes. It was a shock which agitated the whole being to its foundation, exciting it to a pitch of frenzy or mania. The poet was conceived of as infuriated or driven mad by the god. And a somewhat analogous effect of divine intoxication was recognized by Plato as constituting the essence of philosophic intuition.* Hence Greek and Roman literature abounds with statements and expressions which tend to assimilate the man of genius to a madman. The "furor poeticus" of Cicero and the "amabilis insania" of Horace answer to the *θεῖα μανία* of Plato. And to the more scientific mind of Aristotle it appeared certain (according to Seneca) that there was no great intellectual (*magnum ingenium*) without some mixture of madness (*dementia*).

It must be remembered, however, that in the eyes of the ancients genius was hardly degraded by this companionship with madness. Men had not yet begun to look on insanity as one of the most pitiable of maladies. So far from this, it was a common idea that the insane were themselves inspired by the action of deity. We have a striking illustration of the absence even among the educated Greeks of the modern feeling towards madness in the fact that Plato was able to argue, with no discoverable trace of his playful irony, that certain sorts of madness are to be esteemed a good rather than an evil.†

* See the memorable passage in the *Phædrus*, p. 244 A, &c. Plato went so far as to suggest that the name *μάντις*, seer, was derived from *μαίνεσθαι*, to rage or be mad.

† *Phædrus*, loc. cit. Mr. Lecky points out that the Greeks had no asylums for the insane (*History of European Morals*, vol. II. p. 90).

The influence of Christianity and of the Church served at first to brand mental derangement with the mark of degradation. The doctrine of possession now assumed a distinctly repellent form by the introduction of the Oriental idea of an evil spirit taking captive the human frame, and using it as an instrument of its foul purposes. The full development of this idea of demoniacal possession in the Middle Ages led, as we know, to many cruelties. And though Christianity showed its humane side in making provision for the insane by asylums, the treatment of mental disease during this period was, on the whole, marked by much harshness.*

This debasement of the idea of madness had, however, no appreciable effect in dissolving the companionship of the two ideas in popular thought. For the attitude of the Church was, for the most part, hostile to new ideas, and so to men of original power. In sooth we know that they were again and again branded as heretics, and as wicked men possessed by the devil. And thus genius was attached to insanity by a new bond of kinship.

The transition to the modern period introduces us to a new conception both of genius and of insanity. The impulse of inquisitiveness, the delight in new ideas, aided by the historical spirit with its deep sense of indebtedness to the past, have led the later world to extol intellectual greatness. We have learnt to see in it the highest product of Nature's organic energy, the last and greatest miracle of evolution. On the other hand, the modern mind has ceased to see in insanity a supernatural agency, and in assimilating it to other forms of disease has taken up a humane and helpful attitude towards it.

Such a change of view might seem at first to necessitate a sharp severance of the new ideas. For while it places genius at the apex of evolution, it reduces madness to a form of disintegration and dissolution. Nevertheless, we meet in modern literature with an unmis-

On the other hand, Dr. Maudsley tells us that Greek scientific opinion on the subject was an anticipation of modern ideas (*Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 6).

* See Lecky, *op. cit.* vol. II. p. 92, &c.; cf. Maudsley, *op. cit.* p. 10.

takable tendency to maintain the old association of ideas. Genius is now recognized as having a pathological side, or aside related to mental disease. Among our own writers we have so healthy and serene a spirit as Shakespeare asserting a degree of affinity between poetic creation and madness :—

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact, &c.

Midsummer Night's Dream, act. v. sc. 1.

A more serious affirmation of a propinquity is to be found in the well-known lines of Dryden :—

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.*

As might be expected, French writers, with their relish for pungent paradox, have dwelt with special fulness on this theme. "Infinis esprits," writes Montaigne on a visit to Tasso in his asylum, "se trouvent ruinez par leur propre force et soupplisse." Pascal observes that "l'extrême esprit est voisin de l'extrême folie." In a similar strain Diderot writes, "Oh ! que le génie et la folie se touchent de bien près !" The French writer who most distinctly emphasises the proposition is Lamartine. "Le génie," he observes in one place, "porte en lui un principe de destruction, de mort, de folie, comme le fruit porte le ver ;" and again, he speaks of that "maladie mentale" which is called genius.

In German literature it is Goethe the perfect ideal, as it would seem, of healthy genius, who dwells most impressively on this idea. His drama, *Tasso*, is an elaborate attempt to uncover and expose the morbid growths which are apt to cling parasitically about the tender plant of genius. With this must be mentioned, as another striking literary presentment of the same subject, the two eloquent passages on the nature of genius in Schopenhauer's *opus magnum*.

Against this compact consensus of opinion on the one side we have only a rare protest like that of Charles Lamb on behalf of the radical sanity of genius.† Such a mass of opinion cannot lightly be dismissed as valueless. It is impossible to set down utterances of men like Diderot or Goethe to the envy of mediocrity. Nor can we readily suppose

that so many penetrating intellects have been misled by a passion for startling paradox. We are to remember, moreover, that this is not a view of the great man *ab extra*, like that of the vulgar already referred to ; it is the opinion of members of the distinguished fraternity themselves who are able to observe and study genius from the inside.

Still, it may be said, this is after all only unscientific opinion. Has science, with her more careful method of investigating and proving, anything to say on this interesting theme ? It is hardly to be supposed that she would have overlooked so fascinating a subject. And, as a matter of fact, it has received a considerable amount of attention from pathologists and psychologists. And here for once science appears to support the popular opinion. The writers who have made the subject their special study agree as to the central fact that there is a relation between high intellectual endowment and mental derangement, though they differ in their way of defining this relation. This conclusion is reached both inductively by a survey of facts, and deductively by reasoning from the known nature and conditions of great intellectual achievement on the one hand, and of mental disease on the other.*

What we require first of all is clearly as many instances as can be found of men of genius who have exhibited intellectual or moral peculiarities which are distinctly symptomatic of mental disease. Such a collection of facts, if sufficient, will supply us with a basis for induction. In making this collection we need not adopt any theory respecting the nature either of genius or of mental disease. It is sufficient to say that we include under the former term all varieties of origina-tive power, whether in art, science, or practical affairs. And as to the latter term, it is enough to start with the assumption that fully developed insanity is

* The principal authoritative utterances on the subject are Moreau, *La Psychologie morbide*, &c. ; Hagen, "Ueber die Verwandtschaft des Genies mit dem Irresein" (*Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie*, Band 33) ; and Rade-stock, *Genie und Wahnsinn* (Breslau, 1884). This last contains the latest review of the whole question, and is written in a thoroughly cautious scientific spirit. I have derived much aid from it in preparing this essay.

* *Absalom and Achitophel*, part i. line 163.

† See his essay, "Sanity of True Genius," in the *Last Essays of Elia*.

recognizable by certain well-known marks: and that there are degrees of mental deterioration, and a gradual transition from mental health to mental disease, the stages of which also can, roughly, at least, be marked off and identified.

In surveying the facts which have been relied on by writers, we shall lay most stress on mental as distinguished from bodily or nervous symptoms. And of these we may conveniently begin with the less serious manifestations

I. The lowest grade of mental disturbance is seen in that temporary appearance of irrationality which comes from an extreme state of "abstraction" or absence of mind. To the vulgar, as already hinted, all intense preoccupation with ideas, by calling off the attention from outer things and giving a dream-like appearance to the mental state, is apt to appear symptomatic of "queerness" in the head. But in order that it may find a place among distinctly abnormal features this absence of mind must attain a certain depth and persistence. The ancient story of Archimedes, and the amusing anecdotes of Newton's fits, if authentic, might be said perhaps to illustrate the border-line between a normal and an abnormal condition of mind. A more distinctively pathological case is that of Beethoven, who could not be made to understand why his standing in his night attire at an open window should attract the irreverent notice of the street boys. For in this case we have a temporary incapacity to perceive exterior objects and their relations; and a deeper incapacity of a like nature clearly shows itself in poor Johnson's standing before the town clock vainly trying to make out the hour.

This same aloofness of mind from the external world betrays itself in many of the eccentric habits attributed to men and women of genius. Here again Johnson serves as a good instance. His inconvenient habit of suddenly breaking out with scraps of the Lord's Prayer in a fashionable assembly marks a distinctly dangerous drifting away of the inner life from the firm anchorage of external fact.

In the cases just considered we have to do with a kind of mental blindness to outer circumstances. A further advance

along the line of intellectual degeneration is seen in the persistence of vivid ideas, commonly anticipations of evil of some kind, which have no basis in external reality. Johnson's dislike to particular alleys in his London walks, and Madame de Stael's bizarre idea that she would suffer from cold when buried, may be taken as examples of these painful delusions or *idées fixes*. A more serious stage of such delusions is seen in the case of Pascal, who is said to have been haunted by the fear of a gulph yawning just in front of him, which sometimes became so overmastering that he had to be fastened by a chain to keep him from leaping forward.

It is plain that in this last case we touch on the confines of sense-illusion. It is probable that hallucinations may occur as very rare experiences in the case of normal and healthy minds. Yet though not confined to states of insanity, illusions of the senses are commonly if not always indicative of at least a temporary disturbance of the psycho-physical organism. And we have on record a considerable number of instances of eminent men who were subject to these deceptions. It is not only the religious recluse, with his ill-nourished body, and his persistent withdrawal from the corrective touch of outer things, who experiences them. Luther was their victim as well as Loyola. Auditory hallucinations—that is, the hearing of imaginary voices—appear to have occurred to Malebranche and Descartes, as they certainly did to Johnson. The instances of visual hallucinations are perhaps more numerous still. Pope, Johnson, Byron, Shelley, are said to have had their visions. Even so strong and well-balanced a mind as Goethe was not exempted. Nor has the active life of the soldier always proved a safeguard. The stories of the prognostic visions of Brutus and other generals of the old world are well known. Among modern ones, Napoleon is said to have had recurring visits from his guardian spirit or genius.

In the abnormalities just touched on, disturbance of intellectual function is the chief circumstance, though an element of emotional disturbance is commonly observable as well. In another class of cases this last ingredient becomes

the conspicuous feature. By this is meant such an accession of general emotional excitability, and along with this such a hypertrophy and absolute ascendancy of certain feelings, as to constitute a distinct approximation to the disorganised physical state which has been called moral insanity.

And here reference may first be made to that violence of temper and that extravagant projection of self and its concerns to the displacement of others' claims and interests which might be termed a kind of moral hallucination. How many names in the roll of English writers at once occur to the mind in this connection! Pope, Johnson, Swift, Byron, to which list must now be added Carlyle, may be taken as typical instances of the *genus irritabile vatum*. And among foreign deities, we have Voltaire and Rousseau, Handel and Beethoven, and even philosophers like Herder and Schopenhauer.

Other emotional disorders take on more distinctly the aspect of moral obliquities. And here we have specially to do with poetic genius. Without adopting the slightly contemptuous opinion that poets are, as a rule, a "sensuous, erotic race," one must admit that an untamed wildness of amatory passion has been a not infrequent accompaniment of fine poetic imagination.*

For a clear illustration, however, of the morbid tendency of such irregularities, we must go not to the comparatively regular life of a Goethe or a Shelley, but to the wild and lawless career of a Rousseau, of whom it was well said by a clever woman, "Quand la Nature forma Rousseau, la sagesse pétrit la pâte, mais la folie y jeta son levain."

To a tempestuous violence of sexual passion there has too commonly joined itself a feverish craving for physical stimulants;† and so the pure heavenly flame of genius has again and again had to contend with the foul, murky vapors which exhale from the lower animal

* Even the spiritual Dante has been found wanting in this matter by no more strait-laced an authority than Boccaccio.

† These include not only alcoholic drinks but opium, to the use of which Voltaire, Madame de Staël, Coleridge, and De Quincey, and probably others were addicted. The excitement of gambling seemed in Lessing's case to be the place of physical stimulants.

nature. No need to tell again the gloomy story of splendid power eaten into and finally destroyed by the cancer of rampant appetite. In our own literature the names of Ben Jonson, Nat Lee, Burns, and others at once occur to the student. Edgar Allan Poe represents the same tragic fatefulness of genius in American letters. Among Frenchmen we have as conspicuous examples Villon, and De Musset. Among Germans, Günther, Bürger, and numbers of those about Herder and Goethe in the turbulent times of the *Sturm und Drang*, and Hoffmann, the novelist, suffered the same moral shipwreck.

II. We may now pass to another class of cases in which the pathological character is still more plainly discernible. Outbursts of fierce passionateness may perhaps be thought by some to be after all only marks of a certain kind of robust vitality. But no one will say this of the gloomy depression, the melancholy brooding on personal ills, ending sometimes in distinctly hypochondriac despondency, which have not unfrequently been the accompaniment of great intellectual power. It was remarked by Aristotle, who was a long way the shrewdest and most scientific observer of antiquity, that all men of genius have been melancholic or atrabilious.* He instances Empedocles, Socrates, and Plato, and the larger number of the poets. And the page of modern biographic literature would supply many a striking illustration of the same temperament. The pessimism of Johnson, Swift, Byron, and Carlyle, of Schopenhauer and Lenau, of Leopardi and of Lamartine, may perhaps be taken as a signal manifestation of the gloom which is apt to encompass great and elevated spirits, like the mists which drift towards and encircle the highest mountain peaks.

In some cases this melancholy assumes a more acute form, giving rise to the thought, and even the act of suicide. Among those who have confessed to have experienced the impulse may be

* "Cur homines qui ingenio claruerunt vel in studiis philosophiæ, vel in republicâ administrandâ, vel in carmine pangendo, vel in artibus exercendis, melancolicos omnes fuisse videamus?" *Prob. xxx.* Aristotle's authority on the point is quoted by Cicero, *Tuscul. disp. i. 33*; *de divin. i. 38*.

mentioned Goethe in the Werther days, Beethoven during the depression brought on by his deafness, Chateaubriand in his youth, and George Sand also in her early days. The last, writing of her experience, says: "Cette sensation (at the sight of water, a precipice, &c.) fut quelquefois si vive, si subite, si bizarre, que je pus bien constater que c'était une espèce de folie dont j'étais atteinte." Johnson's weariness of life was, it seems certain, only prevented from developing into the idea of suicide by his strong religious feeling and his extraordinary dread of death, which was itself, perhaps, a morbid symptom.

In some cases this idea prompted to actual attempts to take away life. The story of Cowper's trying to hang himself and afterwards experiencing intense religious remorse is well known. Another instance is that of Saint-Simon, whose enormous vanity itself looks like a form of monomania, and who, in a fit of despondency, fired a pistol at his head, happily with no graver result than the loss of an eye. Alfieri, who was the victim of the "most horrid melancholy," tried on one occasion, after being bled by a surgeon, to tear off the bandage in order to bleed to death. Among those who succeeded in taking away their life are Chatterton, whose mind had been haunted by the idea from early life, Kleist the poet, and Beneke the philosopher.

III. We may now pass to the most important group of facts—namely, instances of men of genius who have suffered from fully developed mental disease.

In certain cases this disruption of the organs of mind shows itself in old age, and here, it is evident, we have to distinguish what is known as senile dementia from the impairment of faculty incident to old age. A clear instance of cerebral disease is afforded by the botanist Linnæus, whose faculties gave way after a stroke. The mental stupor into which the poet Southey finally sank was a similar phenomenon. Swift's fatal disease, the nature of which has only recently been cleared up by science, was cerebral disorganization brought on by peripheral disease in the organ of hearing. Zimmermann, the author of the work on Solitude, who had been a hypo-

chondriac from the age of twenty, ended his life in a state of melancholy indistinguishable from insanity. The final collapse, under the pressure of pecuniary anxieties, of Scott's cerebral powers is too well known to need more than a bare mention.

Besides these instances of senile collapse, there are several cases of insanity showing itself in the vigorous period of life. Sometimes, as in the instance of Richelieu, who had shown himself an erratic being from his childhood, the madness appeared as a sudden and transient fit of delirium. In other cases the disorder took a firmer hold on the patient. Charles Lamb, Handel, and Auguste Comte suffered from insanity for a time, and had to be put under restraint. Tasso, whose whole nature was distinctly tinged with the "insane temperament," had again and again to be confined as a madman. Donizetti was also for a time insane and confined in an asylum. Among those who became hopelessly insane were the poets Lensau and Hölderlin and the composer Schumann, the latter of whom had long been the victim of melancholy and hallucinations, and had before his confinement attempted to drown himself in the Rhine.

I have preferred to dwell on the psychical aspect of the relation between genius and disease. But no adequate investigation of the subject is possible which does not consider the physical aspect as well. No one now perhaps really doubts that to every degree of mental disturbance and mental disorganisation there corresponds some degree of deterioration and disorganisation of the nerve-centres. Psychical disturbance and disruption proceed *pari passu* with physical.

This being so, it is pertinent to our study to remark that men of genius have in a surprising number of cases been affected by forms of nervous disease which, though not having such well-marked psychical accompaniments as occur in states of insanity, are known to be allied to these.

IV. To begin with, it seems certain that a number of great men have died from disease of the nerve-centres. Among other names may be mentioned Pascal, who had all his life been the

victim of nervous disorders, and who succumbed, at the early age of thirty-nine, to paralysis accompanied by convulsions. Two of the greatest scientific men, Kepler and Cuvier, died, according to Moreau, from disease of the brain. Rousseau was carried off by an attack of apoplexy. Mozart's early death was due to brain disease, showing itself in other ways by morbid delusions, fainting fits, and convulsions. Another musician, Mendelssohn, succumbed to an attack of apoplexy. Heine's fatal malady, which kept him for seven years a prisoner in his "mattress-grave," was disease of the lower nerve-centres in the spinal cord.

Other men of genius have suffered from nervous disorders from time to time. Molière was the subject of recurring convulsions, an attack of which would prevent his working for fifteen days. Alfieri, to whose morbid mental symptoms reference has already been made, suffered when young from a disease of the lymphatic system, and was afterwards liable to convulsions. Paganini, the musician, suffered from an attack of catalepsy when four years old, and later on was the victim of recurring convulsions; and Schiller, who was very delicate from youth, was also the subject of recurring fainting fits and convulsions.

The lesser forms of nervous disorder—headache, malaise, and recurring periods of nervous prostration—are too common among all brain-workers to call for special notice here. The latest biography of a woman of genius strikingly illustrates this milder form of the penalty which mortals have to pay for daring to aspire to the ranks of the immortals. In George Eliot we have one more name added to the list of great ones to whom, to use the words of a French writer, has been granted "le funes te privilège d'entendre crier à toute heure les ressorts de leur machine."

V. One other significant group of facts remains to be touched on. In a considerable number of cases it has been ascertained that insanity or other form of nervous disorder has shown itself in the same family as genius, whether as its forerunner, companion, or successor. Chateaubriand's father is said to have died of apoplexy. Schopenhauer's

grandmother and uncle were imbecile. Several distinguished men had insane sisters, among others Richelieu, Diderot, Hegel,* and Charles Lamb. One of Mendelssohn's sons became insane.†

I have endeavored in this brief review of the alleged facts to give an adequate impression of their variety and range. It now remains to inquire into their precise evidential value.

The first question that naturally arises here is whether the facts are well authenticated and accurately presented. A cautious mind will readily reflect that if genius as such is apt to assume an abnormal aspect to average common-sense, biographers may easily have invented, or at least exaggerated, some of the alleged morbid characteristics of the great; and as a matter of fact there is good reason to suppose that this falsifying of the record of greatness has taken place. I may refer to the story of the madness and suicide of Lucretius, which is extremely doubtful, and may have grown out of a religious horror the supposed tendency of his writings. The story of Newton's madness, again, which is given by a French biographer, and which is ably refuted by Sir David Brewster, may owe much of its piquancy to what may be called the unconscious inventiveness of prejudice. Very possibly the stories of the visions of Brutus, Cromwell, and others have had a like origin.

Again, it will be said that even medical men—wishing like others to magnify their office—may have been too ready in spying out the symptoms of insanity. If they are fallible in dealing with the living subject, all of whose physical and mental characteristics are accessible to observation, how much more likely are they to err in diagnosing the minds of the dead by help of a few fragmentary indications only? I think the force of this objection, too, must be allowed. When, for example, a French alienist thinks it worth while to write a book in

* That Hegel's sister was insane and drowned herself is asserted by Moreau, on the authority of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and quoted by Radestock.

† Symptoms of insanity are said by Moreau to have shown themselves in the families of several eminent rulers, including Peter the Great. (See Radestock, p. 4 *seq.*)

order to prove that the belief of Sokrates in a controlling divinity (τὸ δαίμονιον) was a symptom of mental disease, a layman may be pardoned for demanding a mode of investigation more in accordance with the proud claims of science to our absolute and unstinted confidence. A well-informed and critical reader of M. Moreau's tables of biographical facts will not fail to challenge more than one statement of his respecting the morbid characteristics of great men, ancient and modern.*

Allowing, however, for a margin of error, I do not think any candid mind will fail to see that such a body of facts as remains is sufficient to justify us in drawing a conclusion. If men of the highest intellectual calibre were not more liable to mental and nervous disorders than others, no such list out of the short roll of great names could have been obtained. No elaborate calculations are needed, I think, to show that mental malady occurs too often in the history of genius.†

One might perhaps try to evade the unpalatable conclusion by saying that there is genius and genius; that it is weakly, one-sided, and bizarre originality which exhibits these unhealthinesses, whereas the larger and more vigorous productiveness of an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, is free from such blemishes.‡ I think, however, that our facts will compel us to reject this saving clause. There is no question among competent critics of the splendid quality of genius of Swift, of Carlyle, or of Beethoven. Nor in cases of so-called healthy genius can it be said that nothing abnormal ever shows itself. The

above references to Goethe may serve to indicate the liability of abnormal deviation even in the strongest and seemingly most stable type of genius. As for Shakespeare, the instance commonly referred to by Lamb and others who have come to the defence of genius, it is enough to say that our knowledge of his personality and life is far too meagre to justify any conclusion on the point.*

And this brings us to another very important consideration. If too much has been made of the alleged positive instances, too much has been made also of the apparent contradictions or exceptions. The record of past greatness is far too scanty for the most plodding student to find all cases of morbid symptoms which have presented themselves. We who live in an age when a fierce light beats on the throne of intellect, when the public which genius serves is greedy of every trivial detail of information respecting its behavior in the curtained recess of private life, can hardly understand how our ancestors could have neglected to chronicle and to preserve the words and deeds of the greatest of men. Yet such is the case, and the further we go back the scantier the biographic page. Inasmuch, too, as many of the symptoms of nervous disease in the intellectual heroes themselves or their families would possess no significance to the ordinary lay mind, we may feel confident that in many cases where we have a fairly full record important data are omitted.

Another thought naturally occurs to one in this connection. Without endorsing the ancient proverb that the best men die in their youth, we may find good grounds for conjecturing that many endowed with the gift of genius have passed away before their powers culminated in the production of a great monumental work. The early collapse of so many who did attain fame suggests this conclusion. And among such short-lived and unknown recipients of the Divine afflatus it seems reasonable to infer that there were a considerable number who succumbed to some of those forms of

* As when he sees in Swift's witty pamphlet on Ireland a distinct presage of oncoming insanity. In some cases he is inexact in stating his facts, as when he says that Saint Simon committed suicide.

† The proportion is the more striking, because it is not known that insanity is particularly frequent among the more highly educated class of the community.

‡ This seems to be the idea of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes when he distinguishes between poets of "great sun-kindled constructive imagination" and those who have "a certain kind of moonlight genius given them to compensate them for their imperfection of nature," and who are invariably "tinged with melancholy." (*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, chap. viii.)

* Even the little that we know does not all point one way. Against the fine business capacity and so forth we have to set the youthful excesses of which rumor speaks.

psycho-physical disease which have so often attacked their survivors.

It seems then to be an irresistible conclusion that the foremost among human intellects have had more than their share of the ills that flesh is heir to. The possession of genius appears in some way to be unfavorable to the maintenance of a robust mental health. And here arises the question how we are to view this connection. Is the presence of the creative faculty to be regarded as itself an abnormal excrescence in the human mind? Or is it that the possession and fruition of the faculty are apt to be attended with circumstances which are injurious to perfect mental well-being?

In order to understand the precise relation between two things, we ought to know all about the nature and causes of each. But this we are very far from knowing in the present case. Science has, no doubt, done much to clear up the ancient mystery of madness. We now know that it has a perfectly natural origin, and we understand a good deal respecting the more conspicuous agencies, psychical and physical, predisposing and exciting, which brings about the malady. Yet so intricate is the subject, so complex and subtle the influences which may conspire to just disturb the mental balance, that in many cases, even with a full knowledge of an individual and his antecedents, the most skilful expert finds himself unable to give a complete and exhaustive explanation of the phenomenon.

With respect to genius the case is much worse. We may have a clearer intuition of its organic composition than the ancients; we may be able better than they to describe in psychological terms the essential qualities of the original and creative mind. But we have hardly advanced a step with respect to a knowledge of its genesis and antecedents. We do, no doubt, know some little about its family history. Mr. Galton, with his characteristic skill in striking out new paths of experimental research, has brought to light a number of interesting facts with respect to the hereditary transmission of high intellectual endowments. But these researches supply no answer to the supremely interesting question, How does the light of genius happen to

flash out in this particular family at this precise moment? A preparation there may be, as Goethe somewhere hints, in the patient building up by the family of sterling intellectual and moral virtues. But this is hardly the beginning of an explanation. How much the better are we able to comprehend Carlyle's wondrous gift of spiritual clairvoyance for knowing that he came of a thoroughly sound stock, having more than the average, it may be, of Northern shrewdness? To trace the family characteristics in a great man is one thing, to explain the genius which ennobles and immortalises these is another.*

In the present state of our knowledge, then, genius must be looked upon as the most signal and impressive manifestation of that tendency of Nature to variation and individuation in her organic formations which modern science is compelled to retain among its unexplained facts. Why we have a Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo, a Goethe here and now, is a question that cannot be answered. Our ignorance of the many hidden threads that make up the inextricable skein of causation forces us to regard each new appearance of the lamp of genius with much of the wonder, if with something less of the superstition, with which the ancients viewed it.

This being so, we must be content with a very tentative and provisional theory of the relations between genius and mental disease. We cannot, for example, follow M. Moreau in his hardy paradox that genius has as its material substratum a semi-morbid state of the brain, a neuropathic constitution which is substantially identical with the "insane temperament" or "insane neurosis."† For first of all the facts do not support such a generalisation. If the "genial temperament" involved a distinct constitutional disposition to insanity, the number of great men who have actually become insane would cer-

* Much the same applies to what M. Taine and others have said about the larger preparation of the original teacher and the artist by the traditions of the community and the spirit of the age. See, for a careful treatment of the whole question of the antecedents of genius, an article by M. H. Joly, "Psychologie des Grands Hommes" (III.) in the *Revue Philosophique*, August, 1882.

† *Op. cit.* p. 463 seq.

tainly be much greater than it is. And, in the second place, this proposition reposes on far too unsubstantial a basis of hypothetical neurology. We know too little of the variations of nerve structure and function to pronounce confidently on the essential identity of the nervous organisation in the case of the man of genius and of the insane.*

A more modest and possibly more hopeful way of approaching the question appears to offer itself in the consideration of the psychical characteristics of genius. We may inquire into those peculiarities of sensibility and emotion, as well as of intellect, which are discoverable in the typical psychical organisation of the great man, and may trace out some of the more important reflex influences of the life of intellectual production on his mind and character. What we all recognise as genius displays itself in some large original conception, whether artistic, scientific, or practical. And it seems not improbable that by a closer investigation of the conditions and the results of this large constructive activity of mind we may find a clue to the apparent anomaly that grand intellectual powers are so frequently beset with mental and moral infirmity. These lurking-places of abnormal tendencies will, we may expect, betray themselves more readily in the case of artistic and especially poetic genius, which has, indeed, always been viewed as the most pronounced form, and as the typical representative of creative power.

No careful student of genius can fail to see that it has its roots in a nervous organisation of exceptional delicacy. Keeness of sensibility, both to physical and mental stimuli, is one of the fundamental attributes of the original mind. This preternatural sensitiveness of nerve has been illustrated in the two latest records of poetic genius. Carlyle's lively impressibility to sounds and other sensuous agents is familiar to all.† And

of George Eliot it has been well said that "her nerves were servile to every skyey influence." And what a range and intensity of emotion are at once suggested by names like Milton, Dante, Shelley, Heine!

This fineness of the sentient fibre stands in the closest relation to the intellectual side of genius. It is not so much an accompaniment of the creative imagination as its vitalising principle. The wide and penetrating vision of the poet is the correlative of his quick, delicate, and many-sided sensibility. And the stimulus which ever urges him toward the ideal region, which makes him devote his days to the pursuit of some ravishing idea, has its origin in his rare, almost superhuman, capacity of feeling. The modest limits of the real world fail to slack his thirst for the delight of beauty, for the raptures of the sublime. Hence the impulse to fashion new worlds of his own. And by such ideal activities the emotional sensibilities which prompted them are deepened and intensified.

It is easy to see, from this glance at the fundamental conditions of imaginative creation, that it has one of its main impulses in uncommon experiences of suffering. The fine nervous organisation, tremulously responsive to every touch, constitutes in itself, in this all too imperfect world of ours, a special dispensation of sorrow. Exquisite sensibility seems to be connected with a delicate poise of nervous structure eminently favorable to the experience of jarring and dislocating shock. And it is this preponderance of rude shock over smooth, agreeable stimulation—of a sense of dissonance in things over the joyous consciousness of harmony—which seems to supply one of the most powerful incitants to the life of imagination. Hence the dark streak of melancholy which one so often detects in the early years of the great man.

Such an attitude of mind must entail suffering in other ways. As the biography of the man of genius often tells us, he is apt to become aware, at a painfully early date, that his exceptional endowments and the ardent consuming impulses which belong to them collide with the utilities and purposes of ordinary life. 'The soul intent on dreaming its

* Dr. Maudsley is more guarded, contenting himself with saying. "It is truly remarkable how much mankind has been indebted for special displays of talent, if not of genius, to individuals who themselves, or whose parents, have sprung from families in which there has been some predisposition to insanity" (*Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 47).

† Goethe, Schopenhauer, and other great men were particularly sensitive to sounds.

secret dream of beauty is unfit for the business which makes up the common working life of plain, prosaic men. The youth to whom the embodiment of a noble artistic idea or the discovery of a large, fructifying, moral truth, is the one absorbing interest, will be apt to take a shockingly low view of banking, school-mastering, and the other respectable occupations of ordinary citizens.

It follows that the man of genius is, by his very constitution and vocation, to a considerable extent a Solitary. He is apt to offend the world into which he is born by refusing to bow the knee to its conventional deities. His mood of discontent with things presents itself as a reflection on their contented view. On the other hand, his peculiar leanings and aspirations are incomprehensible to them, and stamp him as an alien. "Il y a peu de vices," says Chamfort, with a grim irony, "qui empêchent un homme d'avoir beaucoup d'amis, autant que peuvent le faire de trop grandes qualités." Hence the profound solitude of so many of the earth's great ones, which even the companionships of the home have not sufficed to fill up. And it must be remembered that the ardent emotions of the man of genius bring their extra need of sympathy. Even the consciousness of intellectual dissent from others may become to a deeply sympathetic nature an anguish. "I believe you know" (writes Leopardi to a friend), "but I hope you have not experienced how thought can crucify and martyrise anyone who thinks somewhat differently from others."

Such isolation is distinctly unfavorable to mental health. It deprives a man of wholesome contact with others' experience and ideas, and disposes to abnormal eccentricities of thought. It profoundly affects the emotional nature, breeding melancholy, suspicion of others, misanthropy, and other unwholesome progeny. The "strange interior *tomb* life" of which Carlyle speaks is a striking example of the influence of this isolation in fostering the minute germs of morbid delusion.

If now we turn to the process of intellectual origination, we shall find new elements of danger, new forces adverse to the perfect serenity of mental health.

the rich biographical literature of

modern times teaches us anything, it is that original production is the severest strain of human faculty, the most violent and exhausting form of cerebral action. The pleasing fiction that the perfectly-shaped artistic product occurs to the creative mind as a kind of happy thought is at once dispelled by a little study of great men's recorded experience. All fine original work, it may be safely said, represents severe intellectual labor on the part of the producer, not necessarily at the moment of achievement, but at least in a preparatory collection and partial elaboration of material. The rapidity with which Scott threw off his masterpieces of fiction is only understood by remembering how he had steeped his imagination for years in the life, the scenery, and the history of his country.

It is to be remembered, too, that this swift and seemingly facile mode of creation is by no means an easy play of faculty, akin to the spontaneous sportiveness of witty talk. It involves the full tension of the mental powers, the driving of the cerebral machine at full speed. According to the testimony of more than one man of genius, this fierce activity is fed and sustained by violent emotional excitement.* The notion of producing a work of high imaginative power in a state of perfect cold blood is, as Plato long ago pointed out, absurd. Spiritual generation only takes place when the soul burns and throbs as with a fever. At the moment of productive inspiration the whole being is agitated to its depths, and the latent deposits of years of experience come to the surface. This full springtide of imagination, this cerebral turmoil and clash of currents, makes the severest demands on the controlling and guiding forces of volition. And it is only when the mind is capable of the highest effort of sustained concentration that the process of selecting and organising can keep pace with the rapid inflow of material. Hence, though the excitement may in certain cases be intensely pleasurable, it is nearly always fatiguing and wearing.

But great artistic works are not always flashed into the world by this swift elec-

* Byron, Goethe, Dickens, and others attest to this. Compare what George Eliot says about the way in which the third volume of *Adam Bede* was produced (*Life*, vol. ii. p. 155).

tric process. Some books that men will not let die have been the result of lengthened toil troubled by many a miserable check and delay. The record of Carlyle's experience sufficiently illustrates the truth that there is no necessary relation between rapidity of invention and execution and artistic value of result.* Much depends on the passing mood, more still on the temperament of the individual artist. There are others besides Carlyle to whom spiritual parturition has been largely an experience of suffering, the pangs being but rarely submerged in the large, joyous consciousness that a new idea is born into the world. And when this is so there is another kind of strain on the mental machine. The struggle with intellectual obstacle, the fierce passionate resolve to come in's *Reine* which every student experiences in a humble way, becomes something for the spectator to tremble at.

It is surprising that such states of mental stress and storm should afterwards leave the subject exhausted and prostrate? The wild excitement of production is apt to dull the sense still further to the prosaic enjoyments with which ordinary mortals have to content themselves. More than this, the long and intense preoccupation with the things of the imagination is apt to induce a certain lethargy and stupor of the senses, in which the sharp outlines of reality are effaced in a misty dream-like phantasmagoria. The reader of Carlyle's *Memoirs* need not be reminded how plainly all this appears in his experience. Even the warm and gladdening ray of dawning prosperity failed to cheer him in these hours of spiritual collapse. And he exclaims in one place that there is no other pleasure and possession for him but that of feeling himself working and alive.†

In addition to these adverse forces, which have their origin in the common conditions of the life of genius, there

are others which, though less constant, present themselves very frequently in co-operation with the first. It has often been remarked that the man of decided originality of thought, being as it were one born out of due time, has to bear the strain of production for a while uncheered by the smile of recognition. And when there is great originality, not only in the ideas, but in the form of expression, such recognition may come too slowly to be of any remunerative value. Neglect or ridicule is the form of greeting which the world has often given to the propounder of a new truth; and where, as frequently happens, the want of instant recognition means the pressure of poverty, which chafes with unusual severity the delicate fibres of sensitive men, we have a new and considerable force added to the agencies which threaten to undermine the not too stable edifice of the great man's mental and moral constitution. Johnson, Lessing, Burns, Leopardi, and many another name, will here occur to those familiar with the lives of modern men of letters.

In view of this combination of threatening agencies, one begins to understand the many eloquent things which have been said about the fatality of great gifts. This one finds a meaning in the definition of poetic genius given by Lamartine when speaking of Byron—"a vibration of the human fibre as strong as the heart of man can bear without breaking."

It is not meant here that even when all these destructive elements are present a distinctively pathological condition of mind must necessarily ensue. Their effect may be fully counteracted by other and resisting agencies. Of these the two most important are bodily energy and health on the one hand, and strength of will or character on the other. Where these are both found in a high degree of perfection, as in Goethe, we have a splendid example of healthy genius. On the other hand, if either, and still more if both, of these are wanting, we have a state of things which is exceedingly likely to develop a distinctly pathological state of mind.*

* M. Joly illustrates the same fact by the experience of Voltaire, *Revue Philosophique*, November 1882, pp. 496, 497.

† *Thomas Carlyle*, vol. ii. p. 129. Probably one reason why painters so rarely show morbid mental traits is that in their case the function of the senses can never be so completely overborne by the weight of imagination.

* That is, quite apart from any inherited physical predisposition to nervous disease.

How, it may be asked, does it commonly fare with the world's intellectual heroes with respect to these means of defence? As to the physical defence, it is known that a number of great men have had a physique fairly adequate to the severe demands made on the nervous organisation. They were men of powerful frame, strong muscles, and good digestion. But such robustness of bodily health seems by no means the common rule. The number of puny and ill-formed men who have achieved marvellous things in intellectual production is a fact which has often been remarked on. So common an accompaniment of great intellectual exertion is defective digestion, that an ingenious writer has tried to show that the maladies of genius have their main source in dyspepsia.* No Englishman in thinking of this question can fail to recollect that the three of his countrywomen who have given most distinct proof of creative power—Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot—were hampered with a physical frame pitifully unequal to support the cerebral superstructure.†

Coming now to the moral defence, the thought at once suggests itself that, according to the testimony of more than one writer, genius consists in preternatural force of will more than in anything else. It is, we are told, only the man with an infinite capacity to take pains who is truly great. The prolonged intense concentration of mind which precedes the final achievement is a severe exertion and striking manifestation of will.

At the same time, a moment's thought will show us that this patient mental incubation is no proof of the higher qualities of will and moral character.‡ The

appropriateness of the old way of speaking of creative inspiration as a possession is seen in the fact that the will has little to do with bringing on the condition. "The author," said Lord Beaconsfield on one occasion, "is a being with a predisposition which with him is irresistible, a bent which he cannot in any way avoid, whether it drags him to the abstruse researches of erudition, or induces him to mount into the feverish and turbulent atmosphere of imagination." This sense of quasi-exterior pressure and compulsion is attested by more than one child of genius. In some cases, more particularly, perhaps, among "tone-poets," we find this mastery of the individual mind by the creative impulse assuming the striking form of a sudden abstraction of the thoughts from the surroundings of the moment. And throughout the whole of the creative process, the will, though as we have seen exercised in a peculiarly severe effort, is not exercised fully and in its highest form. There is no deliberate choice of activity here. The man does not feel free to stop or to go on. On the contrary, the will is in this case pressed into the service of the particular emotion that strives for utterance, the particular artistic impulse that is irresistibly bent on self-realisation. There is nothing here of the higher moral effort of will, in choosing what we are not at the moment inclined to, and resisting the seductive force of extraneous excitants.*

These fragmentary remarks may help us to understand the facts of the case. A certain proportion of great thinkers and artists have shown moral as well as intellectual heroism. Men who were able to take the destruction of a MS. representing long and wearisome

* R. R. Madden, *On the Infirmities of Genius*.

† Schopenhauer, in the passages of his work already referred to, discusses in a curious and characteristic way the physical basis of genius. Moreau quotes approvingly the remark of Lecanus that men of the finest genius were "of a feeble constitution and often infirm." On the other hand, Mr. Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius*, contends that the heroes of history are at least up to the average of men in physical strength. It is to be remarked, however, that the reference to University statistics is apt to mislead here. Senior wranglers can hardly be taken as representative of creative power.

‡ It is evident that only speculative, as dis-

tinguished from practical genius, is here referred to. The man of great constructive powers in affairs—the statesman, general, and so forth—requires will in the higher and fuller sense. And it has been remarked that these organising intellects rarely exhibit pathological symptoms.

* This fact of the absence of choice, and the ordinary co-operation of the personal will in artistic production, is illustrated further in the rapidity with which the mind casts off and ignores its offspring. "Est-ce bien moi qui ai fait cela?" asked Voltaire once, on seeing one of his dramas acted. George Eliot attests to this strange unmaternal feeling towards her literary children.

research as Newton and Carlyle took it must have had something of the stuff of which the stoutest character is woven. The patient upbearing against hardship of men like Johnson and Lessing is what gives the moral relish to the biography of men of letters. More than one intellectual leader, too, has shown the rare quality of practical wisdom. Goethe's calm strength of will displaying itself in a careful ordering of the daily life is matter of common knowledge. Beethoven managed just to keep himself right by resolute bodily exercise. In George Eliot an exceptional feeling of moral responsibility sufficed for a nice economising of the fitful supply of physical energy.

At the same time, our slight study of the ways of genius has familiarised us with illustrations of striking moral weaknesses. We have seen a meaning in Rochefoucauld's paradox that "*il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.*" The large draught of mental energy into the channels of imaginative production is apt to leave the will ill-provided in working out the multifarious tasks of a temperate and virtuous life.

Our conclusion is that the possession of genius carries with it special liabilities to the action of the disintegrating forces which environ us all. It involves a state of delicate equipoise, of unstable equilibrium, in the psycho-physical organisation. Paradoxical as it may seem, one may venture to affirm that great original power of mind is incompatible with nice adjustment to surroundings, and so with perfect well-being. And here it is that we see the real qualitative difference between genius and talent. This last means superior endowment in respect of the common practical intelligence which all men understand and appraise. The man of talent follows the current modes of thought, keeps his eye steadily fixed on the popular eye, produces the kind of thing which hits the taste of the moment, and is never guilty of the folly of abandoning himself to the intoxicating excitement of production. To the original inventor of ideas and moulder of new forms of art this intoxication is, as we have seen, everything. He is under a kind of divine behest to make and fashion something new and great, and at

the moment of compliance reckes little of the practical outcome to himself. And such recklessness is clearly only one form of imprudence, and so of maladaptation.

But if improvident, he is improvident in a high cause. Emerson and others have taught us the uses of the great man. The teacher of a new truth, the discoverer of a higher and worthier form of artistic expression, is one in advance of his age, who by his giant exertions enables the community, and even the whole race, to reach forward to a further point in the line of intellectual evolution. He is a scout who rides out well in advance of the intellectual army, and who by this very advance and isolation from the main body is exposed to special perils. Thus genius, like philanthropy or conscious self-sacrifice for others, is a mode of variation of human nature which, though unfavorable to the conservation of the individual, aids in the evolution of the species.

If this be a sound view of the nature and social function of the man of genius, it may teach more than one practical lesson. Does it not, for example, suggest that there is room just now for more consideration in dealing with the infirmities of great men? There is no need of exonerating intellectual giants from the graver human responsibilities. We do well to remember that genius has its own special responsibilities, that *noblesse oblige* here too. At the same time we shall do well also to keep in mind that the life of intellectual creation has its own peculiar besetments, and that in the very task of fulfilling his high and eminently humane mission, and giving the world of his mind's best, the great man may become unequal to the smaller fortitudes of everyday life. To judge of the degree of blameworthiness of faults of temper is a nice operation which may even transcend the ability of a clever and practised critic. Perhaps the temper most appropriate to the contemplation of genius, and most conducive to fairness of moral judgment, is one in which reverence is softened by personal gratitude, and this last made more completely human by a touch of regretful pity.

—*Nineteenth Century*. Google

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY G. BARNETT SMITH.

MIRRORED in the pages of James Russell Lowell, as the forests and headlands are mirrored in some far-stretching lake, are the deepest and strongest thoughts and emotions of the Transatlantic mind. Yet his name is, in the minds of many Englishmen, associated chiefly with one form of literary effort, and that not the highest, though in its way unsurpassed. We propose, therefore, to draw attention, not only to *The Biglow Papers*, which have made for their author a name *sui generis*, but to those writings of graver import by which he would probably prefer to be ultimately judged.

Mr. Lowell comes of an old Massachusetts family. His grandfather, the Hon. John Lowell, was one of the greatest lawyers of that State, and was described by Mr. Everett as "among those who enjoyed the public trust and confidence in the times which tried men's souls." He was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts, and introduced the clause in the Bill of Rights which effected the abolition of slavery in that State. Washington appointed him the first judge of the United States' District Court, and at his death he was Chief Justice of the Circuit Court of the United States. The father of the poet, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was for some fifty years pastor of the West Church of Boston. He graduated at Harvard College, matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and studied divinity under Hunter, and moral philosophy under Dugald Stewart. He was the author of several works, chiefly of a theological character. The maternal ancestors of Mr. Lowell were of Danish origin, but emigrated to America from Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. Mr. Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the stately old mansion of Elmwood, which once had the honor of sheltering Washington, and was afterwards the property of Elbridge Gerry, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Vice-President of the United States. There are abundant allusions

in his works proving his deep attachment to the picturesque home of his childhood. We can linger but to quote one such passage from "A Day in June":—

One tall elm, this hundredth year
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who with an annual ring doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows, with his palatial mass,
The deep canals of flowing grass,
Where glow the dandelions sparse
For shadows of Italian stars.

Mr. Lowell graduated at Harvard in 1838, being then in his twentieth year. First drawn towards the law, he was admitted to the bar, after the usual preliminary studies, but the love of letters had already become a formidable passion with him, and he surrendered the profession of the law for the more attractive, if less remunerative, one of literature. In January 1843 he began, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Carter, a literary and critical magazine, called *The Pioneer*. Three numbers appeared, and then the periodical was committed to the waters of Lethe, not from any inherent fault of its own, for it was admirably conducted, and greatly impressed the reading public of America by the able and independent tone of its criticisms. But from a business point of view it proved unremunerative. In the year following this venture, Mr. Lowell was married to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, Massachusetts. Besides being the author of many excellent translations from the German, Mrs. Lowell was a writer of poems of original merit. It was her death in 1853 which led to the publication of Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem "The Two Angels." The poet pictured two angels, those of Life and Death, the former of whom knocked at his own door, and the latter at that of his bereaved friend. In 1854 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute on English poetry, beginning with Chaucer and the old ballad-writers, then dealing with Pope and others, and finally coming down to Wordsworth and Tennyson. He was

appointed in 1855 to the much-coveted post of Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College, which had been vacated by Mr. Longfellow. This appointment carries with it the privilege of a year's preliminary study and travel in Europe before entering upon its duties. Like his predecessor, Mr. Lowell made the most of this twelvemonth's sojourn in Europe. In 1856 he returned to the United States, and in the year following married Miss Frances Dunlop, niece of ex-Governor Dunlop, of Portland, Maine, whose loss also he has been just called upon to mourn. In 1863 he undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the editorial supervision of the *North American Review*. Long after he ceased to be connected with the direction of this able periodical, Mr. Lowell was a frequent and easily recognised contributor to its pages. Of our author, in the personal sense, nothing more remains to be said than that, after serving his country in a subordinate capacity, he was appointed to the important post of Minister to Great Britain,—an appointment he now relinquishes to the sincere regret of his many English friends. With regard to the United States, it is now no uncommon, though a very creditable, thing for literary men to be advanced to high diplomatic appointments.

At the opening of his career a comparison was instituted between Mr. Lowell and his fellow-poet Whittier. But while both can touch a high note in the martial strains of freedom, and both possess descriptive powers of no common order, here, it seems to us, the comparison ends. Lowell is an energetic genius, Whittier a contemplative : not that the former is devoid of the other's noble contemplative moods, but he is at his best as the poet of action. Even when dealing with pacific subjects there is an air of pugnacity about him. He is in the realm of poetry what Mr. Bright is in that of politics. For men of peace, both are the hardest hitters of all the public men of our time. Given the same conditions, and Mr. Lowell might have been the Bright of the American Senate. His knowledge of human nature is very profound, his English is most rich and flexible, while the principles he expounds are stern and un-

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bending. Politically he has two great leading convictions, justice and freedom. He loves his country deeply, but even the threatened infringement of those principles has filled his soul with poignant anguish and regret. When his outraged spirit found relief in scathing sarcasm, as at the time of the Mexican war, and subsequently, those who observed him closely might see the tear welling up behind the fire-flash in his eye.

In his earliest volume, *A Year's Life*, published in 1841, poems all written by the time he had reached his majority, there was more than enough to justify the prescience of those who heralded the appearance of a new poet. In the first place, there was evidence that the writer was not merely lisping numbers in an imitative sense, or because it was a pleasant thing to do. He had something to say, and he said it spontaneously. Said the critics, "Our poet's conceptions are superior to his power of execution," but even here the charge was somewhat unfairly pressed. It is difficult for every young Phœbus in poesy to manage his steeds. But in Lowell's case it was fortunate that the complaint was on the right side. It was not his imagination that was at fault, but his expression ; consequently there was well-grounded hope of his oversetting the difficulty. His youngest work was full of noble qualities. In "Irené" and the stanzas entitled "Threnodia" there were passages which none but a true poet could have written. Take these lines from the latter poem :—

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither, so, his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God.

In the love-poems of this first volume there is a distinct impress of Wordsworth ; though not in the ordinary way of verbal plagiarism. The lofty sentiments which both poets expressed concerning woman were natural to both, though Lowell had evidently revelled in the descriptions of his elder brother. Do not these stanzas, where the poet is describing his love, carry some reminiscences of the English Laureate?—

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,

11

Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonise ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

Besides the evidence of a delicate and gracefully lyrical faculty which these early poems presented, the writer gave satisfactory hostages for the deep spirit of humanity by which he was imbued. For proof of this fine cosmopolitan spirit turn to his poem "The Fatherland," to the splendid tribute to Hampden and Cromwell in "A Glance behind the Curtain," and to the "Stanzas on Freedom." With unfaltering voice, and while still approaching manhood, Lowell nobly sang—

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

There was enough in these utterances to show that it is of such blood that real patriots are made.

Poetically, a higher vein was struck in the next volume, *Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets*, published in 1844. Though there might have been still some little ground for the charge of redundancy, it was evident that the poet was rising to his capacity. Maturity of thought, a pruned imagination, and a greater swing and sweep of the verse, were the characteristics of this new volume. The leading poem, which relates how a country maiden is betrayed and murdered by a knightly lover, is treated with much beauty of language, and yet scrupulous delicacy. The portrait of the heroine Margaret is most lovingly and exquisitely drawn, and long remains upon the mind of the reader as an image of maidenly beauty. Her lover conceals the corpse behind the church altar, but the guilty presence is made known on a festival day by a voice demanding baptism for the unborn babe in its embrace. The murderer is so appalled by the incident that he becomes filled with remorse, and ends his days in repentance. So difficult a subject requires careful

handling, but the most fastidious would find no reason to complain in this respect. In a wholly different vein are the two classical poems in this volume, "Prometheus" and "Ræcus." Mr Lowell moralises admirably upon the world-touching story of Prometheus and sees in his great heart but a type "of what all lofty spirits endure," men who would fain win back their fellows "to strength and peace through love." All the memorial verses in this volume, to Channing, Lloyd Garrison, Kossuth, Lamartine, and others, are exceedingly fine ; while the "Incident in a Railroad Car"—relating how one spoke of Burns, and the poet deduced his general lessons for mankind therefrom—is now a cherished possession with English readers.

Mr. Lowell next essayed the treatment of an Arthurian legend in "The Vision of Sir Launfal." It is founded on the search for the Holy Grail. The knight is led in a dream to the true discovery, viz. that charity to the miserable, the outcast, and the suffering is the holy cup. Whether intentionally or inadvertently, in these opening verses the writer closely reproduces an idea from Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality":—

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

But how admirably Mr. Lowell thus enforces the lesson of the Holy Grail, in language addressed to Sir Launfal by one whom he had assisted as a leper, but who now stands before him glorified :—

In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here—in this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need ;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

By way of perfect contrast to this passage in regard to style, and also as illustrating Mr. Lowell's close observance of nature, we will now quote a portion of the prelude to the first part of

the same poem. The poet is revelling in the advent of summer :—

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers .
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
As if a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the
best ?

There can, we think, be no question in the minds of most that the man who wrote these lines is a true poet, that he has that capacity which is the appanage of all his race, of entering into close communion with the spirit of nature, the spirit that broods over all created things. Speaking of the poets in another work, the writer himself says :—

It is they

Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

We cannot quit these early poems, with their myriad natural beauties, and the rich local color they present, without some references to "The Indian Summer Reverie," a poem probably surpassing all others for felicitousness of language and wealth of observation. Here is a beautiful single image, "The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere," followed by this stanza :—

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss ; the plough-
man's call
Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-fur-
rowed meadows ;
The single crow a single caw lets fall ;
And all around me every bush and tree
Says Autumn's here, and Winter soon will
be,

Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence
over all.

A description of the marshes in spring makes one long for the rest and repose so graphically and poetically indicated :—

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of
green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmer-
ing feet,
Here, yellower stripes crack out the creek
unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches
meet ;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms
crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to
flee.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling
sedge ;
Through emerald glooms the lingering waters
slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to
glide.

Two more stanzas, depicting with copious imagery the effects of winter, and we must leave this fascinating poem :—

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine
bright
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and
frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at
night,
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from
war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls, the ebbing river !
Twice every day creates on either side,
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grotts
they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the sun denied ;
High flaps in sparkling blue the, far-beard
crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily below,
Suddenly drops the gull, and breaks the glassy
tide.

But the deep pathos in some of Mr. Lowell's poems is as striking as any of his other qualities. No common note was reached in "The First Snow-fall," a poem written in memory of his first-born ; but of all effusions of this class he has written nothing so touching and so exquisite as "The Changeling." It may be a bold thing to say, but it seems

to us that the pathetic and unadorned simplicity of this poem has never been surpassed by any English writer. It seems scarcely credible that its author should be our humorous friend Hosea Biglow; but what a glimpse of the man's real heart we get in it! We quote the whole, for the simple reason that the excision of one stanza would spoil the poem, and we are unwilling to take the responsibility of saying which is unworthy of the rest:—

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of Nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depths of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the Heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
[Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a Changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I awake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,

I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the Heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

Now it is quite true that the Americans "are reckoned a practical folk, who would rather hear about a new air-tight stove than about Plato;" and yet in many respects they are the most impressionable people under the sun. They have a peculiar relish for all works of imagination, and the number of readers of poetry and fiction in the United States far exceeds the total number of such readers in the mother country. They are quite singular, in fact, in this respect. The most popular public lecturer in the United States for nearly half a century was Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose intellect was of so strangely composite a character. No one can say that his head was not well screwed upon his shoulders, speaking in a practical sense, and yet there has probably never been an American writer with so little of earth's dross in him. In some moods he is delightfully dreamy; in others his voice is like the sound of a trumpet; in all there is the decisive presence of imagination. So when we come to Mr. Lowell, we find in him strains fit either for the busy mart of life or the quiet retirement of the woods. Man is the great object of his song, because the world must be advanced to attain the full stature of greatness; but the poet is almost equally devoted to Nature. While he has too much common-sense to be merely rhapsodical, he can be as delightfully dreamy and reflective as the old bards. Then, too, he has other claims. His ethical code is healthful and refreshing; he analyses human nature with all the magical power, if also with the tenderness, of the skilfullest of soul-physicians. He is the best of all metaphysicians, because his conclusions are based, not upon theory, but upon the heart-throbs of that humanity whose soul he endeavors to pierce.

In the year 1848 Mr. Lowell published his "Fable for Critics," a totally new venture on the part of his muse. The poem was really a glance at "a few of our literary progenies," to use Mrs. Malaprop's word, and its pointed and

definite allusions will sufficiently account for its popularity. Its author is so excellent a prose critic that, had these sketches of his contemporaries appeared in the homely garb of unrhymed Saxon, we may be sure that some of the opinions expressed would have been considerably modified. But, making allowances for the exigencies of the situation, the portraits are dashed in with no small amount of skill and vigor. Edgar Allan Poe, indeed, was much annoyed by this Fable, which he described as essentially "loose, ill conceived, and feebly executed, as well in detail as in general. Some good hits, and some sparkling witticisms, do not serve to compensate for its rambling plot (if plot it can be called), and for the want of artistic finish, so particularly noticeable throughout the work, especially in its versification." But then it must be remembered that Poe was handled by the author with no velvety hand. The estimate of Professor Francis Bowen was much nearer the mark, which described the Fable as "a very pleasant and sparkling poem, abounding in flashes of brilliant satire, edged with wit enough to delight even its victims." Mr. Griswold, while admitting the excellence of the work, thought that the caustic severity of some of its judgments might be attributed to a desire for retaliation. But this notion was surely most erroneous, for in such a nature as that of Mr. Lowell the mean sentiment of jealousy could have no place. The whole thing is not so direct, does not go so straight to the point, as Goldsmith's "Retaliation:" and for the sake of future readers, the author would do well to cancel a good deal of its preliminary extraneous matter, and supply by way of footnote some details of the authors dealt with. The claims and peculiarities of the writers satirised will not always be present in the mind of the average reader, and the whole thing is so good that we should be sorry to see the points lost on account of their obsolescence. In the comic literature of our time Lord Beaconsfield is immediately recognised by the one curl which remains upon the aged forehead of Vivian Grey; but it would be absurd to say that this well-known curl was his lordship's only striking characteristic. Yet the fault of Mr. Lowell's portrait-

ures is that he has seized upon accidental mental characteristics in American authors—in some cases totally unrecognisable by European readers, and has dwelt upon these to the exclusion of others more essential. We are therefore not astonished to find that exception was taken to his sketches of Bryant and Dana, for example. Yet he does not shirk words of generous praise, in the majority of instances; and while he may be mistaken in some of his judgments, we may dismiss as incredible and impossible the idea that Mr. Lowell has in these sketches set down anything with "malice aforethought:" with contemporary verse of its class, in fact, this poetic review of prominent American writers may be allowed to take high rank.

In 1869 appeared another volume of miscellaneous poetry by Mr. Lowell, entitled *Under the Willows, and other Poems*. Some of these poems were descriptive, some narrative, and others connected with the war, but there was the same conspicuous merit in all: the war poems were the most thrilling, concentrating as they did the profound emotions of a nation. There was so noble a fervor in them, and all were so distinctively elevated in tone, as to challenge for the America from which they sprang a greater affection and reverence than many in this country had been previously wont to pay her. The echoes of the great Civil War were still ringing in men's ears, but the vanquished as well as the victorious might derive much-needed lessons from these effusions, whose general tone and spirit commended them to all. Mr. Lowell is the prophet of peace; though he would not shrink from drawing the sword in a case of great necessity, he has greater joy in seeing it return to its scabbard. His happiest moments are those in which he pictures a serene and blessed future. How truly poetical and grandly patriotic is this apostrophe at the close of the Commemorative Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration:—

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release;

Thy God, in these distempered days,

Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!

No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised
brow.

O Beautiful! My Country! Ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disbevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,
Freed from Wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee:
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

Nor ought we to omit mention of the tribute to Lincoln in this poem. This great patriot has already been the subject of more eulogies probably than any man of his time, but the language has not always been well chosen or the ideas harmonious with their subject. Mr. Lowell does not offend in this regard; the sturdiest Briton will go with him to the full in the character of his eulogy. The poet sings how that Nature

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth;
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

* * * * *
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face
to face.

"Under the Willows" and "Pictures from Appledore" are written in a simple yet effective descriptive vein, and "The Voyage to Vinland" is a fine narrative, in which occurs one of the author's happiest lyrics. Those who think that Mr. Lowell scarcely did justice to some of his brethren in letters in his "Fable for Critics" will find more than the *amende honorable* in this volume in such poems as those addressed to Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow. But the strongest utterances of all, and those which cling most closely in the memory, are the poems and ballads in which the author deals with human emotion. For an example of such take "The Dead House,"

whose pathos must find its way to any heart.

In some respects "The Cathedral," published in 1869, deserves to rank as the highest of all Mr. Lowell's poetical productions, and we are somewhat surprised that it has received but scant recognition in this country. It is deeply introspective, and charged with pathetic memories of the long ago. There is not a page that does not contain some striking thought. The poem reminds us greatly of that most beautiful of elegiac works, the "In Memoriam" of Lord Tennyson; and yet the two are as dissimilar in conception as in treatment. But both are fine spiritual poems. While our own great writer has the advantage in sheer intellectual force, the note seems to us clearer and more decisive in Mr. Lowell, and he speaks as one who trod on firmer ground. The temperament of the two men naturally tinges works which have been infused with so much of their own personal feeling and sentiment. Perplexed by the vast moral and spiritual problems around him, Tennyson looks for their solution "within the veil." Mr. Lowell is rather happy and trustful in the present. By faith he rises above "the smoke and stir of this dim spot." In speculative power and absolute poetic capacity Lord Tennyson is unquestionably the superior; but Mr. Lowell (we are speaking now only of the two works we have momentarily placed in comparison) with true and agile instinct leaps to the lessons of the present from a contemplation of the past. What a triumphant uprising of the spirit there is in the final lines of "The Cathedral," as the poet shakes from himself the dust of doubt, and the jangling of the creeds fades in his ear—

If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse thy flickering life, that else, must
cease,

Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with
dreams

Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou
Walking Thy Garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

Peculiarly rich is this poem in what we may call single poetical thoughts—lines in which are concentrated the ideas and emotions which have moved men, but which they have lacked the power of utterance to describe. Let us take a few of these at random. Speaking of happy days indelibly fixed in the memory, he likens them to

Words made magical by poets dead,
Wherein the music of all meaning is
The sense hath garnered or the soul divined.
Again, "second thoughts are prose,"
and "first passion beggars all behind."
How tenderly beautiful is this recollection!—

The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm;
But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
That reads my undivided life and steals
A pathos from the years and graves between.
To one who lives thus all nature must
be vocal. He is in the cathedral at
Chartres, and thus he meditates:—

I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
And twittering round the works of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface.

Then he attains a far higher level, this
time of spiritual vision—

Be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles:
Blessed the natures shored on every side
With landmarks of hereditary thought!

Next all in a moment his reverie is disturbed by the intrusion of the practical age in which we live—

This age that blots out life with question-marks,
This nineteenth century with its knife and glass
That make thought physical, and thrust far off
The Heaven, so neighborly with man of old,
To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.

Now hear him upon science and ethics
—and the warning he gives cannot be
said to be superfluous:—

Science was Faith once; Faith were Science
now,
Would she but lay her bows and arrows by,
And arm her with the weapons of the time.
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from
thought:

For there's no virgin-fort but self-respect,
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.

Prizing more than he does Plato things
which he learnt at his mother's knee, the
poet exclaims—

Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
And, seeing where God *has* been, trust in Him.

He cannot quite repress his natural sarcasm as he looks forward to the time when the Church of the ideal man shall be

No parlor where men issue policies
Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind.

"Man still rises level with the height
of noblest opportunities, and he deprecates all such ideas as that

Good days were shapen of themselves,
Not of the very life-blood of men's souls.

One thought more from this work, which is as crowded with such things as the midnight sky is with the stars:—

Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away
In the Past's valley of Avilion,
Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
Then to reclaim the sword and crown again!

We are unwilling to leave the graver branch of our subject, however, without a few more quotations, illustrating what we may call this thought-crystallising power, from other poems. The opening of the ode read at the one hundredth anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1875, has a ring in it like that of Swinburne, both as regards melody and alliterative force, and the younger bard might well have been proud to have written it. It is an address to Freedom, tender and yet impassioned.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

But the goddess is even more than this:
she is

Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are!

In another vigorous memorial poem, entitled "Under the old Elm"—read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, the 3rd of July,

1775—Mr. Lowell graphically pictures the great Virginian as creating a nation when he unsheathed his sword :—

Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,

The common faith that made us what we are.

Is it not also true, as the poet claims, that

A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outcast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring?

Phrases to be remembered, such as "not failure, but low aim, is crime," abound in Mr. Lowell's works. In "The Dead House" he asks whether it is necessary to go to Paris or Rome to learn the simple lesson that "the many make the household, but only one the home." In "What Rabbi Jehosha said," and many other poems, he teaches the grandeur of Christian charity and Christian humility. In fact, he is one of the profoundest preachers (and never offensive withal) in the whole brotherhood of song. In all seasons he insists upon his cardinal lesson that

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

On the oldest subject in the world—that of love—he has something true and pure to say :—

Love asks no evidence
To prove itself well placed : we know not whence
It gleams the straws that thatch its humble bower :
We can but say we found it in the heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch foe of blame,
Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure, vestal of the poet's holy flame,—
This is enough, and we have done our part
If we but keep it spotless as it came.

A passage from "Above and Below," to demonstrate still further Mr. Lowell's command of really magnificent imagery, must be given :—

The Lord wants reapers : Oh, mount up,
Before night comes, and says—"Too late !" Stay not for taking scrip or cup.
The Master hungers while ye wait :
'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

Lone watcher on the mountain height !
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold ;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also, when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

From the fifth to the last of these sixteen lines there is nothing but a *tour de force* in the way of pictorial writing. In leaving the miscellaneous poems of this writer we have only one further observation to make upon their moral aspect : notwithstanding that the aim and spirit of their author were at an early period in his career misconceived, nothing could more conclusively prove the wide catholicity and the liberality of his sentiments than the poems themselves. He may well yield them to the arbitrament of time without apology.

We now come to the series of poems which have justly earned for Mr. Lowell the distinction of being the greatest of all American humorists. Since Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (Prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned, and Scientific Societies, first edited the papers of Hosea Biglow, there has been an avalanche of American humorists, but in this case, to adopt the language of the turf, Mr. Biglow is first, and the rest (with one or two exceptions) "nowhere." His humor is a distinctively national creation. Yet although it is purely American in its inception, it has qualities which make it as universal as the humor of Sir John Falstaff or Don Quixote. It has been claimed, and not inaptly, that there is quite an Elizabethan flavor about it, in that it is "audible and full of vent." We shall not enter into the question whether a writer is justified in seizing upon local foibles and characteristics for the purpose of giving point to the edge of his satire, and driving home the lessons he desires to inculcate. That question may be regarded as already settled in the affirmative. Mr. Lowell is as completely justified in the use of his particular vehicle of satire as any other satirist whom the world has seen. The language he presses into his service may be more uncouth and less pliable than any other, but the justification for its use must be found in its effect. In this respect the author now

needs no apology. His work, though not equal in conception, is as good of its kind as that of Rabelais or Cervantes or Richter. In measuring its value, the circumstances which called it into being must be remembered. The writer found the nation of which he formed a part in danger of forgetting the principles which had secured its own freedom, and he used such weapons as came to his hand for combating the evil. He did so with singular effect, and the *Biglow Papers* were received with marked favor "from their droll and felicitous portraiture of the Yankee character and dialect, and their successful hits at the national passion for military glory. Political opponents as well as friends laughed loud and long at the Birdofredum Sawin's letters, describing his experience in the wars, and the mishaps that he encountered before he could make his way home again." The first series of papers which the *America*, *Hudibras* issued were chiefly directed against the invasion of Mexico by the United States and the state of the Slavery Question. Although Mr. Lowell was in antagonism with the feeling of the majority of his countrymen at that time upon these matters, he did not flinch from what he deemed to be his duty, but lashed out against the popular notions with vigor. The probability is that now he has nine out of ten cultivated Americans with him. But he had the courage to be in the right when it was not so easy as it is now. The introductions of Mr. Wilbur to the various ballads have a tendency to be too long drawn out, yet he says many good things. Of course, with the pride of his race, he institutes comparisons between John and Jonathan to the advantage of the latter, but altogether we feel very friendly towards this discursive, button-holeing Yankee, who is as delightfully prolix as Coleridge; but when we come to Mr. Hosea Biglow's lucubrations, we are bound to admire his courage and laugh at his humor. Some of his flying touches at the deepest questions are very droll—

What's the use o' meetin' goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—

But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folk's throats.

Mr. Wilbur is of opinion that the first recruiting sergeant on record was that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." Bishop Latimer thought the must have been a bishop, but to Homer the other calling appears more congenial. He reminds us that the profession of arms was always in time past judged to be that of a gentleman, but he cannot hold, with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian Captain Vratz, that "the scheme of salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that God would consider *a gentleman*, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed himself in." But Biglow, in his antipathy to the Mexican war, has not the least reverence for that august personage, the recruiting sergeant.

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Whether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess she'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow;
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

On the same subject Hosea tells us what Mr. Robinson thinks. He is dead for the war, whereupon Biglow remarks—

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a
saint;

But John P.
Robinson, he

Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swal-
low-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a
fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em
votes;

But John P.
Robinson, he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in
Judee.

The poet writes very strongly against the writers of the time, who were largely responsible for fanning the popular war ideas into a flame. His "Pious Editor's Creed," however, is capable of a wider

application, and probably will be to the end of time—

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him that hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in everythin' thet pays,
But most of all in Cantin' ;
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But O, I *du* in interest.

* * * * *

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing thet I perceive
To have a solid vally ;
This hath my faithful shepherd been,
In pasturs sweet hath led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they have fed me.

There is a very amusing sketch of a candidate for the Presidency, who objects to pledges, because they are so embarrassing ; if he's "one pecooler feetur, it is a nose that won't be led," and his political creed generally is summed up in these four lipes—

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In havin' nothin' o' the sort ;
I ain't a Whig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short.

There is uproarious fun in Birdofredum Sawin's account of his experiences during the war. He thought to acquire great glory and profit in the Mexican campaign, and so "Wuz fool enuff to go a-trottin' into Miss Chiff arter a drum an' fife." He loses an arm, a leg, and an eye, and altogether his account with glory is not a refreshing one. Still he considers that the remnant of him is good enough as a candidate for the Presidency, and his reflections show much acuteness in the reading of character and the way to push his claims. One of the best pricking of shams will be found in Hosea Biglow's report of a speech by Increase D. O'Phace, Esq., "at an extrumperry caucus," which may be taken as a manifesto against unprincipled orators of all kinds. Many lines in this effusion, as for example the following, have already attained the widest popularity :—

A marcifal Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our principles swoller.

The sarcasm here is very pointed :—

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o'
wrong

Is ollers onpop'lar, an' never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed ;
But he mustn't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.

Again :—

Constitooents air handy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the haft of a pin.

The second series of the *Biglow Papers*, published in book form in 1867, and dealing with questions preceding and relating to the Civil War, attracted equal attention with the first. There was in them the same keen practical philosophy applied to the questions of the day. Hosea is as sarcastic as usual in his conjectural report of "a message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session" :—

We've got all the ellermunts, this very hour,
That make up a fus'-class, self-governin'
power ;
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag ; an' ef this
Ain't to be indurpendunt, why, what on airth
is ?

But the greatest want of the South was "plausible paper to print I O U's on." The Honorable Preserved Doe, in his Speech in Secret Caucus, enlightens statesmen generally as to the right rule of conduct in political matters :—

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, not to b'lieve 'em tu
hard ;

For ez sure ez he does, he'll be blurtin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more'n a
spout,

Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a
flaw

In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw :
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint

Thet we'd better not air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm

Thet may, ez things happen to turn, do us
harm ;

For when you've done all your real meanin' to
smother,

The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or
'nother.

Mr. Carlyle would probably have gone a great way with our author in his opinion that

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'ral rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

We have occupied nearly the whole of our space in discussing Mr. Lowell's claims as a poet ; yet, as one of his transatlantic admirers has observed, his "prose writings are as remarkable as his

poetry; the copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning, give to his reviews and essays a fascinating charm that would place him in the front rank of our prose writers, if he did not occupy a similar position among our poets." It would be unpardonable did we not make some allusion to those admirable compositions which have entitled him to be regarded amongst the first of living critics. There is a terrible straining to say something new upon old-world topics among modern writers, yet Mr. Lowell has accomplished the feat. We may not always agree with him in his estimate of Dryden, for example—it is difficult to do so—but there he is, with an enviable power of analysis, and a capacity to enter into the very souls of some of our cherished literary gods, which we can but envy. His "Shakespeare once more," in the first series of *Among my Books*, is an illustration of what we mean. We should like to quote, but space forbids. Emerson is at times profounder, but Lowell is singularly direct in his analysis of the power of the world's sovereign poet. From the essay on Dante, also, in the second series of *Among my Books*, we had marked some score passages for quotation, but must refer the reader to the whole essay as one of the most comprehensive estimates of the great Italian poet that have ever been written. We will content ourselves with the closing passage of the criticism:—

At the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat, because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous seat, for he must combine poetry with doctrine in such cunning wise that the one lose not its beauty nor the other its severity—and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers, "All honor to the loftiest of poets!"

Yet even in such noble essays as the one on Milton the writer cannot sup-

press his wit, but observes of the author of "Paradise Lost" that, "since Dante, no one had stood on such visiting terms with Heaven." A perfectly delightful book of happy, garrulous prose is *My Study Windows*, although it does not vie with either of its predecessors in the depth and range of pure criticism. But such papers as that "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" may well be envied by living essayists for touches as genial and incisive as those of Leigh Hunt or Charles Lamb. Mr. Lowell must have been in a strait betwixt two when nature endowed him with the susceptible imagination of the poet on the one hand, and the clear judicial intellect of the critic on the other.

It may with truth be assumed that the essence of the highest poetry is the perception of the deep things of nature, humanity, and God. Though clowns jostle kings in Shakespeare, there are moments when the bard is wrapt in divine ecstasy. These supreme moments come to every poet. They are very frequent with the subject of our article, and he who would attempt to gauge either his endowments or his general moods, by his overflowing wit, would do Mr. Lowell the greatest injustice. He is in so far the product of his times that he must take part in all the movements affecting the welfare of those who surround him. He is indignant over the curse of slavery, but, when indignation fails to move, he calls in the potent aid of ridicule. Many a tyrant has braved the wrath of his foes, but few can stand unmoved those shafts of invective and scorn which pierce them, as it were, under the fifth rib. It is as much the duty of its owner to use this talent of ridicule in the world's service, as it is the duty of a Claude to paint his divine landscapes, or a Luther to thunder forth his anathemas against vice and error. In degree, it would be as absurd to attempt to assess the poetical faculties of Shakespeare from his Touchstones and his Gobbos as to assess those of Russell Lowell from Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin. It is difficult to regard contemporary writers wholly detached from the influence of those popular ideas which surround them; and so, by the great majority of readers, it is to be feared, Mr. Lowell's genius is measured chiefly by the clever vagaries of

Hosea Biglow, and his pastor, the Rev. Homer Wilbur. It has been our object partly to correct this impression by dwelling upon those serious poems of Mr. Lowell which more fully attest his genius than anything that he has written. The Elizabethan writers are placed at so great a distance from us that we can regard the developments of their genius with a free and unbiassed spirit, giving

to each its due proportion. Though the time may be far distant, it must come when this will be the case with such writers as Mr. Lowell. In any case, we are convinced that no poetic note higher or deeper than his, no aspirations more finely touched towards lofty issues, no voice more powerful for truth and freedom, have hitherto come to us from across the Atlantic.—*Nineteenth Century*.

M. LESSAR'S TRIUMPH—AND AFTER?

BY HON. E. STANHOPE.

THE feelings of indignation, with which the public received the earliest tidings of the Ministerial surrender to Russia, will be intensified by a perusal of the recently published papers. The case is even worse than their most suspicious opponents could have anticipated. On the one side, the papers present to us the picture of a Government which, from the first, knew what it wanted, and was determined to get it; while, on the other, we have nothing but the feeble strugglings of a Minister who had no definite purpose, no faith in the case he was putting forward, and who abandoned step by step everything for which he had contended.

With the actual frontier line that may have been settled, or is likely to be settled between Russia and Afghanistan, I have no reason to quarrel. It is a matter for military experts, acting with the full co-operation of the Ameer. The new line is likely to meet, we are glad to hear, with his approval and with that of Lord Dufferin. So far, therefore, as this point is concerned, the result of recent negotiations may be the establishment of a line to which no serious objection can now be taken, however much we may regret past delay and neglect. But what I do complain of is that the Government, by the action that they have taken, and the demands they have put forward, have contrived to convert what might have been an honorable arrangement into a settlement which bears the appearance in the eyes of the world of an unconditional surrender.

Personally, I have long been in favor of a delimitation of the frontier, but I

am sure that it ought to have been accomplished three years ago. Many have urged that no check to the advances of Russia can be satisfactorily established until we have a clear line of frontier watched by British agents. And it is also obvious that a more precise understanding of the true Afghan boundary would tend to define and restrict the obligation into which we have entered to defend the dominions of the Ameer. But three valuable years, during which the delimitation could have gone on without danger of conflict, and in the absence of the heated feelings which have been engendered by recent events, have been allowed to slip away; and it was only when the annexation of Merv compelled even Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that the advances of Russia were not "old women's tales," and that the impending contact between the two Empires threatened dangers of an immediate and pressing character, that the Government accepted the Russian proposal to appoint a joint Commission to decide upon the line of frontier.

Then began the remarkable correspondence which has just been given to the world. It is apparent that from the first the Russian Government never intended to allow any Commission, any opposition, or any argument, whether based on "political, ethnographical, or geographical considerations," to prevent the ultimate adoption of M. Lessar's frontier. Delay of the work of the Commission, as the Governor-General frankly admitted at Tiflis, was therefore essential to Russia. It would not have been safe to allow the Commission to

proceed with its work, until its conclusions had been forestalled by the action of the Russian troops. And accordingly every possible plea was put forward to postpone its operations. In the meantime, General Komaroff was steadily pushing on his troops to occupy the line of frontier which it was supposed to be the object of the Commissioners to fix. Doubts as to the place of starting, the suitability of the climate in winter, the health of the Russian Commissioner, and the principle of the instructions to be given to him, served their purpose in turn. Then followed the interminable negotiations as to the zone within which the frontier was to be traced, which was superseded, before Lord Granville had agreed to its southern limits, by the proposal of the new Russian frontier line. "This appeared," says Lord Granville on April 4, "to proceed upon the principle that when the two Powers were about to undertake a joint inquiry, it appertained to one of them to dictate the terms." At the time that it was proposed, Russian troops were already in occupation of the greater portion of the line, but it was necessary to engage Lord Granville in a little more diplomatic trifling until the capture of Penjdeh completed the necessary operations. And then, no doubt, if an agreement between the Governments was not arrived at, the Russian Government would, as M. de Giers said in very plain terms, "persist in keeping possession of all the territory she now occupied"; and they would take very good care that no arrangement should be concluded which did not practically concede to them the line which they had from the outset determined to occupy. It would be tedious to enumerate the successive steps by which every claim of the Russian Government was ultimately accepted by Lord Granville, in the vain hope that the Commission would be permitted to commence its work, but there are three points of special importance which may deserve separate consideration.

1. The first advance of the Russian troops beyond Sarakhs having been reported to Lord Granville in November, Her Majesty's Government addressed a telegraphic message to Russia, urging in the strongest terms the withdrawal of the troops. To this demand, twice repeated,

M. de Giers, after three weeks, returned a categorical refusal, on the ground that the troops had been sent forward only for the protection of the Turkomans; and although after a very short interval it became perfectly obvious that the advance would continue, and it did continue, the English Government allowed its demand to "lapse." I believe this to have been the origin of all the mischief that ensued. Russia became persuaded that even the most transparent excuses for its actions would be good enough for a Government so ready to accept them, and that there was no real intention of stopping at the outset, by any determined action, the realization of their programme. How she acted upon that conviction, the Blue Book tells only too well.

2. The Penjdeh incident, temporarily raised into such enormous importance by the erratic utterances of the Prime Minister, sinks into comparative insignificance in view of the much larger questions which arise out of recent proceedings. But as an illustration of the mode of procedure of Russia, and of the corresponding action on the part of our own Government, it still possesses some historic interest. It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone in his great speech of the 27th of April, while deprecating any premature conclusions on the subject, described the Russian attack upon Penjdeh as having "an appearance of unprovoked aggression." It was a case, as he put it, that required explanation. And it may now be worth while, in the light of the new facts before us, though still without the advantage of the promised papers, to construct a general view of the position taken up by the two Governments.

In the first place, it is abundantly proved that, when the Prime Minister volunteered, in answer to a question from Mr. Richard, the statement that an agreement had been made that "no further advances were to be made on either side," nothing approaching to the nature of an agreement existed in any shape or form. The only possible undertaking on the part of Russia, which human ingenuity could extract from the diplomatic correspondence up to that time, is a promise that the Russian forces would not advance beyond the line of M. Lessar's

frontier, a reservation which would have covered even the occupation of Penjdeh. No one can, therefore, doubt that a wholly false impression was produced in this country as to the state of our relations with Russia, at a time when absolute accuracy was of the highest importance. But in St. Petersburg the effect of this misstatement was even more deplorable. It was well known that no such agreement as that spoken of by the Prime Minister really existed, and the fact that such a declaration had been made in the House of Commons was looked upon as another proof that England would concede anything to patch up a peace with Russia, and to enable her to extricate her forces from the difficulties of the Soudan muddle. We may await, with some curiosity, the promised explanation of the Prime Minister. It would have been more in accordance with our old notions of Parliamentary propriety if it had been made without a single day's delay.

But the ultimate assent of the Russian Government to the agreement proposed to them, fixes upon them a clear and definite engagement. Stated in their own words, the sacred covenant of the 17th of March contained an absolute promise by them that "the Russian troops will not advance from *the positions now occupied by them*, except in certain contingencies which have not occurred."

It is now admitted on both sides that on the 17th of March the Afghan outposts were on the left bank of the Kushk in possession of Dash Kepri (Pul-i-Khisti), while those of Russia were one mile distant, in front of Kezil Tépé. The agreement of that date was immediately forwarded to Sir Petter Lumsden, and would appear to have been received by him on the 23rd. It is clear, however, not only from his statements, but also from General Komaroff's report, which has been published in full in the *Official Messenger*, that the only movement made by the Afghan troops in this direction after the 17th of March was that, immediately on the Russian troops appearing on the plain, north of Dash Kepri, and "threatening an attack on the Afghan position," the outposts at Dash Kepri were strengthened in self-defence.

The Russian Government, however, does not appear to have ever communi-

cated to General Komaroff the text of the sacred covenant. According to the *Official Messenger*, the only instructions sent to him were that he was not to "occupy the Penjdeh oasis." "The telegram," says General Komaroff himself, "prohibiting the occupation of Penjdeh, reached me on March 23rd." On the 24th the Russian troops continued their advance, and on the following day marched to within four or five versts of the Afghans. On the 26th the meeting took place between Captain Yate and Colonel Zakrejefsky, in which the latter professed to have received no instructions, or, in the words of General Komaroff, "to have no authority to speak." On the 29th General Alikhanoff with cavalry pushed past Dash Kepri, and a corresponding advance was made on the right bank of the Murghab. On the 29th, General Komaroff, in order, as he says, "to avoid being attacked"—though Sir Peter Lumsden tells us that "the Afghans did all they could to avoid collision"—sent a letter to the Afghan commander demanding "the evacuation of the left bank of the Kushk, and the right bank of the Murghab,"—in other words, asking the Afghans to abandon a position which they undoubtedly held on the 17th of March. This being refused, the "Russian attack" took place on the 30th, and "a blow was struck at the authority and credit of our protected ally," who had committed no offence.

This narrative, mainly compiled from General Komaroff's report, seems to show that the incident in question continues to bear "the appearance of an unprovoked aggression," and that the blame for its occurrence rests not so much with General Komaroff as with the Russian Government, in not communicating to that officer the terms of the sacred covenant. It is scarcely worth while to pay much attention to the various explanations of the occurrence which have proceeded from Russian sources, either in the reports of General Komaroff or through the agency of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, any more than to the imaginary maps which, to the disgrace of modern journalism, were published to justify the Russian attack. These explanations, like the reports of General Komaroff, have been varied to suit the circumstances of the moment, and the

necessities of the Russian Government. But as it became gradually clear that the point chiefly requiring explanation was not so much the action of General Komaroff as the mode in which the Russian Government gave effect to the agreement of the 17th of March, a new and very ingenious plea was put forward. It was suggested that, according to all Russian information, the Russian outposts were at that date in possession of Dash Kepri (Pul-i-Khisti), that Sir E. Thornton himself entertained the same belief, and that, therefore, General Komaroff's advance upon that point was fully justified. But how is it possible to attach any importance to such a suggestion when we know that, as a matter of fact, the outposts of the two armies were at that date within a mile of one another, and that the actual positions held by each were beyond any doubt? General Komaroff himself admits that on the 17th of March the Afghans were in possession of Dash Kepri; and a covenant not to advance beyond the positions then occupied, and not to attack the Afghans, is interpreted as permitting the Russian troops to drive them by force out of Dash Kepri.

The real question which the Russian Government has to answer is why it did not communicate to General Komaroff the actual terms of the sacred covenant. It would appear plainly to prohibit any further advance; and, if it had been so communicated, the attack upon Dash Kepri would have been absolutely prohibited.

How such a question, involving (if unexplained) a piece of sharp practice upon the part of a foreign Government, can possibly be settled by any reference to the arbitration of a friendly Sovereign, I am at a loss to discover. But, of course, it is perfectly well understood that there is no such intention. The only object of the arbitration—which will, like all other arbitrations, according to Lord Rosebery, probably be given against us, or, if decided in our favor, will afford us no satisfaction—is to cover the retreat of the British Government from the position which the Prime Minister has taken up. The incident which bears “the appearance of an unprovoked aggression” has never been, and probably never will be, explained, and has never formed the subject of a demand for rep-

aration. But it was the main foundation of the case presented to the House of Commons in support of the Vote of Credit, and, having served its purpose, it has been consigned to the political dust-hole.

3. And, lastly, there is the recall of Sir Peter Lumsden. No one will be disposed to doubt that that gallant officer, after kicking his heels upon the frontier waiting for the arrival of his Russian colleagues, until his presence had ceased to be any strength to our ally, and had become a laughing-stock abroad, should seek to be relieved of his duties. Moreover, no one will dispute that, as it was no longer of any practical value, it was desirable that his mission should be brought to a close, as, indeed, it might well have been some time ago. But Sir P. Lumsden was left upon the spot until the conclusion of the Staal-Granville agreement on the 3rd of May. And then, to complete the appearance of surrender which that provisional agreement bears in all its terms, on the day following orders are telegraphed to him requesting his presence in London. Of course, he is not recalled, he is not even summoned home under the decent excuse of being consulted about the settlement of the frontier, but he is brought home at the time and in the manner most calculated to afford the Russian press the gratification of claiming, in the eyes of Europe, that in this respect also the English Government has conceded everything.

M. Lessar, therefore, appears to be winning all along the line. Whether he and his friends will be kind enough to rest satisfied with the advantages already gained, until the time appears ripe for further demands, or whether the success which has hitherto rewarded their exertions has already tempted the Russian Government to press fresh demands in the direction of Meruchak or of Zulficar, remains, as I write, a matter of uncertainty.

It can hardly be within the bounds of possibility that any serious claim can have been put forward for the establishment of Russian agents in Afghanistan.

It may be that the delay in the ratification of the Provisional Agreement has arisen partly in the discussion of the details of the new line, and partly in the

hope of compelling England to undertake more definite responsibilities with regard to the Afghan side of it. The Russian Government may possibly have recalled attention to the difficulty, long ago discussed in the Clarendon-Gortchakoff correspondence, that England has no such effective control over the frontier tribes in Afghanistan as to be able to ensure their observance of the new limits now to be imposed. But the main reason why the ratification has been postponed will no doubt have been the desire of the Russian Government not hastily to throw away so valuable a means of putting pressure upon this country. It is being used, if I mistake not, in the negotiations now going on for the future government of Egypt, and this book is not likely to be closed until it has fully served its purpose.

But if a settlement be eventually arrived at upon the basis now proposed, the question still remains how far any permanent solution of the frontier problem has been arrived at. It is one which, unfortunately, cannot be answered in any manner satisfactory to the prospects of future peace. Even the establishment of a definite boundary will only be of advantage to us if one condition is fulfilled. If we are not prepared to insist upon the line being respected, if we do not intend to inform the Russian Government that no pretext whatever can justify her violation of it, we shall have done nothing. Otherwise this limit, definite though it may appear, will not stop her steady advance any more than all her previous assurances, promises, and agreements. Turkoman raids upon the line of frontier, disturbances beyond it produced by Russian agents, the invitations of neighboring tribes—all or any one of these pretexts will, as before, be amply sufficient justification in the eyes of Russia for a further advance when she feels herself ready for it. Without a distinct and unhesitating declaration of our intention to treat any such step as a menace to our position in India, and as one to be met by the employment of all the forces in the Empire, the arrangements now proposed cannot have any reasonable chance of permanence. And that declaration we shall never get from the present Prime Minister.

But the attention which has recently been paid to the affairs of Central Asia has secured for us one undoubted advantage. We have, by general consent, accepted principles of frontier defence, which have long been odious to the Liberal Party, and have of late years been especially associated with the name of Lord Beaconsfield. Four or five years ago we abandoned the Sibi-Quetta railway, and we ordered the evacuation of all positions beyond our frontier in order to reverse his policy. We are now reconstructing the railway; we have taken over, with the approval of all parties, the government of Quetta and the administration of the Pishin district. And the time is not very far distant, in my opinion, when we shall also go back to Kandahar. Nothing was more melancholy, during the debates upon the withdrawal from that place, than to hear so many speakers declare that, although sooner or later we should have to return there, we ought at that time to retire to our old frontier. No political short-sightedness was ever more deplorable.

Putting aside, however, the question of Kandahar, nothing from the point of view of frontier defence could have been more satisfactory than the recent debate upon the subject in the House of Lords. The declarations of Lord Kimberley, accepted on the one side by the Duke of Argyll, and on the other by the leaders of the Opposition, happily prove that the theory of relying exclusively upon a moral barrier is not in the ascendant, and that the Government have accepted, in part at least, the necessity of our position in India. How long any such resolute attitude will be maintained our past experience may lead us to entertain much doubt; but as, fortunately, the carrying of this resolution into effect falls mainly into the competent hands of Lord Dufferin, there is some reasonable hope of progress being made before Mr. Gladstone's Government has again changed its mind.

But in examining the steps that are being taken for strengthening our frontier, it is impossible not to observe that we have in great part recurred to the scheme of defence put forward thirty years ago by General John Jacob. "You wish," he said, "the red line of Eng-

land to advance no further. But to enable this red line to retain its present position, to prevent its being driven back and erased from the map, it is, it appears to me, *absolutely necessary to occupy posts in advance of it*. I cannot see how, consistently with safety, it can be otherwise with regard to a great Empire held by a foreign government as we now hold India." And with the object of making such arrangements as would secure our northwestern frontier of India permanently, "in such a manner as to obviate the necessity of any alarm, unusual stir, or hasty operations of any kind, in consequence of movements of enemies, or possible enemies, from without," he advocated the immediate occupation of Quetta by British forces, connected with the frontier of India by good roads, eventually to become railways.

The proposals of General Jacob, though rejected after some hesitation by Lord Canning, have never since been lost sight of. They have been enlarged upon in the prophetic utterances upon this subject which have been prompted by the political wisdom of Sir Henry Rawlinson. And they formed the foundation of the masterly Memorandum in which, in 1874, the late Sir Bartle Frere set forth the true principles which should guide our frontier policy. That Memorandum, which was reprinted in 1878, and denounced upon every Liberal platform, deserves special attention at the present time. Its prophecies have, for the most part, been verified, and its proposals are being gradually adopted. No one can read his admirable and scrupulously fair summary of the forces impelling the forward movement of Russia, without finding in it the history of the past few months. He points out with unanswerable force the essential difference between Russia and British policy in Central Asia. The one is, from the nature of things, positive, active, and aggressive. "But our policy hitherto has been not only stationary, and nominally, though I think very imperfectly, defensive; it has also been purely negative. We are ready enough to say what we will not do, but all efforts by any of the other Asiatic Powers concerned have hitherto failed to elicit from the Government, either here or in India, any decla-

ration of what it will do under any given or conceivable combination of circumstances. . . . But a defensive policy is not necessarily inactive, nor merely stationary, still less is it necessarily weak." And then he goes on to describe the active measures which appeared to him to be essential—the establishment of an advanced post at Quetta, connected by improved communication, and so far as possible by railway, with the line of the Indus, and strengthened by better railway accommodation along our frontier, the establishment, if possible permanently, of a British military office at Herat, the attempt to create a complete intelligence department in Afghanistan, though not necessarily at the capital—and then, and not till then, the grant of subsidies and assistance to the Ameer.

Much of this programme has already been realized. Our forces are not only at Quetta, but they are, with the approval of the greatest military authorities, in advance of that position. Five millions, at least, are being spent upon our frontier communications, and we were informed only a few days ago of the intended construction of a railway through the Bolan pass. English officers are at Herat with the consent of the Ameer. Political memories are proverbially very short. But nothing was more remarkable to anyone who has clearly in his mind the denunciations of 1879, than when, three weeks ago, Mr. Labouchere asked in the House of Commons for the establishment of a British representative at Herat. Is it so long ago that a similar proposal by Lord Salisbury—strictly limited to Herat and possibly Kandahar, and dependent on the consent of the Ameer—was resisted by the then Governor-General of India, and was the subject of excited condemnation upon the hustings? But it is absolutely certain now that Herat is not the only point where the watchfulness of British agents is required. The northern frontier of Afghanistan, the importance of which almost escapes notice in the midst of the more pressing questions arising out of the ill-defined condition of the North-Western Boundary, requires careful attention. And it is to be hoped that one of the results of the recent conferences at Rawul Pindi

will have been to enable English officers to proceed, with the consent of the Ameer, not only to Herat, but also to other places on his frontier.

In other respects our political relations with Afghanistan assume perhaps less importance, if the new policy is steadily maintained upon our frontier. Upon this point the words of Lord Kimberley were significant and satisfactory: "We ought to be in such a position as to be prepared not only for the most favorable, but also for the least favorable circumstances, and base our plans of defence upon that." If, when the time of real trial comes, we find ourselves in cordial co-operation with the Ameer, so much the stronger will our position be. But to base our whole scheme of defence upon the chance of Afghan friendliness, or of the continuance of Abdur Rahman's supremacy, even during his own lifetime, would be an act of madness. He may be, and we hope he will continue to be, friendly to us. He may see the advantages of the English connection. He may repudiate, even in spite of Russian gold and Russian pressure, offers of any other alliance. He may have learned to believe in the superior strength of England, however little he may have hitherto seen it put forward in his defence. And if it be so, a "buffer state" may undoubtedly add to our power of self-defence.

But it would be superlative folly to base our calculations on the permanent continuance of any such state of things. Many people in this country have always committed the mistake of looking upon Afghanistan as a country occupied by a single nation. It is nothing of the kind. It is because it contains provinces, whose connection has generally been almost nominal, and people varying in their language, their habits of life, and their character, that the instability of all Afghan rulers has become proverbial. And, therefore, it is only if, while taking full advantage of the friendly disposition now existing, and insisting upon our right to exclude from that country all foreign influence except our own, we complete our defensive measures just as if Afghanistan were hostile to us, that

we can claim to have satisfied the main condition of the problem before us.

The permanent defence of our frontier must, therefore, be based upon four paramount considerations:

1. The certainty of a further Russian advance, military or diplomatic, as soon as matters are ripe for it.

2. The probability of being called upon any day to fulfil our obligation to protect the domain of the Ameer.

3. The possibility of a disunited, an alienated, or even a hostile Afghanistan.

4. The knowledge that neither the finances nor the political tranquillity of India can bear the strain of constant alarms upon the frontier, which will continue unless its security is acknowledged.

If these conditions be admitted, and no one can, I think, question their soundness, it remains only to adopt that frontier which the best strategical knowledge at our command indicates as the strongest, and to push on without delay all the measures necessary for its complete armament. Even in their simplest form they will require time, money, and perseverance. It may be that they involve the construction of fortresses at various points. Possibly they open up, also, the larger question of an increase of our army in India. But all these things must, if necessary, be faced before we can be satisfied with the results of our present action, and can rest with that assured confidence so well described by Sir Edward Hamley: "With a garrison strongly posted in its lines at Kandahar, with all the routes and stages by which our forces might be assembled on that point, all sources of supply, and all arrangements for transport laid down, we might calmly view any possible complication before us, whether arising from the augmented military power of Russia in the East, from the success of her intrigues, or from her open hostility. The grounds of our assurance would be manifest and easily understood, our native subjects would soon learn to appreciate them, and what would be security for us would be tranquillity for India."—*National Review*.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER I.—COTTLEY HALL AND ITS MASTER.

THE wind is high to-night. An enthusiast in spiritualistic fancies, or a dreamer of dreams, needs but to seat himself by the great fireplace of Cottley Hall and listen to the rumbling noise which resounds in that capacious chimney, and he would forthwith be supplied with food for mental imagination to his heart's content. Into Cottley Hall—where everything is either too small or too large, and inconvenient to the utmost extent which human ingenuity could possibly make it—it would be hard for the most commonplace individual to enter without experiencing a spice of uncanny romance. If odd corners, twisting stairs, and a wealth of carved paneling could render it a thing of beauty in the eyes of the artist and the romancer, Cottley Hall was a gem of its class, of the first water. A noticeable fact about the large draughty rooms was that the favored mortals who gathered round the great wood fires which blazed therein at winter-time experienced agreeable sensations of extreme chilliness on one side and overpowering heat on the other. All the bedsteads were of a large old-fashioned type, though these gigantic four-posters looked but strange atoms compared with the enormous rooms in which they were located, the approach to them being mostly across a long uneven floor, upon which bygone-shaped articles of furniture appeared few and far between. Across the doors of these apartments were drawn pieces of antiquated tapestry, worked with divers representations of Solomon and the Children of Israel, all habited in a sort of semi-Roman attire. The window-casements were uniformly filled with glass of a ghastly green color, which when penetrated by the sun's rays, imparted an unwholesome and mildewy character to the countenances of the Wise King and his contemporaries.

The unwary stranger who ventured into the upper regions of Cottley Hall without a guide speedily found himself involved in a labyrinth of passages and turnings which seldom failed to reduce

him to great straits before being extricated therefrom. Between the roof and the third floor was a dreary wilderness of attics, seldom entered by the domestic element—not that they believed in the inevitable ghost supposed to haunt these regions, but because the numerous low intersecting beams rendered location somewhat unsafe. In many places the walls were graced with ancient wood-faced family portraits, which caused not a little discomfort to visitors who found themselves for the first time the object of their dull expressionless gaze.

The strange exaggerated figures of Solomon and the Israelites have caught but little sunshine lately, owing to a long spell of overcast sky, the few fitful rays that have lighted on Cottley Hall being insufficiently strong to penetrate its thick glazed windows. To-night, the tapestry flaps drearily, for a stiff gale is blowing across country, and cold currents of air find their way into the huge deserted rooms. The tall timber-trees surrounding the park are creaking and bending to the blast; but the sturdy gables of Cottley Hall stand firm as the day when they were built. Just such a wild night as this closed upon the 6th of September 1651, three days after the sanguinary and decisive battle of Worcester. Hugh Everett was owner of the Hall at that time, a zealous Parliamentary speaker of high reputation. It was not by strength of arm or by mighty deeds of valor that Master Everett had gained unto himself those honors which had procured him the fat and fair manor of Cottley; from his childhood up the Republican had seldom enjoyed good health, his capabilities fitting him rather for a statesman than a soldier, while at the same time his inclinations were more of a civil than of a military character. The "desperate and cruel Malignant," Sir John Rossey, from whom this wealthy patrimonial estate had been alienated since the fatal field of Naseby, closed the long line of his family by getting shot through the head at Rowton Moor; and now Master Everett reigned in his stead, more secure in his position than the hot-headed knight had latterly been, but none the

less looked upon by his numerous tenants as a usurper and a pleasure-hating upstart.

Cottley Hall is black and silent, and its chimneys and gables point darkly to the sky. The place might well appear deserted, for no light is to be seen in its many windows, and no response is made to show that the inhabitants are aware of that hollow knocking at the front door. Said knocking continues at intervals, but at length grows desultory and faint, though the wind howls unceasingly amongst the great Cottley elms, making noise enough to drown twenty such feeble sounds. Out of sight at the back of the building, partly obscured by overhanging masses of ivy, a single light proceeds from a small mullioned window opening upon the library of the Hall. This is Master Everett's favorite retreat, and here he sits, surrounded by books and pamphlets bearing such interesting titles as *A Fan to purge the Threshing-floore*, and *A Seed sown upon Goode Grounde*, together with the bitterly malevolent and well-known treatise upon the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*. Hugh Everett's age does not exceed thirty-five years, but a troubled harassing life has given him the appearance of a man of fifty. Short scattered gray hairs, sharp features, and a thin stooping figure, are his principal characteristics, the extreme plainness of his countenance being fully equalled by that of his dress. The Master of Cottley is poring over a leather-bound collection of sermons, and though apparently engrossed in his occupation, he is nevertheless in an unusually absent frame of mind. He has not altered his position for nearly an hour, neither has he attempted to turn a leaf; there is something in the lonely howling of the wind to-night which reminds him of his half-forgotten school-days. Although his eyes are fixed upon that printed page before him, Hugh Everett's thoughts are far away in the remote past, looking back with a sorrowful yearning towards scenes and faces which were familiar to him long before these troubles came upon the land.

CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Things had remained in this state, as we have said, for nearly an hour, when,

chancing to raise his head, Master Everett's wandering gaze encountered a silent figure standing at the other end of the room. Though but faintly seen by the lamp's dim uncertain light, there was something about the face he seemed to recognize, and he sat spell-bound for a moment before starting from his chair. The spell was broken by a forward movement on the part of the apparition, and Everett raised a fearful cry, which was instantly choked by the application of a palpably human hand to his mouth. Easily mastered in the ensuing scuffle, the Republican sank back and glared fiercely at his detainer, while his breath came thick and short.

"Hugh Everett," exclaimed the unwelcome intruder who stood over him, "do you not know me?"

The scattered recollections in Everett's mind slowly pieced themselves together, and he answered after a pause: "I do now."

"That's one to my score then," said the individual with a short laugh. "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing, Walter Cunningham, nothing," answered Everett, controlling his agitation by a great effort. "Yet you have sought me in a strange fashion."

"And if I have, friend Hughie," said the newcomer, "that counts for nothing, does it? I am in trouble, and have come to you for help. Old friendship should bind us, if nought else; and were I now in your place—though, heaven knows, I don't wish to be—you should have it for the asking."

"How did you enter the house?" inquired Everett, whose under-current of thought would scarcely allow him to follow what the other said.

"My conscience pricked me somewhat as to the matter of creeping in, quoth Cunningham; "but when a house keeps bolt and bar so stubbornly as yours does, one must take some liberties *in extremis*."

"What trouble are you in? Why do you come here?" asked Everett nervously. "Have you joined in any fresh broil, to disturb the peace of this unhappy country?"

"Peace! unhappy broils!" ejaculated Cunningham. "What are you talking about? Can it be possible that you have not heard of Worcester fight?"

The Master passed his slim hand across his forehead and answered in a husky, perturbed voice : " Many rumors have I heard of late—rumors of war and strange tales of battle, but little did I wot that Walter Cunningham was concerned therein."

" He was, and he glories in it !" exclaimed his companion with sudden enthusiasm. " Hast ever heard, Hugh, of any man being possessed with a fighting demon ? I was that day.—Oh, ye powers ! give me such another before I die, and I shall leave this world content ! Down went Hamilton, down went Maurice and Maffey, before those fanatics ; yet throughout the medley I bore a charmed life. My cloak was riddled with bullets—see that shot hole in my hat—yet not a wound, not a scratch. Could such a day again fall to my lot, I should well nigh esteem myself invincible !" The Cavalier, who had been gesticulating wildly throughout the whole of this disconnected speech, threw himself back in the chair, and set his teeth with a sardonic grin.

Hugh Everett's blood was up ; his thin bent frame trembled partly with nervous eagerness and partly with anger while he listened to the fugitive's discourse ; but now his powerful voice, which had been so often raised in behalf of his party, broke forth like a deep enraged roar : " And it is thus thou boastest in thy strength and thy unrighteous cause ! What can have prompted thee, thou stirrer-up of strife, to venture hither with thy evil, self-exalting tale ; hast thou no fear in thrusting thy head into the very lion's mouth ?"

This sudden outburst produced no effect whatever upon Cunningham ; he crossed one leg over the other, looked Everett straight in the face, and answered sturdily : " Not a jot."

The Master of Cottley Hall rested his chin on his hand and regarded the Cavalier fixedly. Bold speaker and diplomatist as he might be, the Republican knew that here he had met his match. Contending passions might urge him to speak harshly, but he felt that to do his old friend a wilful injury was foreign to his nature. No one could be better aware of this than Walter Cunningham, and certainly no one could have turned the opportunity to advantage with greater coolness or sagacity. For a

few minutes the Cavalier's glittering eyes watched his companion's measured movements as he paced across the floor, and then leaning back again, he quietly said : " You have two roads to choose from, my good friend : there is no other alternative ; either hide me or give me up ; the prospect of capture will not induce me to move another step to-night."

" To-night," echoed Everett, stopping short in his walk. " Are you indeed so hard pressed ?"

" My present action will answer that question," said Cunningham. " Fleetwood holds Daventry, and his troopers are scouring the country like bloodhounds in search of poor hunted wretches like myself."

" Have you fasted long ?" asked Everett. " Are you an-hungered ?"

" As much as a man may be who has not tasted food since yesterday at mid-day," replied the fugitive.

Everett opened a corner cupboard and placed a loaf, a leather flask, and drinking glass before the Cavalier. " Bread and wine I can give you here," he said. " To call for better fare might be dangerous. Fortunate it is that none of my household saw you enter."

" Fortunate, say you ?" said Cunningham with a meaning smile, as he uncorked the flask. " So be it, then, my lad.—Here's to King Charles !" he added, extending his hand.

" The Young Man," exclaimed Everett quickly.

" His Majesty—God bless him !" retorted Cunningham, tossing off a deep draught.

Hugh Everett turned sharply round and walked towards the window. Events had taken a strangely unpleasant turn with him this evening, and his position could scarcely be called a comfortable one. Walter Cunningham, on the other hand, ate and drank in a most unconcerned manner, for, despite his evident distress, there was an air of careless license about the Cavalier which ill became the puritanical atmosphere of Master Everett's study. The meal was soon over ; and Cunningham turned towards the motionless figure at the window.

CHAPTER III.—THE " PRIEST-HOLE."

" Rouse yourself, Hughie," said the fugitive. " Hast got a touch of the megrims ?"

"Walter Cunningham," returned Everett, looking up, "one thing can I esteem myself fortunate in, that I have received this visitation to-night. Left alone to myself for lengthy periods, my morbid imagination feeds upon itself and stagnates the very blood within me."

"Your discourse sounds mighty well, friend Hugh," said Cunningham, for the first time showing some impatience; "but it will not save me from Fleetwood's troopers. Is there no secret hole or corner where I can hide till the pursuit slackens? I have no fancy to be made the mark for a firing-party in your courtyard just yet."

"Stay, stay!" exclaimed Everett, pressing his hand to his forehead. "I do remember me now of some such place like unto what you allude."

"Well," said Walter, "so much the better for me. Let us see to this matter at once."

The Master laid hold upon the lamp with a trembling hand and glanced irresolutely round the room. Cunningham's eyes turned in the same direction until they rested on a mass of carved woodwork situated in one portion of the panelling.

"What is the place you speak of?" asked the uninvited visitor, as his companion crossed over to this spot and appeared to busily examine it by aid of the light which he carried.

"Hold thou the lamp, and I will tell thee," said Everett, stooping down upon the floor. "It is said that when this house of Cottley was first built, the luxurious family of Rossey caused certain large kitchens to be constructed underground. Thus it came to pass that when that evil-doer and imager of mischief, Sir John, devoted himself to unlawful State service, his yearly revenues were insufficient to maintain that example of debauchery and gluttony for which he was well-known. The approaches to these kitchens were consequently bricked up, smaller substitutes being used as more convenient, and more adapted to the outlay of his limited income. Cottley Hall at length changed hands; and it was during the execution of some needful repairs that a working-man accidentally touched a spring concealed amongst these carvings, letting fall a cunningly contrived

panel. An entry being effected, it was found that behind the wall there existed one of the great chimneys rising from the disused kitchens. Across its aperture extended a single sooty beam, leading to a small recess on the other side. I myself believed this to be a 'priest-hole' which had probably been used during the times of the Catholic persecution; but having no desire that this panel should remain open to gratify the curious, I ordered it to be closed up and left *in statu quo*, little thinking that I might one day have occasion to use it. How little can we guess the future!"

"Cannot you remember how the spring worked?" demanded Cunningham.

"Can you remember everything that crossed your eyes six years ago?" returned the other fretfully. "I trow not."

The examination continued for some minutes without success, Cunningham meanwhile keeping perfectly silent, listening to the howling of the wind amongst the great Cottley elms without.

"Hugh Everett," he said suddenly, starting up and coming to an attitude of rigid attention, "what is that noise?"

The Master shook his head.

"I need scarcely ask," continued Cunningham. "I have been too long a soldier to mistake a bugle call. If that panel is not opened quickly, there may chance to be some murderous work here this night."

"What a frightful emergency!" was the exclamation of Everett, who had not ceased to pass his fingers over the mass of carved wood affixed to the panelling. "You cannot, you dare not offer any resistance."

"Bethink you, Hugh Everett," said the Cavalier grimly, as he touched the hilt of his rapier. "Have you lived so long in this world and yet cannot guess what a desperate man dare do?"

Everett's face turned white as chalk; but the smothered moan which broke from his lips was quickly followed by a cry of joy. "I have found it!" he exclaimed. "The panel yields!"

Coming to his aid, Cunningham pushed a portion of the wainscoting on one side, discovering a dark cavernous aperture.

"Enter; be not afraid," said Everett, holding up the lamp and throwing

its light upon the blackened walls of the chimney. "Cross that log of wood which you see, but trust not to it overmuch. On the other side is the 'priest-hole.'—Stay a moment. Take this flask with you. I will let you out when the danger is past."

Cunningham entering, placed one foot upon the thin worm-eaten beam and faltered.

"Quick!" cried Everett, for an unmistakable sound now smote upon his ears.

Steadying himself as he was best able, Cunningham passed over the yawning pit in safety and gained a ledge on the other side. The panel closed hurriedly, and through the thick darkness came a muffled sound of knocking.

"I' faith," thought the hunted man, as he groped his way into the priest-hole, "I cannot say much for the hiding-places of the Catholics. Admirable as places of concealment they may be; but their accommodation is detestable."

The priest-hole was a diminutive apartment, or rather recess, contrived in the thickness of the outer wall, and aired by a loop-hole which admitted an unpleasantly strong draught. A low stone seat occupied one end of the little place, and upon this Cunningham seated himself to wait with praiseworthy patience.

CHAPTER IV.—SUSPICIONS.

"I am mighty glad to think that you are no Malignant harbinger, Master Everett. Never mind a tough test for character, sir; it's terribly dry work while it lasts. With your permission, my men here shall broach a cask of ale or strong waters, wherewithal to refresh themselves in the kitchen."

The speaker an athletic man of middle stature, was an officer in charge of a small body of Parliamentary troopers who had invaded the sanctity of Cottley Hall at this singularly inopportune time. A more unprepossessing individual than Major Brand—by which name the officer had introduced himself to Everett—it would have been difficult to find; he was a bandy-legged, black-browed enthusiast, with an offensive guttural voice, and a dark ragged mustache. Yet, in spite of his personal disadvantages, the Republican officer commanded a large degree of respect,

being an excellent specimen of that energetic class of people who mount by sheer dogged perseverance over their fellow-creatures' shoulders. His deep-set lynx-like eyes were remarkably piercing; and Hugh Everett, already much unnerved, felt himself quite unequal to the task of retaining his composure while subjected to their scrutiny. Slightly bowing his head, ostensibly in deference to military authority, but in reality to hide his confusion, the Master replied: "Cottley Hall is at your service, Major Brand. I shall in nowise hinder any steps you may think fit to take. Nevertheless, your men must be content with what they can get, for my visitors are far from being numerous."

At a word of command the troopers quitted the library, none remaining except a large, powerfully built fellow, whose habiliments bespoke him to be a non-commissioned officer.

Now, Master Everett," said the major, "we can converse together comfortably."

"But," argued Everett, naturally anxious to quit the vicinity of his friend's hiding-place, "your men have no scrupulous regard for property; would it not rather be better that we should first see them properly quartered?"

"No," answered Brand gruffly, for as cats seem by instinct bound to regard the canine race as their natural enemies, so did this official consider all those who in any way opposed his wishes as being suspicious malcontents, on whom it was expedient to keep a watchful eye.

The surly answer brought a faint flush to Everett's pale cheeks. "You take strange liberties with me, Major Brand," he said, for a moment losing all self-control. "Times must be sorely changed if my bare word is not sufficient to remove such as you from Cottley Hall."

"Spoken like an upholder of the good cause—eh, Humphries?" remarked Brand to the tall trooper who stood looking on.

"Nay!" replied Humphries, speaking with that Scriptural affectation which Everett only used in his more agitated moods, "the speech savored mightily like the ranting of some vain-glorious Cavalier. If your worshipful pleasure that he should be arrested still holds, I

will proceed to attach his person without delay."

"Arrest me—attach my person!" exclaimed Everett, starting back. "Where is your authority to do so?"

"Hold your peace, Humphries!" said the officer quickly. "You are over-zealous.—We will stick to the matter now in hand if you please," he continued, addressing himself to Everett. "Any questions concerning authority shall be answered by me as a member of that army who placed you in your high seat."

"What is it you have to say to me, then?" asked the Master, wearily leaning his head upon his hands.

"This much," replied Brand, with a significant glance towards his inferior. "We are seeking for, amongst others, a troublesome youth named Walter Cunningham. Report has tracked him here, and an eye-witness testifies to his having entered the gates of Cottley Hall this very evening. Ask yourself, sir, whether a stiff-necked Malignant would tarry at the abode of a well-known adherent to our cause, unless he were likely to find friends within."

"I will answer no more," muttered Everett, fairly driven into a corner. "You have searched my residence; you have doubtless interrogated my servants; and now, finding nought against me, you put personal restraint upon my actions, and endeavor to convict me from my own lips."

The Republican officer did not reply at once; he was slightly nonplussed; but his suspicions were not eradicated. A few moments' thought convinced this dogmatical worthy that it would be best to change his tactics and assume a pacific demeanor while still manœuvring for the desired end.

"I am sorry to have pressed such a charge against you, Master Everett," he said frankly, after running the situation over in his mind; "but duty, sir, must not be done negligently. It has been a stiff day for the best of us, stiff enough to try the patience of Job. Is there no wine-flask handy which we can talk over in a friendlier fashion?"

Greatly relieved by this candid declaration, the Master busied himself with placing a jolly-looking flagon on the table, while the Republican officer, who

quickly gave some directions in an undertone, dismissed Humphries to join his comrades down-stairs.

CHAPTER V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Twelve o'clock struck. The flagon was nearly empty, and Major Brand's head and arms reclined upon the table, as if slumber had overtaken him. With Everett it was different. True as steel to the friend who had sought his protection, he still watched, pondering over the probable chances of Cunningham's escape. The wind still blew high; but Hugh Everett heeded it not; he was wearily counting the measured tick of the clock, and inwardly hoping that the morning would relieve him of his unwelcome guests. Some unaccountable attraction seemed to fasten his eyes on the secret panel, and his fancy became so powerfully excited that he momentarily expected to see it open and the figure of Cunningham issue forth. This peculiar fascination might have continued until the Master dropped asleep through sheer exhaustion, had not his lethargy been dispelled by a sudden crash coming from behind the wainscoting. Everett rose quickly to his feet and gave a dismayed glance at the recumbent form of Major Brand. The officer's face was hidden, but his position, indicative of profound repose, remained unaltered. The Master hesitated, stopped to listen to the slumberer's low breathing, and then cautiously approached the hiding-place. In a minute the scene was changed. Suddenly springing to his feet and throwing open the door, the officer shouted for his subordinate.

"Where are the men," demanded Brand.

"Down-stairs," answered Humphries, in a voice thoroughly suited to his granite-faced aspect. "They would not be withheld from the strong drink, and it hath overcome them."

"How many sentries are there outside?"

"But two, your honor."

The Republican officer uttered a fierce execration. "Lock the door, Humphries!" he vociferated. "We must settle this matter by ourselves."

"What do you mean to do?" faltered Everett with bloodless lips.

"Bring hither your musket, Humphries. Batter the wall; and if the wood sounds hollow, beat it in."

The Master sank helplessly into a chair, and vainly endeavored, by covering his ears, to shut out the distracting sounds which accompanied the fulfilment of this order. Looking up after a short space, he became aware that the work was accomplished, and that a fresh drama was about to be enacted before his very eyes. On the floor lay the trooper's broken gunstock, which, wielded by his powerful arm, had produced a deplorable effect upon the panelling. An opening several feet square was now visible in the fractured oak. A cold tremor crept over Everett's limbs and seemed to deprive him of the power of motion. He watched the movements of the Republican officer and his follower vacantly, listening meanwhile to their voices as one who hears in a dream.

"How is this?" said the Major. "I cannot see the bottom of this Cimmerian pit.—Hold out the light, Humphries."

An exclamation from both parties simultaneously followed.

"Yonder is a doorway!" ejaculated the trooper. "Praised be the Lord, we have the Amalekite now!"

"Not yet," quoth Brand. "A pit yawns before us. How are we to cross it?"

"Bear a hand with that, worthy sir," said Humphries, pointing to the long table. "We'll soon make a roadway."

By the united exertions of the two men the legs were quickly knocked off this useful article of furniture—one of Hugh Everett's particular treasures—which was then forced into the gap and laid across the chimney aperture.

"Take my pistol," said Brand. "Show the light on yonder doorway; and if the Malignant attempts to stop me, shoot him dead."

Everett closed his eyes and gave Cunningham up for lost, little doubting that a few more minutes would decide his fate. Humphries knelt down, and with the one hand casting the light of the lamp full upon the entrance to the priest-hole, levelled his leader's long pistol with the other, and awaited the result. The Republican officer drew his sword and crossed the improvised bridge without any resistance. Roused to the

highest pitch of anxiety for his friend's safety, Everett staggered towards the opening, only to see Major Brand come back begrimed and disappointed. *The priest-hole was empty.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE END OF THE GAME.

It is a favorite axiom with most people that a state of suspense is immeasurably worse than an absolute knowledge of the most dreadful certainty. The anxious time which had elapsed since their first alarm had been felt far more keenly by Cunningham than by even his sorely tried friend. The reckless disposition of the Cavalier was not proof against such emotions, and the faint sounds which occasionally reached him served only to heighten his suppositions and make him become a prey to distressing doubt. More than once he had had recourse to Everett's leather flask; and the potency of its contents, while sustaining him throughout this ordeal, at length began to have an emboldening effect upon his nerves. Placing the flask in his pocket he rose, and cautiously advanced until his feet encountered the beam that crossed the chimney. It was here that Cunningham became aware of a narrow streak of light, evidently issuing through a crack in the panel by which he had first entered on the opposite side. Guided solely by the sense of touch, he crept along the beam, and applying his eye to the crevice, saw enough to convince him of the near proximity of danger. Through the limited space afforded him for eyesight, he could just discern a strongly built man in military costume reclining in a position suggestive of his stopping there all night. Facing him was another person, whom Cunningham with little difficulty made out to be Master Hugh Everett. After satisfying himself thus far, the fugitive turned away, and was endeavoring to regain his former quarters, when a slight cracking came from the farther end of the log. In a moment Everett's warning, "Trust not to it overmuch," flashed across his mind. He made one desperate effort to reach the ledge, when with a crash the rotten beam gave way, and he was precipitated down the black chasm of the disused chimney.

A belief had been prevalent amongst

Cunningham's friends that this adventurous gentleman was gifted with no fewer than nine lives. His invariable good fortune had not left him, for it was not even now destined that he should leave his bones at the bottom of Cottley chimney. The young royalist's precipitate downfall was sharply arrested by a large beam, across which he fell with a stunning shock—a beam similar to that which had just broken beneath him. Mechanically grasping it, the Cavalier, terribly shaken by his fall, lay for some time as if dead, happily unconscious of the thundering sounds which echoed from the fractured library panels above. At length, however, a few splinters of wood reached the beam upon which Cunningham rested, and these at once awoke his dormant energies. Feebly moving his stiffened limbs, the fugitive strove to restore his blood to some degree of circulation; and being partially successful in his efforts, he crawled a foot or two along the beam until his advance was stopped by the cold bare wall. The noise together with the fall of rubbish, had now ceased, for a pause had been made in the attack, and Major Brand was preparing to cross. This fact, coupled with the scattered state of his senses, prevented Cunningham from taking the alarm that he would otherwise have done. Turning himself, the Cavalier once more crossed the black gulf, but only with the same result. On neither side was there the slightest projection by which he could effect an ascent. It happened, however, at this moment, as the much-enduring Cavalier was seated astride the beam, pondering moodily over his unpleasant situation, that his legs which were dangling beneath him, struck against an iron rod, that descended from the log on which he sat into the unknown depths below.

"Good-luck!" quoth Cunningham, whose blood again glowed within him. "There are two ends to a stick; down or up is all the same to me."

Letting himself drop from his resting-place, the fugitive began his descent, and in a second or two his feet touched the ground, and Cunningham stood helplessly in the darkness, uncertain whether to advance, for fear of being precipitated into some invisible pit.

Suddenly, as if by magic, a little speck of white moonlight flecks the floor; it is the orb of night breaking from a rack of clouds, and casting a solitary gleam through an opening in the face of the wall. Taking heart, Cunningham stepped forward, and with outstretched arms, slowly traversed the long unseen expanse before him. The flags beneath his feet were slippery with fungus, and the close decayed smell which hung about the place aroused a suspicion that the disused kitchens in their present condition could scarcely be conducive towards the good health of Master Everett in the Hall above. Onward, still onward, treading lightly, yet occasionally stumbling over pieces of rotten lumber, until an abrupt collision with the hard wall warned him that he could go no farther. Nothing daunted, Cunningham placed his hand upon the old stonework, and was about to continue his exploration, when his movements were checked by the appearance of an unexpected phenomenon. Far away in the direction from which he came, the speck of moonlight still spangled the floor; but now there hovered over it in the dark background a ruddy spot like a lurid evil star, making the cold glimmer of the moon look colder still. He was not long left in doubt as to the nature of this mysterious apparition, for the light began slowly to approach him, and a heavy step sounded on the stone floor. Cunningham thought of his pursuers, and instinctively clutched at his sword-hilt; but as the light gets nearer, he perceives that its bearer is alone.

"Hugh Everett!" he cries, starting joyfully forward.

"Halt there!" answers a harsh unknown voice. "I know you, Walter Cunningham. Down with your weapon; surrender yourself!"

"Keep that word for your own crew," retorted the Cavalier, shrewdly guessing who the speaker was. "You are a liar; you do not know me. Put down that lamp, and come to knocks first."

Drawing his sword in a moment, Brand rushed at the royalist, intending to overcome him ere any resistance could be offered. This movement which had been anticipated, was now as promptly encountered. The Republican's thrust was nimbly avoided, and so

severe a blow dealt him in return, that he was brought to his knees. But the victory was not yet won. Instantly recovering himself, Major Brand attacked his opponent with such determined ferocity, that it was only the state of partial darkness that saved the latter from almost certain defeat. Several slight flesh-wounds were both given and taken in the blind fury of the encounter, and Cunningham did not feel confident of coming off best man even while he grasped the trusty blade which had borne him company so long, when, as it suddenly snapped off close to his hand, there seemed but little doubt that they had come to the end of the game. As a last chance, he threw aside the useless hilt, and flinging himself on his stalwart adversary, strove to bear him to the ground. Although a perfect match for his opponent in a general way, the serious disadvantages under which the Cavalier labored forbade this present unequal combat being protracted to any length. Many severe privations and no little amount of fasting had reduced his strength to an unusually low ebb. Not so Major Brand; the Parliamentary bulldog was well fed and as powerful as a lion, and the desperate grapple must have ended by his eventually overcoming the obstinate resistance of Cunningham, had not an accident occurred which brought the duel to a sharp termination. As they wrestled and caught at each other, the Republican made a false step, slipped, and fell backwards, striking his head with terrific force upon the stone flags. The struggle was over.

Having satisfied himself that the vanquished man was not likely to make a speedy recovery, Cunningham took the lamp and proceeded to the disused chimney by which he had descended. On surveying the spot, he found that he must have unwittingly alighted in the centre of a huge fireplace, which had no doubt been used for cooking many mighty sirloins of beef in the days of "Good Queen Bess." His late antagonist had evidently come down by easier means, for the end of a ladder, let down by a couple of ropes, was visible. It was these appliances which helped the Republican officer to prosecute his search, leaving Humphries meanwhile as a guard on Master Everett

in the room above. Rightly guessing that assistance would be within hail, though the reason for his adversary's coming alone puzzled Cunningham not a little, he prudently decided to leave the place, if possible by a different way from which he came. With the Republican's sword he cut the ropes fastened to the ladder, and exerting all his strength, succeeded in carrying it from inside the chimney and placing it beneath the opening which he had noticed in the face of the wall. Returning after this to the still senseless Brand, he effected a partial change of clothing. He then ascended the ladder, and squeezing himself through the opening, which communicated with the level of the ground outside, stood out upon the soddened grass a free man. Turning himself, the fugitive royalist took one look at the old Hall, bathed in silvery moonlight, and with a mental hope that his movements would be unobserved, he strode away beneath the black shadow of the trees leaving Cottley, as he thought, forever.

Many years elapsed before Hugh Everett heard any tidings of the nocturnal visitor he received on that eventful night; and in the meantime he suffered greatly from his disinterested kindness. Although actual proof was wanting, suspicion pointed strongly at him as the aider and abettor of the Malignant Cunningham; and consequently a heavy fine was imposed, which ate up the greater part of the revenues of the manor of Cottley. Not until the Restoration, nearly nine years after the events we have recorded, did the two again behold each other; and by this time Walter Cunningham was high in favor with the restored king. Their meeting was one long to be remembered; and Everett, as he gazed at his friend's face, felt that even those nine years of trouble had not been ill-spent in securing his safety; while Cunningham (now Sir Walter), who brought with him an order from the Crown restoring everything that formerly appertained to the property, would have procured twenty such, had he been able, in return for the service rendered him on the night when he made acquaintance with the "priest-hole" of Cottley. *Chambers's Journal.*

VER TENEBROSUM:

SONNETS OF MARCH AND APRIL, 1885.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

[We have much pleasure in publishing the following sonnets, the work, we have reason to believe, of a young author. We feel little doubt that our readers will recognize in them the two qualities most requisite to all genuine poetry, manly imagination and musical diction. For ourselves, we think that not the least proof of their poetical power is the fact that they give, in a manner which would be impossible to prose, articulate expression to feelings of shame, distress, and indignation which, we hope, are shared by all classes in the country, and which we believe to be without parallel, at any rate, in the present century.—EDITORS *N. R.*]

I.

THE SOUDANESE.

They wrong'd not us, nor sought 'gainst us to wage
The bitter battle. On their God they cried
For succor, deeming justice to abide
In heaven, if banish'd from earth's vicinage.
And when they rose with a gall'd lion's rage,
We, on the captor's, keeper's, tamer's side,
We, with the alien tyranny allied,
We bade them back to their Egyptian cage.
Scarce knew they who we were! A wind of blight
From the mysterious far north-west we came.
Our greatness now their veriest babes have learn'd,
Where, in wild desert homes, by day, by night,
Thousands that weep their warriors unreturn'd,
O England, O my country, curse thy name!

II.

HASHEEN.

"Of British arms, another victory!"
Triumphant words, through all the land's length sped
Triumphant words, but, being interpreted,
Words of ill sound, woful as words can be.
Another carnage by the dread Red Sea—
Another efflux of a sea more red!
Another bruising of the hapless head
Of a wrong'd people yearning to be free.
Another blot on her great name, who stands
Confounded, left intolerably alone
With the dilating spectre of her own
Dark sin, uprisen from yonder spectral sands:
Penitent more than to herself is known;
England, appall'd by her own crimson hands.

III.

THE ENGLISH DEAD.

Give honor to our heroes fall'n, how ill
Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die.
Honor to him, the untimely struck, whom high
In place, more high in hope, 'twas fate's harsh will

With tedious pain unsplendidly to kill.
 Honor to him, doom'd splendidly to die,
 Child of the city whose foster-child am I,
 Who, hotly leading up the ensanguin'd hill
 His charging thousand fell without a word—
 Fell, but shall fall not from our memory.
 Also for them let honor's voice be heard
 Who nameless sleep, while dull time covereth
 With no illustrious shade of laurel tree,
 But with the poppy alone, their deeds and death.

IV.

GORDON.

Idle although our homage be and vain,
 Who loudly through the door of silence press
 And vie in zeal to crown death's nakedness,
 Not therefore shall melodious lips refrain
 Thy praises, gentlest warrior without stain,
 Denied the happy garland of success,
 Foil'd by dark fate, but glorious none the less,
 Greatest of losers, on the lone peak slain
 Of Alp-like virtue. Not to-day, and not
 To-morrow, shall thy spirit's splendor be
 Oblivion's victim; but when God shall find
 All human grandeur among men forgot,
 Then only shall the world, grown old and blind,
 Cease, in her dotage, to remember Thee.

V.

GORDON (*concluded*).

Arab, Egyptian, English—by the sword
 Cloven, or pierced with spears, or bullet-mown—
 In equal fate they sleep: their dust is grown
 A portion of the fiery sands abhorred.
 And thou, what hast thou, hero, for reward,
 Thou, England's glory and her shame? O'erthrown
 Thou liest, unburied, or with grave unknown
 As his to whom on Nebo's height the Lord
 Showed all the land of Gilead, unto Dan;
 Judah sea-fringed; Manasseh and Ephraim;
 And Jericho palmy, to where Zoar lay;
 And in a valley of Moab buried him,
 Over against Beth-Peor, but no man
 Knows of his sepulchre unto this day.

VI.

THE TRUE PATRIOTISM.

The ever-lustrous name of patriot
 To no man be denied because he saw
 Where in his country's wholeness lay the flaw,
 Where, on her whiteness, the unseemly blot.
 England! thy loyal sons condemn thee.—What!
 Shall we be meek who from thine own breasts draw
 Our fierceness? Not ev'n *thou* shalt overawe
 Us thy proud children no-wise basely got.

Be this the measure of our loyalty—
 To feel thee noble and weep thy lapse the more.
 This truth by thy true servants is confess'd—
 Thy sins, who love thee most, do most deplore.
 Know thou thy faithful! Best they honor thee
 Who honor in thee only what is best.

VII.

RESTORED ALLEGIANCE.

Dark is thy trespass, deep be thy remorse,
 O England! Fittingly thine own feet bleed,
 Submissive to the purblind guides that lead
 Thy weary steps across this rugged course.
 Yet . . . when I glance abroad, and track the source
 More selfish far, of other nations' deed,
 And mark thy tortuous craft, their jealous greed,
 Their serpent-wisdom or mere soulless force,
 Homeward returns thy vagrant fealty,
 Crying, "O England, shouldst thou one day fall,
 Shatter'd in ruins by some Titan foe,
 Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
 The world, and Truth less passionately free,
 And God the poorer for thine overthrow."

VIII.

THE POLITICAL LUMINARY.

A skilful leech, so long as we were whole :
 Who scann'd the nation's every outward part,
 But ah ! misheard the beating of its heart.
 Sire of huge sorrows, yet erect of soul.
 Swift rider with calamity for goal,
 Who, overtaking his equestrian art,
 Unstall'd a steed full willing for the start,
 But wondrous hard to curb or to control.
 Sometimes we thought he led the people forth :
 Anon he seemed to follow where they flew :
 Lord of the golden tongue and smiting eyes ;
 Great out of season, and untimely wise :
 A man whose virtue, genius, grandeur, worth,
 Wrought deadlier ill than ages can undo.

IX.

THE COMET'S TAIL.

"But why," says one, "reserve your total gall
 For *him* ? or why, if bow must needs be bent,
 At this sole target be your quiver spent ?
 The Government !—his lusty henchmen tall—
 On these some leavings of your thunder fall !"
 The Government ! *He* was the Government,
They—minor modes of that supreme intent,
 And mere degrees of him who summ'd them all.
 Blame these as well, who flauntingly and high
 Have still through fair and foul his standard borne ?

With all my heart ! The cup is not yet dry,
 Not yet quite emptied and rinsed out the horn :
 To these desertful, let me not deny
 At least the dregs and sediment of scorn.

X.

FOREIGN MENACE.

I marvel that this land, whereof I claim
 The glory of sonship—for it *was* erewhile
 A glory to be sprung of Britain's isle,
 Though now it well-nigh more resembles shame—
 I marvel that this land with heart so tame
 Can brook the northern insolence and guile.
 But most it angers me, to think how vile
 Art thou, how base, from whom the insult came,
 Unwieldy laggard, many an age behind
 Thy sister Powers, in brain and conscience both ;
 In recognition of man's widening mind
 And flexile adaptation to its growth :
 Brute bulk, that bearest on thy back, half loth,
 One wretched man, most pitied of mankind.

XI.

HOME-ROOTEDNESS.

I cannot boast myself cosmopolite :
 I own to "insularity," although
 'Tis fall'n from fashion, as full well I know.
 For somehow, being a plain and simple wight,
 I am skin-deep a child of the new light,
 But chiefly am mere Englishman below,
 Of island-fostering ; and can hate a foe ;
 And trust my kin before the Muscovite.
 Whom shall I trust, if not my kin ? And whom
 Account so near in natural bonds as these
 Born of my mother England's mighty womb,
 Nursed on my mother England's mighty knees,
 And lull'd as I was lull'd in glory and gloom
 With cradle-song of her protecting seas ?

XII.

OUR EASTERN TREASURE.

In cobwebb'd corners dusty and dim I hear
 A thin voice pipingly revived of late,
 Which saith our India is a cumbrous weight,
 An idle decoration, bought too dear.
 The wiser world contemns not gorgeous gear :
 Just pride is no mean factor in a State ;
 The sense of greatness keeps a nation great ;
 And mighty they who mighty can appear.
 It may be that if hands of greed could steal
 From England's grasp the envied orient prize,
 This tide of gold would flood her still as now :
 But were she the same England, made to feel
 A brightness gone from out those starry eyes,
 A splendor from that constellated brow ?

XIII.

REPORTED CONCESSIONS.

So we must palter, falter, cringe and shrink,
 And when the bully threatens, crouch or fly.—
 There are who tell me with a shuddering eye
 That war's red cup is Satan's chosen drink.
 Who shall gainsay them? Verily I do think
 War is as hateful almost, and well-nigh
 As ghastly, as this terrible peace whereby
 We halt forever on the crater's brink
 And feed the wind with phrases, while we know
 There gapes at hand the infernal precipice
 O'er which a gossamer bridge of words we throw,
 Yet cannot choose but hear from the abyss
 The sulphurous gloom's unfathomable hiss
 And simmering lava's subterranean flow.

XIV.

NIGHTMARE.

(Written during apparent imminence of war.)

In a false dream I saw the Foe prevail.
 The war was ended; the last smoke had rolled
 Away: and we, erewhile the strong and bold,
 Stood broken, humbled, withered, weak, and pale,
 And moan'd, "Our greatness is become a tale
 To tell our children's babes when we are old.
 They shall put by their playthings to be told
 How England once, before the years of bale,
 Throned above trembling, puissant, grandiose, calm,
 Held Asia's richest jewel in her palm;
 And with unnumber'd isles barbaric she
 The broad hem of her glistening robe impearl'd:
 Then when she wound her arms about the world,
 And had for vassal the obsequious sea."

XV.

LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES.

Brothers beyond the Atlantic's loud expanse;
 And you that rear the innumerable fleece
 Far southward 'mid the ocean named of peace;
 Britons that past the Indian wave advance
 Our name and spirit and world-predominance;
 And you our kin that reap the earth's increase
 Where crawls the long-back'd mountain till it cease
 Crown'd with the headland of bright esperance:—
 Remote compatriots wheresoe'er ye dwell,
 By your prompt voices ringing clear and true
 We know that with our England all is well:
 Young is she yet, her world-task but begun;
 By you we know her safe, and know by you
 Her veins are million but her heart is one.

—*National Review* Google

THE RUSSIAN ARMAMENT.

"Our War Correspondent, Mr. Jefferson Brick." We recollect the time when war correspondents were treated with ridicule. Mr. Speaker Abbott benignly designated Parliamentary reporters as "blackguard newswriters," and high military authorities treated correspondents who accompanied the army in the field in the same unworthy fashion. Now all is changed. It is universally acknowledged that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the brave men who not only describe but share the perils of the fight. It was thought that, when the Midlothian campaign ended in a tremendous success the war drum would throb no longer, and that correspondents were played out. *Le probable n'arrive jamais*. The war drum has been throbbing everlastingly. We have had war in South Africa, ending in a disgraceful capitulation. Then war in Egypt, followed by endless confusion. We are now at war, in the deadly climate of the Soudan, with a brave people who never injured us, and who are "rightly struggling to be free." We are fighting where we ought not to fight, and retreating where we ought not to retreat. Russia has massed her troops on the frontiers of India, for Afghanistan is now virtually a part of India, and there after much bluster we are to allow her to remain. How people have been sneered at who called attention to the danger of a Russian invasion. Mr. Gladstone talked about "old woman's fears;" Lord Salisbury advised us to buy a large map and study the question. Well, we have bought a very large map, and we must say our inspection of it has increased our alarm. Superior persons are not omniscient. Lord Melbourne used to groan over the fact that "the prophecies of d—d fools" were often fulfilled. England has been in a state of panic lately, and nothing but war with Russia has been talked of. There has been a real war on the stock exchange between the Bears and the Bulls. The Bears, of course, from patriotic motives, are howling for war with Russia, while the Bulls are certain of peace on account of their unbounded belief in the scuttling propensities of the

"Grand Old Man." We think the Bulls will win.

The article we are writing is entitled "The Russian Armament," but it has nothing to do with present complications; it is a review of the papers of the Duke of Leeds, which have been admirably edited by Mr. Oscar Browning for the Camden Society, and the "Bland Burges Papers," just published by Mr. Murray.

The Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards Duke of Leeds, was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Pitt's Government until the year 1791, when he resigned on account of his refusal to withdraw the demands he had made on Russia. Lord Carmarthen was one of the finest gentlemen of the time, high-spirited, wonderfully handsome, and renowned for his grace of manner. "Elegant Carmarthen," so he was styled. He was very kind-hearted. Once Foote went into White's Club with a friend who wanted to write a note. Foote, standing amongst strangers, did not look quite at his ease. Lord Carmarthen walked up to him, and in order to relieve his embarrassment, said, "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Upon which the ungrateful wit looked suspiciously round, and thrust his handkerchief in his pocket, saying, "Thank you, my lord; you know the company a great deal better than I do." Mr. James Bland Burges was a friend of Lord Carmarthen, and received the appointment of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which he held till he was removed by Lord Grenville in 1795. His papers have been edited by Mr. Hutton, and contain a variety of entertaining matter.

Mr. Burges gives an amusing account of an argument that took place between Mr. Pitt and Gibbon, in which the latter was signally defeated. This took place at Mr. Burges's dinner-table.

"In these favorable circumstances, Mr. Gibbon, nothing loth, took the conversation into his own hands, and very brilliant and pleasant he was during the dinner and for some time afterwards. He had just concluded, however, one of his best foreign anecdotes, in which he had introduced some of the fashionable levities of political doctrine then prevalent, and, with

his customary tap on the lid of his snuff-box, was looking round to receive our tribute of applause, when a deep-toned but clear voice was heard from the bottom of the table, very calmly and civilly impugning the correctness of the narrative, and the propriety of the doctrines of which it had been made the vehicle. The historian, turning a disdainful glance toward the quarter whence the voice proceeded, saw, for the first time, a tall, thin, and rather ungainly-looking young man, who now sat quietly and silently eating some fruit. There was nothing very prepossessing or very formidable in his exterior, but, as the few words he had uttered appeared to have made a considerable impression on the company, Mr. Gibbon, I suppose, thought himself bound to maintain his honor by suppressing such an attempt to dispute his supremacy. He accordingly undertook the defence of the propositions in question, and a very animated debate took place between him and his youthful antagonist, Mr. Pitt, and for some time was conducted with great talent and brilliancy on both sides. At length the genius of the young man prevailed over that of his senior, who, finding himself driven into a corner from which there was no escape, made some excuse for rising from the table and walked out of the room. I followed him, and, finding that he was looking for his hat, I tried to persuade him to return to his seat. 'By no means,' said he. 'That young gentleman is, I have no doubt, extremely ingenious and agreeable, but I must acknowledge that his style of conversation is not exactly what I am accustomed to, so you must positively excuse me.' And away he went in high dudgeon."

"The Gibbon," as his friend Lord Sheffield used to call him, once more met Pitt at Beckenham, the residence of Lord Auckland, and Lord Sheffield relates that his meeting Pitt privately was a great satisfaction to him, and that Gibbon gave a very good account of the ease and unministerial deportment of the great man.

There is new and very interesting information to be found in the "Burges Papers" respecting the prosecution of Warren Hastings. At the request of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burges got up to answer Sheridan's great speech in the House of Commons. Although it was his first attempt, the House naturally refused to listen to him. It is clear that Mr. Pitt's astonishing abandonment of Hastings to his persecutors was at the instigation of Dundas. Warren Hastings was a favorite at Court, and it was feared that he would supersede Dundas at the Board of Control. Indeed, Mr. Dundas openly told Lord Maitland, one of the managers, that opposition by their attack on Hastings had done exactly what he

wanted. On the night Pitt voted against Hastings, Mr. Burges was so sure that Pitt was going to speak in his favor that he ensconced himself in a snug corner of the Opposition benches in order that he might obtain a better view of Mr. Hastings' mighty champion, when to his horror he heard his hero pour forth an invective against the unfortunate Hastings so acrimonious as precluded all hope or assistance from Government. Mr. Burges divided the House in favor of Hastings, to Pitt's great annoyance.

"When the House broke up, he said to me with an austere look, 'So, sir, you have thought proper to divide the House. I hope you are satisfied.' 'Perfectly so, sir,' I replied. 'Then you seem satisfied very easily.' 'Not exactly so, sir. I am satisfied with nothing that has passed this evening, except the discovery that I have made that there were still honest men present.' On that, with a stern look and a stately air, he left me."

There are several anecdotes given by Mr. Burges which show with what fortitude Warren Hastings bore his unmerited sufferings :

"When I reflect," said Hastings, "upon my present circumstances—when I listen to the railings of my accusers, and when my spirit rises up against them—I call to mind the story of an Indian king whose temper never knew a medium, and who in prosperity was hurried into extravagance by his joy, while in adversity grief overwhelmed him with despondency. Having suffered many inconveniences through this weakness, he gave notice that, on his forthcoming birthday, the most acceptable present which any of his courtiers could make would be a sentence short enough to be engraved on a ring, and suggesting a remedy for the grievance of which he complained. Many phrases were accordingly proposed, but not one that was satisfactory, until his daughter came forward and offered him an emerald on which were engraved two Arabic words, the literal translation of which is, 'This, too, will pass.' The king embraced his child, and declared that she was wiser than all his wise men. Now," continued Mr. Hastings, "when I appear at the Bar, and hear the violent invectives of my enemies, I arm myself with patience. I reflect upon the mutability of human life, and say to myself, 'this, too, will pass.'"

Mr. Burges gives an anecdote of a circumstance which happened at a dinner at Lord Carmarthen's, which shows that Mr. Pitt had some feelings of remorse for the manner in which he had forsaken Hastings.

Mr. Burges writes :

"An accidental allusion being made to his

unexpected change of sentiment respecting the Begum charge, Pitt suddenly rose from his chair, and striding to the fireplace, remarked in a dignified tone to Lord Carmarthen, 'We have had enough of this subject, my Lord; I will thank you to call another.' 'With all my heart,' said Lord Carmarthen; 'I am as sick of the subject as you can be. So come, Pitt, sit down and put the bottle round, for strange to tell, it stands by you.'"

Pitt and Dundas once drank seven bottles of wine at one sitting.

Mr. Pitt's foreign policy had been eminently successful—he had destroyed the ascendancy of France in Holland; he had quelled the pride of Spain in the dispute of Nootka Sound; but his attempt to curb the advance of Russia in her invasion of Turkey ended in disaster. Russia had suffered a loss of 40,000 men in the siege of Oczacow, which was finally successful. Mr. Pitt's government demanded that this fortress should be restored to the Turks. Catherine positively refused to resign her conquest, and consequently England armed in conjunction with Prussia to compel her to disgorge. Everything looked like war. A great fleet assembled at Spithead, "the Russian Armament," as it was called. Holland was expected to join in the war; however, she was lukewarm in the cause. She had sent a fleet under Admiral Kingsbergen to help England against Spain, but against Holy Russia she declined to fight. The English Ambassador at the Hague was violent against the war. The plan of the campaign was that whilst an English fleet should be sent to the Baltic and Black Sea, the King of Prussia in person, with 80,000 men, should invade Livonia.

The Duke of Leeds writes :

"On Monday, 21st, and Tuesday, 22nd, March, Cabinets were held at my office, in which the sentiments of the King's Ministers, with the exception of Lord Grenville, were for sending a fleet to the Baltic, and a squadron to the Black Sea, in order to give weight by active exertion to our principle of establishing peace between Russia and the Porte, on the ground of the *status quo*. Lord Grenville thought that an additional armament would produce the best effect, and at all events keep the future direction of the negotiations in our hands by the simple effect of demonstration so formidable on the part of England, and which, in the event of hostilities, we could no longer answer for short of immediate success. The Duke of Richmond, at one or other of these meetings, when most of the members were

withdrawn, expressed great doubts of coming even to a general determination before the detail of operations was arranged. Lord Chatham very ably observed that to him it appeared more natural to come to some determination upon general grounds, and afterwards discuss the details of executing such measures as might appear to be expedient to be adopted. We had several communications on the subject, and at length a minute of Cabinet was agreed to, stating the necessity of supporting our proposed plan of pacification, of immediately informing the King of Prussia of our intention of sending a fleet of thirty to forty sail into the Baltic, a squadron of ten or twelve ships of the line into the Black Sea to assist the Turks."

Mr. Fox opposed violently the projected expedition to the Baltic, and the war generally. One of the greatest speeches Fox ever delivered was directed against the "Russian Armament." There was great objection to hostilities on the part of the mercantile community, whose trade with the Baltic was very large and remunerative. Several of Mr. Pitt's staunchest supporters declined to follow him, and finally some of the leading members of the Cabinet took fright; the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Stafford, the grandfather of our present Foreign Secretary, were soon eager to retreat. History repeats itself.

"Wednesday, the 30th, being in the House of Lords, the Duke of Richmond took me into one of the Committee Rooms, and stated his opinion that the numberless difficulties attending the prosecution of our present plan rendered it almost impossible to succeed, that the country would not support it, and that we ought to look for some expedient to get out of the scrape. I told his grace my own opinion was precisely the same; it had been from the beginning of the business, and that even if it had changed, I should fear we were too late for retreating without hazarding our reputation very materially. That supposing the cautious line he recommended should be approved, I could see but one method of succeeding without sacrificing our consistency, viz., a secret but direct negotiation with Prince Potemkin (which might indulge in its effects one of his ruling passions, avarice), with a view to obtain the Empress's acquiescence in our terms. He seemed to approve of this, expressing his conviction that to carry on a war against Russia would be impracticable. . . . In the evening the Cabinet met. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Stafford, and Lord Grenville, seemed to think it advisable to devise, if possible, some means of desisting from our present plan. The Chancellor, Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and myself agreed it might be attended with difficulty, but not equal to that which must accompany the change of system proposed. Lord Stafford

owned that either part to be adopted in the present circumstances must be liable to great and serious difficulty. 'If,' says he, 'we are so far committed as to make an honorable retreat impossible, we must go on, and I am free to own I had much rather be knocked on the head than survive under the imputation of being either a knave or fool.' We came to no precise determination this evening. Lord Stafford did not appear to have quite made up his mind, though evidently leaning to the more cautious line of conduct."

When a Cabinet is divided in opinion it generally blunders, first on one side, then on the other. Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Leeds disputed with the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Grenville; whilst Lord Camden said little, and Lord Thurlow slept, or, as the Duke of Leeds imagined, counterfeited sleep.

"Thursday, the 31st, I was to have been with Mr. Pitt by appointment at half past twelve. I called at his house; his servant told me he was walked out. I returned to my office, and shortly after Mr. Pitt came to me there. He lamented the visible difference in the Cabinet on the subject of our present measures respecting Russia, I told him my opinion was precisely the same as to the expedience of adopting a spirited line of conduct as when the Resolution was agreed to, and instructions in consequence sent to Berlin. He said his own likewise remained the same; at the same time, he foresaw difficulties at home that he by no means hitherto apprehended, that several members attached to Government had divided against the address in the House of Commons, and added in confidence that he had just been with the Duke of Grafton, who had expressed himself (though in the most friendly manner) decidedly against the risking hostilities with Russia, and that he had been informed by Lord Euston that the Duke had insisted upon his lordship and his brother Lord Charles Fitzroy not voting upon the question of Tuesday last."

After a sleepless night Lord Stafford preferred running the risk of being called a knave or a fool to engaging in a war with Russia.

"Lord Stafford confessed his anxiety and apprehensions of the event of our measures had considerably increased since he parted with us the preceding evening, and assured us he had scarce closed his eyes all night from the agitation of his mind; that he thought so many difficulties would occur in the prosecution of our plan, that we had nothing left but to get out of our embarrassment as well as we could. The Duke of Richmond strongly supported this idea; Lord Grenville appeared likewise to approve it (it is but justice to his lordship to observe that he behaved very honorably through the whole course of this business; at first he opposed singly the proposal of going further than

such demonstration as an increase of our naval armament would create, but when he found the sentiments of the rest of the King's servants were to employ that armament, he thought we should proceed with alacrity and effect; no part of the fleet being sailed or the Prussian troops yet in motion, his lordship was certainly at liberty, without a shadow of inconsistency, to take the line he has since done in our subsequent deliberations). The Chancellor said but little, but expressed his surprise and concern that these cautious sentiments had not been sooner declared, instead of coming after the determination upon which the last communication to Prussia was founded; in this Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and myself agreed with him, and added, the consequences we apprehended would arise from having proceeded so far, and then stopping short without any apparent reason whatever. Lord Camden seemed much agitated, lamented the difficulties he saw were inevitable on both hands, but gave no decisive opinion. We broke up early on account of the House of Lords, and agreed to meet again in the evening. The Duke of Richmond and Lord Chatham (only Mr. Pitt and myself being present then) had a pretty long argument. The latter conducted himself with great coolness and judgment; the former seemed neither convinced or much pleased with the superiority with which the subject was treated in opposition to his grace's sentiments."

Lord Chatham has been naturally considered a failure both in politics and war, but it is curious that Lord Eldon states that in the discussions of the Cabinet Lord Chatham's opinion was generally the best.

At last the Cabinet came to an opinion that it was necessary to retreat; a messenger had been sent to Berlin with an ultimatum to be sent to Russia which Prussia was to join in. It was determined to send another messenger in order to prevent the forwarding of the demand on the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The messenger departed whilst a strong east wind was blowing, and it was doubtful whether he would arrive in time to stop the impending war. If the second messenger had not arrived in time war would probably have taken place, for even a divided Cabinet must fight for an ultimatum.

"The Cabinet met. The business of the day was taken into consideration, the papers Mr. Pitt had sent to me in the morning; previous however to the discussion of their contents, there passed a pretty long conversation. The Duke of Richmond was anxious to know if it was thought possible the messenger who carried the dispatch to Berlin urging some delay, could have arrived soon enough to prevent the joint representation of the two allied

Courts to that of Petersburg being shut off from Berlin (this with other papers went by the preceding messenger a few days only sooner). The Chancellor said he hoped not, and thought that there had been a fortunate east wind which would prevent the second messenger arriving time enough for that purpose. The Duke seemed nettled at this answer, and replied, 'I suppose, then, you wish to read Homer, my lord?' 'What the devil,' retorted the Chancellor, 'has Homer to do with this business?' 'Only,' replied the Duke, 'I suppose your lordship may want to have sufficient leisure to read Homer in comfort, which, from your situation, you have not at present.' After a little more snarling on one part, and a great deal of grumbling on the other, the dialogue concluded. The Duke of Richmond then asked me if I recollected the day the second messenger went away. I told him he set out on Friday, April 1st. Pitt could not help saying, 'Now, do you, Duke, that you enjoy the date on this occasion.' I told him I really answered the Duke *tout bonnement*, and was sure the date was accurate; however, since he mentioned it, I could not say I was particularly sorry at such a step being taken on such a day."

In spite of the east wind the second messenger arrived in time to prevent the communication of the ultimatum to Russia. The King of Prussia was virtually abandoned by his ally, and "Peace at any price" was now the policy of England.

Mr. Fawkener, a great favorite in London society, was sent to make the best bargain he could with the Empress Catherine, who, knowing that England was in full retreat, received the British Envoy with great civility, but took care to show him that she understood the situation. Once when walking with Mr. Fawkener a dog frightened a child by his barking. The Empress said, "Silly child! Don't you know that dogs who bark never bite?" The Russians at the present time seem not to be in the slightest degree alarmed at the barking of the "Grand Old Man."

The English Minister at Berlin was Mr. Ewart, a diplomatist of the greatest talents. He was the son of a surgeon, and rose to his high station by his ability alone. He was of Scotch origin, and in the "Croker Papers" it is stated what unbounded influence he had over the Prussian Government. It was Mr. Ewart who was the originator of the "Russian Armament," and he did not long survive the shock occasioned by the *reculade* of the English Government. He was soon afterwards recalled by

Lord Grenville, who succeeded the Duke of Leeds at the Foreign Office. Readers of "Wraxall's Memoirs" will find a very favorable history of this ill-fated diplomatist.

With respect to the failure of English diplomacy in this affair grave accusations were made against Mr. Fox, who is alleged to have sent Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair to counteract the efforts of Mr. Fawkener. Bishop Tomline, in his "Life of Pitt," accuses Fox of behaving in this eminently unpatriotic manner. Sir Robert Adair denied in the most solemn manner the Bishop's allusion, who did not produce any satisfactory evidence in support of his charge. Be that as it may, it is evident that the belief at the English Foreign Office was unfavorable to Mr. Adair. Lord Grenville as Minister for Foreign Affairs had no doubt on the subject, and we have seen a private letter of his to Lord Auckland, in which he expressed his belief that Mr. Adair had been sent by Mr. Fox to oppose the policy of England. The Empress Catherine showed Mr. Adair every attention in her power, and placed him on the same footing as if he were indeed an envoy. The Duke of Leeds, who was a personal friend of Mr. Fox, seems to have had the same ideas as Lord Grenville on this affair.

The following extract is taken from the Duke of Leeds' diary:

"S. Nov. 24, Lord St. Helens dined with me. After the ladies were gone upstairs we conversed for some time on foreign affairs; he mentioned the King of Prussia as a very weak man, who by his absurd conduct had exhausted his finances, spoilt his army, and given to the House of Austria a decided superiority over him. Speaking of the Russian business of last year, he reprobated in the strongest terms the conduct of Fox in sending an agent (Mr. Adair) to Petersburg to counteract the negotiations of this Court at that of Russia. He told me he knew for certain that Mr. Adair had shown to some English merchants at Petersburg the Empress's picture set in diamonds which had been given to him. That it was not one of the sort usually given, but of much greater value, being set round with large brilliants, and the whole picture covered with a table diamond instead of crystal. That this was a present seldom made but on some very particular occasion or to some great favorite. (I remember to have seen such a one in the possession of Prince Orlov.) Lord St. Helens thought it must have been worth six or seven thousand pounds, and of too much value probably to

have been meant for Mr. Adair. The conclusion we both very naturally drew from this circumstance was not very favorable to Mr. Fox."

Lord St. Helens, when Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was a great favorite of the Empress Catherine. He relates that she had a great belief in her star; once when he was driving with her the horses ran away furiously and a catastrophe was anticipated, when they suddenly stopped. Catherine said, "*Mon étoile vous a sauvé.*"

The following anecdote about the Empress comes from Lord St. Helens. The Empress gave frequent whist-parties.

"One night, when she was not playing, but walking about from table to table, and watching the different hands, she rang the bell to summon the page-in-waiting from an antechamber. No page appeared. She rang the bell again: and again without effect. Upon this she left the room, looking daggers, and did not return for a very considerable time, the company supposing that the unfortunate page was destined to the knout or Siberia. On entering the antechamber the Empress found that the page—like his betters—was busy at whist, and that, when she had rung the bell, he happened to have so very interesting a hand that he could not make up his mind to quit it. Now, what did the Empress do? She despatched the page on her errand and then quietly sat down to hold his cards till he should return."

This was very proper kindness on the part of the Empress. Nothing is so disagreeable as leaving the card-table when one has a good hand at whist.

It was our Ambassador in Holland who was chiefly instrumental in convincing Mr. Pitt that a war for the sake of Oczakow ought not to be undertaken. Europe was in a troubled state, and the French Revolution in rapid progress. Lord Auckland was vehemently opposed to the war with Russia, and that eminent statesman, M. Van der Spiegel, the Grand Pensionary of Holland, participated in his sentiments. Lord Auckland did not consider that Oczakow was worth fighting for. He obtained an opinion from Admiral Kingsbergen, who knew the East well, that Sebastopol was the dangerous place from whence Constantinople could be suddenly attacked. In fact it was idle to fight about Oczakow, leaving the Crimean port in the hands of the Russians. Mr. Pitt was very much impressed with this informa-

tion, and no doubt it materially influenced him in changing his policy.

Mr. Hutton, the editor of the "Burgess Papers," because Lord Auckland had the audacity to differ with Mr. Burges in his opinions with regard to Oczakow, has thought it becoming to virulently assail Lord Auckland's public career. Mr. Hutton informs us that Lord Auckland deserted* the Coalition and took office under Mr. Pitt, but not being satisfied, turned on his chief and opposed his plans in the year 1785. Where on earth did Mr. Hutton get this astounding information? Lord Auckland never took office under Mr. Pitt. He was a member of the Coalition till the end of the year 1785, and led the opposition in that year against the Irish Propositions. In the latter part of 1785 Mr. Pitt made a proposition to Lord Auckland that he should proceed to Paris to negotiate a Commercial Treaty. Lord Auckland accepted the appointment on the advice of his friend, Lord Loughborough. Then Mr. Hutton accuses Lord Auckland of attacking Mr. Pitt in the House of Lords because he had no sufficient pension! But the most absurd statement is, that Lord Grenville "found out Lord Auckland, and being master of the situation, rejected him on account of his quarrel† with Mr. Pitt, and consigned him to the quiet enjoyment of the delights of Eden Farm." We never read such nonsense. Mr. Hutton has exceeded himself in this passage. Lord Grenville retired with Pitt from office, and did not resume it till after Pitt's death, when he was appointed Prime Minister, and then, so far from "rejecting" Lord Auckland, he made him President of the Board of Trade, and Lord Auckland became his confidential adviser, particularly in matters of finance. If Mr. Hutton will condescend to read through the "Auckland Correspondence" he will find Lord Grenville and Lord Auckland were on the most friendly and confidential terms till the death of the latter in 1814. Even Mrs. Nickleby was more careful in her

* "Burgess Papers," p. 76.

† Lord Auckland was Postmaster-General in Mr. Pitt's Government; and after Mr. Pitt resigned in 1801, Lord Auckland made a speech in the House of Lords which Mr. Pitt resented. Lord Auckland remained in office

historical statements, for she says, "I forget, without looking at some letters upstairs, whether it was my great-great-grandfather who went to school with the Cock Lane Ghost, or the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury who went to school with my grandmother." We hope Mr. Hutton for the future will follow the wise example of Mrs. Nickleby, and read before he writes.

In the unfortunate retreat of the Duke of York through Holland in 1794, the 37th Regiment disappeared. Mr. Burges' military correspondent on the spot gives the following account of the cause. It appears it was owing to a drinking bout of the Duke of York and his staff.

"General Bonneau's adjutant-general came over with a flag of truce, and Major Hope asked him to stay and dine with the mess, which he did, and, drinking too freely of the port, told Major Hope that a French general had crossed the Maese with 60,000 men, and meant to attack the whole of the British posts, and advised him to fall back, as he knew very well their cannon was sent off. Hope immediately wrote a report to the adjutant-general's office, and sent it off at eight o'clock at night. It was delivered at ten, and no notice was taken of it till next day that the outposts were really attacked, when the Duke, at ten o'clock in the morning, immediately inquired into the delay of the letter not being delivered sooner, and he was informed it had been laying on the adjutant-general's table all night. A large party, one of whom was the adjutant-general, Sir James Craig, were dining with H.R.H. the Duke of York, where they all got so royally drunk that Sir James was carried to his quarters in a state of insensibility, from which he was next morning aroused by a summons from the Duke, on the receipt of intelligence that the regiment had been cut off. Great blame was thrown upon Major Hope, and no one could guess to what his negligence could be attributed. But the business was soon explained, for upon Sir James's return to his quarters, he found Major Hope's dispatch lying on his table unopened."

A Royal Duke when he is a failure, is rather embarrassing to a Government. He is difficult to remove. Mr. Pitt at last had the painful duty to inform George the Third that his favorite son had to be recalled. The King resisted of course, but finally gave way. This did not prevent the Duke being again sent by Mr. Pitt as commander-in-chief of an expedition to Holland in the year 1799, which again ended in a disastrous failure. Readers of the "Greville Memoirs" will recollect that the Duke

of York complained bitterly about his ill-usage in not being sent to command the army in Spain instead of the Duke of Wellington!

The King was very much troubled at this time by the conduct of his sons, especially the Prince of Wales.

"I understand the Prince of Wales is very far from well. He is supposed to have ulcers on his lungs, like the late Duke of Cumberland, and was actually blooded four times last week. His physicians have ordered him to live upon French beans and barley-water. He, however, dined on Friday with three hundred officers, and, as I am informed, made great havoc of sundry savory meats, and much champagne, claret, and Burgundy."

Bleeding, beans, and barley-water! If the Prince had followed the advice of his physicians, he never would have lived to be George the Fourth.

Mr. Burges gives a melancholy account of the state of the Royal Family:

"I do not believe there is a more unhappy family in the kingdom than that of our good King. They have lately passed whole hours together in tears, and after that they do not meet for half a day, but each remains alone, separately brooding over their misfortunes. The ill-success and disgraces of the Duke of York, the wounds and ill-health of the Princes Ernest and Adolphus, the bad conduct of Princes Edward and Augustus, and the strange caprices and obstinacy of the Prince of Wales—all these causes are perpetually preying upon them, and make them miserable. The Queen appears to feel and to suffer the least; the King sometimes bursts into tears, rises up and walks about the room, then kisses his daughters, and thanks God for having given them to him to comfort him, by which the Princesses are variously agitated, and sometimes so much so as to go into fits. . . . Lady Elgin also told me that these poor Princesses were in a terrible state with respect to their finances. The three eldest have had each for some time past an allowance of £2000 a year, out of which they are obliged to furnish themselves with everything—clothes, servants' wages, and even jewels—for neither the King nor the Queen have ever given them any. The two eldest are very prudent, and contrive to live tolerably within their allowances; but Princess Elizabeth is a bad economist, and, as she says herself, must go to gaol very soon. I saw Duval, the King's jeweller, yesterday, and asked him if the King had lately given his daughters diamonds. He told me His Majesty had never made them any presents of that sort, but that the Princesses had bought of him all they had, and that upon the whole they paid very well; 'That is,' said he, 'I really believe they pay me whenever they have any money.' He added that he had frequently been ordered to attend at the Queen's house with diamonds, and that he had sometimes carried there jewels to the amount of more than £30,000: that he always

hoped, when he displayed them, and when the Princesses expressed their pleasure at seeing such beautiful things, that their Majesties would have made them presents. 'But no, my dear sir,' said he, 'no such thing; the poor Princesses never got even a spark that they did not pay me for.'

There is a curious opinion given as to the levity of the French nation in so frequently changing its Government. The following letter was written to Mr. Burges in 1815. The French Revolution is still proceeding.

"I happen to be living in the house of a Frenchman, who is really a very clever man. The excuse he makes for his countrymen is this. He said yesterday to me, 'Monsieur, if ever you had a fever, have you not observed that you turn continually in your bed, and that you endeavor to find rest by turning to one side, though you have perhaps turned sleepless from it a hundred times? Monsieur, France, for these last five-and-twenty years, has been acting the same unhappy part. The fever has been her Revolution. Wishing to find a point of repose, she has turned on all sides, and has grasped at all sorts of Governments. Finding herself uneasy with Buonaparte, she turned to Louis, for the same reason again to Buonaparte, for the same reason again to Louis; and if she still continues unhappy, you will see that she will once more turn in despair to Buonaparte, or to any one else that may offer her relief.'

Mr. Burges was a poet as well as a politician. We never read any of his poetry, and we never met with anybody who had. The Princess Elizabeth was his great admirer. Porson sneers at his poetry in the following lines:

"Poetis nos lætamur tribus
Pye, Petro Pindar, parvo Pybus,
Si ulterius ire pergis,
Adde his Sir James Bland Burges."

There is in the "Burges Papers" much interesting information respecting the progress of the French Revolution. There has been much difference of opinion as to the relations between Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen. Lord Holland in his Memoirs states that the Count was undoubtedly the Queen's lover. In our review of Count Fersen's Memoirs, we expressed our total disbelief in this serious accusation; but we are bound to state, that in an account of the flight to Varennes given by Mr. Quentin Craufurd, he makes the following statement in a note:

"This gentleman was Colonel of the Royal Suédois, was Her Most Christian Majesty's prime favorite, and is generally supposed to be the father of the present Dauphin."—Q. C.

Mr. Quentin Craufurd was the intimate friend of Count Fersen, and a devoted partisan of Marie Antoinette. His wife was deep in the plot to aid in the escape of the Royal Family, and therefore his accusation is not to be lightly dismissed. It is the most serious charge we have ever read.

There have been many different statements as to the conduct of the Duke of Orleans, when Madame de Lamballe's head was paraded by his windows. The following account given by Mr. Lindsay, connected with the British Embassy, is the true one.

"Madame de Lamballe was literally torn to pieces, in the most cruel and indecent manner. Her head and heart were paraded on pikes through the streets.

"It happened when this murder was committed, on Monday, that Lindsay and some other Englishmen were at the Duke of Orleans's in the Palais Royal. As they were waiting for dinner they heard the outcries of a vast mob, and going to the window, they saw the spectacle of Madame de Lamballe's head passing by on its way to the Temple, where they were taking it to show it to the Queen. Struck with horror at such a sight, they retired to the further end of the room, where the Duke of Orleans was sitting. He asked what was the matter. They told him the mob was carrying a head on a pike. 'Oh,' said he, 'is that all? Let us go to dinner.' As they were at table, he made some inquiries whether the women who had been imprisoned were killed; and being informed that many of them were, 'Pray,' said he, 'what is become of Madame de Lamballe?'

"M. Walkiers, who was sitting near him, made a sign of her having been killed, by passing his hand across his throat. 'I understand you,' said the Duke, and immediately began to converse on indifferent topics."

The Duke of Orleans had been accused of cowardice, but he met his fate with the greatest courage. When he was before the tribunal he occupied himself in reading a newspaper, and demanded that he should be executed as soon as possible. His friend, the celebrated *roué* the Duc de Biron, better known as the Duc de Lauzun, behaved with the same coolness. On his way to the place of execution the sanguinary mob cried out, "*à la guillotine.*" The Duc responded, "*On y va, canaille!*"

There is a curious letter from Madame du Barry asking Mr. Burges for a passport to return to France:

"Mde. du Barry a l'honneur de faire mille compliments à Monsieur borresse, — elle le prie de vouloir bien lui faire avoir un passe-

port pour Mde. Mortimer, dame anglaise de sa connoissance, qui part avec elle demain pour Paris, et qui compte s'en retourner en Angleterre dans quelque tems. Mde. du Barry est bien fâchée d'être obligée de quitter Londres sans avoir eu le plaisir de voir Monsieur borgee—il l'obligera infiniment de lui rendre le service qu'elle lui demande—elle espère à son retour, qui sera dans les premiers jours du mois prochain, faire tous ses remerciements à Monsieur borgee."

Madame du Barry returned to France, accompanied by her negro servant Zamoro, in order to bring back her jewels, which she had hidden in her park at Luciennes. Her servant betrayed her to the Revolutionary Government, and she was quickly tried and executed. She is said to have been the only woman who showed fear on the scaffold. The greatest ladies of the aristocracy went to the place of execution as tranquilly as if they were going to church, Madame du Barry tried to escape from the executioner, and ran

about the scaffold screaming for mercy, and proclaiming her devotion to the Republic.

As we are finishing this article, the result of the "Russian Armament" of 1885 is announced. Russia will remain in Afghanistan, and henceforth the Indian army must be kept on a war footing, and the ruin of the finances of India will be accomplished. Perhaps it is considered safer to have peace with dishonor than war without an ally. Be that as it may, it is a sad day for England when the Foreign Secretary announces in the House of Lords that England is retreating before France in Egypt, and Russia in India. Lord Grenville has been in a state of abject apology so long that he does not seem to be in the least degree humiliated. "He scatters his ashes with a jaunty air, and wears his sackcloth as if it were a robe of honor."—*Temple Bar*.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge has so many claims upon the attention of all good men, and has such especial claims upon mine, that I feel a certain shyness in giving audible expression to views about history and history-writing which are not his. The undertaking, however, though desperate, is lawful, and may be conducted without offence.

Ever since the printing-press of his university published Professor Seeley's work on Stein, his tone in referring to other historians has become severe, and he has spoken of them as if they were but unauthorized practitioners of the science of History, and as though their pleasant volumes were but plausible quackeries, all jelly and no powder.

This view of things, after finding chance expression in lectures and papers, has received more definite treatment in Professor Seeley's most recent and most opportune book, which everybody has read, "The Expansion of England," which opens thus:—"It is a favorite maxim of mine that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should

pursue a practical object—that is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future. Now, if this maxim be sound, the history of England ought to end with something that might be called a moral."

This, it must be admitted, is a large order. The task of the historian, as here explained, is not merely to tell us the story of the past, and thus gratify our curiosity, but, pursuing a practical object, to seek to modify our views of the present and help us in our forecasts of the future; and this the historian is to do, not unconsciously and incidentally, but deliberately and of set purpose. One can well understand how history, so written, will usually begin with a maxim and invariably end with a moral.

What we are told on p. 166 follows in logical sequence upon our first quotation—namely, that "history fades into *mere literature* (the italics are ours) when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." In this grim sentence we read the dethronement of *Clio*. The

poor thing must foreswear her father's house, her tuneful sisters, the invocation of the poet, the worship of the dramatist, and keep her terms at the university, where, if she is really studious and steady, and avoids literary companions (which ought not to be difficult), she may hope some day to be received into the Royal Society as a second-rate science. The people who do not usually go to the Royal Society will miss their old playmate from her accustomed slopes, but, even were they to succeed in tracing her to her new home, access would be denied them; for Professor Seeley, that stern custodian, has his answer ready for all such seekers. "If you want recreation, you must find it in Poetry, particularly Lyrical Poetry. Try Shelley. We can no longer allow you to disport yourselves in the Fields of History as if they were a mere playground. Clio is enclosed."

At present, however, this is not quite the case; for the old literary traditions are still alive, and prove somewhat irritating to Professor Seeley, who, though one of the most even-tempered of writers, is to be found on p. 173 almost angry with Thackeray, a charming person, who, as we all know, had, after his lazy, literary fashion, made an especial study of Queen Anne's time, and who cherished the pleasant fancy that a man might lie in the heather with a pipe in his mouth, and yet, if he had only an odd volume of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler* in his hand, be learning history all the time. "As we read in these delightful pages," says the author of "Esmond," "the past age returns; the England of our ancestors is revived; the Maypole rises in the Strand; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses;" and so on, in the style we all know and love so well, and none better. We may rest assured, than Professor Seeley himself, if only he were not tortured by the thought that people were taking this to be a specimen of the science of which he is a Regius Professor. His comment on this passage of Thackeray's is almost a groan. "What is this but the old literary groove, leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" and certainly no one of us, from letting his fancy gaze on the Maypole in the Strand, could ever have foretold the Griffin. On the same page

he cries: "Break the drowsy spell of narrative. Ask yourself questions, set yourself problems; your mind will at once take up a new attitude. Now modern English history breaks up into two grand problems—the problem of the Colonies and the problem of India." The Cambridge School of History with a vengeance.

In a paper read at the South Kensington Museum on the 4th of last August, Professor Seeley observes: "The essential point is this, that we should recognize that to study history is to study not merely a narrative, but *at the same time* certain theoretical studies." He then proceeds to name them as follows:—Political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law.

These passages are, I think, adequate to give a fair view of Professor Seeley's position. History is a science, to be written scientifically and to be studied scientifically in conjunction with other studies. It should pursue a practical object and be read with direct reference to practical politics—using the latter word, no doubt, in an enlightened sense. History is not a narrative of all sorts of facts—biographical, moral, political—but of such facts as a scientific diagnosis has ascertained to be historically interesting. In fine, History, if her study is to be profitable and not a mere pastime, less exhausting than skittles and cheaper than horse exercise, must be dominated by some theory capable of verification by reference to certain ascertained facts belonging to a particular class.

Is this the right way of looking upon History? The dictionaries tell us that history and story are the same word, and are derived from a Greek source, signifying information obtained by inquiry. The natural definition of history, therefore, surely is the story of man upon earth, and the historian is he who tells us any chapter or fragment of that story. All things that on earth do dwell have, no doubt, their history as well as man; but when a member, however humble, of the human race speaks of history without any explanatory context, he may be presumed to be alluding to his own family records, to the story of humanity during its passage across the earth's surface.

"A talent for history"—I am quoting from an author whose style, let those mock at it who may, will reveal him—"may be said to be born with us as our chief inheritance. History has been written with quipo-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum belts, still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn, for the Celt and the Copt, the red man as well as the white, lives between two eternities, and warring against oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear, conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united with the whole future and the whole past."

To keep the Past alive for us is the pious function of the historian. Our curiosity is endless, his the task of gratifying it. We want to know what happened long ago. Performance of this task is only proximately possible—but none the less it must be attempted, for the demand for it is born afresh with every infant's cry. History is a Pageant and not a Philosophy.

Poets, no less than professors, occasionally say good things even in prose, and the following oracular utterance of Shelley is not pure nonsense:—"History is the cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. The Past, like an inspired Rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with her harmony."

If this be thought a little too fanciful, let me adorn this page with a passage from one of the great masters of English prose—Walter Savage Landor. Would that the pious labor of transcription could confer the tiniest measure of the gift! In that bundle of Imaginary Letters Landor called "Pericles and Aspasia," we find Aspasia writing to her friend Cleone as follows:—

"To-day there came to visit us a writer who is not yet an Author: his name is Thucydides. We understand that he has been these several years engaged in preparation for a history. Pericles invited him to meet Herodotus, when that wonderful man had returned to our country and was about to sail from Athens. Until then it was believed by the intimate friends of Thucydides that he would devote his life to Poetry, and such is his vigor both of thought and expression that he would have been the rival of Pindar. Even now he is fonder of talking on poetry than any other subject, and blushed when history was mentioned. By degrees, however, he warmed, and listened with deep interest to the discourse of Pericles on the duties of a historian.

"'May our first Athenian historian not be the greatest,' said he, 'as the first of our dramatists has been, in the opinion of many. We are growing too loquacious both on the stage and

off. We make disquisitions which render us only more and more dim-sighted, and excursions that only consume our stores. If some among us who have acquired celebrity by their compositions, calm, candid, contemplative men, were to undertake the history of Athens from the invasion of Xerxes, I should expect a fair and full criticism on the orations of Antiphon, and experience no disappointment at their forgetting the battle of Salamis. History, when she has lost her Muse, will lose her dignity, her occupation, her character, her name. She will wander about the Agora; she will start, she will stop, she will look wild, she will look stupid, she will take languidly to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand apart. The Field of History should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me or interesting in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children. Teach me whence laws were introduced, upon what foundation laid, by what custody guarded, in what inner keep preserved. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in the market-place, Commerce in the harbor, the Arts in the light they love, Philosophy in the shade: place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her, Eloquence and War.'"

This is, doubtless, a somewhat full-dress view of History. Landor was not one of our modern dressing-gown and slippers kind of author. He always took pains to be splendid, and preferred stately magnificence to chatty familiarity. But, after allowing for this, is not the passage I have quoted infused with a great deal of the true spirit which should animate the historian, and does it not seem to take us by the hand, and lead us very far away from Professor Seeley's maxims and morals, his theoretical studies, his political philosophy, his political economy, and his desire to break the drowsy spell of narrative, and to set us all problems? I ask this question in no spirit of enmity towards these theoretical studies, nor do I doubt for one moment that the student of history proper, who has a turn in their directions, will find his pursuit made only the more fascinating the more he studies them—just as a little botany is said to

add to the charm of a country walk ; but—and surely the assertion is not necessarily paradoxical—these studies ought not to be allowed to disfigure the free flowing outline of the Historical Muse, or to thicken her clear utterance, which in her higher moods chants an epic, and in her ordinary moods recites a narrative which need *not* be drowsy.

As for maxims, we all of us have our "little hoard of maxims" wherewith to preach down our hearts and justify anything shabby we may have done, but the less we import their cheap wisdom into history the better. The author of the "Expansion of England" will probably agree with Burke in thinking that "a Great Empire and a Small Mind go ill together," and so, surely, *a fortiori*, must be a mighty universe and any possible maxim. There have been plenty of brave historical maxims before Professor Seeley's, though only Lord Bolingbroke's has had the good luck to become itself historical.* And as for theories, Professor Flint, a very learned writer, has been at the pains to enumerate fourteen French and thirteen German philosophies of history current (though some, I expect, never ran either fast or far) since the Revival of Learning.

We are (are we not ?) in these days in no little danger of being philosophy-ridden, and of losing our love for facts simply as facts. So long as Carlyle lived, the Concrete had a representative, the strength of whose epithets sufficed, if not to keep the philosophers in awe, at least to supply their opponents with stones. But now it is different. Carlyle is no more a model historian than is Shakespeare a model dramatist. The merest tyro can count the faults of either on his clumsy fingers. That born critic, the late Sir George Lewis, had barely completed his tenth year before he was able, in a letter to his mother, to point out to her the essentially faulty structure of "Hamlet," and many a duller wit, a decade or two later in his existence, has come to the conclusion that "Frederick the Great" is far too long. But whatever were Carlyle's faults, his historical method was superbly

naturalistic. Have we a historian left us so honestly possessed as he was with the genuine historical instinct, the true enthusiasm to know what happened ; or one half so fond of a story for its own sake, or so in love with things, not for what they were, but simply because they were ? "What wonderful things are Events," wrote Lord Beaconsfield in "Coningsby ;" "the least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations." To say this is to go perhaps too far ; certainly it is to go farther than Carlyle, who none the less was in sympathy with the remark—for he also worshipped Events, believing as he did that but for the breath of God's mouth they never would have been events at all. We thus find him always treating even comparatively insignificant facts with a measure of reverence and handling them lovingly, as does a book-hunter the shabbiest pamphlet in his collection. We have only to think of Carlyle's essay on the "Diamond Necklace" to fill our minds with his qualifications for the proud office of the historian. Were that inimitable piece of workmanship to be submitted to the criticisms of the new scientific school we doubt whether it would be so much as classed, whilst the celebrated description of the night before the battle of Dunbar in "Cromwell," or any of the hundred scenes from the "French Revolution," would, we expect, be catalogued as good examples of that degrading process whereby history fades into mere literature.

This is not a question, be it observed, of style. What is called a picturesque style is generally a great trial. Who was it who called Professor Masson's style Carlyle on wooden legs ? What can be drearier than when a plain matter-of-fact writer attempts to be animated, and tries to make his characters live by the easy but futile expedient of writing about them in the present tense ? What is wanted is a passion for facts ; the style may be left to take care of itself. Let me name a historian who detested fine writing, and who never said to himself, "Go to, I will make a description," and who yet was dominated by a love for facts, whose one desire always was to know what happened, to dispel illusion and establish the true account—

* "History is Philosophy teaching by Examples."

Dr. S. R. Maitland, of the Lambeth Library, whose volumes entitled "The Dark Ages" and "The Reformation" are to History what Milton's "Lycidas" is said to be to Poetry: if they do not interest you, your tastes are not historical.

The difference, we repeat, is not of style, but of aim. Is history a Pageant or a Philosophy? That eminent historian, Lord Macaulay, whose passion for letters and for "mere literature" ennobled his whole life, has expressed himself in some places, I need scarcely add in a most forcible manner, in the same sense as Professor Seeley. In his well-known essay on History contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828, we find him writing as follows:—"Facts are the mere dross of History. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them, and lies latent amongst them like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its whole value." And again: "No past event has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future." These are strong passages; but Lord Macaulay was a royal Eclectic, and was quite out of sympathy with the majority of that brotherhood who are content to tone down their contradictories to the dull level of ineptitudes. Macaulay never toned down his contradictories, but, heightening every thing all round, went on his sublime way rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, and well knowing that he could give anybody five yards in fifty and win easily. It is therefore no surprise to find him, in the very essay in which he speaks so contemptuously of facts, laying on with his vigorous brush a celebrated purple patch I would gladly transfer to my own dull page were it not too long and too well known. A line or two taken at random will give its purport:—

"A truly great historian would reclaim those materials the novelist has appropriated. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality,' for one half of King James in Hume and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' . . . Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest, from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw, from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers-minstrels, crusaders, the

stately monastery with the good cheer in its refectory and the high mass in its chapel, the manor-house with its hunting and hawking, the tournament with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold, would give truth and life to the representation."

It is difficult to see what abstract truth interpenetrates the cheer of the refectory, or what just calculations with respect to the future even an upholsterer could draw from a cloth, either of state or of gold; whilst most people will admit that when the brilliant essayist a few years later set himself to compose his own magnificent history so far as he interpenetrated it with the abstract truths of Whiggism, and calculated that the future would be satisfied with the first Reform Bill, he did ill and guessed wrong.

To reconcile Macaulay's utterances on this subject is beyond my powers, but of two things I am satisfied: the first is that, were he to come to life again, a good many of us would be more careful than we are how we wrote about him, and the second is that, on the happening of the same event, he would be found protesting against the threatened domination of all things by scientific theory. A Western American, who was once compelled to spend some days in Boston, was accustomed in after-life to describe the seat of polite learning to his horrified companions in California as a city in whose streets Respectability stalked unchecked. This is just what philosophical theories are doing amongst us, and a decent person can hardly venture abroad without one, though it does not much matter which one. Everybody is expected to have "a system of philosophy with principles coherent, inter-dependent, subordinate, and derivative," and to be able to account for everything, even for things it used not to be thought sensible to believe in, like ghosts and haunted houses. Keats remarks in one of his letters with great admiration upon what he christens Shakespeare's "negative capability," meaning thereby Shakespeare's habit of complaisant observation from outside of theory, and his keen enjoyment of the unexplained facts of life. He did not pour himself out in every strife. We have but little of this negative capability. The ruddy qualities of delightfulness, of

pleasantness, are all sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The varied elements of life—

"The Joy of Existence,
The Stir of the World"—

seem to be fading from Literature. Pure literary enthusiasm sheds but few rays. To be lively is to be flippant, and epigram is dubbed paradox.

That many people appear too like a drab-colored world hung round with dusky shreds of philosophy is sufficiently obvious. These persons find any relaxation they may require from a too severe course of Theories, religious, political, social, or now, alas! historical, in the novels of Mr. W. D. Howells, an American gentleman who has not been allowed to forget that he once asserted of Fiction what Professor Seeley would be glad to be able to assert of History, that the drowsy spell of narrative has been broken. We are to look for no more Sir Walters, no more Thackerays, no more Dickens. The stories have all been told. Plots are exploded. Incident is over. In moods of dejection these dark sayings seemed only too true. Shakespeare's saddest of sad lines rose to one's lips:

"My grief lies onward and my joy behind."

Behind us are "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering," "Pendennis" and "The Virginians," Pecksniff and Micawber. In front of us stretch a never-ending series, a dreary vista of "Foregone Conclusions," "Counterfeit Presentments," and "Undiscovered Countries." But the darkest watch of the night is the one before the dawn, and relief is often nearest us when we least expect it. All this gloomy nonsense was suddenly dispelled, and the fact that really and truly, and behind this philosophical arras, we were all inwardly raving for stories was most satisfactorily established by the incontinent manner in which we flung ourselves into the arms of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom we could almost have raised a statue in the market-place for having written "Treasure Island."

But to return to History. The interests of our poor human life, which seems to become duller every day, require that the Fields of History should be kept forever unenclosed, and be a free breath-

ing-place for a pallid population well-nigh stifled with the fumes of philosophy.

Were we, imaginatively, to propel ourselves forward to the middle of the next century, and to fancy a well-equipped historian armed with the digested learning of Gibbon, endowed with the eye of Carlyle, and say one-fifteenth of his humor, even then a dangerous allotment in a dull world, the moral gravity of Dr. Arnold, the critical sympathy of Ste-Beuve, and the style of Dr. Newman, approaching the period through which we have lived, should we desire this talented mortal to encumber himself with a theory into which to thrust all our doings as we toss clothes into a portmanteau; to set himself to extract the essence of some new political philosophy, capable of being applied to the practical politics of his own day, or to busy himself with problems or economics? To us personally, of course, it is a matter of indifference how the historians of the twentieth century conduct themselves, but ought not our altruism to bear the strain of a hope that at least one of the band may avoid all these things, and, leaving political philosophy to the political philosopher and political economy to the political economist, remember that the first, if not the last, duty of the historian is to narrate, to supply the text not the comment, the subject not the sermon, and proceed to tell our grandchildren and remoter issue the story of our lives? The clash of arms will resound through his pages as musically as ever it does through those of the elder historians as he tells of the encounter between the Northern and Southern States of America, in which Right and Might, those great twin-brethren, fought side-by-side; but Romance, that ancient parasite, clung affectionately with her tendril-hands to the mouldering walls of an ancient wrong, thus enabling the historian, whilst awarding the victor's palm to General Grant, to write kindly of the lost cause, dear to the heart of a nobler and more chivalrous man, General Lee, of the Virginian Army. And again, is it not almost possible to envy the historian to whom will belong the task of writing with full information, and all the advantage of the true historic distance,

the history of that series of struggles and heroisms, of plots and counter-plots, of crimes and counter-crimes, resulting in the Freedom of Italy, and of telling to a world, eager to listen, the life story of Joseph Mazzini?

"Of God nor man was ever this thing said,
That he could give
Life back to her who gave him, whence his
dead
Mother might live.
But this man found his mother dead and
slain,
With fast sealed eyes,
And bade the dead rise up and live again,
And she did rise."

Nor will our imaginary historian be unmindful of Cavour, or fail to thrill his readers by telling them how, when the great Italian statesman, with many sins upon his conscience, lay in the very grasp of death, he interrupted the priests, busy at their work of intercession, almost roughly, with the exclamation, "Pray not for me. Pray for Italy;" while if he be one who has a turn for that ironical pastime, the dissection of a king, the curious character, and muddle of motives, calling itself Carlo Alberto will afford him material for at least two paragraphs of subtle interest. Lastly, if our historian is ambitious of a larger canvas and of deeper colors, what is there to prevent him, bracing himself to the task,

"as when some mighty painter dips
His pencil in the hues of earthquake and
eclipse,"

from writing the epitaph of the Napoleonic legend?

But all this time I hear Professor Seeley whispering in my ear, "What is this but the old literary groove leading to no trustworthy knowledge?" If by trustworthy knowledge is meant demonstrable conclusions, capable of being expressed in terms at once exact and final, trustworthy knowledge is not to be gained from the Witness of History, whose testimony none the less must be received, weighed, and taken into account. Truly observes Carlyle, "If History is Philosophy teaching by examples, the writer fitted to compose history is hitherto an unknown man. Better were it that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, and, aiming only at some picture of the thing

acted, which picture itself will be but a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret." "Some picture of the thing acted." Here we behold the task of the historian; nor is it an idle, fruitless task. Science is not the only, or the chief, source of knowledge. The "Iliad," Shakspeare's plays, have taught the world more than the "Politics" of Aristotle or the "Novum Organum" of Bacon.

Facts are not the dross of history, but the true metal, and the historian is a worker in that metal. He has nothing to do with abstract truth, or with practical politics, or with forecasts of the future. A worker in metal he is, and has certainly plenty of what Lord Bacon used to call "stuff" to work upon; but if he is to be a great historian, and not a mere chronicler, he must be an artist as well as an artisan, and have something of the spirit which animated such a man as Francesco Francia of Bologna, now only famous as a painter, but in his own day equally celebrated as a worker in gold, and whose practice it was to sign his pictures with the word Goldsmith after his name whilst he engraved Painter on his golden crucifixes.

The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody ever does anything exactly like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration. Maxims he will have, if he is wise, never a one; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none—if he tell it ill, it will deserve none.

The stream of narrative flowing swiftly as it does, over the jagged rocks of human destiny must often be turbulent and tossed; it is therefore all the more the duty of every good citizen to keep it as undefiled as possible, and to do what in him lies to prevent peripatetic philosophers on the banks from throwing their theories into it, either dead ones to decay, or living ones to drown. Let the philosophers ventilate their theories, construct their blow-holes, extract their essences, discuss their maxims, and point their morals as much as they will, but let them do so apart. History must

not lose her Muse, or "take to her bosom doubts, queries, essays, dissertations, some of which ought to go before her, some to follow, and all to stand

apart." Let us at all events secure our narrative first—sermons and philosophy the day after.—*Contemporary Review*.

"MARIUS THE EPICUREAN." *

BY M. A. W.

THIS is a book which has long been expected with interest by a certain circle of readers. The *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, which Mr. Pater published twelve years ago, made a distinct mark in modern literary history. They excited as much antipathy as admiration, perhaps; they were the object of many denunciations, and, like some heretical treatise of the second or third century, received definite episcopal reprimand; but at the same time they rose well above the crowd of books, and produced the effect which rightfully belongs to all the heartfelt individual utterance of literature. The utterance might be distasteful, but it represented an intellectual mood by no means within everybody's reach, a mood which was the result of high culture working on a sensitive and plastic nature, and of which the expression had the force as well as some of the narrowness of passion. The object of the book was to reproduce, as vividly as possible, certain "special unique impressions of pleasure," made on an individual mind by various beautiful things in art and literature, to "disengage the virtue of a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book," so as to pass on the experience of the author to the reader intact, and as it were still warm with feeling and emotion. Such was the programme laid down in the preface to the *Studies*, while at the close of the book its general principles found still more bold and eloquent expression in sentences which were much quoted, and scandalised many to whom the rest of the book remained altogether unknown. "The service of philosophy," said Mr. Pater, "and of religion and culture, to the human spirit, is to startle it into a sharp and eager observa-

tion—not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a varied dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest sense? We are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: "*Les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis.*" We have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest in art and song. For our one chance is in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time."

Here was the characteristic note of the book. Mr. Pater, indeed, was careful to explain that among "high passions" he reckoned all the great motives, political, religious, or scientific, of mankind, and that what he asked was simply that life under whatever banner should be lived strenuously and not listlessly, with ardor and not with apathy. Still it was felt that the foundation of it all was in the true sense epicurean. "Do good and be good," he seemed to say; "learn and know, for one end only—the end of a rich experience. All other systems are delusive; this only justifies itself perpetually. Choose and refine your experience; cultivate and enlarge your receptive faculties, and make life yield you its best. There is no other system of living which at once commends itself to the reason and satisfies the feeling."

Since this remarkable exposition of what he himself in his later book calls "a new Cyrenaicism," Mr. Pater has published a certain number of scattered essays, on Greek and English subjects, of which the latter at least have showed a steadily widening and developing power. The masterly essay on Wordsworth, which appeared in the *Fortnightly*

* *Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas*, by Walter Pater, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. 2 vols.

Review, some years after the *Studies*, must have taken some innocent Wordsworthians by surprise. The austere and yet tender feeling of the whole, the suggestiveness and pregnancy of treatment, the deep sympathy it showed for the peasant life and the peasant sorrows, and a sort of bracing mountain-breath in it, revealed new qualities in the man whose name in certain quarters had become unreasonably synonymous with a mere effeminate philosophy of pleasure. The two English studies which followed the Wordsworth, one on *Measure for Measure*, the other on Charles Lamb, though less intrinsically weighty, perhaps, had even higher artistic merit, while in the articles on the Demeter myth, Mr. Pater employed extraordinary resources of style with results which were not wholly adequate to the delicate labor spent upon them. Then came an attempt in a totally new direction—the curious story *The Child in the House*, of which a fragment appeared in *Macmillan* in the course of 1879. The author never finished it; nor is the fact to be seriously regretted. The disguise furnished by the story for the autobiographical matter, of which it was obviously composed, was not a particularly happy one; above all, it was not disguise enough. Some form of presentation more impersonal, more remote from actual life was needed, before the writer's thought could allow itself fair play. Such a form has now been found in the story of *Marius the Epicurean*.

The scene of *Marius* is laid in the second century, and the object of the book is to trace the development of a sensitive mind brought into contact with the various spiritual and intellectual forces which divided the Roman world under the Antonines. In the first place, the hero is brought up among the primitive beliefs and sentiments of Latin rural life; his childhood is deeply influenced by the pieties, the obligations, the venerable rites of the old Roman religion, "the religion of Numa," as an antiquarian time, with a taste for archaic revivals, loved to fancy it. From this life, rich in survivals from a remote antiquity, Marius passes on to the study of rhetoric and philosophy at Pisa, study which ultimately results in his adoption of a deli-

cate and refined form of Epicureanism. His pursuit of experience, of "exquisite sensations," is to be limited only by the best sort of worldly wisdom, and by the determination, inherent in the gentle nature of the man, "to add nothing, not so much as a passing sigh even, to the great total of men's unhappiness in his way through the world."

"Neque ille
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit
habenti."

From Pisa he goes to Rome, and is deeply influenced by the life and character of Marcus Aurelius, while his heart and brain are exercised by the different problems presented by the life and thought of Rome, its superstitions, its cruelties, its philosophies. Although he holds himself proudly aloof from common superstitions of the time, Marius becomes gradually conscious of certain needs of feeling which his philosophy cannot satisfy, and from a shadowy contact with Theism he passes on to a shadowy contact with Christianity, presented to him under its sweetest and most attractive form. The fair spectacle of Christian love and unity impresses him deeply; he is invaded and conquered by the charm of Christian sentiment, and his imagination is touched by the mysterious largeness of the Christian promises. Still, to the end, apparently, he remains intellectually free, and the ambiguity of his death in which, while not a Christian, he suffers with the Christians, fitly corresponds to the ambiguity of the life which has gone before it.

Those who know Mr. Pater's work will hardly need to be told with what delicacy and beauty he has worked out the theme of *Marius*. The style has its drawbacks, but even in those passages of it which suffers most from a certain looseness and confusion of plan, elements of distinction and musical refinement are never wanting, while at its best the fascination of it is irresistible. There are some half-dozen scenes, which in their own way are unrivalled, where both thought and expression are elaborated with a sort of loving, lingering care, while yet the gentle impression is one of subdued and measured charm, of a fastidious self-control in the writer, leading to a singular gentleness and

purity of presentation. Then to the beauty of style, which springs from his own highly-trained faculty, Mr. Pater has added all that classical culture could supply in the way of adorning and enrichment. The translations from the literature, both Greek and Latin, of the time, in which the book abounds, are in themselves evidence of brilliant literary capacity; the version of Cupid and Psyche especially is a masterpiece. And there is also added to the charm of style, and deftly handled learning, a tenderness of feeling, a tone of reverence for human affections, and pity for the tragedy of human weakness worthy of George Eliot; so that the book is rich in attractiveness for those who are content to take it simply as it is offered them, and to lose themselves in the feelings and speculations of the hero, without a too curious inquiry into the general meaning of it all, or into the relation of the motives and impressions described to the motives and impressions of the nineteenth century.

Most of those, however, who have already fallen under Mr. Pater's spell will certainly approach the book differently. They will see in it a wonderfully delicate and faithful reflection of the workings of a real mind, and that a mind of the nineteenth century, and not of the second. The indirect way in which the mental processes which are the subject of the book are presented to us, is but one more illustration of an English characteristic. As a nation we are fond of direct "confessions." All our autobiographical literature, compared to the French and German, has a touch of dryness and reserve. It is in books like *Sartor Resartus*, or *The Nemesis of Faith*, *Alton Locke*, or *Marius*, rather than in the avowed specimens of self-revelation which the time has produced, that the future student of the nineteenth century will have to look for what is deepest, most intimate, and most real in its personal experience. In the case of those natures whose spiritual experience is richest and most original, there is with us, coupled with the natural tendency to expression, a natural tendency to disguise. We want to describe for others the spiritual things which have delighted or admonished ourselves, but we shrink from a too great

realism of method. English feeling, at its best and subtlest, has almost always something elusive in it, something which resents a spectator, and only moves at ease when it has succeeded in interposing some light screen or some obvious mask between it and the public.

No one can fail to catch the autobiographical note of *Marius* who will compare the present book with its predecessors. Marius, in fact, as a young man, starts in life on the principles expressed in the concluding pages of the *Studies*. While still a student at Pisa, he reads Heraclitus and Aristippus, and resigns himself to the teaching of these old Greek masters. From Heraclitus, or from his school, he learns the doctrine of the "subjectivity of knowledge," according to which "the momentary sensible apprehension of the individual is the only standard of what is or is not;" while from Aristippus he learns how to cultivate and refine sensation, and how to make the philosophy of pleasure minister to the most delicate needs of the spiritual and intellectual life.

"How reassuring, after assisting at so long a debate about rival *criteria* of truth, to fall back upon direct sensation to limit one's aspiration after knowledge to that! In an age, still materially so brilliant, so expert in the artistic handling of material things as that of Marcus Aurelius, with sensible capacities still unjaded, with the whole world of classic art and poetry outspread before it, and where there was more than eye or ear could well take in—how natural the determination to rely exclusively upon the phenomena of the senses, which certainly never deceive us about themselves, about which alone we can never deceive ourselves! . . . not pleasure, but fullness, completeness of life generally, was the practical ideal to which this anti-metaphysical metaphysic really pointed. And towards such a full or complete life, a life of various yet select sensation, the most direct and effective auxiliary must be, in a word, Insight. Liberty of soul, freedom from all the partial and misrepresentative doctrine which does not relieve one element of our experience at the cost of another, freedom from all the embarrassment of regret for the past and calculation on the future; all that would

be but preliminary to the real business of education—insight, insight through culture, into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we stand so briefly in its presence."

In this frame of mind Marius goes up to Rome, makes acquaintance with Marcus Aurelius, and is brought across the Stoical philosophy then engaged upon that great effort for the conquest of the Roman world, which was to be apparently defeated by the success of Christianity, and to find its ultimate fruition, as Renan points out, in the great system of Roman law, of which it influenced the development, and through which it has taken a partial possession of modern life. The effect of this contact with Stoicism on the flexible mind of Marius, is to lead to a certain modification of his main point of view; and in the remarkable chapter called "Second Thoughts," Mr. Pater describes, in the person of Marius, what is evidently the main development of the mind which produced the *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. In the first place there is an apology for the "philosophy of moments," an explanation of its naturalness, its inevitableness, so to speak, at the outset of certain intellectual careers. "We may note," says Marius's biographer, "as Marius could hardly have done, that that new Cyrenaicism of his is ever the characteristic philosophy of youth—one of those subjective and partial ideals, based on vivid, because limited, apprehension of the truth of one aspect of experience—in this case of the beauty of the world and the brevity of man's life in it—of which it may be said that it is the special vocation of the young to express them." Such a youthful fanaticism, "just because it seems to call on one to make the sacrifice, accompanied by a vivid sensation of power and will, of what others value—the sacrifice of some conviction, or doctrine, or supposed first principle—for the sake of that clear-eyed intellectual integrity or consistency, which is like spotless bodily cleanliness and nicety, or scrupulous personal honor,—has for the mind of the youthful student, when he first comes to appreciate it, itself the fascination of an ideal."

All sorts of incidents and influences tend in youth to develop the Cyrenaic

theory. The changes of the seasons, "the new poem in every spring," "life in modern London even, in the heavy glory of summer," "the workshops of the artist" with all their suggestions of beauty and refinement—all these quicken the covetousness of the artistic temperament, its eagerness to seize "the highly-colored moments which are to pass away so quickly," and the satisfaction of a natural passion becomes for a time a reasoned principle of action.

But after a while the glamor of youth dies away, and a man begins to see that a system which has only the worship and pursuit of "exquisite moments" to recommend as a rule of life, leaves three-fourths of life untouched. Mankind has never been content to spend itself on a worship of "moments," or in a pursuit of fugitive impressions as such. Rather, with a tenacious and pathetic faith, it has sought for continuity, for what lasts and binds, and can be handed on from soul to soul. It has tried to fix and distil the essence of innumerable impressions in one great tradition—the ethical tradition—which is at once the product and the condition of human life. To live in the mere pursuit of sensations, however refined, is to live outside this tradition, so far as is possible, and therefore outside the broad main stream of human history. And more than this. As the stream is strong and tyrannous and fills a large bed, the wandering epicurean, bent on an unfettered quest of sensations, may well find himself brought into hostile and disastrous contact with it, and may recognise, when too late, his own puniness, and the strength and masterfulness of the great currents and tendencies of things. The individual bent on claiming "an entire personal liberty of heart and mind—liberty above all from conventional answers to first questions," finds all round him "a venerable system of sentiment and ideas, widely extended in time and place, actually in a kind of impregnable possession of human life," and discovers that by isolating himself from it, he is cutting himself off from a great wealth of human experience, from a great possible increase of intellectual "color, variety, and relief," which might be gained by attaching himself to it.

Mr. Pater, it will be observed, still

speaks of morals, as it were in terms of æsthetics. His hero advances, or partially advances, from the æsthetic to the ethical standpoint, not because of any "conventional first principles" on which morals may depend for their sanction, but because of the enriched experience, the "quickenings of sympathies" which are to be gained from the advance. Practically, the same motive power is at work in the second stage as in the first. But as the sphere of its operations enlarges, it tends to coalesce and join hands with other powers, starting from very different bases. The worship of beauty, carried far enough, tends to transform itself into a passion moral in essence and in aim. "For the variety of men's possible reflections on their experience, as of that experience itself, is not really as great as it seems. All the highest spirits, from whatever contrasted points they have started, will yet be found to entertain in their moral consciousness, as actually realised, much the same kind of company."

One feels as though one were reading another *Palace of Art* with a difference! Here, in Mr. Pater's system, the soul ceases to live solitary in the midst of a faint world of its own choice, not because it is overtaken by any crushing conviction of sin and ruin in so doing, but because it learns to recognise that such a worship of beauty defeats its own ends, that by opening the windows of its palace to the outside light and air, and placing the life within under the common human law, it really increases its own chances of beautiful impressions, of "exquisite moments." To put it in the language of the present book, "Marius saw that he would be but an inconsistent Cyrenaic—mistaken in his estimate of values, of loss and gain, and untrue to the well-considered economy of life which he had brought to Rome with him—that some drops of the great cup would fall to the ground"—if he did not make the concession of a "voluntary curtailment of liberty" to the ancient and wonderful order actually in possession of the world, if he did not purchase by a willing self-control, participation in that rich store of crystallised feeling represented by the world's moral beliefs.

Still, although the fundamental argu-

ment is really the same as that on which Mr. Pater based a general view of life twelve years ago, the practical advance in position shown by the present book is considerable. "That theory, or idea, or system," said the writer of *Studies*, in 1873, "which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of experience in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us." Now the legitimacy and necessity of some such sacrifice is admitted; for evidently the one mental process, in spite of the indirectness of its presentation, is but a continuation of the other. *Marius* carries on the train of reflection begun by the *Studies*, and the upshot of the whole so far is a utilitarian or Epicurean theory of morals. For, stripped of its poetical dress, the ethical argument of *Marius* is essentially utilitarian. After protesting against the curtailment of experience in favor of "some abstract morality we have not identified with ourselves," Mr. Pater now presents obedience to this same morality as desirable, not because of any absolute virtue or authority inherent in it, but because practically obedience is a source of pleasure and quickened faculty to the individual.

There is nothing new, of course, in such an argument, though Mr. Pater's presentation of it is full of individuality and fresh suggestions. But what makes the great psychological interest of the book, while it constitutes what seems to us its principal intellectual weakness, is the future application of this Epicurean principle of an æsthetic loss and gain not only to morals, but to religion. We have described the way in which Mr. Pater handles the claim of the moral system of the civilised world upon a mind in search of beauty. His treatment of the claim of religion on a similar order of mind is precisely the same in tone and general plan. Just as adhesion to the accepted moral order enriches and beautifies the experience of the individual, and so gives a greater savor and attractiveness to life, so acquiescence in the religious order, which a man finds about him, opens for him opportunities of feeling and sensation which would otherwise be denied him,

provides him with a fresh series of "exquisite moments," and brings him generally within the range of an influence soothing and refining, by virtue partly of its venerableness, its source in an immemorial past, partly of the wealth of beautiful human experience which has gone, age after age, to the strengthening of it. From the contention in the chapter, "Second Thoughts," that Cyrenaicism disobeyed its own principles, and neglected means of spiritual and intellectual joy which it might have utilised, by its contempt for all the established forms of ancient religion:—from the expressions used in reference to Marius's first contact with Christianity, when the new faith appealed, "according to the unchangeable law of his character, to the eye, the visual faculty of mind;—" from the constant dwelling on the blitheness, and brightness, and sweetness of Christian feeling, on the poetry of Christian rites, and on the way in which the pathos of the Christian story seemed to make all this visible mortality, death itself, more beautiful than any fantastic dream of old mythology had ever hoped to make it;—and lastly, from the persistent intellectual detachment of Marius, a detachment maintained apparently through a long subsequent experience of Christianity, and which makes him realise when he is compromised with the government, that for him martyrdom—to the Christian, "the overpowering act of testimony that Heaven had come down among men,"—would be but a common execution; from all these different indications, and from the melancholy beauty of the death-scene, we gather a theory of religious philosophy, which is much commoner among us than most of us think, but which has never been expressed so fully or so attractively as in the story of *Marius*.

"Submit," it seems to say, "to the religious order about you, accept the common beliefs, or at least behave as if you accepted them, and live habitually in the atmosphere of feeling and sensation which they have engendered and still engender; surrender your feeling, while still maintaining the intellectual citadel intact; pray, weep, dream with the majority while you think with the elect; only so will you obtain from life

all it has to give, its most delicate flavor, its subtlest aroma."

Such an appeal has an extraordinary force with a certain order of minds. Probably as time goes we shall see a larger and larger response to it on the part of modern society. But with another order of minds in whom the religious need is not less strong, it has not, and never will have, any chance of success, for they regard it as involving the betrayal of a worship dearer to them than the worship of beauty or consolation, and the surrender of something more precious to them than any of those delicate emotional joys, which feeling, divorced from truth, from the sense of reality, has to offer. All existing religions have issued from the sense of reality, from a perception of some truth; certain facts or supposed facts of sense or spirit have lain at the root of them. It is surely a degradation of all religion to say to its advocates, "Your facts are no facts; our sense of reality is opposed to them; but for the sake of the beauty, the charm, the consolation to be got out of the intricate practical system you have built upon this chimerical basis, we are ready to give up to you all we can—our sympathy, our silence, our ready co-operation in all your lovely and soothing rites and practices, hoping thereby to cheat life of some of its pain, and to brighten some of its darkness with dreams fairer even than those which Æsculapius inspired in his votaries."

It is useful and salutary to compare with such a temper as this, a temper like Clough's—that mood of heroic submission to the limitations of life and mind which inspired all his verse, that determination of his to seek no personal ease or relief at the expense of truth, and to put no fairy tales knowingly into the place which belongs to realities. How full his work is of religious yearning and religious passion, and yet how eloquent of a religious fear lest the mind should hold its "dread communion" with the unseen "source of all our light and life," "in ways unworthy Thee,"—how instinct at times with an almost superhuman repudiation of the mere personal need!

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;

ne'er I stray and range,
do, Thou dost not change.
step when I recall
lip, Thou dost not fall."

e "counsel of perfection,"
one, as we hold it, than the
which Mr. Pater has em-
main drift or moral in the
ius. But with this protest
ing comes to an end.

many other minor points in
ch would repay discussion.
justice to the complexities
Roman world or of Chris-
second century? In fair-
as Aurelius and the pagan
: there not to have been
that aspect of the Christian
ch leads Renan to apply to
of the Christian in a pagan
ogy of that of "a Protest-
y in a Spanish town where
is very strong, preaching
aints, the Virgin, and pro-
Would it not have been
accompaniment to the ex-
re of primitive Christian
given us some glimpse into
excitements and agitations
thought in the second cen-
r as Marius is concerned,
currents of Christian specu-
time might hardly have ex-
, again, is there not a little
ig, which, according to the
o have been there, in such
as that lovely one, of the
ites of Æsculapius? But
ns we can only throw out
r of *Marius* to ponder if he
ver they may be answered,
l delightfulness of the book
s so full of exquisite work,
resh from heart and brain,
e reader has made all his
and steadily refused his
his or that appeal which it
will come back with fresh
: passages and descriptions
in which a poetical and
ature has poured out a
maginative reflection. Two
ally he will lay by in the
of memory—the "pagan

death" of Flavian, the half-Christian
death of Marius. Let us give a last
satisfaction to the feelings of admiration
stirred in us by a remarkable book by
quoting the beautiful concluding para-
graph which describes how the sensitive
soul of Marius passes from the world it
had sought so early to understand and
enjoy:—

... "Then, as before, in the wretched,
sleepless nights of those forced marches, he
would try to fix his mind—as it were impas-
sively, and like a child thinking over the toys
it loves, one after the other, that it may fall
asleep so, and forget all about them the sooner
—on all the persons he had loved in life—on
his love for them, dead or living, grateful for
his love or not, rather than on theirs for him
—letting their images pass away again, or rest
with him, as they would. In the bare sense
of having loved, he seemed to find, even amid
this foundering of the ship, "that on which his
soul might assuredly rest and depend." . . .
It was after a space of deep sleep that he awoke
amid the murmuring voices of the people who
had kept and tended him so carefully through
his sickness, now kneeling around his bed ;
and what he heard confirmed, in his then per-
fect clearness of soul, the spontaneous sug-
gestion of his own bodily feeling. He had
often dreamt that he had been condemned to
die, that the hour, with wild thoughts of es-
cape, had arrived ; and awaking, with the sun
all around him, in complete liberty of life, had
been full of gratitude for his place there, alive
still, in the land of the living. He read surely,
now, in the manner, the doings of these peo-
ple, some of whom were passing away through
the doorway, where the sun still lay heavy and
full, that his last morning was come, and turn
to think again of the beloved. Of old, he
had often fancied that not to die on a dark and
rainy day would itself have a little alleviating
grace or favor about it. The people around
his bed were praying fervently : *Abi ! Abi !*
anima Christiana ! In the moments of his ex-
treme helplessness the mystic bread had been
placed, had descended like a snow-flake from
the sky, between his lips. Soothing fingers
had applied to hands and feet, to all those old
passage-ways of the senses through which the
world had come and gone from him, now so
dark and obstructed, a medicinale oil. It
was the same people who, in the grey, austere
evening of that day, took up his remains, and
buried them secretly with their accustomed
prayers ; but with joy, also, holding his death,
according to their generous view of this mat-
ter, to have been in the nature of a martyr-
dom ; and the martyrdom, as the Church had
always said, is a kind of sacrament with plen-
ary grace."

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE HELLENIC AFTER-WORLD.

BY PERCY GARDNER.

IN the year 1877 I published a short account of the reliefs usually to be met with on the tombs of the ancient Athenians, and of the inscriptions by which these reliefs were sometimes accompanied. Only seven years have since elapsed, but they have been years full of research and discovery in Greece. Through the length and breadth of the land there has been a stirring; excavations have been carried on at a score of sites, and modern Greeks have vied with the French and German archæologists who make their head-quarters at Athens in searching everywhere for the sculptured remains of antiquity, and publishing to the world the results of their discoveries. And in no class of ancient monuments have more extensive or more important discoveries been made than in the class of sepulchral monuments, so that we have now to revise in fresh light our opinions of seven years ago. In some respects we have altogether to remodel those opinions. So rapid is in our days the growth of Greek archæological science, that every year consigns to Limbo some dictum of the older school of archæologists, who laid down rules as to Greek art with all the courage of limited experience.

But the chief discoveries of sepulchral reliefs have been made outside Attica. Nothing has appeared to throw doubt on the thesis, firmly established by the discovery of the great Athenian cemetery by the gate Dipylon, that in sculpturing their tombs the minds of the Athenians exhibited a strong tendency to look backwards rather than forwards, to dwell on the life which finds its termination in the grave, rather than on that which there begins. Most people are more or less acquainted with the typical Athenian sepulchral reliefs. Every one can now study specimens of the class in the new museum of casts at South Kensington. In most cases their subject is either an individual, represented as occupied in some favorite pursuit, or a family group, parents and children, brothers and sisters, seated together or greeting one another. Gently and with

exquisite taste there is introduced into the scene some detail which gives a hint of the approach of death: the figures have an air of grieving without apparent cause; they seem to be setting out on a journey without apparent purpose; only now and then figures of Hermes, the conductor of souls, or of the ferryman Charon in the foreground, suggest what is the reality which casts so sad a shadow on charming social scenes.

One kind of reliefs not rare in Attica, but found also in other parts of Greece and Asia Minor, has caused more doubt and roused longer discussions than the rest. It is the class on which a banquet is represented; a man, or two men, reclining at a table which is covered with food and wine, their wives seated at their feet in Greek fashion, while slaves serve the repast. In the idea of a banquet served thus in the gate of death there is something incongruous and strange, something which provokes theory and discussion. Two schools of archæologists have explained the scene in two very different ways, the one school maintaining that the banquet represented belongs to ordinary everyday life, and to the past history of the person whose tomb it adorns; while another school have held that in this particular case the reference is not to the past but to the future, to the life after death, and the enjoyments which belong to it. The former interpretation was advocated by Welcker and Jahn, and is supported by the analogy of the other Athenian reliefs, which do undoubtedly refer to the past rather than the future. Yet we now know beyond any doubt that the latter interpretation is the true one. We now know that the custom of referring only to the life of the past was not by any means universally observed in the subjects painted and sculptured on Greek tombs. It was the line taken by the high art of Athens and other great cities; indeed, it best suited the instincts of all Greek art, to which all that was vague and mystic was repulsive and ugly. But it did not altogether satisfy the emotions and beliefs of the common

people, especially in the more backward cities of Hellas, and among conservative races like the Dorians and Arcadians. They did not believe that human life ended at the grave, and they did not content themselves with representations which seemed to imply that such was the case. They loved to think of and represent their dead ancestors as still living.

In the year 1877 Messrs. Dressel and Milchhoefer, two members of the German school of Athens, wandering through Peloponnesus in the laudable fashion of German students, and eagerly looking out for works of ancient art, lighted at Sparta upon some very remarkable monuments then recently exhumed. These were certain stelæ or slabs, bearing a relief which represented two persons, a man and a woman, enthroned side by side, and depicted in a very archaic style of art. The man usually holds a wine-cup and the woman grasps the end of her veil. A snake appears close behind the pair, and sometimes there are depicted as approaching them with offerings, votaries whom their diminutive size shows to be of far less dignity than the principal figures. It was at once evident to the discoverers of these slabs that the subject depicted on them was the offering of sacrifices to a male and female deity. But, as is so often the case with new and important discoveries, the whole bearing of the reliefs was not at first seen. Two theories were at once mooted in regard to them. One set of archæologists saw in the seated male figure holding the wine-cup the god Dionysus, and in his consort either Ariadne, or perhaps Persephone, who was in some parts of Greece regarded as the wife of the Chthonic Dionysus. Other archæologists preferred to consider the pair as Hades and Persephone, the great deities of the unseen world, and supposed that the intention was to represent sacrifices brought to them by mortals as a propitiation, and in hopes to secure their favor in the world of shades. Messrs. Dressel and Milchhoefer accepted at first the view last mentioned, and adduced several arguments in its favor. They pointed out the prevalence of the worship of Hades and the great goddesses of nature in several parts of Peloponnesus, particularly at Andania in Messenia, and in

Arcadia, and tried to show that the character of the offerings was well fitted to the cultus of these dread powers of the future world. The wine-cup in the hand of Hades they regarded as a substitute for the cornucopiæ which he more commonly carries.

This view, though incorrect, was at the time very natural. But very shortly a number of monuments of a similar kind were brought to light in other parts of the Peloponnesus and of Northern Greece, which made it impossible longer to doubt of the true meaning of the Spartan stelæ.

For instance, at Sparta two slabs were discovered which had certainly served as tombstones, and bore the names of Timocles and Aristocles respectively. On each of these was represented a seated male figure, holding wine-cup and pomegranate. Here the representation was evidently of the man who was buried in the tomb. And in other cases the person thus seated is female, in some cases holding a pomegranate or feeding a serpent from a cup.

These fresh instances have suggested for the earlier-found and better-known Spartan reliefs, a new interpretation which is, I believe, universally accepted. The pair seated in state must be the deceased hero or ancestor and his wife. They await the offerings of their descendants and votaries, who bring them such objects as were in Greece commonly offered to the dead—fowls, and eggs, and pomegranates. The snake who accompanies them is the well-known companion and servant of the dead.

We find, then, in Peloponnesus and in other parts of Greece, in quite early times, abundant monuments testifying to the prevalence of a widely-spread cultus of the dead. We have proof that not only did the gods, and those heroes of old who had almost stepped into the rank of the gods, receive worship and sacrifice in the temples and houses of the Greeks, but also ordinary human beings after their death. In text-books which deal with Greek antiquities we had already read of these customs, but they had hitherto been supposed to have left little trace in literature and in art. Men well acquainted with Greek history and customs had often scarcely heard of them or given them a thought.

But now the evidences of the customs of *νεκρῶτα* in Greece need no longer be sought in writers of Alexandrian times and in inscriptions. They are thrust under the eyes of all who gain but a superficial acquaintance with Greek art. It is not too much to say that the new discoveries are to archæologists quite a revelation, and of the greatest value to those who care to study the origin and the history of religious belief.

We will briefly set forth the Greek beliefs on the subject of the life after death, and secondly, give a general view of the Greek sepulchral monuments which illustrate those beliefs, ending with the Attic sepulchral banquets from which we took our start.

An idea which commonly prevails among barbarous peoples as to the life after death is, that it is in essentials merely a continuation of the ordinary mundane existence. When alive the warrior requires a house, when dead he must be sheltered in a tomb; and the form and arrangements of early tombs often follow those of the house. When alive the warrior requires food; when he is dead food must still be brought to him in his new abode. He must have drink also, and pleasant smells, lamps to light his darkness, and abundant vesture and armor for him to wear. As hunting was the principal pleasure in life, so in the life after death the warrior must have all things necessary for the chase. His horse and his dog must be slain and buried with him, that they may continue their services to their master. His wife must also attend his steps to the new state of existence; and enemies must be slain at the spot where he is buried, in order that he may have slaves to do his behests in the future as in the past.

This general statement is fully borne out by the testimony afforded by the graves of ancient peoples. The walls of Egyptian tombs are painted with innumerable scenes of public and religious and private life—scenes like those amid which the dead man had passed his days. To the real scenes the paintings bore a similar resemblance to that which the shadowy life of the tomb bore to the real life of the flesh. The interior of Etruscan tombs is adorned with scenes of revelry, of amusement, and sport, to glad the eyes of the hero hover-

ing within and disperse his *ennui*; and in these tombs are found the bones of the warrior's horse and dog, who were slain to bear him company on the last journey. In early Greek graves are found armor and vestments, cups and vases, weapons and utensils. The writer will not easily lose the sense that the Greeks of early times really believed in this existence of the tomb which flashed upon him when, in turning over the spoils found by Dr. Schliemann in the tombs at Mycenæ, he came upon a whetstone, actually put among the swords that their edge might be renewed when blunted with use.

In the later times of the Egyptians and the Greeks this naïve faith died away, and was replaced by beliefs of a more worthy and spiritual kind. Men came to believe in a realm of souls far away beyond the desert or hidden in the depths of the earth, and presided over by mighty and just rulers. They began to feel that it was the soul only that survived death, and that it did not stay at the tomb, but went on a long journey, and abode far from descendant and townsman. But we find always in history that customs outlast the beliefs which gave birth to them, and often survive into quite a different state of opinion. So it was in this case. The burial customs which arose when the grave was supposed to be a real abode were kept up when the soul was believed entirely to quit the body at death. It was still in the tomb that provision for the future life was heaped up. It was in the actual mouth of the corpse that the fee for Charon, the ferryman, was placed. It was to the very place of burial that offerings were brought on the all souls' days of antiquity. The logical complement of the later doctrine of Hades would have been to regard as immaterial what happened to the body after death. But this was a point never reached by ancient nations; they always regarded want of burial of the body as fatal to the bliss of the soul in Hades.

Changes did, however, take place in burial customs in consequence of the growing discordance between them and popular belief. They were still maintained, but in more and more perfunctory and unreal fashion. The arms and ornaments buried with the dead became

flimsier and less fit for use. Every archæologist knows that sometimes the graves of Greece and Etruria contain the mere pretence of offerings: gold ornaments as thin as paper; loaves and fruits of terra-cotta; weapons unfit for use, and vases of the most unserviceable kind. "In sacris simulata pro veris accipi," wrote Servius; and in no class of sacred rites does hollow pretence more commonly take the place of reality than in those connected with funerals and tombs.

Such, in merest outline, is the history of Greek beliefs as to the life beyond the grave during the course of the historical ages. And if we examine a few examples of the various groups of sepulchral monuments to be found in that country, we shall find ample illustration of our sketch.

Among the earliest of Greek sculptured tombstones are those Spartan reliefs of which mention has already been made. In them we see the departed ancestor and ancestress seated like gods to receive the homage of survivors. When the seated hero holds out a wine-cup, it seems a broad hint to survivors to fill it. Accordingly, in Boeotian and other reliefs, we actually see a female figure approaching to fill from a pitcher the extended vessel. And upon Greek graves they commonly lay, as we learn from the testimony of excavations, an amphora of coarse ware to receive the doles of wine brought to the cemetery. The food brought by suppliants on the Peloponnesian stelæ consist of eggs and fowls, and more especially the pomegranate. This last seems to have been the recognised food of the shades. Hades gives it to his stolen bride, Persephone; and she, by eating it, becomes incapable of quitting the place of the dead to return to her bright existence in the upper air. And to this day pomegranate seeds are one element in the sweet cakes which are made to be distributed by those who have lost a friend, at certain intervals after his death—cakes evidently representing those bestowed in old times on the lost friend himself.

This realism of offerings to the dead naturally suggests to us that the idea of offerings of food and wine to the deities themselves arose from the transfer to

them of ideas originally connected with dead mortals. In historical times the Greeks made wide distinction between the offerings to deities and those brought to heroes, both as to time and mode of sacrifice, and as to the objects; but this distinction is not fundamental, and we cannot help looking on the whole custom of sacrifice as one imported into the cultus of deities from that of the dead. It is not unusual to represent deities also in sculpture as holding out a cup or vessel, and it seems clear that whatever meaning the Greeks attached to the action in later times, it must in earlier have signified a readiness to receive offerings. Great sculptors substituted for this action, which to them seemed trivial or mean, some higher motive, placing a Victory or a sceptre in the hands of the greater divinities; but in case of some of the lesser, such as *Tύχη*, Fortune, the patera remained to the end a not unusual attribute.

The snake which is erect behind the pair stands in a very intimate relation to the dead. His habit of dwelling in holes in those rocky spots which the Greeks chose for their cemeteries, amid which he mysteriously appeared and disappeared, originated the idea that he was either the companion or even the impersonation of the dead ("incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis esse putet"); and the idea was fostered by the manners of the reptile—his shyness when approached, and the wisdom and subtilty attributed to him by the ancients. It is curious to find, in other reliefs, the horse and the dog in place of the snake. Their presence, indeed, is not in itself surprising. They have their place beside their master in the sculpture by the same right by which their bones were laid beside his in the grave. As they died with him and are his companions in the fields of Elysium, so they swell his state when he sits to receive homage and offerings. Yet it is somewhat strange to find horse and dog, which imply a free and open life of hunting and amusement, alternately with the sad and cold serpent, which belongs to no happy hunting-ground, but to the rocky soil of the cemetery.

Such being the symbolism of Spartan tombs, we naturally inquire with what purpose these designs were sculptured.

With us a gravestone is merely a reminder, placed on the spot where some of our friends are laid, and intended to awake in the survivors memories, sad, indeed, yet touched with a certain melancholy pleasure, since it can never be altogether sorrowful to think of those we have loved, even after their departure.

But we are accustomed, it must be remembered, to look upon images as mere works of art, and quite without associations of worship. The Greeks, on the other hand, being idolaters—that is to say, accustomed to assist their religious sentiments by images of the gods in painting and in sculpture—were accustomed also to consider the presence of the gods as especially belonging to their images. And there can be no doubt that they carried the same associations to the reliefs on the tombs of their ancestors. They regarded those worthies as distinct, of course, from the images of them on the tombs, and yet they supposed that there was a bond of connexion between the two, and that the soul of the deceased ancestor was present in the carving on his tomb as he was not present elsewhere. These reliefs, then, are in a sense the idols of the domestic worship of the Greeks, or at least of the less civilised tribes among them, and were never looked upon without a touch of religious awe.

A series of monuments beginning at a scarcely later date than the Spartan stelæ is that of the Lycian rock-cut tombs of the Xanthus valley. Some of these are elaborate architectural monuments, adorned with a profusion of sculpture, and of great importance for the history of art. But all these monuments, including the Harpy tomb, the Nereid monument, and the "heroön" recently discovered at Gyöl Bashi, served undoubtedly as memorials of chiefs or kings buried beneath them. The sculptured friezes which adorn them embody sometimes heroic or local myths. Sometimes, as in the case of the Nereid monument, they seem to commemorate historical deeds and expeditions. But certainly, in several instances, they bear reliefs representing the buried ruler as enthroned in state, waiting to receive the homage of survivors. As an instance, we may cite the pediment-sculptures of

the well-known Nereid monument, now in the British Museum. Here the presence of votaries suggests, and even proves, that the scene represented belongs to the life beyond the tomb, and not to the mundane existence of the buried king.

German *savants* have of late advocated the theory that the mysterious seated figures which adorn the beautiful archaic Lycian monument in the British Museum which is known as the Harpy tomb are really deceased heroes and heroines seated to receive offerings from votaries who reverently approach them. Hitherto the sculptures of this lovely monument have offered a wide field for conjectural explanations, some of a very fanciful character; but without fully declaring in favor of the new interpretation, we must confess that it is far better in accord than are most others with the simplicity of early art, and the primitive beliefs which we have reason to attribute to the Lycian race.

At a later period in Lycia, that is to say in the fourth and succeeding centuries B.C., these seated personages ceased to appear, and in their place we have men reclining on couches at tables covered with food and wine, their wives sometimes seated at their feet. This is a curious fact, for we know that in Homeric days the Achæan heroes used to sit at table, and the custom of reclining came in at a later period. Perhaps that custom made its way into Lycia later still, when the stream of Greek art and Greek influence set strongly towards the Asiatic coast in the days of the second Athenian confederacy. However that be, it is quite clear that the banqueting groups of later Lycian tombs are intended to represent the physical enjoyments of the future life, and to suggest to the living that it was their duty to bring the offerings due at stated seasons of the year.

In the case of Peloponnesian monuments also we observe a transition of the enthroned hero from a sitting to a reclining position, though in Greece that transition takes place at an earlier period than in Lycia.

Let us next turn to another class of reliefs, those in which the deceased is represented, not as seated in state, but as riding on a horse, or leading one by

the bridle. These designs are not found at Sparta, though they have been sometimes discovered at Argos and elsewhere in Peloponnesus. But they belong more especially to Northern Greece, particularly to Bœotia. I think that the veneration for ancestors implied in them is less intense than that implied in the Spartan reliefs, and for several reasons. At Sparta the hero is seated on a throne, in an attitude which belongs only or properly to the greater deities, especially Zeus and Hades. In Bœotia he is no longer seated but riding. The Greeks did not represent their greater deities, excepting Poseidon, as riding on horseback, though they not unfrequently place them in chariots. This would seem to them a position of insufficient dignity. But there was a lower and less exalted race of beings than the gods, whom the Greeks did in a marked degree associate with horses. These are the demi-gods or heroes, the sons of the gods mostly by a mortal mother, like Herakles and Asklepius and Castor and Pollux. There was a decided distinction in Greece between the honors of these subordinate beings and those paid to the gods. And it is notable that the heroes were usually represented as riders. Everyone knows that this was the case with the twins Castor and Pollux, termed the Dioscuri, or the sons of Zeus *par excellence*. And those acquainted with Greek vases and other remains know that the same character belonged more or less to all those unnumbered heroes who enjoyed temples in later Greece as founders of cities, or great warriors or inventors of useful arts, or as noted benefactors of the human race. The inscription engraved on a notable relief of this class is this :^{*} "Dedicated to Aleximachus by Caliteles." And it is supposed that Aleximachus is not the real name of the dead person thus commemorated, but a sort of state name or heroic name bestowed on him after death by those who wished to raise him to the rank of a local hero. Such heroising of any man who was in his life at all distinguished was usual in all parts of Greece, and at all periods of Greek history.

A point which requires some notice in

both the Spartan and Bœotian reliefs is the very frequent presence on them of a lady accompanying the divine or semi-divine ancestor. Naturally we suppose her to be his wife. And this interpretation very well suits the Spartan tombs, where she sits by the hero's side in equal state. At Sparta women were held in higher honor than in the rest of Greece. Elsewhere they were looked on often either as household drudges or as mere playthings, but in Sparta they were regarded as real helpers to the men, and capable of that patriotism which the Spartans regarded as the highest virtue. And as a consequence of this esteem we find women in more than one of the crises of Spartan history, when the city was in danger from invasion or sedition, come nobly to the front and save the State which had treated them honorably. At Sparta, then, there is no reason why they should not occupy a divine place beside their husbands after death, as they had occupied a place beside him when alive. But in the rest of Greece such honor paid to a deceased woman might well seem excessive. And in the horseman reliefs of Northern Greece she does not seem to share the worship of the hero, but rather to be doing honor to him, to meet him with an offering, and to pour wine into the cup which he holds out to be filled.

Returning to the common banqueting reliefs of later Greece, we are justified by the analogy of Peloponnesian and Lycian monuments in regarding them as belonging altogether to the Hellenic cultus of ancestors. And we thus see that the feelings which in pre-historic ages gave birth to the worship of ancestors never died out among the Hellenes. To the last days of their pagan life no subject was more commonly depicted on their tombs than the offerings to forefathers, and no custom was more religiously kept up than those relating to the periodical visitation and feeding of the dead.

In some minds the question may arise whether the Greeks, when they sculptured the feasts of the dead, supposed those feasts to take place in the tomb, at which they commonly deposited their offerings, or in Hades, the realm of the shades. This is a question which it is easier to ask than to answer; indeed,

^{*} In the Sabouroff Collection.

it cannot be satisfactorily answered, for it is a matter in which the Greeks had never fully made up their minds. The gods dwelt in Olympus, yet they were also present in their temples. In the same way the dead were imagined to dwell in the world of shades, and yet they knew what took place at their tombs, and could enjoy the offerings there set out for them. The spot where a man's body is laid can never be entirely divorced from his personality. Do not we ourselves regard as sacred the spot where the body of a friend sleeps in death, although among us the idea of the distinctness of soul and body is far more clear and general than among the Greeks? These are confusions of thought so deeply worked into the web of human nature that it may be doubted if they will ever be worked out of it.

Thus has the gradual accumulation of facts put an end to one of the longest and most interesting feuds ever waged in the field of classical archæology. The dispute is made the more remarkable because the greatest names have, on the whole, appeared on the wrong side. And the final verdict is entirely contrary to that which hasty theorists would suppose to be that of common sense. We moderns could easily understand that deities should be depicted as reclining on a couch to receive the homage of mankind. And we could understand that the banqueting reliefs of tombs should be mere transcripts from ordinary daily life. But we find it very hard to understand how the Greeks, possessing the notions of the future life with which we meet in Homer and Pindar, and in the mockeries of Lucian, could erect such frequent monuments at all periods as memorials of the worship of the dead. We find it difficult simply because the frame of mind implied is one of which we have no experience. But the view hardest to receive is that which is true.

There yet remain various funeral customs of the Greeks which still await explanation, although we feel that the explanation is brought nearer year by year by new discoveries. For example, the beautiful figures of terra-cotta which of late years have reached us in such quantities from Asia and Greece, especially Tanagra, are connected with Greek burials in a very remarkable way. They

are never found except in connexion with tombs. But they are not placed in the graves in an orderly or regular fashion. At Tanagra and Myrina and other sites they are seldom found entire, but almost always broken in a purposeful manner, the head usually torn off and lying apart. And they are as often to be met with in the earth over and beside a grave as in the grave itself. Messrs. Pottier and Reinach express their conviction, based upon a long induction, that the friends of the deceased must have stood beside the grave as it was being filled with earth with these pretty images in their hands, and thrown them—first breaking them—into the hole. How can so strange a custom be explained? M. Rayet has proposed a remarkable theory on the subject. In early times, he remarks, men slew at the graves of departed chiefs their female kin or captive women to accompany them to the next world. It seems, then, likely that these terra-cotta women of the graves are the later representatives of these real women, just as terra-cotta loaves of bread and fruits take the place of real food; and that they were thrown into the tomb to people the solitude of the grave, and to furnish the dead man with pleasing companionship in the world of shades. This theory will account for two things; first, for the fact that there are scarcely any representations of bearded men among terra-cotta images—they are nearly all of women and of boys; and secondly, for the custom of breaking the images, the breaking taking the place of the earlier slaying.

Interesting as the newly-discovered Peloponnesian reliefs are to students of Greek art and ancient life, they are at least equally important to anthropologists who look beyond Greece to the very origin of civilisation. For they can undoubtedly be used in favor of the view of those who, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, suppose the worship of the gods to have arisen later than that of deceased human beings, and to be an outgrowth from it. If we find sculpture employed as early as the sixth century B.C. in places so far apart as Lycia and Peloponnesus in making figures of the dead for the worship of the living, and if we find at a later time a regular cultus of

ing and flourishing in all it would seem that the odied in these manifest-ve struck deep roots in . They seem to belong more primitive stratum orship of the deities of l this view is fully con-ct that whereas with the es of the Aryan race re-er widely, and the names re diverse, yet the cul- is common to several akes among them much

ure on a moral it will be , or nearly the whole, of ce is the result of per-ches of young members school of archæology at is one of the many in-

vestigations by which they and their French colleagues have benefited the cause of knowledge. And not only has knowledge been benefited, but not less the discoverers themselves. Such re-searches as these, conducted in the seats of ancient life, are really the only training by which archæologists can be formed, or archæology placed in its rightful position in the very front of historical studies. Museums of sculpture and of casts may help us; but not until the proposed English school at Athens is in working order, and some of our most brilliant young graduates are sent to study at the fountain-head, will England recover a position like that which she once held, as the nation most deeply interested in the study of classical lands and the beautiful remains of classical architecture and art.—*Fortnightly Review*.

GORDON, WOLSELEY, AND SIR CHARLES WILSON.

Majesty's officers, of cedents, and who has aged in a most responsi-t present exposed to im-justice of which it is no o the public than to him-ate. Everybody knows s Wilson, after crossing Stewart's column, went Kartoum in the hope of still in possession of the e only reached to find it the Mahdi. Upon these : has now been made his effect, that his object l have been, to relieve e the city, and that these re been fulfilled had he ly delayed to begin his in fact, accused of having h of Gordon and the fall y want of due prompti-propose to inquire into, in with a plain statement of events as set forth s first presented to Par-e do this from a sense of an officer still absent on ble to enter on his own

January, Sir Herbert Stew-rt action at Abu Klea,

followed by a halt for the night at the wells, resumed his movement toward the Nile. On the morning of the 19th, when between three and four miles from the river, his advance was opposed by the enemy in considerable numbers, whose sharpshooters caused several casualties in our force, besides mortally wounding its commander. The command thereupon devolved upon Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E. Sir Charles proceeded immediately to strengthen the position in which the force was at the time, constructed some field-works under a heavy fire, left his hospital, stores, and other *impedimenta* there with a garrison to defend them, and with the rest of his troops marched for the Nile. On the way he fought a gallant action with a large force of the enemy, which he completely defeated and drove off—not without fresh losses to his own force—and then marched to the Nile, and bivouacked on its bank. Next day, the 20th, he placed a village near the spot in a condition of defence, and left a small garrison to hold it, while the troops marched back to the position of the day before, and brought away the wounded and most of the stores; not all, however—and he was forced to leave the remainder, protected by one of the small

works he had thrown up, till next day. That day, the 21st, several events occurred. He made a reconnaissance in force of the neighboring town of Metammeh, and found it strongly occupied by the enemy, who had placed it in a state of defence, with loopholed walls, and three guns in position. During the reconnaissance four of Gordon's Egyptian steamers appeared, and landed men and guns to take part in the operation. And the remainder of the stores left in the desert were brought in, and the force being now completely assembled, the camp was moved down to the water's edge, and the village he had previously occupied was held as a fortified outpost.

Here it is to be specially noted that Wilson, hitherto in a quite irresponsible position with reference to the troops, had now suddenly to provide not only for his mission to Kartoum, but for the safety of the whole force, in most harassing circumstances.

News now began to come in persistently of the approach of bodies of the enemy from both sides, down the Nile from the side of Kartoum, and up the Nile from the side of Berber. Therefore, on the 22d, Wilson, taking three of the newly-arrived steamers and two companies of infantry, went down the river to Shendy, reconnoitred the bank, satisfied himself that the enemy was not approaching on that side, and returned to his camp the same day, and handing over the command to Colonel Boscawen, prepared to proceed himself to Kartoum, sending off the same day a despatch to Lord Wolseley informing him of the particulars just narrated.

Now there can be no possible doubt of the view which Lord Wolseley took of Wilson's mission to Kartoum, for he describes it himself in the letter which he wrote from Korti on the 29th January, forwarding the preceding despatch to Wilson. He says—

"I am now also enabled to communicate by steamer direct with General Gordon in Kartoum, and thus to raise the veil which has so long hung round that city, preventing one from ascertaining its real condition, or from communicating my plan to the gallant and heroic soldier who has so long and so nobly defended it under most adverse and extremely trying conditions."

Here then we have the most authentic account possible (subsequently, as

we shall see, confirmed from the same source) of what it was that Wilson was expected to do. He was to *open communications with General Gordon in order that he might become acquainted with Wolseley's plan*, and be able to co-operate in its accomplishment. And, on the other hand, it is equally certain that Wilson understood his mission in the same sense, for on the 8th January he thus wrote home :—

"I start to-day with Stewart's force to seize Metammeh, and then I am to run the blockade and to go into Kartoum to communicate with Gordon, and find out the real state of affairs. . . I am in capital spirits at the prospect before me, and hope I shall be successful. After all, I shall be one of the first to see Gordon. I am to come back again at once to report to Lord Wolseley, and shall have a long ride here again if he has not come on before I return."

When the steamers came down, they brought with them the last volume of Gordon's diary (which it is not likely that Wilson, occupied as he was, had time to read), and also a letter from Gordon suggesting certain changes as expedient in the manning of the vessels. Fully impressed with the necessity of despatch, Wilson had, notwithstanding his many anxieties about his little force, decided on leaving it in its most precarious situation; and although he himself, its commander, was responsible for its safety, and though it was still threatened with attack, he nevertheless started at 8 A.M. on the 24th on his mission to communicate with Gordon. He had done all he could for his troops by rendering their position defensible and by reconnoitring the neighborhood; and leaving two steamers under Lord Charles Beresford to assist in the defence, he took two others for his voyage, on board of which were some officers, 20 British non-commissioned officers and men, and 180 Arabs. The following incident, under the date of this same day, the 24th, he thus records :—

"When near Sheikeih I saw on the left bank, in the distance, a portion of the force under Feki Mustafa, which we had heard on the 21st was marching on Metammeh. I ascertained afterwards that this force, about 3000 men, had halted on receiving news of the battle of Metammeh, and then retired to the position at Wad Habeshi, where we met it on our return."

Navigation is not possible on the Nile in the hours of darkness, and their

progress was between dawn and sunset. On the 27th "a man shouted out from the left bank that a camel-man had just passed with the news that Kartoum had fallen, and that General Gordon had been killed;" and "on the 28th, a Shagiyeh on the right bank informed us that Kartoum had fallen two days previously, and that Gordon had been killed." This same morning the steamers were fired on from Halfiyeh, an Arab village and fort below Kartoum, with four guns and rifles. Next, two guns on the right bank opened on the steamers, and a heavy rifle fire from both banks, sustained till the vessels came within range of the guns of Omdurman.

Here we will interrupt the diary of events to describe the features of the Nile near Kartoum, which become now of importance. Kartoum is on the bank of the Blue Nile; the White Nile flows past west of the town; and the two join about two or three miles below. The Blue Nile, branching at Kartoum, forms the island of Tuti, one end of which is only separated from Kartoum by the branch of the stream; the other end is nearly opposite the junction of the two Niles, and also nearly opposite Omdurman. This last place is a fort, with works extending down to the stream, on the west bank; it had been held by Gordon's troops up to the 14th December, but was closely invested by the Mahdi, so that Gordon could only communicate with it by telegraph, and the Arabs had established guns on the river bank there which shelled every vessel that ran down. Gordon had for long been in great anxiety about Omdurman, and it became known to Wilson about the time he reached Gubat that the Mahdi had captured it. This of itself made a great change in the situation of Gordon, and entailed a vastly increased risk on vessels attempting to reach him.

Wilson's steamers finally reached the junction of the two Niles, and were between Omdurman on the one side and the Tuti Island on the other. Kartoum commands this low flat island; and the fact that the enemy were on it, almost of itself implied the fall of the city. What followed is thus described in Wilson's report:—

"When abreast of Tuti Island, which we

expected to find in General Gordon's possession, we were received by a sharp musketry-fire at from 75 to 200 yards' range; three or four guns, of which one was certainly a Krupp, opened upon us from the upper end of Tuti or from Kartoum, two guns from the fort at Omdurman, and a well sustained rifle-fire from the left bank.

"On reaching the point marked A on the accompanying map, I came to the conclusion that Kartoum was in the hands of the enemy, and that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to attempt to land or try to force a passage to the town itself. I therefore ordered the *Bordein* to turn and run down the river full speed. The *Tala Hawiyeh*, which had grounded for a few minutes near the upper end of Tuti Island, followed, and the steamers drew up for the night near Tamanieb. Here I sent out two messengers—one to go to Kartoum to ascertain the fate of General Gordon, the other to collect information. The latter, on his return, stated that he had met a Jaalin Arab, who told him that Kartoum had fallen on the night of the 26th, through the treachery of Farag Pasha and the Madir of the town, and that General Gordon was dead. He also said that on the 27th the Mahdi had entered Kartoum, prayed in the principal mosque, and then retired to Omdurman, leaving the town to three days' pillage.

"The reasons which led me to the conclusion that Kartoum had fallen, were—the heavy fire brought to bear upon us from Tuti Island; the absence of any fire from Kartoum in our support; the fact that no Egyptian flag was flying from any place in or near the town, though Government and other houses were plainly visible; the presence of a large number of dervishes with their banners on the sand-spit B; and the fact that a number of General Gordon's troop boats and nuggers were lying along the left bank of the White Nile under Omdurman Fort."

On the 29th one of the steamers ran on a rock and foundered. Everything was taken on board the other, which continued the descent of the river till, on the 31st, within about 30 to 40 miles of the camp at Gubat, and a little above a fortified post of the enemy, the remaining steamer grounded, and was beached on a small island, where everything was landed. At dark, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, of Wilson's staff, started for Gubat with information of the situation and a request for assistance. He left in a small boat, and running past the battery, reached Gubat early next morning. Here he gave his report of the events he had witnessed to the officer commanding, who forwarded it with a letter of his own to Lord Wolseley the same day (1st Feb.). Lord Wolseley, in his despatch to Lord Hartington, dated 9th Feb., conveying the information of the

fall of Kartoum, says : " Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley's report, which is amongst the enclosures of this despatch, describes the attempt made by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson to reach Kartoum *for the purpose of communicating with General Gordon.*" (This is the confirmation of the nature of Wilson's mission which we before alluded to.) And in the same despatch, Lord Wolseley says that if the news of the fall of Kartoum be true, " the mission of this force, which was *the relief of Kartoum*, falls to the ground. The strength and composition of this little army was calculated *for the relief*, not the siege and capture, of Kartoum." (The italics are ours.)

Wilson remained on the island till the 3d February, when, just as he was preparing to make his way down the right bank, Lord Charles Beresford in the *Safieh* came to the rescue, and after a fight with the enemy's battery, in which Wilson took part with his one gun and his riflemen from the opposite bank, all were embarked, and reached Gubat on the evening of the 4th. Wilson then started for Korti, and was there on or before the 11th, for his report is dated from that place on that day.

Up to this time, we have seen, there was no question as to the nature of Wilson's mission. But it had now become deeply impressed on Lord Wolseley's mind that the costly, lavishly supplied expedition, to which the attention of the world had been so pointedly invited, was a lamentable failure. His meditations on this subject seem to have given birth to the idea that the catastrophe might be imputable to Wilson's stay at Gubat ; for in his next despatch, dated 15th February, forwarding Wilson's report of the 11th, Wolseley says :—

" MY LORD,—I have the honor to enclose a report by Sir Charles Wilson of his endeavor to reach Kartoum in a steamer for the purpose of communicating with General Gordon. Attached to this report is an interesting diary of events, and Sir Charles Wilson's proceedings upon that occasion.

" It is sad to think of how nearly averted was the fall of Kartoum, and how short was the interval of time between the death of General Gordon and the arrival of those steamers whose appearance before Kartoum with a few British soldiers on board would, he said, ensure his safety and that of the city also.

" This opinion so expressed by General Gordon.

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don, and other evidence lately obtained, leave little doubt that had Sir C. Wilson's steamers, with the small detachment of British soldiers they carried, reached Kartoum on the 25th instead of the 28th January, the place would not have been surrendered.

" In justice to the soldiers and sailors whom I have the honor to command, I feel bound to add that it was not through any lack of zeal or want of energy on their part that these steamers only reached Kartoum two days after it had fallen. I have no hesitation in saying that all ranks worked as hard as human beings could, hoping to render the earliest possible assistance to their heroic comrade who was besieged in Kartoum."

Alongside these passages, implying such a heavy charge against Wilson, we will place some others from the end of Gordon's diary, and, therefore, containing the last of his recorded opinions on the subject. Halfiyeh is an Arab village and fort on the right (east) bank of the Nile, about 8 to 10 miles below Kartoum, and Wilson's steamers had sustained a heavy fire from it in running past. Under date of the 28th November Gordon's diary says—

" If the steamers do come up, and have not the sense to stop at Halfiyeh, I shall endeavor to warn them by a tremendous fire upon the Arabs at Omburman. The danger is at this point. [This is where Wilson stopped.] The proper thing to do would be to clear Halfiyeh camp of the Arabs before coming up here. You would then communicate with Kartoum by land, and avoid having to run the gauntlet of Arab guns in penny steamers."

And on the 14th December, when he wrote the last words of the Diary which has reached us, he says—

" If I were in command of the two hundred men of the expeditionary force which are all that are necessary for the movement, I should stop just below Halfiyeh, and attack the Arabs at that place before I came on here to Kartoum. I should then communicate with the North Fort [an outwork of Kartoum on the other side of the Blue Nile], and act according to circumstances."

Such was Gordon's plan for the action of the expeditionary force for his relief. It is entirely contradictory of the opinions which Lord Wolseley attributes to him. It does not relate at all to the attempt to communicate with him, of which he knew nothing, and which was Lord Wolseley's alone. Whether Wilson knew of these opinions of Gordon is doubtful : if he did, he could not have acted on them, his force on the Nile being already dangerously weak. It is

impossible for us to reconcile, or to attempt to reconcile, Lord Wolseley's version of Gordon's opinions with Gordon's own.

As to the supposition, "had Sir C. Wilson's steamers reached Kartoum on the 25th instead of the 28th January," what possible object can be gained by stating it, when we know that the steamers were not reported by Lord C. Beresford as repaired and ready for a fresh start till 3 P.M. on the 22d, as testified by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons on the 14th April last?—and on that day they were used for the most necessary trip down the river. It was impossible, therefore, that they could reach Kartoum on the 25th; and the imputation on Wilson conveyed by the passage is, in any case, without foundation. But it is to be noted that here Lord Wolseley is taking absolutely new ground; for, having sent Wilson to communicate with Gordon, he is here implying that his duty was to relieve him.

At this time the Government seems to have become alive to the careful avoidance by Lord Wolseley of all approval of Wilson: not one word of commendation had he given to the victor of Gubat,—a fact which had been noticed early in February in the London press. On the 11th February Lord Hartington telegraphs to Lord Wolseley: "Express warm recognition of Government of brilliant services of Sir Charles Wilson, and satisfaction at the gallant rescue of his party." Now it is a remarkable fact that this telegram is omitted from the published Parliamentary papers. More than a month later, Wilson seems to have been called on for a statement of the occupation of the interval between his arrival on the Nile and his departure for Kartoum. Accordingly, on the 23d March he wrote the report which, in reply to a question, Lord Hartington, on 15th May, said should be laid on the table, and which is now before us. In it Wilson sets forth the situation of his force on the 21st, when the steamers reached him. It had been much weakened by the heavy losses of the 17th and 19th: it was to be further diminished by the return of the convoy and escort to Gakdul, and it was hampered by the large number of wounded. The

men, too, we know from other sources, were quite exhausted with the fighting and want of sleep—horses and camels were knocked up. And besides the presence of the enemy's garrison in Metammeh, there were rumors of hostile forces advancing on both sides. He had, therefore, urgently to provide for the defence of his camp. This anxious condition of affairs continued up to the afternoon of the 22d, when the steamers were repaired and ready. "The only day," says Wilson, "that might have been saved was the 22d, as the reconnoissance showed that the force had nothing to fear from the Berber direction." He means that it might have been saved had he known the real state of the case; but he did not know it, and it was most necessary to ascertain it. There remains the 23d. Of this day he says—

"General Gordon, in a most characteristic letter, addressed to the Chief of the Staff or to the Officer Commanding the British advanced guard, insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turk, or Egyptian, origin. He wrote in strong terms of the uselessness of these men in action, and begged that, if the boats were not manned by British sailors, they should be sent back to him with none but Soudanese crews and soldiers. It was originally intended that the steamers should be manned by the Naval Brigade, but Lord Charles Beresford was in hospital, unable to walk, and all the other officers of the Brigade, and several of the best petty officers and men, had been killed or wounded. It was therefore impossible to carry out the original plan; and though Lord Charles Beresford, in the most gallant way, offered to accompany me, I felt that I could not deprive the force of the only naval officer with it, especially as the steamers left behind might be called upon at any time to take part in active operations against the enemy. It was therefore necessary to select Soudanese officers, crews, and soldiers from the four ships, and to transfer them to the two steamers going to Kartoum. This was the chief reason for the delay on the 23d."

Now, even supposing that a few hours of daylight could have been saved on the 23d—and we do not know that they could; on the contrary, we gather from the report that they could not—yet, even then, the steamers could not have reached Kartoum till late on the 27th, the day after the fall of the place. The point is therefore of absolutely no importance to the issue. (Unless Wilson had left his exhausted force unfortified

and exposed to attack, and had embarked in steamers unprepared for the voyage, which Gordon held to be so perilous, he could not have reached Kartoum even on the 26th. It appears only an absurdity, but a mischievous absurdity, to charge a man who had done so much in such harassing circumstances with not doing more. To our mind he needed no defence, and ought not to have undergone the imputation implied in the demand for explanation.

This report was sent home by Lord Wolseley, with a letter from himself, which we here give entire.

CAIRO, 13th April 1885.

"MY LORD,—I have the honor to forward a letter from Colonel Sir C. Wilson, R.E., giving the reasons for the delay in the departure of the steamers from Gubat.

"I do not propose to add any remarks of my own to this letter. The reasons given by Sir Charles Wilson must speak for themselves.—I have, &c.,

WOLSELEY, General.

"The Right Hon.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P."

Now this is a letter which may be read in two ways. Had Lord Wolseley made previous mention of Sir C. Wilson's conduct with approval, it might mean that it was obviously and completely satisfactory. But it must be taken in connection not only with careful avoidance of approval, but of what is implied in Lord Wolseley's despatch of the 15th February, and must be read as declining to say a word which might tend to absolve Wilson.

We need hardly say that the whole theory that Gordon's rescue was possible, even by Wolseley's whole force, had it reached the Nile before Wilson's scanty column got there, rests upon nothing but wild assumption. The truth of the matter is, we doubt not, that put forth as his opinion by Lord Granville in the House of Lords on the 18th May. He said:—

"The noble earl said it did not signify what the cause was that took us to the Soudan. I am bound to say it signifies very much. It was, if possible, to save General Gordon. I do not believe it was a question of time—that is purely a matter of opinion. I believe that treachery would have had effect at whatever time the relief expedition might have arrived."

So say we, and we will give a reason for the belief which Lord Granville would naturally abstain from. The

Mahdi (as will be found, we believe, in Gordon's diary) knew of our declared intention to abandon the Soudan after the rescue of Gordon. He had means of constantly communicating with the troops in Kartoum. He would therefore argue with them in this cogent fashion: "The English are coming to take away Gordon, and will then quit the Soudan. The defence of the place depends upon Gordon. Without him and without the English, you cannot keep me out. If I capture the place by force, I will kill every man. But if you agree to admit me when I shall desire it, I will spare you and take you into my service." It is no wonder that these poor Egyptians, who owed no fealty to us, or even to Gordon, if he should depart and leave them, took this proposal into serious consideration, and that some at least were ready to accept the conditions. And as to the time, the Mahdi desired to defer the surrender till some of our troops should be lured to cross the desert, when he hoped to destroy them—a result nearly accomplished. The city, with Gordon in it, was used as a bait. What finally decided him was the arrival of our troops on the Nile. For all he knew, we might advance in force to raise the siege—and thereupon he put his foot down.

It is fortunate for Sir Charles Wilson that the vague charges against him have been brought to a head in a cruel and unwarrantable attack published in a monthly periodical. A Mr. Williams, the correspondent with Stewart's column of the "Daily Chronicle," has written a paper ascribing to Sir Charles Wilson the whole blame for the failure to rescue Gordon, in language so injurious that nobody can suppose it to be inspired only by a desire to impart unbiassed facts. All delays that took place in resolving on the expedition, in starting it, and in conducting it, so far as it went, are as nothing (according to this writer) compared with the space of two days between the time of the arrival of the steamers at Gubat and Wilson's departure in them for Kartoum. The most offensive charges are made with reference to his conduct both at Gubat and in sight of Kartoum. But this Mr. Williams is actually the same person who has already written accounts of the expedi-

tion to the "Daily Chronicle," speaking of the object of his spite in very different terms. Thus, he said in that paper of January 29th: "Sir C. Wilson was now in command, cool, collected, meeting each move of the enemy, noting weak points. . . . A commander of weaker fibre might well have hesitated, but not so Colonel Wilson, who did not fear to realise that the risk must be taken." Will it be believed that he now writes in the periodical: "A soldier should not have hesitated; Sir Charles Wilson hesitated"! Again, he said in the "Daily Chronicle" of February 12: "Sir Charles Wilson, . . . with that boldness and resolution which characterised his conduct at the battle of Gubat"; but now in the periodical: "If I differ from this, it is only in wondering if he had any nerve to lose." Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley's diary, published in the "London Gazette," says:

"January 24.—Left, Metammeh at 8 A.M. in steamers." Mr. Williams says: "It was high noon on Saturday the 24th before he went." But it is unnecessary to pursue this distasteful subject further. No one who has read what we have written will think the attack worthy of the slightest credit, and its readers will be disposed to agree with us that nothing but the competition for notoriety could have induced a periodical which valued its own self-respect to be made the vehicle of such aspersions on a brave and devoted officer.

We trust we have said enough to induce any reader, even if prejudiced on the other side, to pause before imputing any failure to perform his duty to an officer whose devotion to Gordon was well known, and who would have rejoiced to make any sacrifice in his behalf.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

GENESIS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A STONE lying on the beach does not show any tendency to grow bigger, or to divide up into two smaller pebbles, each of which, after growing up to the size of the original stone, again subdivides into similar pairs *ad infinitum*. A piece of dead matter of any sort does not exhibit any predilection for the production of other like bits of matter out of its own inert substance. But a living plant or animal does tend to reproduce its like, either by actual fission of its own body, or by production of smaller bodies (call them germs if you will), which unite with like germs produced by kindred organisms, to form a new and distinct individual—a seed or egg. This peculiarity of living beings is perhaps at bottom the most striking characteristic of all life; and it is therefore well to ask ourselves definitely the essential question, "Why do plants and animals reproduce at all?"

Put in this form, the problem is to some extent a new one. Already Mr. Herbert Spencer has asked and answered the questions, "When does gamogenesis occur?" and "Why does gamogenesis occur?"—in other words, why does

there exist such a thing as the distinction of sexes? But perhaps nobody has ever yet definitely posited the prior question, "Why does genesis itself in any form occur?"—in other words, why is there such a thing as reproduction at all? Quite recently, however, a minute and rigorous critic, Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, has called upon evolutionary biologists to begin their exposition by dealing with this preliminary difficulty. It may seem to many evolutionists that such a demand is a fair and reasonable one; and some attempt to answer the question at issue ought surely by this time to be made. An answer, indeed, is all the more desirable because the matter is fundamental: upon the right comprehension of the physical necessity or *a priori* certitude of genesis in its simplest form, hang all the later and dependent propositions of biological science.

The answer to be tentatively given here is simply this: genesis is a necessary result of the physical and chemical properties of chlorophyll. Now chlorophyll, as everybody knows, and as its name proclaims, is merely the green

coloring matter of leaves ; and it may seem strange to many, even among those familiar with scientific modes of thought, to be told that genesis, a feature common to animal and vegetable life alike, is the result of a purely vegetal principle.* But it will be seen in the sequel that this vegetal principle really lies at the very foundation of all life, and that without it life in any form would be simply impossible. It is unfortunate that the majority of progressive scientific biologists have interested themselves rather in zoology than in botany, and that the fundamental importance of the plant in the biological scheme has thus been often overlooked, or at least only grudgingly and implicitly acknowledged. It might fairly be said, however, that the true "physical basis of life" is not, strictly speaking, protoplasm in general (as Professor Huxley has put it), but is rather that particular modification of protoplasm which we know as chlorophyll.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the nature of chlorophyll, and its relation to the general phenomena of plant and animal life, let us begin by considering briefly wherein organisms generally differ most from the inorganic bodies about them. It has often been said that organic chemistry is the chemistry of the carbon-compounds : it would perhaps be truer, cosmically speaking, to say that it is the chemistry of energetic compounds. The mass of the materials forming the earth's surface — rocks, clays, water, and so forth—are in a state of chemical stability : for the most part, their chemical affinities are fully saturated ; they are combinations of elements in the firmest and closest union ; they possess little or no potential energy ; to use the somewhat crude but unavoidable slang of modern physics, no "work" can be got out of them. In contradistinction to these inert and generally motionless bodies, organic beings have this point in common, that they are all highly energetic : they contain large quantities of energy, sometimes potential or latent, sometimes kinetic or active. Many of them, which we call animals, may be seen as visibly moving

masses on the earth's surface ; and these possess also internal organic movements, such as circulation, respiration, and so forth, besides being store-houses of molecular motion or heat to a marked degree. Others, known for the most part as plants, do not usually move in the mass ; but they likewise possess internal organic movements of growth and circulation, and they sometimes even display considerable visible activity, as in the sensitive plant, or in the opening and shutting of flowers. All organisms alike, however, can be *burnt*, and thus exhibit their possession of potential energy to a very high extent : for combustion really means combination with oxygen, accompanied by the liberation of previously potential energy in an active form as heat and light. Almost all the fuels employed by man for heating and lighting are of organic origin ; either animal, as tallow, whale-oil, lard ; or vegetal, as wood, coal, wax, petroleum.

If the surface of the earth were left wholly to itself, without receiving light and heat from the sun, it would consist entirely of the stable chemical compounds—water (in the form of ice), stone, clay, and so forth. There would be no life, no movement, no change, or wind, or current upon its face. Its chemistry and its physics would all, so to speak, be statical. But the rays of the sun, falling on these inert and compound bodies, set up in them certain visible and invisible movements. The sunlight makes the ice for the most part into water ; it causes the winds which agitate the sea ; it produces the evaporation that results in rain, and consequently in the motion of brooks and rivers. But besides these larger and purely physical effects, it produces certain more intimate and chemical effects, which we know as the phenomena of vegetal and animal life. The raw material of its operations consists of the water on the surface and the carbonic acid (let us retain familiar names) in the air. These are both tolerably stable and fully saturated compounds. But the rays of the sun, falling upon them, in the presence of the green parts of plants, dissociate to some extent the hydrogen and the carbon from the oxygen with which they were combined, and store them up in relatively free and

*To appease the exacting scientific critic, it may be added that chlorophyll is found in a very few small animals.

energetic forms. The bodies which result from these operations are no longer stable and inert; they have imbibed the kinetic energy of the sunlight, and have made it potential; they have stored it up, so to speak, in their own substance. Instead of free working energy on the one hand, and a compound whose elements are locked up in the closest embrace on the other, we have now two sets of free elements, hydrogen or carbon on the one hand, and the oxygen on the other, whose freedom or separation represents the energy that was absorbed in the act of disassociation. A piece of wood, a lump of coal, an oily nut or seed, each consists in the main of a visible mass of such hydro-carbons, possessing potential energy in virtue of their separation from the oxygen around them, and ready to yield it up again in the kinetic form, as heat and light, whether we induce their reunion with oxygen by simply applying a match or a piece of tinder.

Familiar as these facts sound to the scientific ear, it is yet necessary to recapitulate them here from this special point of view, in order to place the reader at the requisite standpoint for understanding the theory of genesis about to be propounded. Regarded in this light, then, a plant is essentially an accumulator and storer of energy; that is to say, a plant which is functionally a plant is such; for we shall see hereafter that some few plants are, from the practical or physical point of view, functionally animals. The business of the plant in the cosmical economy is to receive the rays of the sun in its green portions; to let them dissolve for it the union subsisting between oxygen and carbon in the carbonic acid of the air; to turn loose the liberated oxygen into the atmosphere; and to store up the free carbon and hydrogen in relatively loose unions as hydro-carbons (or rather carbo-hydrates) in its own tissues. These hydro-carbons are then visible masses of matter possessing potential energy, which they may yield up in performing other functions of the plant itself; or in feeding an animal; or as being burnt as fuel in a human stove. In any case, they will combine at last with the oxygen they once cast off, and in so doing will yield up just as much

kinetic energy as they absorbed from the sunlight in their first production.

The function of an animal, on the other hand (as well as of quasi-animal plants like the fungi), is exactly the reverse. The animal is an expender, not an accumulator, of energy. It takes the potentially energetic materials laid by in the tissues of the plant, either directly if it is a herbivore, or indirectly, if it is a carnivore devouring herbivores; and it recombines these materials with oxygen in its own body, thereby obtaining warmth and motion. It is, if we may be metaphorical, a sort of natural steam-engine, slowly burning up vegetable products within its living furnace, and getting out of them the kinetic energy which it expends in the movements of its parts or of its limbs. It is clear, therefore, that plants are prior to animals in the order of nature. Given a world of solid rock, water, and carbonic acid, beaten upon by solar rays, and an animal if placed there would die out; put a plant there, and it would live and propagate. The world must be peopled with plants before animals can begin to exist. And from this we can readily see the primordial importance of chlorophyll.

For without chlorophyll there would be no life. The solar rays, falling upon carbonic acid and water alone, do not set up any chemical action at all in them. On the other hand, falling upon these bodies in the presence of chlorophyll, they set up the chemical dissociations which result in the production of more relatively free hydro-carbons, which are the raw materials of all organic compounds. Chlorophyll, it is true, is not in itself a simple hydro-carbon; it is a protoplasmic body of highly complex structure, whose chemistry, even as now imperfectly understood, is too complicated to be gone into here. But it differs from all other organic bodies as this, that it, and it alone, can, under the influence of sunlight, produce new organisable matter. It is a physical property of chlorophyll, when sunlight falls upon it, that it dissociates carbon from oxygen, and builds it up with the hydrogen of water into hydro-carbons. These hydro-carbons can again be employed to manufacture fresh chlorophyll and other protoplasmic bodies, by the

addition of nitrogen and some other elements. We may therefore say that chlorophyll possesses the unique power, under the influence of sunlight, of laying by fresh material which is capable of being transformed into itself. In other words, it *assimilates*. This power makes it really the fundamental basis of all life, and gives it its essential importance in the biological theory of genesis.

For, given a stone or a drop of water, that stone or that drop does not tend to make new stones and new drops to develop around it. True, it may become the nucleus of crystallisation in the one case, or the centre of condensation in the other, as actually happens with growing crystals or with gathering clouds; but these instances are not really analogous, as they seem fallaciously to be, to that of the chlorophyll grain. For in the one set of phenomena, the crystal and the water really pre-exist as such in the surrounding medium; they are only deposited anew in a fresh situation; but in the other set of phenomena, the new material exists at first as carbonic acid and water; its oxygen is rejected; its carbon and hydrogen are separated; and it is then worked up with other elements from elsewhere into the form of more protoplasm, which in the sunlight once more develops more chlorophyll. In short, it is the peculiar property of chlorophyll, under sunlight, ultimately to develop more of itself. And it develops more of itself essentially by absorbing the kinetic energy of the sunlight and rendering it potential in the resulting chemical bodies.

Here, then, we have the property which forms the basis or radical idea of genesis; here we have a body which does not remain stationary in quantity, but which increases by assimilating fresh material to itself from without. Given this physical property, and the rudest type of genesis by fission is already practically attained. For you start, to put it roughly, with a drop of protoplasm containing chlorophyll-bodies. These chlorophyll-bodies, under the influence of sunlight, produce hydro-carbons, which again are worked up within the drop into more protoplasm and more chlorophyll-bodies. When the drop is twice as big as it was originally its cohesion is overcome, and it separates

into two drops. Each such drop then goes on assimilating more material, and again subdividing into two more drops. And so you have set up a continuous dichotomous type of genesis by fission, which is actually realised almost in this form among the very lowest order of plants (Thallophytes), such as the Chroococcaceæ, whose mode of reproduction will be found fully described in any work on physiological botany. Of course, this rough sketch is strictly diagrammatic in character; it omits all details and fixes itself only on the central facts of the process; and it assumes that fission will take place in the mass when it attains a certain size; but it will serve at least to show that genesis in its simplest and most fundamental form contains no mysteries or hyper-physical element—that it is strictly analogous to all other ordinary physical phenomena elsewhere. The only new factor really imported into the complex chemistry of life, in this its most primitive form, is the factor of absorbed potential energy (which, of course, is common enough in many artificial chemical products).

Where the first grain of chlorophyll came from we do not know. How it was originally produced we cannot tell. Perhaps some combination of circumstances in the crust of a cooling planet, now unattainable, may somehow have given it birth. Perhaps, if we wish to call in the supernatural (and we have a good opportunity for doing so, here on the unknown borderland), it may have been specially endowed with its existing properties by the fiat of a Creator; though, to be sure, the fiat does not seem one whit more necessary or less necessary for those particular properties than for all the other properties of matter in general. Perhaps, and for aught we know to the contrary this is as good a guess as the others, it may have dropped down upon us, as Sir William Thomson suggests, from a prior world; though how it got there would be just an equal mystery, itself demanding a similar solution. Perhaps even, it may go on being spontaneously produced by the action of sunlight on inorganic matter at the present day. But, however this may be—and the question is really no more important than the question as

to the origin of any other chemical compound whatsoever—we do know now that the real original living thing must have been a mass of protoplasm containing chlorophyll. It could not have been an animal, for an animal means a destroyer or user-up of materials already produced by the chlorophyll of plants. It could not have been a fungus of any sort, or a saprophyte, for those are plants indeed in structural relationship, but essentially animals in actual function; their life, like the life of the animal, consists entirely in using up the energetic materials already stored up by other plants. One might as well suppose that the earliest living creature was a lion, which lives by eating pre-existent herbivorous animals, which again live by eating pre-existent green plants. All animals and all fungi or quasi-fungi presuppose the existence of vegetal life, and especially of chlorophyll. It was chlorophyll that laid up the energetic materials on which they subsist. Carbonic acid and water will not do by themselves; they are the waste products. Sunlight falling upon these will not do by itself; it is the instrument merely. But these three, together with chlorophyll, will produce the raw material of life; and the vegetal cell will work it up into protoplasmic bodies within its own substance. And herein lies the fatal flaw of all such investigations into "spontaneous generation" as Dr. Bastian's. Even if it could be shown that living organisms sprang up spontaneously at the present day in decoctions of turnip or in beef-tea (which has never been shown), we should be no nearer the beginnings of life than ever. For the organisms said to be so produced are all such as Bacteria, small rod-like creatures of the fungus sort, containing no chlorophyll, and living on the turnip-soup or the beef-tea exactly as we do. If in a world containing oceans of ready made beef-tea a number of Bacteria were produced, they would promptly begin to swim about in it, reproduce their kind in enormous quantities, eat it all up, and then die out forever. But what we want is an organism which, set down in a world containing no beef-tea, but filled in its stead with water and carbonic acid, will increase and multiply and replenish the earth. And no organism that we

know of could do this, unless it contained chlorophyll; whereas, if it contained chlorophyll, it must, by virtue of its physical properties, continue to do so as long as sunlight, water, and carbonic acid (with a little nitrogen, &c.) were duly supplied to it.

Waiving the question, then, as to how the earliest grain of chlorophyll began to be, we see that if one such chlorophyll grain be once granted, with its physical properties such as they are known to be, genesis in its most primitive form follows as a matter of course. Now, the very simplest type of Thallophytes are known as the Protophytes (it is unfortunate that our inquiry leads us mostly into the very dregs of vegetal life, whose mere names nobody knows; but it cannot be helped), and these Protophytes, or some of them, exhibit to us a system of genesis almost in this ideally simple form. In the very earliest of these tiny organisms, such as some Chroococcaceæ, Oscillatoricæ, and others, each plant consists of a single cell, that is to say, of a small mass of protoplasm, containing chlorophyll-bodies, and surrounded by a more or less jelly-like wall. This wall is "secreted" by the protoplasm from its own substance; in other words, each cell is first produced by a mass of protoplasm only, and then proceeds to cover itself with an outside film, much as porridge does in a basin as it grows cold. Not, of course, that the one action is exactly equivalent to the other; but both are presumably due alike to simply physical causes. At a certain point of growth, when the cell or plant has stored up a given quantity of material like itself, under the influence of sunlight, it divides in two, each part being naturally exactly similar. The two halves of the divided mother-cell next increase until they attain its size, and then they divide again. And so on *ad infinitum*. Here it is clear that genesis really consists in the production by one cell of two cells exactly like itself; and the principle of heredity is thus seen in its origin to be simply identity of substance and structure.

If the new cells float freely about in their medium, each one may be regarded as a separate organism; but if they cling together in rows like beads in a necklace, they form the first sort of

compound organism, such as some waving hair-like algæ; and if they cling together on all sides, they form a primitive leaf or frond.

Many plants which rise higher in the scale than these, nevertheless often recur to the same primitive form of genesis by simple fission of a single cell. For example, the well-known red snow plant is now considered to be, most probably, a mere abortive stage in the development of some higher alga; but it very well illustrates the nature of this primitive genetic type. A single small mass of protoplasm, containing chlorophyll-bodies, falls on the surface of newly fallen snow, under the sunlight. The bit of protoplasm is itself, in all probability, derived from a higher plant, with a different mode of reproduction; but here it has none of the favorable conditions for its own normal development, while it has all those required for this simplest plane of vegetal life. It has water, carbonic acid, sunlight. Accordingly, it begins at once to integrate fresh matter from without under the solar influence; and as it does so, it breaks up again and again into small bodies, each of which in turn becomes the mother of others, until the whole surface of the snow is covered with a perfect sheet of tiny red plantlets.

We thus see the *à priori* necessity for the existence of reproduction in all bodies containing chlorophyll. But we do not yet see the necessity for reproduction in bodies which do not contain it. In order to do so, we must have recourse to the principle of natural selection.

Clearly, this principle follows of necessity from the general properties of chlorophyll. For, given chlorophyll, and therefore given reproduction in its simplest form, variation and survival of the fittest are necessary consequences. Unless we suppose all the chlorophyll containing organisms to be circumstanced exactly alike (which is practically impossible), we must allow that greater or less differences will arise between them, through the action of their unlike environment, exactly as happens with stones or other inorganic bodies. But since chlorophyll tends to build up more chlorophyll like itself, and to split up into new bodies, it must also happen that

such slightly differentiated bodies will also tend to split up into similarly differentiated bodies—in other words, to reproduce their like. Heredity of acquired traits in its simplest form thus amounts to no more than identity of constitution between the two parts of a divided and altered whole. Again, those masses of chlorophyll which are best conditioned for receiving and assimilating sunlight will reproduce the most, while those which are worst conditioned will reproduce the least or not at all. Every variation which tends towards better adaptation to the environment will thus be favored, and will become hereditary; every adverse variation will be weeded out. It is only possible here to state this connexion very briefly: but whoever takes the trouble to work it out in his own mind will easily see that all Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection flows necessarily from the fundamental attributes of chlorophyll, *plus* the existence of variety or diversity in the inorganic environment.

This being so, it becomes clear that higher developments of heredity will soon be rendered possible. For if any chlorophyll containing organism is so situated that it happens to split up, say, into several small pores or eggs, instead of into two similar bodies, and if these spores or eggs happen to show any slight betterness of adaptation in any way, it is obvious that they will reproduce more often and more securely than other organisms, or, to use the familiar phrase, they will survive in the struggle for existence. As a matter of fact, we know that we can trace many such higher developments. Starting from organisms which merely split up into two, we go on to organisms in which a single mother-cell divides into several cells, and to others in which the cells so produced possess certain definite organs, enabling them the more easily to fix themselves in suitable situations. In fact, among the bodies containing chlorophyll, we can pass upward from the very simplest types, in which reproduction is performed by mere division, to those very developed types in which reproduction takes place by means of a highly complex seed, such as that of a pea or a hazel-nut.

Most of these gradations can be suffi-

ciently accounted for by the principle of natural selection alone—that is to say by the reproduction of the most adapted variations: but there is one other principle, or rather one variety of this principle, which must be briefly touched upon here, in order to render comprehensible its application to the case of the more familiar animals. This is the origin of sex—a question to which I hope hereafter to recur at greater detail in this Magazine, but which I cannot wholly pass over here, though it can only now be treated in the briefest manner. It is certain that all organisms and all cells tend, after a longer or shorter period, to lose their plastic or reproductive power. They seem to settle down into a less active and more quiescent state, after which they do not so readily undergo any change or produce any fresh units. But some organic cells, when they have reached this state, pass through a process known as rejuvenescence which enables them to begin over again their cycle of existence. For example, in certain algæ, reproduction takes place in the following manner: After the plant has produced a number of cells, arranged one after another in long hair-like rows, its growing power or vigor seems to be used up, and it reaches a period of considerable quiescence. Then, in some of these cells, the protoplasm and chlorophyll bodies at last contract, and protrude through an opening in the cell-wall. Next, they pass the opening and quit the cell altogether, forming what is known as a swarm-cell, without any cell-wall, which floats freely in the water. After a short time, this swarm-cell fixes itself at rest, what was before its side now becoming its root (to use a popular term); and it then begins to grow vigorously into a fresh plant, first secreting a fresh cell-wall, and then producing new cells under the influence of sunlight acting on its chlorophyll. In this case, we have a very advanced type of a sexual reproduction, almost foreshadowing sexuality: for here the change of attitude, and the casting off of the slough or cell-wall, seems to give the protoplasm and chlorophyll new life, by permitting them to assume the plasticity which they had temporarily lost in the act of definite organization.

True sexuality essentially differs from this in one fact: the organism has here acquired so fixed and statical a habit that plasticity can only be restored (as Mr. Herbert Spencer points out) by interaction with another organism. For example, certain algæ reproduce by what is known as conjugation: that is to say, when the long hair-like filaments which form the plant have reached their period of maturity, they happen to approach one another in the water, and a union takes place by the outgrowth of a passage between two of their opposite cells. The protoplasm and chlorophyll of one cell collect, and pass over through the passage thus formed in the cell-wall into the other. Then a sort of stir or ferment is set up by this infusion of fresh blood, and the previously quiescent cell-contents break up into a number of small spores, from each of which a new individual is produced.

Such a case shows us sexuality in its very simplest mode, for here the two cells which unite to form the spores do not visibly differ from one another—there is no differentiation of reproductive cells into male and female. In certain higher algæ, however, we get such a bisexual differentiation. Smaller cells known as antheridia inject their contents into larger cells known as oogonia, and set up in them the reproductive process. The pollen-grains and ovules of flowering plants show us the differentiation in its highest vegetal form. Infinite as are the gradations by which we reach these upper levels of plant life, it will yet be obvious to anyone familiar with evolutionary modes of thought, that they can all be logically deduced from the known primitive properties of chlorophyll, *plus* natural selection acting upon varieties produced by differences of environment.

But how are we to account for genesis and heredity in animals, where chlorophyll is not present? To answer this final question, we must consider in what manner the first animal probably came to exist. In many cases, the reproductive spores cast off by plants possess organs of motion. They swim about freely in water by means of little vibratile hairs, which they have, of course, acquired by the natural selection of favorable variations. In some instances such spores come to rest finally, and grow

out, by multiplication of cells, into fixed and sessile plants; in other instances, they continue motile throughout their whole existence, but show their essentially vegetal nature by their possession of active chlorophyll. In their young state, however, these plants do not fundamentally differ from animals. They possess a certain fixed store of potential energy, which they use up in the movements of their vibratile hairs; and so long as they continue in this state they inhale oxygen from the water, give out carbonic acid, and are in fact functionally animals. But sooner or later they take to a truly vegetal life, by assimilating hydro-carbons from the surrounding medium, under the influence of sunlight; and so doing, they prove their right to be considered as genuine plants.

Now, suppose some such locomotive spores, freely floating about in the water, happen by some chance (such as being cast in a dark place) not to use their chlorophyll or to develop fresh chlorophyll, what will occur? Under certain circumstances, under most circumstances indeed, they will simply die. But if one of them happens to come into contact with another, the two might conceivably coalesce. This coalescence would increase the total quantity of energy-yielding material possessed by the joint body, and the length of time for which it could go on moving without the necessity for fresh sunlight would be correspondingly increased. If, again, it came into contact with still other similar germs, or with germs of a different description, the movement might continue indefinitely. We have only to suppose this coalescence rendered habitual, and we have at once the simplest type of animal.

At first, the coalescence thus postulated might almost be mutual: just as in the earliest form of reproduction by splitting, it is impossible to say which is parent and which is offspring, because both are halves of a similar whole, so in the earliest form of feeding it is almost impossible to say which is devourer and which devoured, because both combine to form a single whole. In time, however, variation aided by natural selection produces distinct types, of which some clearly feed upon others. In the simplest forms, the feeding takes

the shape of a mere enveloping of the food-morsel by the protoplasm of the devourer; digestion and assimilation are carried on by all parts of the homogeneous jelly-like primitive animal. With higher animals, however, under stress of natural selection, there arises a differentiation of parts: there are integuments, and these integuments assume the character of outer and inner; there is a digestive sac or cavity, there is a mouth, there is a vent, there are subsidiary organs of secretion, assimilation, and circulation, there is a complex locomotive apparatus. But in every case all the energy expended by the animal comes directly or indirectly from the starches and other fuels or food-stuffs laid up beforehand by the chlorophyll of the plant.

That such is actually the origin of animal organisms, we do not of course know with certainty. But that they may most probably have arisen in some such way is rendered highly credible by the analogous case of fungi. It is now certain that fungi are not a separate class of plants, but that they are members of very distinct classes and families, resembling one another only in their quasi-animal mode of life. In fact there is no group of the lowest order of plants—the Thallophytes—among which fungi do not occur. Now, these fungi are really plants which have lost their habit of producing chlorophyll, and have acquired instead the habit of assimilating and using up energetic materials laid up by other (chlorophyll-containing) plants. It is obvious that life may be carried on by such means, and however life may be carried on, something is sure to carry it on, because variation is sure to hit sooner or later in its blind groping upon some accident which tells in that (as in every) direction. The occurrence of fungi in every group of Thallophytes clearly shows that the habit of living by expending energy acquired elsewhere, instead of by accumulating energy at first hand, has been assumed by certain plant germs, not once only, but many thousand times over. Parasitism is a trick that occurs again and again in the history of evolution. Moreover, what has thus happened often to fungi may have happened often to the germs or spores which developed ultimately into

animals as well ; for there is really no valid line to be drawn between a floating fungus and an animal. A mushroom, indeed, and most moulds, are immediately judged to be vegetal by their fixed and rooted position (though many animals are equally rooted) ; but the distinction between such small locomotive or floating fungi as *Bacterium*, *Vibrio*, or yeast, and the simpler animals is a very artificial one.

Why, then, does genesis occur in such animal or quasi-animal forms ? Take a yeast cell, placed in a proper solution—that is to say in a solution full of energy-yielding materials laid up directly or indirectly by true green plants—and the answer is obvious. The cell of which the very simple organism is composed drinks in organisable material from the surrounding liquid. As it does so, it begins to bud out by a small protuberance, which increases rapidly to the size of the mother-cell. The narrow point of union then gives way, and instead of one we have two cells. Each of these, once more, forthwith repeats the process until the whole solution is one mass of yeast cells. As each is necessarily precisely similar in constitution to its predecessors, they must all resemble their common ancestor, the first yeast cell, except in so far as they may happen to be modified by special circumstances. The cells presumably split up because they have grown by feeding beyond the size at which stability is possible for them. In short, the root principle of heredity is given by the fact that reproduction in its essence is division of a single body into two equal and similar halves whenever it reaches a certain size. The offspring resembles the parent, because the offspring is a bit of the parent, broken off from it to lead a separate life. Where genesis becomes sexual, the offspring resembles both parents, because it is a mixture of parts derived from two organisms, and necessarily developing afterwards as they developed.

Higher animals, starting with this common self-dividing habit of all protoplasm, have gone on developing under stress of natural selection, just as higher plants have done. They have hit out (independently, it would seem) the device of sexual reproduction ; they have

acquired advanced organs of locomotion, and they have grown into a vast variety of specialised forms. But to the last, the essence of reproduction remains in them the same as in the yeast cell, and differs insomuch from that of the true green plants. Denuded of accessories, the two types are these : plants accumulate material for fresh protoplasm by means of their chlorophyll, under the influence of sunlight ; and this manufactured protoplasm becomes the germ of new plant organisms. Animals accumulate material for fresh protoplasm by integrating into themselves the stores laid up by plants, and this stolen protoplasm becomes the germ of new animal organisms. Variation under the influence of the environment (in accordance with what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "the instability of the homogeneous") aided by natural selection, does all the rest.

In this necessarily brief sketch I have intentionally confined myself to what is most fundamental and essential in the nature of genesis, omitting all details of mere secondary importance. Especially have I touched very lightly on those later stages in the process of reproductive evolution whose philosophy has already been fully worked out by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. My object has been simply to answer the question, "Why should there be such a thing as reproduction in plants and animals at all ?"—not to answer the question, "Why should it assume such and such forms in such and such particular definite instances ?" I have tried to fill up what seems to me a lacuna in the evolutionary system, and to show that if once we recognise the physical property of chlorophyll whereby it lays up materials for its own renewal under the influence of solar energy, all the rest follows with deductive certainty as a matter of course. Given a grain of chlorophyll in a planet containing water and carbon dioxide, and supplied with radiant energy, and a world of plants and animals is a necessary result. The chlorophyll so circumstanced must of its own nature be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. Differentiations must needs arise between its parts from time to time under stress of divergent circumstances. Natural selection must weed out the

worse of these, and spare the better. And amongst the better must almost certainly be some which have acquired the

fungoid habit, out of which the animal world is a natural evolutionary product. —*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A PASSENGER FROM SHANGHAI.

BY A. A. HAYES.

I.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, a young American named Henry Moulton was walking slowly down Montgomery Street, San Francisco. He nodded pleasantly to the acquaintances whom he met, but he was absorbed in thought, for he had come to a turning point in his life. He was an orphan, with no relations in the world but the family of a deceased uncle living in Massachusetts, whom he had never seen, and a widowed aunt who had taken up her residence in Paris many years before, and never returned to her native land. His mother died when he was very young; he had no brothers or sisters, and his father had brought him to California in that celebrated epoch the "fall of '49 and spring of '50," when came the great army of gold-seekers, and laid the foundations of the new State. His early associations in this new region were with mining camps and their occupants, with that strange population whose virtues and vices alike have been idealised in these later days. His father had done his best—had struggled with hardships and disease, and finally been laid to rest by his "pards" in an extemporised graveyard in the foot-hills, within a rifle-shot of the "gulch" where he had toiled.

He had left little to his son, but the latter had made friends, and faced fortune boldly and resolutely. For two years before this story opens he had been employed by a mercantile firm in San Francisco, and only this very morning was he told that a new opening had been found for him. A merchant in China, who saw and liked him when on a late Californian visit, had written to his principals to send him on to Shanghai if he wished to go. It is doubtless fortunate for those who contemplate a long exile in the lands "East of the

Cape" that the glamor of the Orient is shed in fascinating radiance over their future, and that visions of fame and fortune occupy their minds. Tell them of what they must surely face—of hostile climate, deadly disease, loneliness, nostalgia, dearth of intellectual resources—and you are to them "as one that dreameth."

Young Moulton felt all this to the fullest extent. As he walked with a light step along the busy street, in the bright sunshine, his imagination travelled years ahead. He saw himself a rich, successful, cultivated man of the world; returning to re-establish his family name; courted, honored, distinguished. His castle in the air had attained a great height when he reached the office where he was employed, and the kindly greeting of his principals brought him back to realities.

"Well, Harry," said the senior, "I suppose it is needless to ask if you have decided to accept this offer?"

"I do not see how I could refuse," he replied.

"No, probably not," said the merchant, a shrewd, kindly Californian. "Nevertheless there are two sides to the question. Here you have a future before you, tolerably sure, if not brilliant. You are in your own land and among friends. When you leave them behind, you tempt fortune, you cast adrift from safe moorings. I suppose you have thought of all this and made up your mind, so I will only say that wherever and whatever you are, you have our best wishes for your happiness and prosperity."

In three days the clipper ship "Swordfish" sailed from San Francisco. Up to the time the pilot left her, Moulton had remained in the exalted state of mind into which the offer from China had thrown him; but when the man was shaking hands, just after sunset, and as

the first rays flashed out from the light on the Farallones, a sudden and inexplicable misgiving seized him. For a moment it seemed that he had made a fatal mistake ; that the path before him led to disaster ; that he should, even at that late moment, abandon his plan and return. The feeling passed away in due time, but it often recurred to him during the voyage and in the years which followed. Was it mere impulse, or a foreboding born of some inward revelation of the future ? We shall see.

The days, one like the other on the great Pacific Ocean, passed away, and on a certain morning, coming early on deck, Moulton saw the line of demarcation between the clear sea and the volume of muddy water sent down by the great Yang-tze-Kiang. Another day saw him installed in a "hong" and surrounded by the new and strange sights and scenes of the Central Flowery Land.

Henceforward his life was as that of other "sojourners" (so the treaties call them). Pleasant winters and hot summers succeeded one another, but in an exciting and engrossing business life, his almanac was the schedule of steamers' departures, and no one looked farther ahead than the coming "mail-day." Promotion followed good service, and a few years made our whilom youngster a man of some mark in the foreign community.

At last a letter from the senior partner of the house with which he was connected—who was resident in Hong Kong—summoned him to the latter point, in anticipation of a new and important position. His passage was taken in the steamer "*Labourdonnais*," of the *Compagnie des Messageries Impériales* (not *Maritimes* as in these republican days), and she was to sail at daylight on a certain morning "or at such time during the night as the state of the tides might require." The night came, and Moulton's farewell dinner. Again his hand was shaken by warm friends and well-wishers : again he was to turn his back on scenes which had become familiar.

He was not to make the voyage alone. An acquaintance was booked for Marseilles by the steamer with which the "*Labourdonnais*" was to connect at

Hong Kong. This was Mr. Alfred Seymour, a young American who had been travelling in the East and passed part of the winter at Shanghai. He was a genial and accomplished fellow, and had made himself very popular ; and he and Moulton had become great friends. He was not at the dinner, but had promised to be on board late in the evening. The time for departure had nearly arrived, when the inward mail was delivered and a letter handed to Moulton ; one of those thin missives without envelope, which were common enough in those days of high "overland" postage. As he opened and read it, his astonishment was overpowering. It was from a firm of lawyers in Boston, and informed him that the aunt whom he had never seen had died in Paris, and left him a large sum of money. With legal formality, it went on to say that his cousin from Massachusetts, Miss Alice Webster, was with their aunt in her last illness, and had remained with friends at a certain number in the *Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré*, where he would find her on his arrival ; it being presumed that he would leave China on receipt of the information thus conveyed to him.

He was accustomed both to think quickly and to control his feelings. A moment's reflection showed him that this startling news necessitated no immediate change in his plans ; nor need he communicate it to those he was leaving. He would talk it over with Seymour on the trip ; so he folded the letter up, put it in his pocket and made ready for his departure. A number of friends accompanied him to the jetty and were going off with him. Just, however, as they were about to step into the native boats which were contending for their patronage, an alarm of fire was given. As in those curious little cosmopolitan "settlements" at that time, an alarm of this kind was a call to all able-bodied foreigners, the party proposed going to the fire before embarking. Moulton demurred ; he was tired, and he wished to be alone and collect his thoughts ; so the hearty farewells were said, and the others ran to the fire, leaving him standing on the jetty, in the cool air and under the bright stars. Google

II.

MISS ALICE WEBSTER was a young and beautiful American girl. Her many graces of mind and body would have conquered the most merciless of Trans-Atlantic critics, if not those denationalised and contemptible scribes who, in these later days, have gained a fleeting notoriety by feeble and ignorant depreciation of their own country-women. She had lived from childhood in one of the hill-towns of New England; in an old colonial house, with quaint Dutch tiles around the great fireplaces, and family portraits by Stuart on the walls. Every influence surrounding her had been refined and generous, and she had rare qualities of mind and heart. She was as lovely, too, in her blonde beauty, as the ancestress whose picture hung in the library, with whom the officers of Rochambeau's column danced at Newport in Revolutionary days, and of whose charms they made frequent record in their diaries. No wonder, then, that the aunt who sent for her to come and cheer her loneliness in Paris, desired to keep her always there, and that in her last days she thanked and blessed her for the sweet solace of her loving care.

Several months had passed, and the young girl was still in Paris, with some intimate friends, as the lawyer's letter had told Moulton. Of this letter she knew, and that her cousin was expected to leave China and come to Paris. Naturally he was often in her thoughts. She had never seen him, indeed had heard but little about him; and she found herself speculating on his probable appearance. What would he be like? A Californian who had lived in China was quite beyond her experience. A cousin of hers could hardly resemble the only man from San Francisco she had ever seen—a whilom rustic who had returned to the New England village with little gold and much experience. As for China, she knew but one person who had ever been there, and he was an old, old gentleman from Boston, who took snuff, and prosed about the time when he was supercargo of the ship "Rainbow," and made the voyage to Canton in ninety-three days.

She was sitting at the window and looking at the people passing in the

street. The apartment was just above the *entresol*; and furnished with much display of yellow satin and gilding. She wondered how it would strike a man who had perhaps lived in such queer little houses with pointed roofs curled up at the edges, as she had seen in rice-paper pictures or on "willow pattern" plates. A ring at the bell interrupted her meditations: the servant brought her a card; it bore the name of "Mr. Henry Moulton."

With a little beating of the heart, she bade him show the gentleman in—and he came. In a moment she was shaking hands with a tall, handsome fellow, with black hair and long moustache. He had the easy manners of a man of the world, and he was plainly delighted to meet her.

The situation was a novel one, but not in the least disagreeable, she said to herself, as she sat there in her black dress; raising her eyes, from time to time, to his face. Cousins as they were, they had known absolutely nothing of each other. Their relationship served simply as a legitimate foundation for what promised, even thus early, to be an intimate acquaintance. He stayed to be presented to the family whose guest she was, and gladly accepted an invitation to dinner. When he took his departure, late in the evening, Miss Alice said to herself that he was a cousin thoroughly worth having.

It is needless to say that the young people saw much of each other in the days which followed. Nothing could be more natural or, as thought the cautious matron under whose care the fair lady was, more *suitable*. If cousinly affection should give place to a warmer feeling, no one could complain: and it certainly looked very much like it, as days became weeks. Of course no discreet scribe could portray the feelings of a young girl, except as suggested by outward signs; but she certainly seemed to like her newly-found cousin very much. If there was the least little "rift in the lute," it would seem to be a jarring on her acute sensitiveness as to truth and frankness, of his somewhat easygoing views in this regard; perhaps not wholly unnatural, she reminded herself, in a man of the world who had lived long in heathen lands.

As for him, he would have sworn allegiance to any faith or tenet which would please her: for he was in the seventh heaven, head over ears in love, and not ashamed to let it be known. It was quite a little idyl of the American colony, and it was "written up" with customary effusiveness and inaccuracy, by more than one special correspondent.

On a certain evening the young people, with others, "assisted" at a performance at the Français, and they walked home along the boulevards in the bright moonlight. Miss Alice was leaning on her cousin's arm, and they lagged a little behind the rest. He left her with her friends at their door, and there was something special in the manner of their parting, which led a man who had been with them to remark to a friend, as they walked away, puffing at newly-lighted cigarettes, that he "wondered when it was coming off."

Next morning the young lady, fresh and dainty as always, entered the breakfast-room. She never seemed more gentle, more considerate, more gracious—so all the party remarked—than during that cheerful half-hour. When breakfast was over, she rose and went to the window. The sun was shining brightly, and the pleasant panorama of a gay Paris street passed before her eyes. Over her head a canary-bird was singing blithely.

She had taken the "Galignani" from the table, where it had lain, fresh from the press, but forgotten in the flow of merry talk. Now, settling herself comfortably in the window-seat, she began to read it. As she looked at the headings, her attention wandered: her thoughts must have been happy, for an unconscious smile came to her lips. She could hear the piano in the next room: she knew the air; it was from "Fra Diavolo," and she began to hum the words, as she resumed her cursory reading:

"Then since life glides so fast away,
Let's enjoy it, while yet we may;
For fate, so kind to-day,
Perhaps to-morrow may betray.
As new danger our steps—"

But what was this? She started: her eyes were fixed and staring, the words seemed standing out in bold relief on the paper as she read: and this was what she saw:—

"HONG KONG.—The files of the 'China Mail,' published at the above port and just at hand, give full particulars of one of the strangest series of occurrences ever recorded. We condense the main facts—

"About five weeks before the disclosures just made, Mr. S——, senior resident partner of the firm of J—— R—— and Co., wrote to his house in Shanghai asking them to send Mr. Henry Moulton, a confidential clerk, to Hong Kong by the French mail steamer 'Labourdonnais,' as it was proposed to give him authority to sign for the firm, and leave him in charge during Mr. S——'s temporary absence from the colony. When the steamer arrived, Mr. Moulton did not appear, much to Mr. S——'s annoyance. He wrote to Shanghai to ask for an explanation. The 'Labourdonnais' in the meantime was despatched on a special trip to Saigon. The return mail from Shanghai brought the startling intelligence that Mr. Moulton left the hong the night before the 'Labourdonnais' sailed, and parted from his friends at the jetty. The news of his non-arrival created the most intense excitement in Shanghai, where he was highly esteemed and respected. The American Consul-General and the Municipal Council, calling upon the native authorities for aid, instituted a most thorough search and investigation. An attempt was even made to drag the river, and when no result crowned these earnest efforts, great consternation ensued, for a new feeling of insecurity seized upon the community. The excitement in Hong Kong on receipt of this intelligence was as great as in the North. All of a sudden a resident sent to the daily papers an extract from a private letter just received from Singapore from a friend who had gone on in the mail steamer with which the 'Labourdonnais' connected. The writer alluded to the sad occurrences on the trip from Shanghai to Hong Kong, *the sudden death of a Mr. Moulton, an American, and the speedy and secret consignment of his body to the deep.* The publication of this information greatly increased the prevailing excitement. Editors and correspondents asked, in the strongest terms, if English and American passengers were to be thrown

overboard like dogs from French steamers, and not a word said of it. The feeling was growing dangerously strong when the 'Labourdonnais' returned. The next morning a formal statement from the French Consul appeared in the papers. It was emotionless, dignified, and categorical.

"M. L. Baron de R—— presented his compliments to M. le Rédacteur, and regretted that in the absence of information easily accessible, accusations alike unfounded and unjust had been made against the officers of a 'Messageries' steamer. The fact was that one M. Moltone or Multon, passenger of the first class, had been seized with a rapid and fatal illness. He had been attended in his own cabin by the surgeon of the steamer, a good Father of the Church, and a friend of his own, the most devoted—one M. Seymour or Sémore, registered for Marseilles. In spite of all efforts he died almost immediately. And, in accordance with the strict regulations of the Company, his remains were consigned to the deep while the passengers were at dinner. On arrival M. le Capitaine had made before his consul the deposition required by French law, and thus fulfilled his whole duty. He was *désolé* that there had been any misunderstanding. In conclusion, M. le Baron begged M. le Rédacteur to accept the assurance of his distinguished consideration."

"That this was all true, there could be no doubt. The Frenchman had complied with the letter of the law: the passenger who was with poor Mr. Moulton was a stranger in Hong Kong; he had not come on shore, but gone on at once in the mail steamer. No one could really be blamed, and yet it was proved to be entirely possible for a well-known resident of a foreign settlement in China to embark on a regular mail steamer for a three days' voyage and utterly disappear from mortal ken. The affair, from first to last, has made a profound sensation in China.*

Alice Webster read this article through

* If there be any of the readers of this story who deem this incident over-drawn, or whose experience has not taught them that truth is stranger than fiction, they are respectfully referred to the files of the English papers published in Hong Kong and Shanghai in 1864.

from beginning to end, never missing a word. At first she had received such a shock that her heart seemed to stand still. To this succeeded total bewilderment. She was dazed and could not comprehend the significance of the narrative. She sat quite still, very pale and holding the paper before her. Then, to her excited thought came a glimpse of relief. *Of course* it was the friend who was with her cousin that died; such a mistake could readily occur. The color came back to her face. Doubtless he would come to see her at once, he would—— A servant entered and handed her a note. She opened it with feverish haste, and read as follows:

"I must say a word to you. Miserable creature as you must think me, I am worse in my own eyes than I can be even in yours.

"You may refuse to read what I write, but I must tell my story, though it be only to place before your eyes the record of my folly and shame.

"As you know, I am an impostor. Your cousin—a good and true man, and once my friend—died in my arms on the French steamer between Shanghai and Hong Kong.

"I was about his age, and not unlike him in personal appearance. I was born of parents who had once been rich but were poor, and soured by ill-fortune. They instilled in my mind the idea that we had a grievance against society, and they nurtured in me a consuming ambition. I fought the world from childhood: I showed it a brave face at all times, even when defeat seemed inevitable. I went to China in hope of finding some opening to fame and fortune. When the community thought me a traveller of means, I was in reality overwhelmed with disappointment. I had abandoned hope and determined to go to Europe. Fate decreed that your cousin should choose the same steamer, and should make me his confidant. The very first morning on board he showed me the letter denouncing his inheritance and the change in his fortunes. He begged me to go with him to Paris; he promised to present me to you; he treated me as a dear friend. That very night he was stricken with mortal sickness; in the early stages (he placed his papers in my hands. In twelve hours

his body lay deep in the ocean. I knew no one in Hong Kong, and did not go on shore. It was when we had sailed thence, and I saw that nothing was said of your cousin's death, that the devil tempted me. Every circumstance was in my favor. How far I could have gone I know not. I did not look ahead beyond the passing day. I saw you—and I forgot all else. I have lived in a fool's paradise ever since; I have not thought of aught but you. I have been on a pinnacle of happiness, and in a second I have been plunged in the depths of despair. My eyes have been opened as by a flash of lightning, and I see myself as I am; even as you, with your pure instincts, must see me. Your character has been a revelation to me. I believe that my reverence for you would have made a good man of me, but I know only too well that to your truth-loving soul I stand hopelessly condemned.

"But one word more. The lessons I have learned from you, in this brief period of happiness, may not be lost. Some day you may hear of my atonement, of my doing something worthy of a true man. When I walked home with you last Sunday from the little church, you gave me your prayer-book to carry, and you did not ask me for it. I shall take it with me; for this I beg you to pardon me. Perhaps you may yet find in your heart some pity for as miserable an offender as

"ALFRED SEYMOUR."

III.

It was April, 1865. Miss Alice Webster was again at her pleasant New England home. If she had told anyone of the letter received in Paris, her counsel was well kept, and in some occult manner the special correspondents had been baffled. There were rumors of strange occurrences in connection with the appearance of the cousin from China, but they took no permanent shape.

What Miss Alice thought or felt no one could tell, for she was no sentimental maiden to wear her heart on her sleeve. She was gentle, gracious, fascinating as ever.

Just at this time, too, the attention of New England, as of all the country, was

concentrated on the closing scenes of the great Civil War. The Union forces had entered Richmond on the 3rd, and General Grant was making the great forced marches which ended with Lee's surrender at Appomattox on the 9th. In the delirium of rejoicing which followed the news of this momentous event, the carnage which preceded it was forgotten. The flags were still flying, and the salvos of artillery were still resounding, when Miss Alice received by mail a small package and the following letter:—

"Colonel R—— presents his compliments to Miss Webster, and sends a book in which her name and address were found written. On the 6th instant, only three days before the end of the war, the regiment under his command formed part of a column thrown forward to Farmville by General Ord, with the intention of obstructing Lee's advance until the main body of the army of the James could come up. The loss of life which the success of the movement involved was very great, and among those who perished was Captain Seymour, who had joined the regiment but a few months before and greatly distinguished himself, having been promoted on the field. He fought like a hero and died a soldier's death. No letters or papers of any kind were on his person, and no survivors in the command knew of his home or friends; but the little book was found in his breast-pocket, and Colonel R—— has deemed it proper to forward it as stated.

"Appomattox Court House, Virginia:
April 12th, 1865."

* * * * *

I, the present scribe, have had singular associations with the people and scenes of which I have just written. I was in China when the man I have called "Moulton" went on board the French steamer; indeed he came to my house before dinner to say good-bye. "Seymour" dined with me that same night and took his departure from my table. When I last saw the lady I have called Miss Webster, she was with her husband at a Presidential reception in Washington, and everyone was asking who she was. I never thought of writing this story until a few months ago, and then

only because it made such an impression on a small party of clever men at the hospitable Union Club at San Francisco. One was the merchant, now white-headed, in whose office "Moulton" had been, and part of the narrative was new to him.

"Poor fellow," said he; "I did not want him to go to China, and it was hard enough that he should die just as good times were coming." This brought

out other comments on my tale. The last was made by a soldier-like man, with a grey moustache and an empty sleeve.

"There is no poetical justice in that sequence of events," said he. "Your bad man came off best of all, for he died an honorable death, fighting for his country, and there is no chance to do that nowadays. But, all the same, it is a very curious story."—*Belgravia*.

THE BATTLE OF MALDON (ll. 2-184).

A TRANSLATION.

BY EMILY H. HICKEY.

HE gave the word that every man should let his good steed go,
Should drive him far away and march afoot to meet the foe,
And hand to hand should strive the strife, and valiant heart should know

The son of Offa knew the earl would brook no coward blood;
He loos'd his hawk and let him fly, the dear hawk, toward the wood.
Out stept the young man to the fight, and well it might be seen
No weakling would he prove him there, as he gript his weapons keen.

And fain was Eadric by his lord to stand in fight that day;
By his prince's side, and forth he bore his spear unto the fray;
Stout heart he had while he could hold the shield and good broadsword;
He made his vaunting true, in van of battle by his lord.

Then Byrhtnoth gan array his men; he rode and gave the rede,
He shewed the fighters how to stand and keep the place at need,
Fast with their hands to hold the shields, nor be afraid indeed.
Then, when that host of his was set in order fair and due,
He 'lighted where it pleas'd him best, where his own true-men he knew.

The vikings' herald stood on shore, and threateningly and loud
He gave the earl upon the bank the seafolk's message proud.
"The swift seamen have sent me here, and bid me say to thee
Full quickly must thou send them rings, in safety wouldst thou be;
And better 'tis for you buy off this onset of the spear
With tribute, than that we should deal so sore a combat here;
We need not spill each other's lives if ye make fast aright
A peace with us; if thou agree, thou, here the most of might,
Thy folk to ransom, and to give the seamen what shall be
Right in their eyes, and take our peace, make peace with told money,
We'll haste to ship, we'll keep that peace, and go upon the sea."

Then Byrhtnoth spake, he rais'd his shield, he shook the slender spear,
Angry and steadfast spake the words, and made him thus answer:
"Dost hear, thou dweller on the sea, what this my people saith?
Their tribute is the spear, the sword, the arrow tipt with death
War-harness that for you in fight full little profiteth.

"Now, herald of the sea-folk, take this message back, and say
 Thou bearest them an ill tiding, an evil word to-day;
 Say that amid his host an earl undaunted here doth stand
 For his own soil, his prince's earth, the people, and the land.
 In battle must the heathen fall; too shameful, in my thought,
 Ye went with tribute forth from us unto your ships unfought,
 Now ye are hither come so far into our land unsought.
 And think ye not so lightly ye shall treasure win this day,
 For sword and blade shall us atone ere we will tribute pay."

Then did he bid them bear the shield; he bad the men a-rank
 March on, till all were standing there, upon the river-bank.

Now host might not with host contend, the tide was at its height;
 After the ebb came flowing flood, the lake-streams linkt their might:
 Too long it seem'd to wait until the spears might clash in fight.

Then Pantë's stream they did beset with all their strong array,
 The forefront of the East Saxons, and the sea-folk's host that day.
 No one could hurt another there, save by the arrow's flight,
 The flood went out, the seamen stood all eager for the fight.
 Then did the Shelter of Heroes give the word the bridge to hold
 To Wulfstan, him to war inured, by race a warrior bold,
 (He was the son of Ceola), and his ready spear outleapt
 To smite who, boldest of the foe, first on the bridge had stept.
 With him the undaunted mighty twain, Aelfhere and Maccus were,
 These from the ford not fain to flee, but steadfast-handed there,
 Defended them against the foe, while weapons they might bear.

Then when the foe began to see, and know full certainly
 The keepers of the bridge to them right bitter ones would be,
 Dissemble did these loathly men, begg'd the approach indeed,
 That they might pass over the ford, their troops across might lead.
 Too much the earl in his disdain to that ill folk gave heed.

Then gan the son of Byrthelm call across the cold water
 (The warriors hearken'd while he spake), "Now is your way made clear;
 Come straightway on to us. Advance, men, to the fight" (he said),
 "God only knoweth which of us shall keep the battle-stead."

The wolves of slaughter strode along, nor for the water car'd,
 The host of vikings westward there across the Pantë far'd;
 O'er the clear water bare their shields, their bucklers to the land,
 Where, ready for the foe's coming, with his men did Byrhtnoth stand.

He bad with shields the war-hedge make, to keep them 'gainst the foe;
 The glory of battle, the fight was nigh, now must the doom'd lie low.
 Then rose a cry as round and round the ravens wheel'd in air;
 The erne, all greedy for his prey; a mighty din was there.

Then from their hands the file-sharp lance, the keen-ground spear, they sent,
 The shield receiv'd the dart's onset, the bows full busy went.
 Oh, bitter was the battle-rush, the rush of war that day;
 Then fell the men; on either hand the gallant young men lay.
 Then Wulfmaer took the wound of death, the battle-bed he won;
 Full sorely pierc'd and hewn with swords was Byrhtnoth's sister's son.

The vikings had their due; I have heard that Eadward mightily
 With his good sword slew one of them, nor from its swing stay'd he,

So that the doomèd warrior fell down straightway at his feet ;
His prince gave him, his chamber-thane, thanks when the time was meet.

Fast stood the strong-soul'd youths in fight, full eager in the strife,
Who first with weapon-point should take the doomèd foemen's life.
Then slaughter was upon the earth : they stood all steadfastly,
And Byrhtnoth set them in array, and every thought bad he
Of every youth be set on war, who would the victory.

Then one in battle rage went forth, aloft he rear'd his shield,
His covert buckler, striding there against our chief in field :
So went the earl full resolute against the churlish foe ;
Each all intent on other's ill, to work him bale and woe.

The seaman sent a southern dart, it struck the chief amain,
He thrust with shield and shiver'd it : back sprang that spear again.
Then raged the fighter, with his dart that viking proud pierc'd he,
That gave the wound ; he pierc'd his neck with javelin skilfully,
He guided well his hand that so might death the scather see.

Then swift he thrust another one, through shatter'd corslet prest
The spear that bare the mortal wound, the death-stroke through the breast.
The blither was the earl for that, out laught the warrior grim,
Thankt God because of that day's work, which God had given to him.

Then from his hand one sent a dart, from his grasp to fly amain,
That all too quickly did it pierce Æthelred's noble thane.
Beside him stood a lad ungrown, a boy i' the field ; no fear
He knew, but from his lord's body drew forth the bloody spear.
'Twas Wulfstan's son, the young Wulfmaer ; that sharp spear on its way
He sent a-travelling back again to pierce that foe in fray
Who erst had sorely bit his lord, that on the ground he lay.

Then went an arm'd man to the earl, his jewels would he claim,
The warrior's garments and his rings, and fretted sword of fame ;
Then Byrhtnoth drew a sword from sheath, broad, brown of edge and hard,
And smote upon his corslet so to deal him his reward ;
Too soon a seaman hinder'd him ; that good arm's strength he marr'd.
He let it drop and fall to ground, his sword with hilt of gold,
He could not wield the weapon more, the keen-edg'd falchion hold.

Yet spake the word that warrior hoar, the young men's hearts he cheer'd,
Bad the good comrades forward go, nor ever be afeared.
No longer could he firmly stand on's feet ; to heaven lookt he—
"Thanks, Lord of hosts, for these world-joys thou here didst give to me ;
Now merciful Creator, now, I stand in deepest need
That thou should'st grant my spirit good, that thus my soul indeed
Fare forth to thee, travel with peace, O King of Angels, so ;
I pray Thou that the hell-spoilers nor work her hurt nor woe."

The heathen varlets smote him down, and those that stood him by,
Ælfnóth and Wulfmaer, by the side of him in death did lie.

—Academy.

THE PRAYER CARPET.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

OSMAN was a merchant residing at Gaza, and from time to time his affairs compelled him to cross the desert from Gaza to Cairo. He could not always find a caravan starting at the period at which he had to make the journey, and he had learned from experience not to fear the great, terrible desert, but to traverse it alone. He allowed about ten days for his solitary journey, and had been taught to trust to Allah for protection and guidance across the pathless waste. He arranged with the Bedouins for a safe conduct, and when he wished to go to and return from Cairo, he bought a *heirie*, or swift dromedary, which he sold again when his journey was happily completed. He had many times traversed in perfect safety the huge sea of sand, and he had confidence in himself and in Allah; for Osman was a devout and pious Mussulman, who trusted, without a doubt, God and his prophet. He was sedulously observant of all the forms and obligations of his religion, and never failed at the hours of prayer to hobble his dromedary, to spread out his praying carpet upon the arid sand, and to pray fervently as a good Mussulman should.

That which men have done often they do easily, and without dread, as sailors occupy their business in the great waters without much thought of fear; and Osman was neither daunted or dismayed when, one day, his business compelled him to make another voyage across the desert.

He bought a fine young dromedary, very fleet and willing, though without as yet much experience. He packed upon the animal his provisions, as dates, beans, cakes of barley; and you may be sure that he did not forget his prayer carpet.

So, on one early morning, before the heats had begun, Osman perched himself high upon the hump of his dromedary and started with pious cheerfulness upon his long and lonely voyage on the "ship of the desert." His conscience was serene, his heart was calm, and he

hoped to perform the journey as safely as he had so often made it.

And then for three or four days he travelled steadily on. He had one oasis, that of Gatieh, to look forward to as a cool, restful break in the monotony of his long ride; and he exercised his fancy in picturing to himself the shade of palms, and the fair fountain of fresh, pure water. The desert is very lonely and very silent, and a man's voice, as he cheers on his dromedary, sounds strangely in the void waste. Himself the centre of a round horizon, with a flaming sky and a branding sun burning above and about him, Osman rode over the shifting sand-hills, blinding in their dazzling heat-glare, and stopped from time to time to allow his beast to graze upon the poor, prickly shrubs, in which camels manage to find nourishment. The hot air was dry and fine, the utter silence was at times oppressive, but Osman was used to these things, and voyaged on, steadfast in his purpose and secure in his faith in the divine protection.

The hour of prayer! Osman descended from his high plump perch, hobbled his beast, and spread his praying carpet in the shade thrown upon the sand by the lofty dromedary.

Then he prayed, and bowed his face to the earth as a good Mussulman should. He heard a soft sound of flat steps, and lo! when he looked up, he saw that the dromedary had got loose from his shackles, and was speeding away in long, shambling, rolling strides over the wide plains of glittering sand.

Osman's first wild impulse was to pursue the faithless animal; but he soon saw that pursuit was hopeless.

He was alone, and unprovisioned. All his stores of food, all the water, were being borne swiftly away from him by the fleet animal, which became every moment smaller and smaller in his aching sight. Should he—could he—try to walk homeward, or onward to the oasis? Could he walk in that heat? Could he subsist without food or water? His

heart beat fast, his brain throbbed, his sight became dim. He was in sore stead, and succumbed to a burning delirium of horrible despair. He felt sick with dread. . . . He had absolutely nothing left with him—except the small prayer carpet.

After a period—he never knew how long it lasted—of blank stupor, Osman awoke again vividly to the horrors of his position, and, in his anguish of spirit he uttered an exceeding bitter cry. To die alone of hunger and thirst in the sad desert seemed to the wretched man a terrible doom, and his soul sickened within him at the appalling prospect. The pitiless sun scorched his very brain ; and there, beside him, on the burning sand, lay the little red carpet. Almost mechanically he knelt upon it and tried to pray. His thoughts were confused, and words would not come, but he repeated passages from the Koran which appealed to Allah, the compassionate, the merciful. His spirit fainted within him, and he fell into a kind of swoon. When consciousness returned the sun was sinking, his shadow fell upon the sand, and his mind was calmer. Suddenly, as he gazed over the far desert, he thought he saw, at a great distance, a little speck, which yet seemed to move, and to come slowly nearer to him. The speck was yet afar off when Osman fancied that he could discern a rapidly approaching dromedary on which sat a man. His heart beat violently, and he strained his eyes to gaze yet more intently. Soon he became certain that his impression was not mere fancy. Help was surely coming, and was coming swiftly. The rider seemed to see him, and the dromedary came directly towards him. Oh, the sense of aching relief in poor Osman's strained mind as he felt sure that the rider saw him and was steering towards him.

Soon he saw—and he thought that his eyes were playing him false—that the animal which was so swiftly swinging

towards him had more than four legs. This perplexed his mind and occupied his excited thoughts. Nearer and nearer came the swiftly moving mass, and larger and larger grew the coming camel and his towering rider. Presently Osman noticed that the high heap which, with its attendant shadow, glided so swiftly over the smooth, noiseless sand, seemed to sunder into a second dromedary led by the Arab on that side which was hidden from Osman's eyes by the camel on which the rider sat. Then Osman fancied that the led camel resembled his own beast. Then at last the heap became quite distinct, and halted just by the kneeling Osman.

On the one animal sat a swarthy Bedouin Arab, in the white burnouse of the desert ; and the beast which he led was—Osman's own dromedary.

Silently the grave son of the desert descended and hobbled the two camels. Then he turned to Osman and said, " Osman of Gaza, son of Ahmed, thou art at peace with our tribe, and it is well with thee. Lo ! I bring thee thy *heirie*, and I will guide thee to-morrow to Gatieh. Eat, drink, and rest. Allah hath been gracious to thee, for thou, verily, art one of his honored ones."

So all Osman's terror and dole turned to joy and gratitude, and joy was greater even than sorrow had been. The stars came out, large and lustrous, and night covered the desert. The Bedouin and Osman ate together, and lay down beside the camels. Then Osman looked up to the dark, soft, starry heavens, and repeated from the Koran, " He aideth whom he will ; and he is the mighty, the merciful ;" and then Osman slept peacefully.

The next day the Bedouin brought Osman where he would be, to the green oasis of Gatieh ; but as they journeyed on, the rescued man thought that no one thing that was laden upon his beast was of such value as THE PRAYER CARPET.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE OTTOMAN TURKS IN EUROPE.

FOR the past four hundred years, some of the fairest portions of the south-east of Europe have been subject to a

race alien alike in origin, character, and religion to the other European States. With this fact, on its practical side, we

are to a certain extent familiarized by the continual recurrence of the so-called Eastern Question. We have heard much and often of the weakness, the corruption, and the decay of the Turkish Empire. Its ever-impending yet ever delayed disappearance has been constantly before the eyes of the European world. It has provided a never-failing material for diplomatic arrangements and re-arrangements, which have, however, left the problem still unsolved; it has again and again proved a disturbance to the peace of Europe, now by its apparent weakness, and the consequent aggressions of powerful neighbors; now by its reckless misgovernment and the resulting insurrections of its subject provinces. Indeed, the present position of Turkey has engrossed so much of our practical consideration, that we have perhaps ceased to wonder at the strangeness of the phenomena which Turkish history presents. We do not always realize that regions, the seats, in former ages, of Greek enterprise and civilization, and the centre for centuries of the eastern division of the Roman Empire, are held now by a race which, six hundred years ago, was a nomad horde still ranging the table lands of Asia. Nor on the other hand, perhaps, do we always bear in mind how immense a contrast between its former energy and force and its present paralysis and degradation the history of this race suggests. We shall attempt, therefore, in the following pages, not to trace the history of the Ottoman Turks forward step by step with minuteness, but, if possible, to point out some of the causes which have made that history so unique and remarkable; to explain the wonderful rapidity of their earlier successes and their recognition as an integral power of Europe; to show the inherent sources of weakness; to determine the causes which ultimately led to decrepitude and decay; and finally to advert to the wonderful vitality which, like so many of the lower organisms, it has in spite of all displayed. To this end we shall use the more concrete facts of history as the joints and framework necessary for the consistency and clearness of our subject.

The migrations of races have usually followed the course of the sun, and the historian must cast his eye eastward to

discover the original domicile even of the civilized nations of Western Europe as well as of those nomad hordes which have from time to time devastated its south-eastern provinces, or penetrated to the bleak shores of the Northern Sea. High Asia has not inaptly been termed "the mother of nations," but with almost equal appropriateness it might be called the fertile parent of Western revolutions. From its widely extended table-lands there have issued, from prehistoric ages, successive irruptions of barbarous and nomadic tribes impelled from their seats by movements of new national life to the Eastward, and in their turn passing on to shock, now with less now with more momentum, to the West, and causing there some of the most remarkable crises and revolutions of history.

After the Indo-European or Aryan race had made its passage from Central Asia towards the West, depositing on its way the seeds of future civilizations, there seems to have been a pause, perhaps of centuries, in the migratory transits described above. When they recommenced, they represented the movements of a different and a less civilized race—the Turanian—and of this the most numerous as well as the most historically important division were the Turks. To this race, in all probability, belonged, though space forbids us to enter into the question here, the succession of invading tribes which, under the names of Huns, Avars, Bulgarians, Khazars, Patzinaks, and Uzi, penetrated into Europe north of the Black Sea, passed over the steppes of Southern Russia, and broke in successive waves upon the northern frontiers of the Eastern Empire.

Fierce, sometimes irresistible, however, as these invasions were, the barbarous tribes in no case founded any permanent settlements in Europe. They disappeared after a longer or a shorter period of success, sometimes all but annihilated by the hideous carnage of those barbarous battle-fields, sometimes no doubt amalgamated with the surrounding nationalities, often dispersed, and in scattered bands retracing their steps towards the north or east. Meanwhile the Eastern Empire, often tottering to its foundation through the rude

shocks thus received, still maintained its ground, and to some extent its old prestige. From the same Eastern region and by the same race, but by a different route, a more formidable and, in the end, a more fatal attack was being gradually prepared. Towards the close of the tenth century there crossed the Jaxartes, a numerous horde of Turks expelled from their more eastern homes, and led by a chieftain named Seljuk. He, after encamping some time in the neighborhood of Samarcand, embraced with his tribe the Mahomedan religion, and fired with religious zeal, or its semblance, handed down to his successors a power soon to be developed into an empire. Advancing westward from Persia, the tribe, called from its original leader, the Seljukians, gradually overran the whole of Asia Minor and founded the seat of its empire at Nicæa, not one hundred miles from Constantinople. Frequent were the collisions during the next hundred years with the Roman Empire, which, when almost at its weakest and most hopeless state, was granted a brief respite by the first crusade, which compelled the Seljukians, in the beginning of the twelfth century, to remove their capitol to Iconium. It was at this period that the Mongol invasion of Zenghiz Khan and his successors convulsed both Europe and Asia Minor, and, when the hordes of Tartars at last dispersed, they left the Seljukians wrecked and helpless, and the road lay open for a fresh migration of another division of the same race—the Ottomans. Starting from the same region as the Seljukians, following a similar course, and like them imbued, but in a still greater degree, with Mahomedan fanaticism, they, under the lead of Ertogrul, now entered upon the heritage of the Seljukians. If the northern Turks had, throughout their migrations, remained uncivilized and barbarous, the case was far otherwise with the Seljukians and Ottomans. The more southerly direction taken by them had made their history very different from that of the tribes already mentioned. The steppes of Russia were as suited to nomadic tribes as the plains of Asia, and the various north-Danubian races had received no more than the elements of civilization. But south of the Euxine

all was different. The course from Persia to Constantinople was no uncivilized tract of country which barbarian hordes could traverse at pleasure. In the northern portion there was the civilization and military power of the Eastern Empire; southward there were the political organization and religious enthusiasm of the Saracens. Barbarians could hardly make the passage unchanged and unaffected by these new conditions of life. Hence their history becomes more complex; causes and conditions are multiplied, and the affiliation of results is more momentous but more difficult.

It was in 1356 that the Ottomans first crossed the Hellespont into Europe, but we should ill understand their subsequent successes if we did not briefly advert to their career across the Straits, which furnished the antecedents of much that was peculiar in their history. For 300 years before the final passage into Europe the Turks of Asia Minor had been engaged in wars from which they learned the military discipline and tactics of European armies, for the Crusaders, into which were thrown the chief martial energy of Western Europe from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, were mostly, as Latham points out, not against Saracens but Turks. It is true that these great conflicts were fought farther to the South than the Seljukians or Ottomans penetrated, but between the different Turkish tribes of Asia Minor there were constant relations either friendly or hostile, and the military improvements of one would soon find their way to all the rest, just as we find that the degree of civilization and warlike skill possessed by the Turks of Iconium was at once appropriated by their Ottoman successors. But besides the Crusades there had been other wars with Europeans, which had affected in the closest way the more northern Turks—wars with the very Power which guarded the entry into Europe. From opposite sides, from Constantinople and Trebizond, the Seljukians, and after them the Ottomans, found constant and formidable instructors in the arts of war. Hence, when the band of Turks under Ertogrul descended from Khorasan, and passing westward of the Euphrates and Mount Taurus, sought fresh

seats in Asia Minor, they found themselves amongst kindred races, whose heritage of warlike experience as well as of actual dominion they were not slow to make their own. And this double appropriation as well as their rapid progress towards Europe was rendered easy and natural by the circumstances which marked the period of their appearance. The Seljukian empire had had its short and brilliant day of barbaric conquest and barbaric civilization. The causes to prolong its natural term were wanting; it was stricken by a complete "moral palsy" within, and by the terrible flood of Mongol invasion from without. The Ottoman nation was fresh, receptive, and as yet uncorrupted, barbarous indeed, but aided by the moral force and rising order which their zealous profession of Islam gave them. Their first possession in Bithynia expanded with rapidity in all directions, and they soon found themselves face to face with the empire which had endured so many shocks from their northern kinsmen. Constantinople had now entered into a settled decline. Shattered and divided by the events which led to the Latin dynasty, no longer protected on the north by the now threatening kingdoms of Servia and Bulgaria, and utterly enfeebled by political and moral corruption, she was quite unable to make head against her resolute and persistent enemies on the eastern frontier. A chance of recovery presented itself when the Russian power and the Seljukian Empire were simultaneously broken by the Mongol invasion, but her weakness amounted to a paralysis and the opportunity went by.

Against this tottering power there was opposed all the freshness of a youthful nation, all the fanaticism of a conquering religion. The dominions founded by Othman were soon increased by his son Orkhan, under whom the first passage into Europe took place. Nicomedia, Nicæa, Pergamus, successively fell into his hands, and in 1356 he crossed the Straits into the imperial territory, first as a paid ally of the Emperor Cataluzene, but to abide there as the possessor of the Thracian Kallipolis. But the importance of Orkhan in Ottoman history lies in more lasting though more intangible actions than the capture of

cities or even the passage of the Straits. He appears as a great legislator and as a great political organizer, more prominently even than as a conqueror.

Before a European empire could be founded, it was necessary for an invading army to have a secure standing-ground in Asia. The safety of Constantinople had long consisted in its double territory; the successor of the Turks depended on the same condition. Accordingly, the great work of Orkhan was the consolidation of the Turkish possessions in Asia. Unlike a purely barbarian conqueror, he deliberately entered on this task, and performed it with consummate skill. Communes were established, mosques erected, schools founded, and the whole country, which at that time owned his supremacy, welded and compacted by a system of civil administration which left his successor free to pursue fresh conquests westward. But with all his administrative talent, he probably owed much of his success to more general causes. It must never be forgotten that he had not to begin *de novo*. A code of laws for his subjects was provided for him by the Mahomedan religion, a code, too, which had been expressly adapted by its founder to the necessities of a conquering nation. This law was not only provided for him, but obedience to it was ensured by sanctions stronger than he could have intended. The importance of this assistance to the ruler of a new rising dominion, in holding together his subjects and tightening the reins of authority, can hardly be overestimated, and a judicious ruler like Orkhan would not fail to make good use of it. Besides the civil organization, the beginnings at least of that military system, peculiar to the Ottomans, date from his reign, and the levy of tribute-children systematized by his son Murad is generally assigned to the intention of his vizier Tschendereli. By this institution, of which more will be said in the sequel, the standing army of Charles VII., as Von Hammer points out, was anticipated by 100 years. From what has preceded it appears that causes general and personal had been at work on the Asiatic side of the Straits, attending in the direction of Ottoman rule in Europe. It is now necessary briefly to look at the resistance to be expected there.

From the first entrance of the Roman power into the south-eastern provinces her civilization and that of Greece had remained side by side, unabsorbed and unabsorbing. If either had acted alone, it is possible that a common type similar to that in the west might have arisen, and the diversities of race in the empire have grown fainter or disappeared. As it was they neutralized one another. Constantinople became a Roman capital, with Greek language and Greek mode of life, and the minor races maintained their own nationality almost untouched. How many of these races there were, we have already partly seen. The northern parts of the empire lay close to the high road from Asia and Central Russia towards the west, and tribes repulsed from the west found easy settlements here. Thus arose the separate kingdoms of Croatia, Servia, and Bulgaria, of Slavonic race, scattered amid the older races of Albanians, Illyrians and Thracian Roumanians, whom the Romans had found in the land. Thus the empire was surrounded by or consisted of heterogeneous nationalities, each remaining so separate and distinct in manners, interests, and sympathies, that a common union against an invader was almost impossible.

And so it proved when Amurath I. began to extend his father's foothold in Europe. Bulgaria had again become a hostile power. Servia, under Stephen Dushan, had founded a threatening kingdom over Macedonia, Albania, and Northern Greece. This fell with the death of the king; but it weakened the empire while it lasted, and was significant of the disunion which was to aid the Turk.

The conquests of Amurath, notwithstanding some diversions created by insurrections in the East, were rapid. Adrianople became his European capital, and the capture of Philippopolis marked his advance on the Balkans. Then began his conflicts with the more warlike Slavonian kingdoms but a petty crusade, promoted by Urban V., and consisting of Servian, Bulgarian, and Hungarian troops, failed to stop his advance, and after the battle of Marizza, Servia and Bulgaria paid tribute to their conqueror. But the Servian king Lazarus, mindful of the power of his pred-

ecessors, not long after organized a more formidable coalition. Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians formed its Slavonic elements, aided by Hungarians, the Albanian Skypetars, and the Roumanians of Wallachia. A petty success at the outset did not prevent the deliberate annexation of Bulgaria, unopposed by the forces of the league, and in 1389 the Slavonic power was finally broken by the battle of Kossova, and Servia reduced to the position of a vassal State.

The Ottomans were now firmly established in Europe, and ready for fresh conquests, which indeed were guaranteed to them by Amurath's civil and military policy, with which we have now to deal. The system of confirming one conquest before the prosecution of the next, was applied in Europe no less than in Asia, but in one point it was extended. Amurath commenced the custom, followed by Mahomet II. after the capture of Constantinople, of introducing amongst the inhabitants of conquered countries Oriental colonies of Turkomans or Arabs, while the original residents were often transplanted elsewhere. By this well-known device of Barbarian conquerors, insurrections were checked and submission ensured. Nor was it without a sagacious purpose that the Ottoman conquests were gradual, not sudden. Complete subjection was preceded by a period of vassalage or semi-dependence, during which the vassal State was used as an instrument for reducing others to a similar condition. Christian troops fought against their kinsmen at Kossova and during the reign of Bajazet, the Servians, who had to provide 1,000 horsemen every year, sent contingents to the Ottoman armies. Thus concert was prevented, demoralization and paralysis engendered; no breathing space for recovery was allowed, and, when the occasion suited, vassalage was exchanged for subjection and their right to bear arms taken from the conquered Rayas.

But the institution by which more than by any other the Ottoman government proved superior to contemporary powers remains to be described. The Ottomans, though a warlike race would hardly by their own resources have defeated so often the armies of western Christendom, or worked out with such

consummate skill the civil institutions of their religion. To attain these ends, the military and intellectual qualities of the Rayas themselves were used as instruments, applied and guided by a more than Machiavellian astuteness. It was above all things necessary if the central government was to be strong, for it to consist of members working in unison for a common end under a single direction. This ideal could be best realized by the employment of slaves, and it was accordingly the aim, perhaps of Orkhan, certainly of Amurath, to take the members of his government from the slaves of his palace. But they were slaves of no ordinary kind. A fifth of all the booty taken in war belonged to the sultan. Of this his choicest portion was the tribute-children levied from his Christian subjects, sometimes from prisoners of war; sometimes, when these did not suffice, from the vassal States. These children, brought up with monastic severity, severed from every tie of family or nation, instructed in the strictest tenets of the Mahomedan religion, underwent within the palace walls a continued training adapted to develop to the greatest extent their latent powers of mind and body. To the sultan, as their only patron, they were bound by ties and motives stronger than any that a Loyola could invent. By lifelong custom, by pampered appetites, by hope of the highest honors, by the terror of immediate death, they were reduced to tools, planning or executing the sultan's designs. The purpose and employment of these household slaves was a double one. Those whose mental gifts raised them above the rest went through a separate and higher education, passing at last into the civil administration of the empire, either as judges, secretaries, or viziers, but whatever their ultimate rank of power, they remained slaves whom a word from the sultan could degrade or destroy. The rest were elaborately trained in military tactics and discipline to be drafted into the famous corps of Janissaries, which for centuries constituted the main strength of the Ottoman army. They formed a military caste, cut off by descent and character from the fluctuations of popular feelings, always providing security for the sultan at home, and in war an

organized and disciplined infantry force, which was especially important at a time when the continental armies overlooked the value of this branch. For centuries the Janissaries continued to be the military mainstay of the empire. From the original 1,000 instituted by Orkhan, they had increased to 12,000 under Mahomet II., and to 20,000 under Solyman, and were generally levied from the hardy populations of Albania, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. The history and influence of this second and more formidable Varangian Guard almost bears out the remark of Von Hammer that their institution was more terrible in its consequences for the tranquillity of Europe than the invention of gunpowder.

It was to the organization of their armies that Amurath and his successors owed much of their wonderful success. In addition to the Janissaries and a large body of lightly armed and unpaid troops, retained in the service by the hope of unlimited plunder, the cavalry, always a numerous and important part of an Ottoman army, was provided for by a feudal system, wisely regulated to the needs of the empire. Its object was twofold, the preservation of conquered territory, and the supply of efficient troops for the army. For this purpose, part of the domain land was divided into military fiefs called Ziamets and Timars, the holders of which were bound to equip one horseman (Spahi) for every multitude of 3,000 aspers. But ample precautions were taken that no landed aristocracy should grow up as a possible check on the absolute power of the sultan. All fiefs were held directly from him; the rule against subdivision was fixed and undeviating; through practically hereditary, re-investiture was necessary after the death of the former holder; but the son of the possessor of a Ziamet only entered upon a Timar, and a Timar falling below a certain value was *ipso facto* vacated. In case of death without issue, or the neglect of feudal duty, the fief was encheated to the crown. These precautions carried out by energetic sultans and aided by the counter-influence of the Janissaries and by the constant requirements of war, kept the feudal system of the Ottoman true to its intent and purpose, until the decay of the empire fairly set in.

Nor was the care of the sultans for the efficiency of their army confined to general organization: it was even more remarkable for the completion of details. Up to the reign of Solyman the Ottoman armies were ahead of Europe in discipline and equipment. Their artillery was numerous and well-appointed, provided with every latest improvement, and the arts of fortification and engineering were carefully studied. Their commissariat was skilfully attended to, and its transport facilitated by the systematic construction of roads along the line of march; and all this at a time when European armies, instead of being disciplined machines, were mere agglomerations of individual knights and their retainers, brave indeed, but too little amenable to discipline, and often from want of organization insufficiently provided against the hardships of a campaign. Nor was it only that the Ottoman army was an efficient one, but war and its preparation was the sole employment of the whole nation. Apart from the political significance of the phrase, they were literally an army of occupation, encamped in a country, the produce of which was theirs by the labor of the subject Rayas. There was therefore no agricultural or commercial needs to draw them away from war, nor at this period was there any cause for apprehension from risings of their subjects, among whom national vigor was entirely drained away by the dreadful tribute of their children.

With the instruments and in these conditions Bajazet found no difficulty in extending Ottoman power. Wallachia submitted, Greece was overrun, Hungary threatened, and the formidable coalition of Bavarians, Styrians and Hungarians, aided by knights from France and Rhodes, whom Boniface IX. had summoned against the infidel, was broken by the promptitude and vigor of the sultan. With the defeat and capture of Bajazet by Tamerlane the Ottoman power seemed to have reached its final point. A civil war raged between rival claimants for the throne, the Seljukian princes revolted, and recovery seemed hopeless. But no second Crusade appeared from the west; Constantinople was too enfeebled to strike a timely blow, the vassal States were

drained of their manhood, and all the political system, which early sultans had organized, proved strong enough to bear the strain without a directing hand. Hence it happened that after a breathing space under Mahomet I., the Ottoman power had regained its vigor and cohesion under Amurath II. Hungary was now the barrier of Christendom towards the north, and Huniades, adventurous knight and prudent general, maintained the struggle during the whole of this reign and part of the next. Unassisted from the west, except by volunteers, he penetrated across the Balkans, wrested Serbia and Wallachia from their conqueror, and only failed of glory and victory by the perjury which led to the disaster of Varna. Meanwhile, another check was placed on Amurath by the obstinate resistance of Scanderberg in Albania who for twenty-five years withstood the attempt to rob him of his father's kingdom. In a single campaign he caused the loss of 20,000 of Amurath's best troops. But the end of the Greek empire was at hand. Its last important stronghold was lost, when Amurath captured and sacked Thessalonica. Mahomet II., one of the greatest and worst of the house of Ottoman, fulfilled the destiny of his race and the Ottoman sultan entered the city of the Greek emperors.

The importance of this event to the fortunes of the Turks in Europe, it would be hard to exaggerate. They succeeded to one of the most famous capitals in Europe, which seemed to admit them by their right of possession into the number of the great Powers. The empire, they pretended, had only changed hands; its continuity was not broken, but its vigor recruited by a younger and less effete tenure. More tangible was the strength supplied by the central position of their new capital, which finally cemented their hitherto divided territory in Europe and Asia. It in fine gave them a rallying-power and starting-point, which assured to them their European empire against any Power which at that time could have threatened their ejection.

It is impossible to proceed further without adverting to the negative conditions of Ottoman successes to be found

in the apathy and indifference of Western Europe. This apathy was possibly caused in part by the fact that Mahomedan intrusion was no new phenomenon. The Mongol invasion of Russia and the Moorish power in Spain took away the sense of novelty from the event. But in truth, other causes, general and particular, rendered any decided concert against the intruders impossible. The last disastrous crusade had terminated in 1291, and with it the motive power which had animated religious warfare began to decline. Moreover, the Pope's central power, through which the earlier Crusades had been organized, was now diminished, and his spiritual influence weakened by the forced secession to Avignon. Of the particular States, at the time of Amurath's first successes, each was absorbed in its own internal matters. In England popular forces were rising to the surface under Wat Tyler; in Germany marauding barons were harassing the burghers; Spain was prostrate under Moorish rule. Even the abortive crusade which ended at Nicopolis owed its formation to the personal relationship to the king of Hungary, who commanded the co-operation of the empire, which was one day to be his own. The gallant Huniades, notwithstanding his heroism, only received the voluntary assistance of the French and German knights. Hence the prostration of the Ottoman power by Tamerlane had been watched with indifference, and the immediate danger of Constantinople called forth no effort to save it. For this indeed there were reasons, political and religious. Geographically isolated from the Western Powers, the empire had but small communion with them from the reign of Heraclius, and therefore its gradual fall created no marked void in European politics. In the tenth century religious disputes had cut it off from the sympathy and assistance of the Latin Church. So high did religious controversy rise, that in Constantinople the opinion was freely expressed that the Turkish turban would pollute St. Sophia less than the hat of the Cardinal. After the actual capture of the city, followed by the annexation of Greece and the landing at Otranto, there was indeed some uneasiness aroused, but the suc-

cessful repulse from Belgrade by Huniades, the resistance of Scanderberg, and the unsuccessful attack on Rhodes served to calm it, and the respite given to Europe by Selim's Persian and Egyptian campaigns tended in the same direction with yet greater force.

Hence when Solyman ascended the throne in 1520, the Ottomans were all but one of the recognized powers of Europe, a position which his long and memorable reign confirmed. Under this prince Ottoman importance reached its zenith. The whole world was changing its face, and in Europe particularly the political and religious revolutions which mark the period of modern history were working themselves out. Almost every nation was directed by some great ruler. Henry VIII. in England and Leo X. at Rome were respectively directing the Reformation and the Renaissance. Francis and Charles V., both powerful sovereigns, were both looking at Italy as an addition to their domains; and in Russia and Poland Vassilji Iwanowitsch was laying the first foundations of his northern power, while Sigismund I. was already a formidable neighbor. But for the time each was absorbed in his own interests, while Hungary lay exposed to the attack of her powerful enemy, through the anarchy in which the minority of Louis II. plunged her. Solyman was not slow in taking advantage of his opportunity. Having captured Belgrade, he resolved on the conquest of Rhodes, which was necessary as a means of communication between Constantinople and Alexandria. After a gallant resistance the Knights of St. John retired to Malta, and Solyman was left unimpeded to pursue his Hungarian campaigns. The disaster at Mohacz left Hungary a prey to two rival claimants, Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., and Zapyola, a native noble. Solyman supported the latter, and marched against Vienna, to meet with the first signal repulse to the Ottoman arms. That and the threatening attitude of Charles V. caused him to turn his attention to the East. Indeed, it was not the least significant feature in the policy of the early sultans, that, unlike the Roman empire, they undertook one great war only at a time, taking care to cultivate friendly relations with all but their im-

mediate enemy. Thus when events rendered a European invasion dangerous, they would convey their unruly Janissaries to quell the constant petty insurrections in the East, or to humble the power of Persia. They were aided in this policy by the fact of having a weak kingdom like Hungary at their northern frontier. Though capable of a stubborn resistance, this nation was never able to repeat the exploits of a Huniades. Nor was an understanding possible for her with the subject States of Servia or Bosnia. At this period the Ottomans owed much to the partial toleration of their religion. Under a Mahomedan rule the members of the Greek church exercised their religion without much interference; under a Hungarian or Austrian domination they knew well that persecution and intolerance would make their entry. After the Reformation had taken place, similar considerations tended to incline the Hungarians themselves to prefer Turkish rule and freedom of worship to Austrian bigotry and persecution.

Under Solyman we have still to mention two territorial extensions, and a change of attitude by the Western Powers, which was more important still. Under Khairaddin Pascha or Barbarossa, the Ottoman navy became a formidable means of offence. The power of Venice was prematurely checked, and the connection of the Algerine stations with the sultan's government promised to revolutionize the relations between the naval States of the Mediterranean. Across the Danube, Hungary was at last annexed, and divided into the "sanjaks" of the Ottoman provincial system, while the event was masked by the first treaty of Austria in which Solyman was treated as an equal sovereign, and, by virtue of the subsidy paid to him, as a victorious one.

But before this he had been recognized by a stronger Power than Austria as a leading member of the European Statesystem, which was now first growing up. Modern international policy sprang from the mutual jealousy of France and Spain. The Pope's weight was thrown now into one scale now into the other, but the equipoise which this influence had once produced was disturbed by the new

forces of the Reformation. Diversity of creed no longer was a bar to cordial alliances; national interests became the key-stone of international relations, and the balance of power intervened as a principle which first guided and ultimately led to the state-craft of Europe. Hence it was that France saw in Solyman no longer the infidel intruder on European territory, but the formidable sovereign who had threatened Vienna and confronted Charles V. In 1536 a treaty of friendly alliance was struck between France and the Porte, and Solyman was enabled to boast that the kings of France, Venice, Poland, and Transylvania had sought refuge in the shadow of his might.

On looking back on this unparalleled advance of Ottoman power and influence in Europe, it is impossible not to assign a very high importance to the abilities and personal career of the early sultans. It is scarcely too much to assert that no European nation has produced so long a series of great though unscrupulous rulers as the sultans, with but few exceptions, from Orkhan to Solyman. During reigns, long in years and eventful in results, they seemed to possess almost every quality by which ambitious ends are gained by well-calculated means. Plans of conquest successfully carried into execution, new ideas of government introduced and worked out, though due in part to the creatures and instruments of their will, yet bear upon them the imprint of their directing minds. The tribute-children of Orkhan, the organization of the imperial slaves by Amurath I., the military promptitude of Bajazet, the legislation of Mahomet II., and the crowning administration of Solyman, signify an amount of intellectual force with which no other two centuries of rulers will afford material for comparison. The restrictions on their absolute power were merely nominal and were comprised in the observance of religious law, interpreted by the chief Mufti. But this religious law was too useful an ally to be weakened or violated, and the fetva of the Mufti only on rare occasions opposed the will of the sultan. But if their power was not restricted by ministers, their choice of ministers was a wide one. No privileges

of birth barred the way to advance ; no jealousy limited the selection.* Though they were always kept in the background, there is no doubt that the early sultans were assisted by general and advisers of more than ordinary ability. Amurath owed not a little of his success to Khaireddin Pacha, and Solyman's friend and vizier Ibrahim Pacha greatly eased his burden of government. In fact, there was at Constantinople a school of politicians and generals at a time when the political action of the rest of Europe was incoherent and vague. While the training of ministers was not neglected, the initiation of the royal princes into their future duties was excellent and complete. From their earliest manhood they were entrusted with the administration of the provinces, and when they ascended the throne, they were generally mature alike in age and experience. Nor was the choice of ministers and generals confined to slaves or subjects. Ottoman history is full of the names and successes of renegades from other nations, who were attracted to Constantinople by the free scope of their ability and the rich prospect of rewards and honors : out of the ten grand viziers of Solyman, eight were renegades, and among his generals, the proportion, if less, was doubtless great. Their importance in introducing fresh ideas of government or military tactics increased after the period in which the Ottomans lost their early precedence of Europe in these respects.

From Solyman's death is to be dated the gradual decline of the Ottoman power. Externally it remained unbroken for another century, though its encroachments were henceforth checked by the power of Austria, now conterminous with it on the north. For the next 140 years the warlike relations of Constantinople were chiefly with Venice and Austria ; with the other States of Europe she was either at peace or in actual alliance. Against the former, in spite of Lepanto and the prolonged resistance of Candia, she had the advan-

tage. Towards the north, in spite of the diversion in her favor caused by the 'Thirty Years' War, her power fell back. It was about this time that the Porte began to abate some of his haughty contempt for international usages,* a fact signified in the sixteenth century by the employment for diplomatic purposes of the more subtle and versatile intellects of the Fanariote Greeks. In fact, the era of treaties had commenced, treaties by which the Ottoman power was successively curtailed, first by Austria and then by Russia. The equality of Austria was recognized by the treaty of Sitvatovok in 1606, after the reverses of Mahomet III. in Hungary, and half a century later, a turning-point in Ottoman history was reached at the battle of St. Gothard, where its power was shattered by Montecuculi. Wars with Poland followed, marked by several Turkish defeats, though resulting in the gain of Podolia. During the Thirty Years' War, the Porte was engaged in a vast struggle with Persia, and when in 1682 Vienna was once more reached by the Janissaries of Kara Mustapha, the army of Sobieski inflicted, not the first, but the greatest of the reverses received from Poland. The opportunity was seized by Venice ; Greece was wrested from the Porte, and notwithstanding the exertions of the Kiuprili family, disaster followed disaster in Hungary, and Turkish discipline and generalship were proved manifestly inferior to the army and skill of Prince Eugene. In the middle of the century Russia had for the first time ranked among the enemies of the Porte, and the position of the Crimean Khanate had been the scene of continued struggles. In 1699 was signed, in full European conclave, the memorable treaty of Carlowitz. The pretensions of the Porte were set aside ; Transylvania and most of Hungary and Sclavonia were ceded to Austria, Podolia to Poland, and while the Morea and Dalmatia were retained by Venice, in the next year the important town of Azoph was given to Peter the Great.

From the date of this treaty, the importance of Turkey has been diplomatic.

* Von Hammer remarks that while the highest officers were not by law hereditary, they were often in effect confined to particular families for long periods. He mentions as examples the three families of Tschenderell, Timourtsch, and Eurenos.

* Von Hammer remarks that the barbarity of their diplomacy was only equalled by that of their treatment of their prisoners and subjects.

Its strength and reputation were broken, but its very weakness caused an interest to be taken in its political fortunes which had been absent before, and accordingly we see the strange sight of the great States deliberating in common over each fresh stage in Ottoman history. In the great struggles of Western Europe the Porte took no share. Its influence was mostly confined to Poland and Russia, and through them to Sweden. We can do no more than mark the steps of her decline, a decline interrupted at intervals by the favorable treaties extorted by her obstinate resistance. Austria, raised to an undue predominance by the treaty of Passarowitz, received a severe check by that of Belgrade, and her last war with Turkey at the close of the century was only important in its consequences for Servia. As Austrian influence waned in south-eastern Europe, that of Russia rose. The easy terms granted by the Porte on the Pruth were due either to treachery or to a short-sighted contempt for the danger which threatened them from their new enemies. This false security, if it existed, was soon dissipated. The Crimea already ravaged by Count Munich, became severed from the Porte by the treaty of Kainardji, and the Russian protectorate of the Rayas acknowledged. Although the "oriental project" of Catharine II. was destined to be unfulfilled, the treaty of Jassy extended the Russian frontier to Dneister, and the present century has seen the northern Power, supported by the cause of justice and humanity, dictate peace at Adrianople. Our short sketch must come to an end. It will better accord with the aim of this essay to trace the internal causes and antecedents of so much material disaster.

We have seen that the great causes of the rapid successes of the Ottomans were the superiority of their military system and of their method of government and administration, aided by the backwardness of the European nations in these respects. But the necessary condition of continued prosperity is progress. A stereotyped system must by the inevitable laws of history become more and more incongruous with ever-changing conditions; and therefore want of adaptive power is the most fatal disease of

national life, and however slow its course, must end in dissolution. With this condition Ottoman history has not complied. The other States of Europe have progressed; Turkey has stood still, and therefore their relative positions soon became inverted. At first the Porte had encountered enemies struggling under the disorganization of the darkest period of the Middle Ages, armed herself with the administrative vigor partly supplied by the Mahomedan religion, partly the result of her own native energy. After the death of Solyman the impulse supplied by her forces had reached its limit; no new forces, the outcome of healthy national life, succeeded, and the recoil was accelerated and the contrast heightened by the marvellous development in religion and politics throughout the rest of Europe.

Ottoman prosperity and stability was founded on a substratum of continual conquest, and this basis once impaired, the superstructure tottered. The rise of Austria checked conquest to the northward; the attitude of Russia soon made precarious the attempt at extension eastwards. The consequences of this pressure were soon apparent. Military discipline, which, as Solyman himself had discovered, could only be maintained in war, began to grow weak. The forces which had been intended for external aggression, became the cause of anarchy and confusion at home, since there was no national or civic life into which they could become transformed and absorbed. This decay of the military system was most strongly marked in the corps of Janissaries. Even under the strong hand of the early sultans, and with their strict training untouched, their insubordination had often to be met by concession and privilege. These concessions in time made them inefficient in war, and an incubus on the government in peace. The first mistake was committed by Solyman, when he allowed them the right of marriage, which caused their interests to be no longer always identical with those of the sultan. An aggravation of the evil followed in their successful demand that their children should be enrolled as members of the corps. There was now no sort of guarantee that the Janissaries had gone through all the preliminary

training, which had made them so unique and formidable. But the extreme of corruption was only attained when the corps was thrown open to the Mussulmen, who without any discipline, greedily seized on the privileges and rewards, which had formerly been earned by hard fighting in the field. The Janissaries were henceforth stationed in companies throughout the empire. In the provinces they plied trades, received their pay, but rarely mustered under the standard. In Constantinople they formed the most bigoted party of Mahomedans, and as such they placed an effectual barrier against every political reformation; deposed viziers, dictated to the sultan, outraged the population, and in war disgraced their former prestige. The extermination of the whole corps of Mahmoud II. was a barbarous, but almost a necessary, remedy for the gigantic evils which they produced. The other portion of the army were in no better condition. The feudal system was ruined by the most flagrant corruption. In order to ensure a trustworthy order of spahis, the law required that the fiefs should be confined either to sons of previous holders, or to soldiers who had rendered good service on the field of battle. They were now sold to the highest bidders, or granted to Court favorites, eunuchs of the harem, adventurers and intriguers of all kinds. Some of these received as many as twenty fiefs, and the feudal duties which they entailed were utterly neglected. The 12,000 fiefs of Roumelia, which used to furnish 40,000 horsemen, with difficulty sent 8,000 to the sultan's standard. Nor was the other object of the feudal system better secured. The provinces which should have been held together and cemented by these feudatories were subjected to pillage and extortion under the pretence of feudal rights, and redress was obtainable only from the grand vizier, who was generally the source of the abuse. While corruption thus ate into the heart of the military system, there is no wonder that the details of discipline and organization suffered. The Turks no longer kept pace with the latest military improvements, and at the battle of St. Gothard their inferiority to the Austrians was manifest in the very points in which they had once excelled them.

The corruption and enervation of the Ottoman rule involved of necessity the decline of the sultans themselves. Personal influences are helpless against the full stream of adverse conditions, and brilliant rulers in a declining state must necessarily be rare. Nevertheless, their absence reacts on the decline and accelerates its pace. The majority of Solyman's successors were either voluptuaries or imbeciles. They ceased to lead the armies; they no longer directed the administration. They were either the dupes of ambitious viziers, or the slaves of the turbulent Janissaries, or the facile instruments of Court favorites and ambitious and intriguing sultanas. The evils had commenced before the death of Solyman. Kotchi Bey, an Ottoman historian, cited by Von Hammer, attributes to his reign five causes of corruption: (1) the neglect of regular attendance at the Divan, (2) the commencement of the sale of offices, (3) the relaxation of the principle of strict gradation in the public service, (4) the permission of political influence to the women of the seraglio, (5) the corruption of the office of vizier by the increase of facilities for acquiring wealth from it. If the greatest of the sultans failed to resist these sinister influences, his successors were not likely to be more successful. Moreover, from the seventeenth century the excellent preparatory training in provincial government ceased. It was used as a means of securing succession to the throne; and to prevent the constant apprehension of an armed usurpation, the royal princes were confined to a life of seclusion and indolence at Constantinople. By this means health of body and mind was destroyed, and the result was short reigns, marked by weakness, caprice, and monstrous cruelty. The real power of administration fell into the hands of viziers, whose constant liability to deposition from one of the numerous side-currents of intrigue rendered any steady or generalizing policy impossible.

But the effects of corrupt courts, and weak and tyrannical Governments, is often remedied by the gradual rise to the surface of popular and national forces. In the Ottoman empire these forces have never existed. Between the rulers and the ruled there has always

been a chasm which refuses to be bridged over. At first, as we have seen, this non-amalgamation left the ruling race free to prosecute its conquests, but, when reverses ensued, the unsubstantiality and hollowness of a Government depending upon force became glaringly apparent. Depending only on its armies and backed by no enthusiasm or patriotism among its subjects, the Porte possessed no power of prolonged resistance. Its armies defeated, there was no resource, save in the acceptance of humiliating terms or the interference of a foreign Power. Hence it happened that notwithstanding the haughty and stubborn attitude of the Ottoman Government, its unsuccessful wars were seldom protracted. National life, however, of some sort was beginning to stir in the Ottoman dominions, and its results were significant. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the tribute of Christian children finally ceased, chiefly in consequence of the new constitution of the Janissaries, which made this means of recruiting them superfluous. The effects of this change, though necessarily slow, were certain. Bosnia, Servia, and Greece had furnished the best elements of that now corrupted corps, and by this means their life-blood had been drained away, and their condition rendered hopeless and prostrate. Allowed to retain their children, though still oppressed with all the weight of the Ottoman religious and fiscal systems, they began to experience the stirrings of national hopes and aspirations and to cast about for an opportunity of liberation from their abject position. The opportunity was slow to arrive, but it was used when it came. The Servian Rayas in the last war with Austria ranged themselves on the side of the invaders, acquired military organization and experience, and under Kara George commenced a period of independence and freedom. Wallachia and Moldavia owed a semi-independence to Russian interference, and Greece became a liberated kingdom after the treaty of Adrianople.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Ottoman administration was everywhere rotten to its core. Complete disintegration seemed imminent; there was no central energy by which individual interests might be generalized and

united. What the corruption at Constantinople was we have seen, but even this was far exceeded by the frightful abuses of the provincial system. The Pachalets were sold to the highest bidder; the purchase-money was often borrowed, and the extortions of the pachas equalled or exceeded by the rapacity of the agents of Armenian bankers. The example was followed by all the subordinate officers, and the wretched provincials groaned under an extortion and oppression which the history of the world has never seen equalled. As long as the revenues were received, the Porte never interfered, and indeed interference was beyond his power. Rebellious feudatories and revolted pachas mocked the central government in three quarters of the empire.* Egypt and Syria became virtually independent; Widdin was for years the independent stronghold of Passwan Oglow; Ali Pacha long defied the sultan in Epirus.

But notwithstanding this long corruption and decay the prophecies of Ottoman dissolution have remained unfulfilled. With the exception of Egypt and the liberated States in Europe the empire of the Porte has retained its integrity; her armies have sometimes gained victories, and even the gloss of European civilization has penetrated to Constantinople. The causes which have contributed to this prolongation of Turkish power are not far to seek. They have consisted in its capacity for resistance (1) to the consequences of internal decay, (2) to destruction from foreign aggression. Earlier barbarian dynasties have usually disappeared with rapidity after the first conquering impulse withdrew its support. The Ottoman empire was founded on conditions so singularly favorable, and aided by an organization so unique, that its work had taken too firm a hold to be more than loosened by the adverse influences which succeeded. Its cohesion refused to be dissolved, though its well-defined symmetry and compactness were lost. It remained a glowing and seething mass which resisted the fires of corruption through the Cyclopean welding which had produced

* Lord Broughton (cited by Creasy) says of Albania that specimens of almost every form of government might be found in it.

it. It was the complete divergence between the "survival" of former greatness and the new conditions which surrounded it, which caused a pitch of corruption, happily more often anticipated by the disappearance of that which obstructs progress.

More particular circumstances worked towards the same result. By the possession of the Caliphate after Selim's invasion of Egypt, the sultan became the recognized head of the Mahomedan religion. This was more than an honorary title; it put the influence exercised by emperor and pope into the same hands, and when the authority of the former was weakened and despised, the binding associations of their religion still secured to the successors of the Prophet some remains of his former importance. Without this religious support, the disintegration of the empire must have been inevitable; by its means a bond of union was provided, deriving from the zeal and enthusiasm which characterize Mahomedanism sufficient strength to neutralize to some extent the heavy strain put upon the centre of administration by the decrepitude of the secular power. Another circumstance which warded off a complete state of anarchy was the preservation of the same ruling family. From the commencement of Ottoman history no candidate for the throne ever appeared outside the house of Othman. The sanctity of this line of succession was no doubt aided by the possession of the Caliphate and by the early employment of slave ministers, but its source seems to lie deeper still in national feeling and tradition, and it was never violated. The possession of the throne never became the goal of successful intrigue, and the strongest motive to rebellion and civil war was therefore wanting. If once the way to the throne had lain open, the already loosely cemented empire would have been torn asunder, and the ambition of the pachas have been more fatal than their avarice.

These influences were felt even under the most imbecile of the sultans, but more personal causes from time to time arrested the course of decay. A high-handed and remorseless sultan like Amurath IV. for the time restored order and repressed corruption. The

prudence of Sokolli found too few imitators among the later viziers, but the ability and virtue of the Kiuprili produced a transformation in the empire, the effect of which must have done something to retard the rapidity of decline. The reformations of Selim and Mahmoud were in the main delusive, but the abolition of the feudal system by the former, and the destruction of the Janissaries by the latter, removed some cause of discontent, and made possible some return to military efficiency. Bulwarks such as these would have offered feeble resistance to a general rising of the subject Rayas, who outnumbered the oppressors by five to one. But the danger arising from such a possibility was averted by the mutual jealousies and divisions which existed among the members of this heterogeneous class. The Albanians would ill have submitted to Slavonic rule, nor would the Slavs have been the willing instruments of Greek aggrandizement. The Armenians were cut off from concert with their fellow-Christians by the Mahomedan province of Anatolia, which barred the way. Hence the forces which might have caused apprehension were disjointed, and selfish interests and national jealousies either maintained their condition unchanged or made the risings partial, and therefore less fatal to the Turkish empire. Thus Servia became independent, but Bosnia and Bulgaria remained beneath the yoke; Greece won her freedom, but Macedonia and Thrace were left in slavery.

It may be doubted, however, whether any favorable circumstances from within could long have retarded the fall of the Ottoman power in Europe, if circumstances positive and negative had not aided it from without. Duration of empire was guaranteed by the geographical position of the imperial city. Situated at the meeting-point of two seas, the nearer shores of which were Ottoman territory, its sources of supply were boundless, and an attack from the north unsupported by a strong fleet would have been an enterprise full of temerity. Fortified thus by its unique situation, and in no small degree by the prestige and glory of its unrivalled career, Constantinople afforded to the Ottomans the vitality which the rotten Byzantine em-

pire before them had derived from the same source. Floods of invasion had beaten against the walls of the Greek capital, and in their recoil had desolated its provinces, but while the city was untaken, its empire, amid weakness and disaster greater than ever seized the Ottoman power, still remained. When it fell the conquering power came *from the East*, and its Asiatic provinces were subdued, before the invasion from the north was crowned with success. But the Turkish invasion has been followed by no other immigration of barbarous tribes. The provinces of Anatolia have always been the best secured portions of the empire; they have never opened to an invading army the high road to Constantinople. It is in the continued absence of danger from this quarter that Turkish security has in great measure consisted. Constantinople has remained the cementing link between the European and Asiatic parts of the empire, protected by both, and securing the material integrity of the Ottoman dominion.

We have seen how the principle of the "balance of power" had served under Solymán to introduce the Porte at the maturity of its power into the State-system of Europe. It remains to trace its influence in supporting it, after its natural term of life had expired. France made the first Turkish alliance, and the same Power continued for long to be the main European influence at Constantinople. The agents of Louis le Grand were always present there, and the negotiations for the treaty of Carlowitz were secretly modified by their means. At that treaty England and France were the mediating Powers, and from that time either one or both took a prominent part in the negotiations which attended the Porte's foreign relations. Severed alike by religious creed and by geographical position from the great questions of Western Europe, and, though declining, not without power and resources, Turkey was regarded as a possible ally which might by its weight opportunely turn the scale. As the Porte grew weaker, these individual interests of the western states were merged in their common apprehension of the East, and a general policy was developed. Russia was rapidly extending her frontier towards the Danube, and Catherine II. un-

disguisedly aimed at the possession of Constantinople. The treaty of Kainardji was struck, notwithstanding protests from the west. The annexation of the Crimea gave rise to more serious alarm. France was eager for intervention, but England hung back. Eight years later English interference perverted the independence of Moldavia and Wallachia, although Pitt's proposal to equip a fleet for the Dardanelles was not successful. Jealousy of Russian aggression henceforth directed European statesmanship. By the event which followed the French revolution, and especially by Napoleon's descent on Egypt, England became the Porte's chief protector, though France and even Prussia continued to assume at times a similar attitude. A moral support was thus extended to the corrupt and nerveless Government at Constantinople. The "balance of power" became deified by "political fetichism," and the moral basis of international diplomacy was too often overlooked. But whether this policy has been moral or immoral, sagacious or short-sighted, it is not our present question; in any case the result is clear that from the causes which we have traced, Western diplomacy has unnaturally extended the term of Ottoman empire in Europe, which but for this interference must almost inevitably have disappeared.

No explanation of the course of Ottoman history would be complete which left out of account the influences exercised by the Mahomedan religion. Some of these have been already incidentally alluded to, but the importance of the subject justifies and demands a more detailed treatment. Of all the qualities which decide the fate of nations, the most critical and momentous is their power of moral expansion and their aptitude for moral progress. Moral corruption means material decay, and true national welfare is only secured by the unimpeded action and reaction of the finer and coarser tissues of national life. But among the forces which advance or retard morality, religion has always been the strongest, and may in fact be taken as the index and measure of the rest. In treating of the effects of Islam, a distinction must be made between its results on the world's history

and its consequences for the particular nations which embraced it. To confuse these is to confuse the abstract and the concrete. Viewed in the former aspect, it was important chiefly for its insistence of the principle of strict monotheism, and in this way doubtless played its part in the development of the religious ideas. But to the historian, the practical effects of a religion are the most important, and the concrete system in which Mahomedanism consist has always given rise to fatalism, polygamy, slavery, and intolerance. By fatalism national character was affected individually as well as politically. While it fostered reckless bravery in war, it caused a moral apathy and enervation, a want of enterprise and a false security, which has made that bravery futile. In its political consequences it was, if possible, more disastrous still. Defeat in war and the enfeeblement of Government were alike the will of Allah. Resignation was the only true fortitude; attempts at reformation were useless, if not impious, for had not the Koran declared that "each nation has its allotted term?" The corrupting effects of polygamy and slavery on that society which recognizes them are certain and inevitable. The slavery may be mild and the marriage laws severe, but the moral corruption will only be diminished, not prevented. Existing in any shape, they choke the free expansion of important elements of national life, and they open the way for moral degradation, which will certainly not fail to make its entry. But to Turkey these institutions have been politically prejudicial. They have served to mark off the Ottoman nation as a population alien to the rest of Europe, as intruders and barbarians, whereas its only true safety consisted in throwing off all estranging and separating influences, and in becoming assimilated to European nations.

But perhaps the most disastrous effect of their religion on the Ottoman power has been the relations which it has involved between it and its Christian subjects. Islam is essentially an aggressive religion. "In the shade of the crossing scimitar there is Paradise," said the Koran, and between the true believer and the infidel, war could only be suspended by conversion or tribute. Thus a condition of inferiority was at once

imposed on the Christians who became members of the Ottoman empire. But this was not all. The payment of tribute might have been rendered insignificant by practical equality, and a gradual fusion of race might have ensued. But again the sacred law rendered such a result impossible, and provided for a continued severance of rulers and ruled. All contact or intimacy with unbelievers are strictly forbidden; the Christians lived in a separate quarter of the towns, wore a different dress, were not allowed to bear arms, and might lawfully be treated with indignity and disrespect.* It is true that their religion was tolerated within certain galling limits, but the toleration was contemptuous, and ill-calculated to conciliate. Once more; prudent statesmanship would dictate to a conquering race a wise and far-sighted adjustment of the national laws, so as to embrace within their scope all the heterogeneous elements of their dominions. Such a task would be always difficult, but for the Turks it was impossible. Their social system, their laws and their government depended on the Koran and the sacred traditions; they presupposed a Mussulman population; where they noticed Christians at all, they aimed not at fusion but at severance. Under Mahomedan law, equality or assimilation between Ottoman conquerors and Christian subjects was an impossibility. External circumstances widened the gulf. The early sultans were constantly at war with the Christian kings of Europe; it was therefore necessary to prevent the subject Rayas from creating an unfavorable diversion. The tribute of children was one way of doing this, but it was not the only way, and the motive was strong for turning "contemptuous toleration into virtual oppression."† Owing to these circumstances, necessarily resulting from their religion, the Ottomans have continued to be an alien population in the European territory which they have conquered; they have never been supported by the strength which national forces only can afford, and they have been under continual apprehensions of

* *Vide* a quotation from the "Malteka-ul-Ubhur," in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1877, by the Rev. Malcolm McColl.

† The Phrase is Mr. Freeman's.

the rising of their Christian subjects, who have never failed to make use of any opportunity of severing themselves from their oppressors.

It is thus owing to difference of religion rather than to distinction of race that the Ottoman nation has so signally failed to be amalgamated with its European subjects ; it is from the same cause that in the international struggle for existence the Porte has been drawn down by a stagnant morality and retrograde political forms. Nor does the outlook for the future afford any hope of reformation. The Koran is a guide, minute and precise ; its directions bind the true believer at all places and in all times. From it and from oral tradition the elaborate system of Mahomedan jurisprudence has been compiled. By Solyman it has constituted an authority without appeal ; the last edition of it was published in 1856.* It results from this ossified system of government that political changes are impossible without a modification of religion. Individual sultans may desire them ; far-sighted viziers may attempt them ; but the dead-weight of national apathy, prejudice, and bigotry clogs every forward movement. During the last century the greatest obstacle to change was found in the selfish interests and religious zeal of the Janissaries. But their extermination failed to clear the way. The influential body of the Ulemas, devoted throughout their lives to the study and interpretation of the sacred law, mo-

nopolizing education, and comprising almost all the intellect of the country, set their faces steadily against reform. The fanaticism of the wandering Dervishes, if its influence is not immediately political at the present day, serves to leaven the heavy and apathetic populace, and might rouse it into flame. The Government dare not change the letter of the sacred law ; they may attempt to transform its spirit ; they may profess to return to the true intentions of the Prophet, from the gradual deviations which have hidden them ; but in a system, the essential life of which is *obedience to the letter*, they must necessarily fail. Mahmoud II. made the attempt, and he was termed a Giaour. The Hatti-Sherif of Gulhaneh proclaimed reformation, but Europe in vain waited for its effects. As subjects of Christian powers Mahomedans may be an industrious and well-conducted population, as the Tartars of the Russian empire serve to show. As an independent nation, ruling Mahomedan subjects, they may remain without shocking civilization and humanity, as the Persian Monarchy proves ; but the European rule of Mahomedans over Christians contradicts every tendency of political, moral, or national progress, and the close of Turkish history in Europe must some day be an illustration of the law that the prolonged life of systems or nations must depend upon the ultimate cohesion and mutual adaptation of their members. — *Westminster Review*.

AN OPERATIC CRISIS.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

WHAT has become of Italian opera ? and how does it happen that this season, for the first time since 1727, and only the second time since the beginning of the eighteenth century, London is without its once favorite form of entertainment ? To say that London has, until this season, had performances of Italian opera every year for upwards of a century and a half, is indeed to understate the case. For nearly forty years past,

as each new season arrived, the " nobility, gentry and the public," have been accustomed to see Italian opera announced by at least two rival managers ; and there have been seasons in which three theatres for the representation of Italian opera have been opened and kept open at the same time. If the collapse of Italian opera had for the last year or two been anticipated, it is certain that some four or five years ago Italian opera in England was prosperous enough. This was shown, indeed, by

* *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1877.

the Budget of the Royal Italian Opera, as published at the time when it was being arranged to hand over the concern to a limited liability company. But inasmuch as for many years past Italian opera in England has received no new element of strength—no new work since *Aida*, no new singer since Albani—it has been gradually, though for a time almost imperceptibly, receiving less attention; until at last the "psychological moment" has arrived at which this fact must have become strikingly apparent to all concerned; to the manager unable to open his theatre, to the singers unable to obtain engagements, and, finally, to the public, deprived of a kind of entertainment to which it had become accustomed and was, under certain conditions, attached.

For some time before its present collapse Italian opera was living more or less satisfactorily on its past reputation. There was a period, no doubt—a period which belongs to history, and which is quite beyond the recollection of the present generation of opera-goers—when, in addition to the character taken by the *prima donna*, all the other parts in an opera were adequately filled. Of late years, however, the manager of an Italian opera company has depended, and, indeed, has had to depend on *prime donne* alone. Apart from criticism, and simply as a matter of fact, no tenor capable of moving an audience has appeared in England since the retirement of Mario, a dozen years ago; and in the absence of tenors capable of the singing with due effect the music intended for them, it became the fashion in many operas to cut such music down—manifestly to the injury of the work as a whole. The tenor parts being thus deprived of such value as they had formerly possessed, the public ceased to take interest in them; and every Italian opera, though originally composed for three—or more generally four—great singers, got to be looked upon as a one-part opera in connection with which the only point worth considering was—who played the part of the *prima donna*. When Lucia had once gone through her scene of musical madness no one stayed to witness the final performance of the despondent Edgardo; though the scene of his despair and death was at one time

looked upon as the most dramatic portion of the opera. M. Scudo, indeed, writing some thirty or forty years ago, in the days when competent Edgardos were more plentiful than competent Lucias, regarded it not only as the composer's finest page, but as one in which, inspired by the situation, he rose above himself and displayed by exception a degree of feeling and power approaching to genius. The interest in Donizetti's opera now comes to an end with the last note sung by the demented heroine; and similarly the interest of *La Sonnambula* is centred almost exclusively in Amina, that of *Il Barbiere* in Rosina, that of *Rigoletto* in Gilda.

There are other Italian operas which have ceased to be played because, a capable Italian tenor being out of the question, it has been found equally impossible to meet with a *prima donna* possessing enough volume of voice and enough histrionic power to fill such parts as those of Norma and Lucrezia Borgia. Foreign singers have Italianised themselves, of which the result has been to strengthen the *prima donna* department in its lighter subdivisions and to give us such excellent vocalists as Lucca, Nilsson, and Albani. But neither from Italy nor from any other country has come either a "dramatic soprano" qualified by voice and style to sustain such characters as have just been mentioned, or a tenor capable of doing justice to any of the great parts written for the tenor voice. By a curious coincidence, which, however, may in some measure be explained by the ordinary relations between cause and effect, Italy ceased to produce singers just as Italian composers were ceasing to produce operas. Since Grisi and Mario no singer who has attained celebrity in England has been at once of Italian birth and Italian education: though Madame Adelina Patti, half Italian, half Spanish by origin, did, I believe, study in early youth under Italian professors—the place of study, however, being not Milan or Naples, but New York.

Nor since Verdi finished his career with *Aida*, has any opera brilliant enough and powerful enough to delight audiences in all parts of the civilised world been brought out. That is what an opera to fulfil its natural function,

ought really to do. Berlioz described music as "the art of moving intelligent men by means of sequences and combinations of sound;" an excellent definition, excluding alike strains that are frivolous and harmonies that are merely learned. So at least it would seem until we ask ourselves what by the words "intelligent men" Berlioz really meant. The definition leaves us in doubt as to what the words "intelligent men" signify. Sir Walter Scott was something more than an intelligent man. But in connection with music he could only be "moved" by airs which he regarded as Scotch. Sidney Smith was an intelligent man. But he declares in one of his essays that he could not sit out an oratorio "except under sentence of a British jury;" and he has elsewhere observed that what irritates him so much in music is not so much the noise as the evident malice with which this noise has been prepared and combined beforehand. The intelligent Alexandre Dumas held that "of all noises music is the most disagreeable." Innumerable cases might, indeed, be cited of men of "intelligence," including intelligence of a very high kind, in connection with literary art, to whom music either said nothing, or said what they would rather not hear. Berlioz's definition can all the same be made generally serviceable, if we take it for granted that when he spoke of intelligent men he meant intelligent men capable of being affected by those "sequences and combinations of sounds" which, in cases of genuine music, were to "move" them; and whether this be or be not the test of genuine music, it is really the test of a good opera.

An opera, like a drama, has in every case been written for the public; chiefly, it may be hoped, for the more intelligent portion of it, but in any case for the public as a whole. An opera may possess great musical merits, and yet not please the public; and every one knows that many operas which have delighted the public for years and years in every part of Europe are looked upon by severe musicians with a feeling which might be described as contempt, did not that word imply the view held by a superior towards persons and things beneath him. The error in this case (for error there obviously is) arises from

music written for a special dramatic purpose being treated as music composed for its own sake. Many dramas and comedies which, equally with *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, have found their way all over Europe (no drama or comedy, by the way, has ever attained nearly so much popularity as the most popular of Verdi's operas), are of very doubtful value as literature, though excellent as stage plays; and similarly it may be said of all Italian operas still performed—written for the most part between the years 1830 and 1865—that, however little title they may have to be regarded as monuments of learning and art, they have served their purpose as musical dramas. More than this might be claimed for them, if only in virtue of such pieces as the concerted *finale* to the second act of *Lucia*, the *Miserere* scene in *Il Trovatore*, the quartet in *Rigoletto*, and the quintet in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Nor ought it to be forgotten that one of the high-priests of the musical sect which cries anathema upon all operas but those of Wagner, has for a long series of years shown his appreciation of the most popular Italian operas by drawing from them for his elaborate and brilliant fantasias their most striking themes. It is in any case with Italian opera and its collapse that we are dealing; and in considering the various causes that, for a time at least, have brought that description of entertainment to an end, it is scarcely necessary to inquire at this late day into its artistic value. Its defects, and even from a certain point of view (which is not that of the public) its absurdities have often been pointed out. But it is not by reason of any critical objection to them on the part of audiences that in London as in Paris, works of this kind are for the present no longer played.

All operas are of necessity based on certain convictions which seem ridiculous to those who are not sufficiently moved by the music to accept them. But though in most Italian operas the singers are studied too much and the subject too little—dramatic effect being thus sacrificed to flowing melodies and opportunities for vocalisation—it is certain all the same that, with a Patti, a Mario, an Alboni, a Tamburini, and a Lablache to support it, a favorite Italian

opera of Verdi, of Donizetti, or even of the more antiquated Rossini, would draw larger houses now than ever. This may be inferred on the soundest arithmetical principles, from the immense audiences attracted by the most familiar works of the old Italian repertory, with no part adequately impersonated except the one undertaken by Madame Adelina Patti.

One would think at a first glance that the condition of an art must be flourishing in proportion to the incomes earned by its professors. Yet, in connection with Italian opera, the highest salaries ever known have been paid during the last two years, when Italian opera was on the point of breaking down. Four hundred pounds a night to Madame Patti in England, eight hundred pounds (exclusive of a merely nominal fee of eighty pounds a night to her business agent) in the United States, testified to the highly exceptional value of Madame Patti's talents—consequent in a great degree upon their rarity. Two hundred pounds a night—the lowest figure at which, up to the time of the collapse, a *prima donna* of the first rank, next only in pre-eminence to Madame Patti, would consent to appear—was, until a few years ago, thought sufficient even by Madame Patti herself; whose terms, however, have been raised (have, to be just, been raised for her by her rival speculators) as singers of the highest merit have become more and more difficult to meet with: her own superiority becoming in this manner more and more marked. Thus, as before observed, the decline of Italian opera has had the effect of sending up in inverse ratio the salaries of Italian vocalists.

It is not, indeed, the taste for Italian opera that has died out so much as Italian opera itself; performances of Italian lyrical dramas by Italians or thoroughly Italianised vocalists, having become less and less adequate, until at last the whole fabric has given way. The attraction of the *prima donna* among *prime donne* was genuine and substantial to the last. She drew, that is to say, from the public (at least in England) more even than she received from the manager. But the interest of the representation in which she appeared was concentrated in her alone; and the carelessness of the public as to the work

represented was justified by the imperfect style in which all the parts but that of the *prima donna* were sung.

Oddly enough, the collapse of Italian opera in England has, in rather an instructive manner, been accompanied by a similar collapse in France; where, after a career of nearly a century, dating from the revolutionary year of 1789, it was brought to a sudden stop by the disasters of 1870. After a time attempts were made to revive it, but on an incomplete basis, and without success; and last winter the curious spectacle was to be witnessed at Paris of an Italian opera at which the chief, indeed the sole, attraction was a tenor entirely unsupported; just as some months before in London an Italian opera had been carried on in which the *prima donna* element was strikingly unduly prominent. In each case there was a remarkable poverty of singers; and this in connection with works composed with a special view to from three to five vocalists—generally four—of the highest gifts and acquirements. Operas expressly written for, say, Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache do not enjoy a fair chance when in London they are given with no part perfectly filled but that of the *prima donna*; in Paris with no part filled with anything like adequacy but that of the tenor.

There is, indeed, no reason whatever for supposing that the most familiar of Italian operas—*Norma*, for instance, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*—not to mention such undeniably dramatic works in a newer style as *Rigoletto*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and finally *Aida*—will not for years to come prove greatly attractive if vocalists can only be found to sing them as they should be sung. Every one knows them; every opera-goer knows them by heart. As much, however, can be said of numbers of old plays which still please—please, indeed, as much as ever when well acted; but which interpreted by bad actors or by an insufficient number of good ones, cannot possibly attract an audience. The *School of Scandal*, with no part in it well filled but that of Lady Teazle, would indeed be a worse entertainment by a good deal than *Il Barbiere* with Madame Patti as Rosina and no one worth mentioning

in any of the other characters ; though the dialogue of Sheridan, like the music of Rossini (above all in the *Barber*), has only to be uttered correctly in order in some measure to produce its effect.

There are some popular Italian operas which, unlike *Il Barbiere* in the comic and *Aida* in the serious style, are worth very little as music ; not very much more, for example, than the *Lady of Lyons*—nevertheless, an admirable acting play—is worth considered as literature. Those, however, which still hold the stage are certainly far above this not very high artistic level ; and putting criticism—or, in other words, the expression of personal opinion—on one side, the permanent success achieved by some dozen or more of these works in various parts of Europe seems to prove in a positive manner their substantial value. An enormous number of “ intelligent men ” in different countries have certainly been “ moved ” by them. What capital is there in which even the much hackneyed (also for reasons above mentioned, much mutilated) *Sonnambula* would not cause general enthusiasm if the part of Anima could be played again by a second Malibran, the part of Elvino by a second Rubini ?

Although what goes in London by the name of “ Italian opera ” includes representations of French and even German operas by artists who, singing in the Italian language, are for the most part not Italian, this entertainment in its purest form consists of Italian operas sung by Italian singers. It has never been restricted to works composed by Italians nor to singers of Italian nationality. Handel, Hasse, Gluck, Mozart, and in our own day Meyerbeer, composed Italian operas ; operas, that is to say, founded on Italian *libretti* and treated in accordance with Italian forms. Sontag, too, a German, and Malibran, a Spaniard, are classed with the most illustrious Italian singers ; they had, in fact, formed themselves in the Italian school, and they made their reputation by singing in Italian works. But from the time of Rossini Italian opera in Italy, and wherever Italian opera had become established abroad—as in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Dresden, and Madrid—consisted almost entirely of works by Italians ; Rossini

supplanting all his predecessors to be himself before long, not supplanted but supported by his imitators, Donizetti and Bellini ; to whom was afterwards to be joined the last of his school—the composer of the greatest serious opera that it has produced. Verdi's *Aida* may possibly mark the end of Italian opera. It at least marks an entire cessation in the productiveness of Italian composers ; counting, of course, those only who, like Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, have appealed to the whole world and found in every civilised country willing and enthusiastic audiences.

If the collapse of Italian opera has been caused mainly by the disappearance of really competent Italian singers, the termination of the line of Italian composers who for fifty years (from the beginning of Rossini's until the end of Verdi's career) were constantly giving to Italian opera ; through new works, new life must also be counted for something, and even for a great deal. If another *Aida*, *Ballo in Maschera*, or *Rigoletto* could be written, managers would seek everywhere for singers capable of representing the new work in a worthy manner ; and as the honor of appearing in it would also be eagerly sought for, it would probably be found possible to bring together for the occasion a *prima donna*, a tenor, a baritone, and a bass of a sufficiently high order. This is what Verdi actually did in his *Aida* and his *Requiem*, when the dearth of capable singers was already beginning to make itself felt. Italian opera is really, however, in the position of the English drama not very many years ago, when some said that if there were no new plays it was because there were no great actors to write for ; others that if there were no great actors it was because there were no new plays for them to appear in. There is nowhere in Europe a perfect company of Italian vocalists waiting for a new Italian opera in which to display their talents ; nor (in spite of vague, inconsistent reports about a new version of *Othello*, on which Verdi has for some years past been said to be engaged) is there any reason to believe that a new Italian opera, whether by a recognised master or by a student of great promise, is on its side waiting for singers and an opportunity of being performed.

Capable Italian singers, however, if they could only be found in sufficient numbers, would still be able to get on for some considerable time longer without new operas; whereas composers would find it very difficult, except now and then for a special occasion, to get any new work properly sung. This, for instance, would have been impossible last winter in Paris, and equally so last summer in London.

When, some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, Verdi's vein seemed gradually getting exhausted (not that his later works are inferior to his earlier ones—quite the contrary—but because he now produced only at long intervals), Italian managers turned to France and Germany for new works. Germany had, in the way of serious works, given Italian opera—that is to say opera in general, the opera that makes its way all over the world—only three productions: *Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, and *Der Freischütz*. German composers, through Italy and through France, had of course contributed to Italian and Italianised opera some of its finest works: Mozart's two Italian masterpieces, for example, and no less than six operas composed by Meyerbeer for the Académie and the Opéra Comique of Paris. But *Die Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio*, and *Der Freischütz* remained the only three works adopted into Italian opera from the German stage, until about five-and-twenty years ago a work of very inferior calibre, the un-Germanlike *Martha*, was added to the number. The Italians had already taken from the French Auber's *Muette de Portici*; and they next Italianised for their own purposes two of his lighter operas, *Fra Diavolo* and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*. In Gounod's *Faust* they found a treasure; and in default of operas by Italian composers they now looked to Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, and Massenet for new works, and—without much looking—found again a treasure in the *Carmen* of Bizet. In *Mefistofele*, the first, and apparently the last work of its composer, the Italian companies obtained once more an Italian work; not, it is true, very Italian in style, but the authentic work of an Italian composer, written for an Italian company and produced at an Italian theatre—where, by the way, on

the occasion of its first performance, it was violently hissed. Apart from this opera, which, though very impressive in parts, does not seem to have made a permanent mark, the Italian companies have, since *Aida*, depended for their novelties almost entirely on French composers; and in the course of some twenty years they have been indebted to France for at least a dozen operas, including three striking successes—*Faust*, *Mignon*, and *Carmen*, of which *Faust* and *Carmen* must certainly be reckoned among the greatest operatic successes of modern times. Both these latter works have, together with *Mignon*, passed into German and English as well as Italian; and they have all three obtained in Germany and Italy the same applause with which, whether played by Italian or English companies, they have constantly been received in England. These three operas were all introduced into England by the companies either of Her Majesty's Theatre or of the Royal Italian Opera; so that Italian opera seems, until the moment of its disappearance, to have done good by making known to our public works with which it might otherwise have remained for some time unacquainted. Mr. Carl Rosa, however, has just shown us that a work of merit can pass direct from the French to the English operatic stage without Italian intervention; and really, when there is a question of presenting a French opera to an English public, there seems no valid reason why the presentation should be effected through singers of various nationalities in imitations, more or less perfect, of the language of Italy. We are supposing, of course, that the translated French work would be quite as well sung on the English as on the Italian stage. Otherwise all that has been said on the subject falls of course to the ground.

But that the Pattis, the Nilssons, the Albanis, the Luccas, the Gersters will abandon the Italian stage, and the habit of singing in a language which is that of so many operatic establishments in various parts of the world, is surely improbable. We hear still of singers foreign to Italy studying in that country with a view to the Italian stage; and a clever young American lady writing of what she really knows has told us, in a story

of operatic life, of the number of American girls who rush annually to Milan, in order to prepare themselves for the brilliant and lucrative profession of *prima donna*. The ambition to become a *prima donna* and earn four hundred pounds a night (eight hundred—with an additional eighty for an agent—in the United States) is one that is also entertained in England; and there is probably no continental country in which it is not cultivated. It seems probable, then, that with so many working towards the same goal some will more or less nearly approach it. It may be presumed, too, that in innumerable schools, academies, and colleges of music established in all parts of Europe there are even now students who will some day distinguish themselves as composers. This, however, is the merest speculation. For the present there is more to be hoped from Mr. Goring Thomas and Mr. Mackenzie than from any of the Italian composers who have yet come before the English public; more, for instance, than from Marchetti, the composer of *Ruy Blas*, or Ponchielli, the composer of *La Gioconda*; more even than from Boito, the composer of *Mefistofele*, seeing that since writing that work he has allowed so many years to pass without producing another.

Neither *Nadeshda*, however, nor *Esmeralda*, nor *Colomba*, will in any way help towards setting up again the fallen opera of the Italians. That, so far as the influence of the composer is concerned, can only be done by means of some very striking work, quite in the Italian style; a work which should cause in Italy the kind of sensation that has often been produced there by the operas of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi, but never by the work of a foreigner. There is reason for hoping, perhaps even for believing, that such a composer may soon come; though there is for the present no sign whatever of his approach.

Some dozen years ago there seemed just a chance that Italian opera might in a measure be revived through the influence of Wagner; though it was its destruction, not its preservation—far less its revival when once it should be dead—that Wagner in his writings seemed to have in view. *Lohengrin* was

produced in Italy, and the applause with which it was received showed that the Italians were still capable of appreciating musical beauty in every form. In England, where everything of Wagner's has been performed—from *Rienzi* and the *Flying Dutchman* to the *Ring des Nibelungen* and (without dramatic surroundings), *Parsifal*—*Lohengrin* seems alone to have made a permanent impression on opera-goers. But this impression is due to the performances given in German under the direction of Herr Richter, rather than to those which took place at the Royal Italian Opera and at Her Majesty's Theatre; and when Italian opera is revived in this country, as before long it cannot fail to be, it may be doubted whether, of the various foreign works introduced into the Italian repertory, even *Lohengrin* will be found one of the most attractive. The music of Wagner, scarcely appreciated by our ordinary operatic audiences, has made its mark in England chiefly through the admirable concerts of Herr Richter, where it is presented in the form of pieces specially prepared for the concert room. Symphonic music is to the music of most operas what literature is to the dialogue to be met with in most dramas. The composer of symphonies may be a great musician, but quite incapable of entering into the spirit of a dramatic subject; of giving force to situations, character to personages, and color to scenes. The operatic composer, on the other hand, without being a great musician, may possess the very qualities in which we have supposed the composer of symphonies to be wanting. Some few composers of the highest class have been at once great musicians and consummate musical dramatists; and examples of the poet and the dramatist combined in one person may similarly be found among writers. But as the serious student of literature is more often to be found in the library and lecture room than at the theatre, so the serious student of music frequents the concert-room rather than the opera-house. The arts, no doubt, are sisters; but they are sisters who do not always agree. Thus earnest lovers of symphonic music care little for Italian opera, and think it trivial; while the majority of opera-goers know nothing of sym-

phonic music, but have a hazy notion that it is dull.

Now Wagner, powerfully impressive as his operas are found to be in his own country (partly, no doubt, from being given in the words which first inspired the music, partly from being sung in more appropriate, more congenial style than is possible outside Germany) are in England scarcely appreciated, except by musicians and a certain number of studious amateurs; so that even if Italian opera, after being convicted of hollowness and unnaturalness, were permanently to disappear, it would not be replaced by the Wagnerian "art-work," called that of "the future," but which, so far as England is concerned, belongs already, except as concert music, to the past; and which in France is known exclusively as orchestral movements and pieces arranged expressly for the concert-room. In Southern Europe, apart from the temporary success of *Lohengrin* in Italy, Wagner is not in the least appreciated; nor do his works meet with much success even in Belgium, where all good music finds at least an attentive hearing. Through more than one composer the influence of Wagner makes itself insensibly felt in places where his music is to the general public scarcely known. But it may all the same be fairly said, that though his works are studied by musicians everywhere, they have in their complete dramatic form no existence out of Germany.

It seems a mistake, then, to say that Wagner's works have destroyed Italian opera by calling attention, through contrast, to their absurdities; while Wag-

ner's published criticisms have not been read by a sufficiently large number of persons to have produced any such effect. Nor could a form of entertainment which for such a length of time has delighted the public in so many different parts of the world be simply written down by even so powerful a critic as Wagner. If it is to come to an end it will still have to be replaced by something else and not by the Wagnerian form of opera, which in England has met with precisely the same fate as Italian opera itself. It has collapsed, that is to say, like the Italian opera; not so much for want of singers as because there is not in this country a sufficiently large public to support operas performed in the German language—certainly the only language in which the operas of Wagner ought to be given.

When the question of reviving Italian opera presents itself, as before long it must necessarily do, its recent collapse will, it may be hoped, be found to have had one good effect: that of teaching singers that they have of late years been far too highly paid, and that it is better to accept a moderate salary than—as has happened to many Italian or Italianised singers this present season—to receive no salary at all. It ought also to have convinced managers that the public are quite tired of hearing operas that were written for four or five first-rate singers played with not more than one first singer in the whole cast. But the two lessons go together; and the latter can scarcely be applied until the former has been well mastered.—*Fortnightly Review*.

VICTOR HUGO.

BY W. E. HENLEY.

VICTOR HUGO died at his house in Paris on Friday, the 22nd of May. The cause of death was congestion of the lungs, an ailment from which at fourscore years no man, however robust, has many chances of recovery. The attack was sudden, and, in spite of the sufferer's extraordinary vitality, the end came soon. The grief and interest awakened by the event are such as can only be paralleled,

if at all, in the cases of Charles Dickens and Walter Scott. Victor Hugo, indeed, has been for many years the most commanding figure in the literature of Europe; and it is not too much to say that his loss is one that will be felt in a greater or less degree throughout the length and breadth of civilization. To many he was of the race of *Æschylus* and *Shakespeare*, a world-poet in the sense

that Dante was, an artist supreme alike in genius and in accomplishment. To others he was but a great master of words and cadences, with a gift of lyric utterance and inspiration which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed, but with a personality so vigorous and excessive as to reduce its literary expression—in epic, drama, fiction, satire and ode and song—to the level of work essentially and irreparably subjective, in sentiment as in form, in intention as in effect. The debate is one in which the only possible arbiter is Time; and to Time the final judgment may be committed. What is certain is that there is one point on which both dissidents and devout—the heretics who deny with Mr. Arnold and the orthodox who worship with Mr. Swinburne and M. de Banville—are absolutely agreed. There can be no doubt, I take it, that Victor Hugo was the greatest man of letters of his day. It has been given to few or none to live a life so important in degree and so full and varied in kind, so abounding in effort and achievement, and so rich in honor, and success, and fame. Born almost with the century, he was a writer at fifteen, and at his death he was writing still; so that the record of his career embraces a period of full seventy years. There is scarce any department of art to a foremost place in which he did not in that time prove his right. From first to last, from the time of Chateaubriand to the time of Zola, he has been a leader of men; and with his departure from the scene the undivided sovereignty of literature, like Alexander's empire, becomes a thing of the past.

Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besançon the 26th of February, 1802. His father, a native of Lorraine, was a general of division under Napoleon; his mother came from La Vendée, and had warred and suffered with Mesdames de Bonchamp and de Larochejaquelein. As a child he followed the Emperor, as did another babe of genius, the little Aurore Dupin; and after a sojourn in Italy, where General Hugo had among other duties to hunt down the notorious Fra Diavolo, and he himself figured as an "enfant de troupe" in the muster rolls of Murat's Royal Corse, he returned to Paris at seven years old, and there, in an establishment of the Feuil-

lantines, he began to ply his book in earnest, and learned to read Tacitus. In 1811 he followed his father to Spain, where he stayed for a year; in 1812 he came back to Paris and resumed his work at the Feuillantines; and in 1815, during the Hundred Days, he was sent into the École Polytechnique. Here he studied mathematics and practised verse. He had rhymed at ten years old; and at fourteen he perpetrated a tragedy. At fifteen he wrote a poem on a subject proposed by the Académie, and was rewarded with an honorable mention; and between 1819 and 1822 he won the prize three times at the Floral Games of Toulouse. In the latter year he published his earliest volume, a first series of "Odes et Ballades." Its success was instant and complete. Chateaubriand proclaimed him an "enfant sublime." He won the hand of Mlle. Foucher, and the friendship of all kinds of distinguished personages; he was considered and pensioned as a royalist miracle, and the hope of all good Legitimists and Conservatives. In 1823 he published "Han d'Islande," a wild and wonderful romance, his first essay in fiction and in prose; in 1825 his "Bug-Jargal," a kind of nightmare of the tropics; and in 1826 a second set of "Odes et Ballades." In this last volume he announced his vocation in unmistakable terms. He was a lyric poet and the captain of a new enterprise of discovery. His genius was too large and energetic to go at ease in the narrow garment prescribed as the poet's wear by the dullards and pedants who had followed Boileau. He began to repeat the rhythms of Ronsard and the Pleiad; to deal in the richest rhymes and in words and verses tricked with new-spangled ore; to be curious in cadences, careless of rules, prodigal of inventions and experiments, defiant of much that had been recognized as good sense, contemptuous of much till then applauded as good taste. In a word, he was the Hugo of the hundred volumes we know—an artist, that is to say, endowed with a technical imagination of the highest quality, with the genius of style, with a sense of the plastic use and value of words unequalled since Milton. It was natural and fitting that such a talent should instantly become a potent influ-

ence for change. Within France and without the time was big with revolution. In verse there were the examples of André Chénier and Lamartine; in prose the work of Rousseau and Diderot, of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Chateaubriand; in war and politics the tremendous tradition of Napoleon. Goethe and Schiller had recreated romance, and established on impregnable foundations the beginnings of the palace of modern art; their theory and practice had been popularized in the novels of Walter Scott; and in the life and work of Byron there had been given to the world such an example of revolt, such an incitement to liberty and change, such a passionate and persuasive argument against authority and convention, as had never before been felt in art. Hugo, like most great artists, was essentially a child of his age. "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it." In 1827 he published his "*Cromwell*," and appeared as an æsthetic heresiarch—a rebel confessed and unashamed. It is an unapproachable production, tedious in the closet, impossible upon the stage; and to compare it with such work as that which at one or two and twenty Keats had given to the world—"Hyperion," for instance, or the "*Eve of St. Agnes*"—is to fall in with the patriotic humor of George III., and glory in the name of Briton. But it had its value at the time, and as an historical document it has its value still. The preface was at once a profession of faith and a proclamation of war. It is crude, it is limited, it is mistaken; in places it is even absurd. But it may be accepted now, as it was applauded then, as the Declaration of Independence of French poetry and French drama. From the moment of its appearance the old order of things was practically closed. It prepared the way for "*Albertus*" and for "*Antony*," for "*Rolla*" and the "*Tour de Nesle*;" and it was also the "*Fiat lux*" in obedience to which the world has accepted, with more or less of resignation, the partial eclipse of art and morals effected in "*Salammbô*" and "*L'Education Sentimentale*," and the Egyptian darkness achieved in work like "*Nana*" and "*Une Vie*" and "*Les Blasphèmes*." In its ringing periods, in its plangent antitheses and æsthetic epigrams, there

were anticipated and excused the excesses of whatsoever manifestations of romanticism mankind and the arts have since been called upon to consider and endure, from the humors of Petrus Borel to the experiments of Manet and the "discoveries" of Richard Wagner.

From this time forward until the end Victor Hugo was captain-general of the romantic revolt. It must not be forgotten, however, that he was from the first associated with men of pretensions and capacity not much inferior to his own, and that in no direction was victory the work of his single arm. In painting the initiative had been taken, years before the publication of the "*Cromwell*" manifesto, by Géricault with the famous "*Raft of the Medusa*," and by Delacroix with the "*Dante and Virgil*" (1822) and the "*Massacre of Scio*" (1823). In music Berlioz, at this time a student in the Conservatoire, was fighting hard against Cherubini and the *perruques* for liberty of expression and leave to admire and imitate the audacities of Weber and Beethoven; and three years hence, in the year of "*Hernani*," was set his mark upon the art with the "*Symphonie Fantastique*." On the stage, as early as 1824, Frédérick and Firmin had realized in the personages of Macaire and Bertrand the grotesque ideal, the combination of humor and terror, of which the character of Cromwell is put forward as the earliest expression, and realized it so completely that their work has taken rank with the greatest and most popular results of the movement. In the literature of drama the victory was won on all essential points, and the old order destroyed, not in 1830 with "*Hernani*," but in 1829 with "*Henri Trois et sa Cour*," the first of the innumerable successes of Alexandre Dumas, who settled at a single stroke the greater questions of material and fundamental qualities of structure and form, and left his chief no question to settle save that of literary style. Musset's earlier poems date from 1828, the year of "*Les Orientales*," Gautier's from 1830; and these, if I remember aright, are also the dates of Balzac's "*Chouans*" and the "*Peau de Chagrin*." Among the intimates of the young leader, moreover, were men like Ste.-Beuve, who was two years his junior,

and the two Deschamps ; and it is not to be doubted that their influence was exercised more frequently in the direction of encouragement than in that of repression. Of late years we have lost sight of these considerations, and have seen in Victor Hugo not so much the most glorious survival of romanticism as romanticism itself, the movement in flesh and blood, the revolution in general "summed up and closed" in a single figure. It must be added that Victor Hugo was by no means averse from entertaining this agreeable view of matters. From the first he took himself with perfect seriousness, and his followers, however enthusiastic in their admiration, had excellent warrant in the example set them from above. "Il trône trop," says Berlioz of him somewhere ; and M. Maxime du Camp has given an edifying account of the means he was wont to use to make himself beloved and honored by the youth who came to him for counsel and encouragement. How perfectly he succeeded in this, the political part of his function, is matter of history. Gautier's first visit to him was that of a devotee to his divinity ; and years afterwards the great poet confessed that not even in pitch darkness, and in a cellar fathoms underground, should he dare to whisper to himself that a verse of the master's was bad. The case is typical. As far as devotion went there were innumerable Gautiers. Ste.-Beuve, as we know, was not long a pillar of orthodoxy ; Alexandre Dumas was always conscious of his own superiority in certain qualities, and made light of Hugo's dramas as candidly as he made much of the style in which they are written ; and when some creature of unwisdom saluted Delacroix as "the Hugo of painting," the artist of the "Marino Faliero" and the "Barque du Don Juan" resented the compliment with a certain bitterness. But these were exceptions. The youth of 1830 were Hugolaters to a man ; for them the master had liberated poetry and recreated the language. He taught them how to write, and by his own example transformed their blunders into achievements ; and in return they worshipped him. The tradition has survived to our own times. As far as admiration goes, Paul de Saint-Victor's

"Victor Hugo," albeit published in 1885, is to all intents and purposes the work of fifty years ago.

In 1828, as I have said, Hugo published the "Orientales," one of his finest feats of craftsmanship, one of his feeblest efforts in the matter of fancy and emotion. In 1829 he produced "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," the most vigorous and striking of his earlier works in prose ; and in 1830, after innumerable difficulties, he forced his way to the front as a dramatic poet, and fought and won the battle of "Hernani." With "Marion Delorme," his first play in order of writing, and to many of us his best drama, he had failed ; the *bureau de censure* returned it upon his hands. With "Hernani" he had better fortune. The Académie went so far as to beseech the intervention of Charles X., to the end that the play might share the fate of "Marion Delorme," but Charles X. had more wit than the Académie ; and "Hernani" was played at the Théâtre Français, with Mdle. Mars as Doña Sol, and MM. Firmin, Michelot, and Joanny as Hernani, Don Carlos, and Ruy Gomez. The strife is matter of history. It was desperate while it lasted—a grammar and dictionary war of the most rancorous type. But the battle, as I have noted, was practically no more than a battle of style, and to all intents and purposes it was won ere it was begun. It was renewed the next year over "Marion Delorme," the production of which was one, and by no means the worst, effect of the Revolution of 1830. But, as before, the victory remained with the stronger side. It was a struggle of novelty and genius against pedantry and formula, and, as was inevitable, the best cause won.

The year of "Marion Delorme" was also the year of "Norte Dame de Paris," the admirable romance which gives its author a European reputation, and of "Les Feuilles d'Automne," a volume of lyrics incomparable in form, and in thought and emotion touched with the spirit of a new departure. In 1832 the poet produced his third play, "Le Roi s'Amuse," a passionate and violent five-act special pleading, the drama of which as "Rigoletto," has since gone the round of the world. The representation

was of the stormiest ; but next morning the debate was cut short by a ministerial order, and the second performance did not take place till fifty years after, when the play achieved a *succès d'estime*, and no more. The spirit of the Days of July had entered into the bard of the Restoration and Charles X., and in "Le Roi s'Amuse" he ranged himself on the side of the people, took Triboulet, the jester, for his hero, and selected for his villain no less a person than Francisco I., the glory of the Valois line. This, of course, was a serious grievance ; and, as the play was further accused of indecency, its condemnation at this distance of time seems natural enough. Hugo pleaded his cause before the Tribunal de Commerce ; but his argument, eloquent as it was, availed him nothing. He took his revenge next year (1833) with "Lucrece Borgia" and "Marie Tudor," two capital melodramas in prose ; with "Angelo," also a melodrama and also in prose, in 1835 ; with "Kuy Blas," a romantic tragedy in verse, in 1838 ; and with "Les Burgraves" (1843), a kind of epic in action—a combination of Æschylus and the Porte Saint-Martin—which anticipates a certain number of the gigantic types of character and the grandiose effects of the "Légende des Siècles." With the "Burgraves" Hugo's career as a practical dramatist was closed. He was touched to the quick by its want of success, and such plays as he has since written have remained unpublished or have been published as poems. With the exception, indeed, of "L'Esmeralda" (1836), a libretto he wrote for Mdlle. Bertin's music, the dramas named are all of his that have seen the footlights. Of course they are far from representing the achievement of this particular period, which is, perhaps, the most fruitful in Hugo's life. In 1834 his "Claude Gueux" appeared in Balzac's *Revue de Paris*, his "Etude sur Mirabeau," his "Littérature et Philosophie Mêlées" ; in 1835 and 1837 those two delightful sets of lyrics, the "Chants du Crépuscule" and the "Voix Intérieures" ; in 1840 a seventh volume of verse, "Les Rayons et les Ombres" ; and in 1842 "Le Rhin," a pleasant series of impressions of travel. This time he had attained to what

seemed, though it was not, the zenith of his popularity. As novelist, dramatist, poet, he had received universal recognition ; he had emancipated French poetry, and filled with new blood the exhausted veins of the language in which he wrought. Nor were official honors wanting. In 1837 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor ; in 1841 he forced the doors of the Académie ; and in 1845 Louis Philippe made him a peer of France.

From 1842 to 1848 he appears to have written little, to have been much abroad, to have cherished an ambition rather political than literary. The royalist of 1820 had developed into a kind of *dilettante* revolutionary ; and after the flight of Louis Philippe he was returned to the Assemblée Constituante as one of the members for Paris. For a time his attitude was purely personal. He voted now with the Right and now with the Left, and took the part (he played with much skill and a great deal of *prestance*) of a political free-lance. After the elections of the 10th of December he voted steadily with the party of order. In the Legislative Assembly, in which he sat for the department of the Seine, his mood had changed. Thanks (it is said) to the influence of Émile de Girardin, he became a pure Republican, and spoke and voted steadily with the Left. He was heard on all the burning questions of the hour—Rome, universal suffrage, the revision of the constitution, the responsibility of the press ; but his republicanism was too young to be altogether respected, and his critics were neither few nor inefficient. With Montalembert he fought a three years' duel of words ; on the Prince-President he lavished all the treasures of a vocabulary of disparagement not equalled in modern speech. He made himself many enemies ; and after the Coup d'État, to which he did his best to oppose an organized resistance, he was one of the first expelled from France. He settled in Jersey first of all, and then, difficulties having arisen (in connexion with a libel on the Queen of England) and a new move having been made inevitable, in the sister island of Guernsey. In 1852 he published (at Brussels) his "Napoléon le Petit," a diatribe so intemperate in conception and so violent

and mannered in style that it failed of most of its effect. It was followed in 1853 by "*Les Châtiments*," a series of philippics in verse, which contains some of his finest work. In 1856 appeared the two volumes of "*Les Contemplations*," his first essay in pure poetry since "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*," abounding in noble poetry, but abounding in mannerisms, in affectation and hyperbole, and in *effets manqués* as well. His next work (1859) was the first (and best) instalment of the "*Légende des Siècles*," an epic of the ages, as they appear to the master-singer of modern France and the master-seer of the romantic revival. Three years afterwards he produced, with unexampled effect, his magnificent romance, "*Les Misérables*," translated in advance into nine languages, and published on the same day (3rd of April, 1862) in Paris, Brussels, London, New York, Berlin, Madrid, Turin, and St. Petersburg. By this time his reputation had grown to be universal, and his next volume was anticipated as an event of more than national importance. When (1865) it came (I pass over that curious rhapsody, the "*William Shakespeare*" of 1864) it was called "*Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*." It was found to be no more than a string of variations not always intelligible, and of caprices not always pleasant; and, albeit a miracle of virtuosity, it proved a disappointment. The comparative failure was more than counterbalanced by the prodigious success of "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" (1866), a romance of human endeavor and as it were the passions of the elemental forces of nature which is unique in literature.

In 1867 "*Hernani*" was revived at the Théâtre Français, for what turned out to be a run of four months. In 1869 the great romancer scored a half success with "*L'Homme qui Rit*," a book containing, with many absurdities and an inordinate amount of mannerism, some noble and touching pages and some striking effects. In 1870, for an article in the *Rappel*, he was summoned to appear before the Sixth Chamber "*comme prévenu d'avoir excité à la haine et au mépris du Gouvernement*"; and in the same year, the Fourth of September having overturned the Empire, he returned to Paris, and addressed

a manifesto to the German armies exhorting them to shake hands and be friends with France, and to proclaim the Teutonic Republic. Against his will he was nominated to a place on the Comité du Salut Public, and he declined to stand for any one of the electoral districts of Paris. In the beginning of 1871 he was elected to the Assemblée Nationale, and a month afterwards he resigned his seat. During the Commune he abode in Paris, and talked and wrote in defence of the Vendôme Column; but in May he was at Brussels, and from Brussels he wrote to stigmatize the action taken by the Belgian Government against the leaders of the revolt. He had in consequence to betake himself to Luxembourg; but he was soon back in Paris, where he made himself conspicuous by pleading the cause with M. Thiers of Henri Rochefort. In the next election he was beaten by some 27,000 votes. Meanwhile the poet was not idle, nor was the novelist, nor the polemist either. In 1872 appeared "*L'Année Terrible*"; 1873 he produced a poem called "*La Libération du Territoire*"; 1874 was the year of "*Quatre-Vingt-Treize*," a romance of the Revolution, published (like the "*Misérables*") in half a dozen languages, and not much read or regarded in any one of them; and in 1875-6 there was issued a complete collection of the master's speeches, public letters, and professions of faith, with a pamphlet, "*Pour un Soldat*," which I have not read. In 1875 he returned to politics, and wrote "*Le Délégué de Paris aux Délégués des 36,000 Communes de France*"; and in 1876 he published the second instalment of "*La Légende des Siècles*," and was elected to the Senate. In 1877 he put forth the first and second parts of "*L'Histoire d'un Crime*," a piece of novelistic history which met with not a little success, and "*L'Art d'Être Grand-Père*," a volume of delightful verse, the most human and sincere of his later works. In 1878 and 1879 he produced "*Le Pape*" and "*La Pitié Suprême*," two poems which exemplify the most of his faults and are distinguished by only a few of his peculiar merits. Of his last books—"*L'Âne*" (1880), "*Les Quatre Ventes de l'Esprit*" (1881),

"Torquemada" (1882), and the third part of the "Légende des Siècles" and "L'Archipel de la Manche" (1883)—the *Athenæum* has spoken so recently that in this place there is no need to do more than refer to them. Some primary qualities of his genius are pretty evenly balanced by some primary faults. Thus, for breadth and brilliance of conception, for energy and reach of imagination, for the power of dealing as a master with the greater forces of nature, he is unequalled among modern men. But the conception is too often found to be empty as well as large; the imagination is too often tainted with insincerity; in his dramas of the elements there are too many falsehoods of the kind abounding in his dramas of the emotions. Again, he is sometimes grand, he is very frequently grandiose; but he has a trick of affecting grandeur and the grandiose which is more common than either. He had the genius of style in such fulness as entitles him to rank with the greatest artists in words of all time. His sense of verbal color and verbal music is beyond criticism; his rhythmical capacity is something prodigious. He so revived and renewed the language of France that in his hands it became an instrument not unworthy to compete with Shakespeare's English and the German of Goethe and Heine; and in the structure and capacity of all manner of French metrical forms he effected such a change that it is hardly too much to say that, receiving the orchestra of Rameau from his predecessors, he bequeathed his heirs to the orchestra of Berlioz. On the other hand, it has to be admitted that in much of his later work his mannerisms, in prose and in verse, are intolerably evident; that the outcome of his unequalled literary faculty is often no more than a grand parade, a sort of triumph, of the vocables; that there were times when his brain appears to

have become a mere machine for the production of antitheses and unprofitable conceits. What is perhaps a more damning reproach than any is that his work is saturate in his own remarkable personality, and is objective only here and there. His dramas have been described as so many five-act lyrics; his epics as the "Romance of an Egoist"; his history as confession; his criticism as the opinions of Victor Hugo. Even his lyrics, the "fine flower" of his genius, the loveliest expression of the language, have not escaped reproach as a "Psalter of Subjectivity." Even his essays in prose romance—a form of art on which he has stamped his image and superscription in a manner all his own, the work in which he is best known and for which he is most acceptable to humanity at large—are vitiated by the presence of the same defect. For one who believes in Bishop Myriel as Bishop Myriel there are a hundred who see in him only a pose of Victor Hugo; it is the same in a greater or less degree with Ursel and Javert, with Cimourdain and Lantenac and Josiane; the very *picture* of "Les Travailleurs" is, as has been said, "a Hugolater at heart." That these objections are well founded, I take it, none familiar with his work will deny. It is a proof of the commanding genius that was his that in spite of them he held in enchantment the hearts and minds of men for over sixty years. He is, indeed, a literature in himself; and if it be true, as some believe, that his work is altogether lacking in the sanity of Shakespeare's alike with the good sense of Voltaire's, it is also true that he has left the world far richer than he found it, and that but for him the race would have lacked a vast and enduring inheritance—of noble thoughts, of high and fine emotions, of imperishable achievements in art.—*Athenæum*.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DREAM.

It is stated that a recent discovery in photography, the use of the gelatine dry plate, has had the effect, when applied in observatories, of investing astronomers with new and more powerful eyes.

What we call seeing is, in fact, perception produced by a physical impact on the retina, due, it is supposed—for all theories of sight, like all theories of light, are more or less provisional—to

vibration. The human retina is not, however, in the photographer's sense, very sensitive. The degree of sensitiveness differs probably in every human being, certainly in numberless classes of human beings; but even the sharpest-sighted, or, as we usually call him, the longest-sighted, man is only a dull seer. A first-rate photographer would discard his plate as very imperfectly "sensitised." Much that must come to the retina makes no impression—a merciful provision, for if everything capable of being seen were seen, the power of thought would be overtaxed, and man might as well be blind. It is probable that the wonderfully penetrating sight possessed by some birds—such as the eagle and the vulture—is assisted by the extra sensitiveness of the retina; and, if so, what a different aspect the heavens must present, say to a condor, from what they present to us. That big ruffian of the air must see Jupiter's moons almost as clearly as we see our moon, though only a few among men, with quite exceptional eyes, can, when unassisted by telescopes, be certain that they separate them. Well, the photographer has manufactured inanimate retinas which, to misuse language in an effective way, see better than human eyes. In other words, the gelatine dry plate, adroitly used by an astronomer who is also a photographer, receives and retains an impression from further afield in the limitless expanse of ether than an eye can.* There are stars, for instance, so vast in their distance that the human eye, assisted by the most powerful telescopes, is blind to them, misses them, does not see them any more than if they

were non-existent. Yet the gelatine dry-plate similarly assisted does see them, and records their existence infallibly, so that whole spaces now considered blank may be proved past question to be full of suns; and the astronomer, when investigation has been completed, may map out regions of the sky beyond the range not only of his eyes, but of his instruments, when watched through eyes alone. The dead plate has a power the living retina has not, and can, so to speak, capture for us worlds and systems of worlds at whose existence even thought, which is not hampered by material conditions, could only faintly guess, and this through a range, or a succession of ethereal depths, of which, as the art of "sensitising" plates may be still in its infancy, we can as yet form no conception. As the plates become finer and finer, new stars, existing at unimaginable and almost inexpressible distances, will enter that universe—or, rather, that infinitesimally small section of true universe—of which man has sensual consciousness and certainty. It is bewildering, more especially if we remember that it is but yesterday that men with eyes as good as they are now—it may be slightly better, for they had no hereditary habit of reading—thought the firmament something solid, through which the stars rather glittered than shone. The use of these plates, nevertheless, has not greatly increased direct knowledge. Men know things very often which they do not see—the existence of pain, for example; and the presumption from analogy that invisible stars existed in the blank spaces was so violent as to be almost equivalent to knowledge. Proof that a few more stars, or even a few million more stars, exist than have yet been counted, hardly teaches us more than proof of the existence of a few more millions of tons of sand, or of another thousand or two varieties of animalcules. One hears and believes, and remains untaught. It did not matter to the Rabbis whether ten thousand souls or a million souls could dance on the point of a needle, if only they were quite sure that a hundred could; and that, therefore, a soul was by terrestrial modes of measurement immeasurable. What does teach us in such a narrative is the new proof it

* It may be well to point out that the power of the camera to depict the invisible stars and bodies of space depends, as the *Times* and *Spectator* have failed to point out, not on an instantaneous sensibility of the "chemical retina" to these attenuated rays of light, but upon the power which, as Mr. Richard Proctor pointed out a year or two ago, the camera possesses of, as it were, *soaking in* the rays of light and by means of an equatorial clockwork motion, which enables it to fix its glass eye continually upon the same spot, of obtaining a picture by the slow and continued action of the invisible rays. This is in remarkable contrast to the power the camera possesses of photographing in the two-hundredth part of a second brilliant bodies like the sun, which we cannot distinguish by reason of their brightness.—ED. P. O.

affords that there ought always to be a condition understood in our talk about possibilities. To say this and that is impossible to man, means—not always, but often—impossible, unless he obtains new powers, or new instruments for attaining knowledge. At heart, we most of us assume, whenever we are thinking, that such new instruments are unattainable, yet we have obtained some, and may obtain more. The telescope, the theory of spectrum analysis, photography, did actually and directly, in their succession, bring to man new powers, increasing him, as it were, till in certain departments of life he became a new being. The English astronomer has not only “means,” he has positive powers both of observation and of thought which his old Chaldæan rival did not possess, and which enable him to attain knowledge that the elder man, in spite of his clear sky and his probable power of continuing his observations nightly through the whole existence, not of a man, but of a priesthood, would reasonably have deemed impossible. The Englishman has a sight for the stars, a hearing—through the telegraph—for the earthquake, a touch—also through the wire—for the distant storm, which the Chaldæan could not have had, which he would quite reasonably have pronounced, comparatively feeble as he was for the purpose, impossible. Why should not other barriers vanish as in part—a small part, no doubt—those of sight, and space, and time have vanished for the Astronomer-Royal? Take the dreamiest of all astronomical dreams, and let us dream over it for a moment. There is no impossibility more perfect—no impossibility, we mean, not involving a contradiction in terms, or a defiance of reason—than intercommunication between the planets. No idea could be more fascinating to the imagination; hardly any has interested more minds; there is none except a break in the veil which hides the “supernatural” world which could add more to human knowledge, yet no one is rightly pronounced more “impossible.” No being with human powers will ever traverse, or attempt to traverse, the spaces intervening between the planets; nor will the present telescope ever help us to see other worlds

so clearly as to recognise signs. The fancy that telescopic penetration can be extended indefinitely is fancy merely. Not to mention physical difficulties, probably insuperable, in the way of mere construction, the penetrating power of a telescope depends upon light, and there are difficulties in the way of reconciling magnifying power with clear view which seems to defy removal. No telescope that can be conceived under existing conditions could enable us to see what human beings are doing in Mars, for one inevitable condition, “illumination,” is not consistent with the other inevitable conditions of the problem. They nullify one another, and produce what we call an impossibility. But that impossibility, though perfect, *may* disappear, just as the impossibility of hearing beyond a certain distance has disappeared. Our hearing has not increased since the days of the Chaldæan; but how he would have smiled if told that he could hear from the tower of Belus a whisper uttered by King Cheops from his pyramid, and be certain of the voice. Yet there are Americans interested in telephones who would contract to make that whisper possible, and it is nearly certain that within ten years the Queen at Windsor will be able to talk with the President at Washington, or the Viceroy at Simla, without difficulty or loss in their power of recognising her own special voice. It is perfectly conceivable that glass may be superseded for magnifiers by some clearer substance, and some huge plate or other may be sensitised beyond all present experience, till we can “see,” if not objects, electric-lights in Mars, and from that to heliographic communication with Mars, though a vast step involving enormous assumptions, is not strictly “impossible.” It would not be so much more difficult, granting the man on Mars, as well as the man on Terra, to be aware of what was purposed, than for an Englishman to make audible signs through a telephone to a Chinaman in Pekin. The knowledge so acquired would be small enough in bulk; but merely to know, instead of imagining, that another planet contained strictly conditioned beings using mechanical appliances, would enor-

mously widen man's ideas, perhaps revolutionise many of his modes of thought. He would know that there was somebody else besides himself in the universe, and perhaps get rid of a little of his preposterous self-conceit.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN INGLORIOUS COLUMBUS; OR, EVIDENCE THAT HWEI SHAN AND A PARTY OF MONKS FROM AFGHANISTAN DISCOVERED AMERICA IN THE FIFTH CENTURY. By Edward P. Vining. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This book, dedicated to Hubert Howe Bancroft, the voluminous historian of the Pacific coast, is a curious and entertaining argument based on no less curious facts and traditions. However it may fail to convince the reader that it establishes the point aimed at, it will interest him in the perusal. Mr. Vining has delved and dug assiduously, and has unearthed a great mass of quaint old historical matter well worth preserving in a convenient and modern form, while he has added to the literature of a controversy by no means new. In fact, the argument was most vigorously debated long before Mr. Vining was born, and what he has done with much ability, be it said, is to collate and represent what had previously been asserted, with valuable additions of his own.

Nearly a century and a half ago M. De Giugnes, an accomplished scholar, professed to have found in the Chinese records an account of a vast country to the east of China called Fusang. This he gave to the world in his literary memoirs. The Chinese account quoted asserts that in 499 A.D. a Buddhist priest named Hwei Shan came to China, declaring that he had spent forty years in a country 20,000 Chinese miles to the east of Kamtschatka, and also east of China. Its chief production was the "fusang" tree, hence the name. From the details given, the advocates of the theory believe the tree to have been the form of cactus known as the *agave* or *maguey*. In addition, the description of the manners and customs of the natives were found to be very closely identical with those of the ancient Mexican Indians, as given us through Aztec and Toltec traditions. Various European scholars joined in the quarrel which was thus inaugurated, and the strife has gone on to the present time. Among the American combatants who have been prominent more recently in the fray have been Charles G. Leland, who

published a book on the subject in London, in 1875, advocating the theory; and Dr. S. Wells Williams, recently professor of Chinese in Yale College, who combats the claim of the Hwei Shan enthusiasts. The smouldering controversy though discussed with much ability by scholars, has excited very little interest in literary circles. Even Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific States, was hardly able to give it more than a filip. It has been left to Mr. Vining to present all the essential points of the controversy in an exceedingly readable form, though his book of more than 700 pages would be apt to frighten most readers. It will not be found tedious, however, to the inquiring man who ventures to tackle it. In preparation for his work, our author spent many years in studying Chinese and the old Aztec. Perhaps not the least interesting portion of the book, and that, by the way, which is Mr. Vining's original contribution to the debate, is his explanation of the identity of the words of the language of Fusang, as given in the original Chinese records, and those bearing the same meaning in aboriginal Mexico. We all know how easy it is to ride the philological hobby, and to prove almost anything by the analogies of words. But there is a scholarly and painstaking honesty in Mr. Vining's studies which will commend itself to even those inclined to look most skeptically on this line of reasoning. As our author presents the argument—and he seems inclined to be just to both sides—the Fusangists are decidedly possessors of the field. The book may be decidedly commended, not only on account of its great erudition, but in view of the fact that a vast mass of abstruse knowledge and research is made entertaining to the general reader, a rare quality in books dealing with abstruse and out-of-the-way subjects.

PROSE WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Selected by Henry A. Beers. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Not very many years since the name of N. P. Willis was quoted as ranking very high in American literature by thousands of ardent

admirers. This worship was sincere, too, and yet we doubt whether among these former advocates of Willis's literary greatness there are many left who do not look with some slight sense of annoyance at this quondam enthusiasm. Literary taste and thought have assumed such new phases of development during the last thirty years that the Willis cult has dwindled down into very trivial and shrunken dimensions. Yet it is well worth the while that such a judicious compilation as the one under review, of the most characteristic things in the literary work of N. P. Willis, should be preserved in a form to interest the present generation of readers. He was a link between an old school of literary work and thought and the new one. Lacking that sincerity and the vigor which goes with sincerity, so characteristic of our older group of writers, Mr. Willis cultivated grace of touch and an easy-flowing sparkle of style which made him the idol of the young readers of the day. To be sure, he had but little to tell the world, and that little was trivial and flimsy in substance; but he told it in a style so airy and bright as to intoxicate the public during the height of his popularity. Not infrequently his love of literary *bijouterie* carried him beyond the limits of good taste, and betrayed him into what is now known as a "hifalutin" style; but, as a rule, a rich and gracious fancy gave such vivacity and ease to his words, that the reader was tempted to overlook the absence of any exercise of the higher imagination, and the ephemeral character of his thought. A somewhat nice scholarship and fastidious sense of the importance of precision in the discussion of those minor subjects which were dear to the heart of the author, gave, too, at least a semblance of literary conscience to his work. Mr. Willis was for a long time the favorite magazinist and what the French would call *feuilletonist* of America, and in the columns of his own *Home Journal* he poured out an inexhaustible series of tales of adventure and sentiment and light essays which made this paper immensely popular, and the tradition of which is still the tap-root of its life. Willis, as his editor frankly states, outlived his own reputation; but for a good while that reputation was a very brilliant one. Mr. Beers, the editor, sums up his influence well in saying: "The grace and ease, the nice artistic sense of which Willis at his best was master, was a purely home product; and at a time when almost all the light literature of America was both feeble and dull, the bright, thin jet of his writing, interjected

into the muddy stream that flows interminably through the magazines and annuals of the thirties and forties, must certainly have seemed a fountain of refreshment." The reader of to-day, who knows N. P. Willis only by hearsay, will find this selection from his writings ample to give a taste of an almost forgotten *littérateur* at his best, and surely a mere sip of a wine both sweet and sparkling, but without much body, will satisfy most.

MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By James Anson Farrer, author of "Primitive Manners and Customs." New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

In this interesting little volume the author attempts to sum up such points in the sociological history of war as are of special interest or essential importance. The field is a vast one, and, of course, condensed statement has been enforced; but Mr. Farrer has brought within a limited compass a great deal of curious knowledge and important deduction. The special animus of the book is indicated by the author in his preface in the following words: "The only novelty I have aimed at is one of treatment, and consists in never losing sight of the fact that to all military customs there is a moral and human side, which has only been too generally ignored in this connection. To read books like Grose's 'Military Antiquities,' one would think their writers were dealing with the manners, not of men, but of ninepins, so utterly do they divest themselves of all human interest or moral feeling in reference to the customs they describe with so laudable but toneless an accuracy." The general scope of the book may be gathered in the chapter titles, such as "The Laws of War," "Warfare in Chivalrous Times," "Naval Warfare," "Military Reprisals," "Military Stratagems," "Barbarian Warfare," "War and Christianity," "Curiosities of Military Discipline," and "The Limits of Military Duties."

Under these various heads Mr. Farrer discusses a great number of bellological problems with singular acuteness and no less research, and the flavor of keen satire with which he exposes many of the theories of those who have written before him, and the absurdities sanctioned by international Congresses, gives edge and brightness to his discussion. We cannot follow the many strong points made by the author, nor even indicate his trenchant handling of his subject in more than a general way. Among the curious facts he elicits, which may serve as a sample of his logic and

methods of discussion, is this: that in spite of the belief that war is less cruel than it once was, nearly all the special features of modern war were in former times condemned and forbidden as inhuman. In other words, the more unusual and deadly means of destruction have been legitimated, on the theory that everything conducing to the rapid sacrifice of human life shortens fighting, and is therefore more merciful.

Mr. Farrer's book is so full of historical interest, and throws so much light on questions not purely military, that it will be read with interest by civilians as well as by soldiers.

POEMS OF THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

Miss Ingelow has a recognized high place among contemporary English-writing poets, and that place will hold good long after her voice is silent among the singers. The tender sweetness and pathos which marked the "Songs of Seven" have perpetuated themselves in her verse, while her ripened powers have added a depth, strength, and dramatic force to her work which make her noticeable even among many gifted poets. Miss Ingelow in this fresh volume presents herself in an aspect which will give great pleasure to her numerous admirers. In the breadth and vigor of her dramatic perceptions, shown, however, in her lyric and narrative poems rather than in the dramatic form proper, she has no contemporary rival except Browning, in whom obscurity and far-reaching after subtleties so often cloud splendid powers. Miss Ingelow has the merit of directness, clear-cut, chiselled purpose, and the dominance of a single overmastering emotion. If this be the result of a narrower intellectual range, it is at least wrought into a beauty which makes us congratulate her and ourselves on the defect which is thus transfigured and glorified. Some of her shorter poems will always stand among English poetic masterpieces, in spite of the fact that her command over the technical resources of her craft cannot compare with that of many other English verse-writers. The modern poetic school, lacking nerve, ring, and solidity, tending always to make the singer the slave of melodious words, is one with which Miss Ingelow has no sympathy. While she is betrayed now and then into the use of rare and unaccustomed words where simpler ones would do much better, we recognize her poetic style in the main to be lucid and simple, as one who has a true and earnest message to sing, and

would sing it straight into the great universal heart. It is certainly refreshing, in an age of poetic artifice, to find a brave, genuine soul who sacredly preserves the best traditions of the older English school in her methods.

The opening poem of the volume and one of the longest, "Rosamond," is a dramatic story of the days of the Spanish Armada, and has many of the characteristic qualities of the writer. But we like her far better in the shorter poems. After all, the shorter poems of the world, putting aside the epics, have been those which have most moved it. They are easily remembered, and by their very conditions their burden is intense, the expression condensed. An excellent example of this in the volume before us is "Kismet," a most pathetic picture of the force of destiny in the illustration of the fact that all of us are mere playthings in the hands of forces which we can't control.

We rarely find in Miss Ingelow's poems those picturesque and splendid lines which make single verses blaze like flashes of lightning. Her power runs to an even and symmetrical purpose and is more equally diffused, playing with a genial and lambent glow instead of those dazzling jets which make thought incandescent. What gives this poet her special significance is found in the wholesome sincerity, earnestness, and elevation of her thought. Beauty to her, as to all poets, is the immediate end of poetic work, but beauty she does not recognize except as the immortal robe of truth and purity. So it becomes veritably to her also a joy forever.

ONE OF THE DUANES. A Novel. By Alice King Hamilton. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott Co.*

The great number of novels proceeding from the press of the publishing house whose name gives the imprint of "One of the Duanes" precludes the expectation on the part of the critical reader that he (or in most cases we should say she, as novel-readers are so largely made up of the fair sex) will probably find any thing to richly reward his attention. If the story under notice is in no sense great, however it is pleasant and natural, the incidents cleverly conceived, and the characters skilfully depicted, though they are but slight in substance and texture. The heroine, an impulsive, high-spirited Northern girl, pays a visit to the military circle at Pensacola, Florida, and the exigencies, jealousies, and incidents of garrison life make the background of the

plot. Her lover, a brave and manly fellow, is made miserable by certain mysteries in her conduct, which feminine scandal and masculine spite pervert into suspicious meanings. Matters are finally cleared up, though, by the fact that it becomes known that a brother of the maligned damsel, a *mauvais sujet* of the worst type, is a private soldier of the garrison, and that it was to shield him from his misdeeds as well as herself from the disgrace of having the facts known, that she had been induced to do things open to misconstruction. So the *Lady Sneerwells*, the *Mrs. Candours*, etc., who are found often in their nastiest types among what are known as "military ladies," are discomfited, and true love is finally rewarded.

TROUBLED WATERS. A Problem of To-Day.

By Beverley Ellison Warner. Philadelphia :
J. B. Lippincott Co.

The second novel, bearing the *imprimatur* of the same firm, is a somewhat pretentious book, which we are forced to confess ourselves as finding dull. The author's object is a worthy one, and he struggles hard with his theme, but in vain, though it is full of strong possibilities. The main incidents of the story are developed in connection with a strike among the operatives of a large Eastern city. The industrial problem, the relations of labor and capital, are such important factors in our contemporaneous life that they offer most dramatic phases to the novelist of keen observation and imagination. It is rather disappointing that Mr. Warner has shown so little capacity to grapple with the larger and deeper elements of his subject, and that but little is suggested except a mere skimming of the surface. We believe that on this and nearly related themes the most powerful fiction of the next quarter of a century will be written.

A SECOND LIFE. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York : *Henry Holt & Company.*

Mrs. Alexander's story has the rare merit of freshness of plot, a motive which, if not absolutely new, is at least most picturesque and un-hackneyed. The heroine is forced by family distress to become the wife of a pompous, purse-proud, selfish brute, and she speedily finds that she has made a sacrifice of herself, body and soul, to a wretch utterly incapable of appreciating true womanhood. After suffering in silence till endurance ceases, Mildred takes the opportunity afforded by a tour in Switzerland to fall down an icy chasm and disappear from life. Collusion with a guide

enables her to consummate her stratagem, and when she reappears in London it is under a new name and with a new personality. Legally she has ceased to exist, as official certificates of her fate had been properly made and attested. It is with her second life, then, that the story deals, which it does with much artistic skill. We will not lessen the pleasure of our readers by giving them any clew to Mildred's ultimate fate, except to say that it leads her to happiness and a second and more fortunate marriage. One of the most picturesque situations of the book is that wherein she confronts her astonished husband, who is about to make a second marriage, forced to confess her identity to save him from an innocent bigamy. As in all of Mrs. Alexander's novels, the story is told with great simplicity, force, and naturalness, and the material is very deftly and artistically handled. The characterizations of men and women are strong and individual, standing out with the true vitality of flesh and blood. The pictures of life and society are so good that these alone would make the book pleasant reading, aside from the interest with which our sympathies are captivated. In no way does "A Second Life" show a falling off from its clever predecessors.

CHRISTMAS IN NARRAGANSETT. By Edward Everett Hale, author of the "Fortunes of Rachel," etc. New York : *Funk & Wagnalls.*

Mr. Hale's "Christmas in Narragansett" is modelled on a similar plan to "Our Christmas in a Palace." It is made up of more than a dozen amusing and interesting stories, deftly woven together to preserve the unity of the general narrative. This method of writing novels has been always used, with more or less effect, and several distinguished novelists have put it to good purpose. Mr. Hale's book is bright and clever, and shows the trained faculty of an accomplished story-teller.

LANDSCAPE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life," "A Painter's Camp," "Thoughts about Art," etc. Boston : *Roberts Brothers.*

In this series of essays the well-known artist and art-writer, Mr. Hamerton, attempts to trace the influence of natural landscape on man. Of such influences all men and women of ordinary intelligence and susceptibility are very conscious, and perhaps the influence in many cases is much larger and deeper than consciousness. It is an interesting fact that

some love the sea passionately and detest mountain life. Others see no joy except in the purple splendor of great masses lifting their pæans to the sky, and are indifferent to the sea; so one could easily show the wide divergence of preferences even among those in whom there is at bottom an equally powerful love and enjoyment of nature, depending on some natural idiosyncrasy. Mr. Hamerton enters into his subject with all his accustomed eloquence and wealth of illustration, and writes from the fulness of a mind charged with his subject to brimming over. Aside from the value of the author's reflections as a study in æsthetics, he is full of practical hints as to the best means of studying nature and the cultivation of that attitude which enables us to get into the heart of nature. Mr. Hamerton summarizes the feelings of an intelligent and sensitive man in relation to the conditions of landscape in the following striking passage: "By the help of our modern knowledge, we may imagine the approach to earth as it would appear to us if he were permitted, like Raphael, through interstellar space. It would become visible as a mere point of light, then as a remote planet would appear to us; then we should begin to see its geography as we do that of the moon; and at last, when we came within three terrestrial diameters, or about twenty thousand miles, we should distinguish the white icy poles, the vast blue oceans, the continents and the larger islands glistening like gold in the sunshine, and the silver-bright wandering fields of cloud. Nearer still we should see the fresh green of Britain and Ireland, the dark greens of Norwegian and Siberian forests, the grayer and browner hues of countries parched by the sun, the shining courses of great rivers. All this would be intensely, inconceivably interesting. It would be an unparalleled experience in the history of physical geography, but it would not yet be landscape. On a still nearer approach we should see the earth as from a balloon, and the land would seem to hollow itself beneath us like a great round dish, but the hills would scarcely be perceptible. We should still say, 'It is not landscape yet.' At length, after touching the solid earth and looking around us, and seeing trees near us, fields spread out before, and the blue hills far away, we should say, 'This at last is landscape.' It is not the world as the angel may see it from the midst of space, but as men see it who dwell in it, and cultivate it and love it." Mr. Hamerton is the master of a singularly fascinating though simple and easy style, and

what he has to say on those matters of which he has made a specialty will find a pleasant lodgment in cultivated minds.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

LORD TENNYSON and Mr. Ruskin, respectively president and vice-president of the British Chess Association, have both consented to give copies of their works, with their autographs, as prizes to be competed for in the tournament now proceeding. Lord Tennyson's prize is for the best two players in consultation, belonging to the professions of medicine, the law, church, army, or navy.

FATHER BEDJAN, of the Catholic Oriental Mission in Paris, has in the press a Neo-Syriac translation (dialect of Salamâs) of Thomas à Kempis. The Syriac translation of Father Gurriel (Rome, 1857) is not quite in the popular dialect.

THE pretty little town of Château-Thierry is preparing to celebrate the memory of its most illustrious native, La Fontaine, by a festival which is to extend over the 27th, 28th, and 29th of the present month.

A NEW educational monthly has recently appeared in Madras, the object of which is not only to take cognizance of educational proceedings throughout India, but also to afford to the public a means of making known their views as to the universities and other educational institutions.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, upon whom the Royal Institute of Architects conferred its gold medal recently, will leave immediately on a visit to America, on account of his health. The doctors have recommended him to try the climate of Florida.

AN old story may be repeated just now as a warning to publishers who are not inclined to deal liberally with authors. Victor Hugo sold his story "Notre Dame de Paris" to Renduel for a trifling sum, undertaking at the same time to give the same publisher for a like price the next two volumes of prose which he might write. "Notre Dame de Paris" was a success by which M. Renduel made a large profit. Victor Hugo then proposed to modify the engagement, but M. Renduel would not hear of any alteration in its terms, and for thirty years no prose work issued from Hugo's pen. When at last, after the lapse of this long period, "Les Misérables" appeared, the poet paid an indemnity of 8000 francs to M. Renduel, in con-

sideration of which he consented to waive his claims.

It may be interesting to note the amounts received by Victor Hugo from the firm of Lacroix Verboekhoven for several of his works, viz., for "Les Misérables," 350,000 fr.; *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, 150,000 fr.; "Chansons de Rues et Bois," 40,000 fr.; "Shakespeare," 40,000 fr.; and "L'Homme qui Rit," 200,000 fr.

M. PAUL BLOUËT, better known by his pseudonym of Max O'Rell, has resigned his mastership at St. Paul's School. His forthcoming book will contain a study of the best sides of the English and the French characters, and a good many recollections of his English school experiences.

A NUMBER of admirers of Heine, of different nationalities, have presented a petition to the Municipal Council of Paris, asking them to include No. 14, Rue Malignon, where the poet died, among the houses on which memorial tablets are to be fixed. "France," they say, "never entertained a more worthy or a more grateful guest."

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL has in the press *Records of Argyll: Legends, Traditions, and Recollections of Argyllshire Highlanders*, collected chiefly from the Gaelic, with Notes on the antiquity of the dress, class colors, and tartans of the Highlanders. The work will be illustrated with nineteen full-page etchings.

THE Council of the Philological Society have issued a circular inviting subscriptions to a "Murray Indemnity Fund," intended to relieve Dr. Murray from the debt incurred, and the other losses sustained, in bringing out Part I. of the *New English Dictionary*. In the agreement between the delegates of the Clarendon Press and Dr. Murray, as editor of the Dictionary, the extent and cost of the work of the editor and his assistants were greatly under-estimated, and the consequence was that Dr. Murray, in order to bring out Part I. as agreed, was obliged to advance at least £150 from his private resources, and to incur debt for an additional sum of £500. Towards this debt the delegates contributed £100, but as their expenditure had already greatly exceeded what had been originally contemplated, they did not see their way to a further contribution. Under these circumstances the Council of the Philological Society have decided to open a public subscription to defray debt and loss, and hand over any surplus to Dr. Murray. Although the delegates of the Clarendon

Press are unable to contribute further in their corporate capacity, they have shown their appreciation of the editor's labors by subscribing as individuals to the fund.

THE complete works of the eminent antiquary and historian, the Abate Luigi Tosti, are about to be published by subscription, in thirteen volumes, edited by Sig. Loreto Pasqualucci, who will contribute an essay on the life and writings of the author.

A CURIOUS incident has just happened in Russia. The Georgian and the Armenian languages are suppressed in schools; but the Mingrelians, who use the Georgian character, are allowed to write in the Mingrelian dialect, but must use the Russian character.

THE Villon Society proposes to issue reprints of chap-books and folk-lore tracts, edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. The first series, which will shortly be ready, will contain "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," printed by Wynkyn de Worde; "The Antient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisel," 1619; "The Pleasant History of Thomas Hickathrift," printed for W. Thackeray; "The History of Mother Bunch of the West," 1685; "The Famous and Remarkable History of Sir Richard Whittington," by T. H., printed by W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.

THE centenary of the birth of Dahlmann, the well-known historian, has been celebrated with much rejoicing in Germany and Austria.

THE diary of Thomas Greene, town clerk of Stratford, and cousin of Shakespeare, has just been published in England by Dr. Ingleby. The diary is one unbroken sequence, dating from November 15th, 1614, to February 19th, 1617. It therefore covers nearly the last year and a half of Shakespeare's life. The work contains a double-page plan, showing part of the Welcombe estates, from the original plan now in the possession of Mr. R. N. Phillips, M.P., the present owner. Shakespeare is shown to have taken an active part in the proceedings connected with the proposed inclosure of the common fields. The project caused great excitement in the town, and was successfully resisted by the corporation, acting on behalf of the townspeople. Some time afterward, however, the inclosure appears to have been carried out. The present edition of Dr. Ingleby's work consists of fifty numbered copies, printed for private subscription, and five copies for presentation. The following verse, written in Latin, appears in one corner of the

diary, and the supposition of the editor is that it was dictated by Shakespeare himself :

Alas ! men live as though no death will follow,
Add as if it were an insubstantial tale devoid of credit.
Death is certain—uncertain the day—the hour known to none ;
Wherefore think any day to be thy last.
Thou wouldst weep if thou knewest thy time to be but a single month ;
Thou smilest (incredulous) to be told that perhaps it may be but a day.
He who yesterday was hearty now keeps his sick bed.
And our fellow-townsmen of an hour ago is all at once become dust and ashes.

EDWIN ARNOLD'S translation in verse of the "Bhagavad Gita," is announced for immediate publication. It is to be called "The Song Celestial."

THE *Oxford Magazine* mentions a rumor that Mr. J. Russell Lowell is a possible candidate for the chair of English Literature.

M. MARC MONNIER, one of the liveliest and most versatile of modern French journalists and authors, died at Geneva on April 18th. He was born at Florence in 1828, of French parents. His father was an hotel-keeper, and he himself carried on the same business for some time after he had become known as a writer. Eventually, however, he gave himself entirely to letters, and was appointed Professor of Foreign Literature at the University of Geneva, of which he subsequently became rector. His knowledge of Italian history and politics was perhaps his strongest point ; but he wrote on all kinds of subjects and in every form of literary composition. He was historian, novelist, poet, playwright, critic, and political journalist, and in each capacity attained a respectable degree of popular success.

MISCELLANY.

A REMINISCENCE OF PRINCE ORLOFF.—Prince Orloff has gone to his rest, followed by the regrets of all who knew him, the tears of those who knew him well ! Representing Russia in diplomacy as he had represented her in the field, Muscov to the backbone, in head and heart Slav of Slavs, Prince Orloff, nevertheless, conciliated those who dreaded Russian principles and detested Russian policy. He had adopted the motto of the American statesman, "My country ! right if possible. But, right or wrong, my country !" It is now more than forty years since a little troop of English pedestrians, knapsack on back, and alpenstock in hand, arrived, late in the evening, at a small amerge in a Swiss valley, then not much infested by tourists, to stop for the night. They

were *en blouse*, travel-stained, and courierless, and the landlord did not give them a very cordial reception ; but the four young men pushed their way into the room marked "*Salle à manger*," and there found a tall young man sitting before the grate, with his legs wide apart at each side of it, who, turning his head round at the noise of their entrance, and staring at them haughtily, said, in French, "I suppose you were not told this is my private room?" "No ! but we see it is the *salle à manger*, and we have come here to eat and to rest for the night." "You are English, I perceive?" "Yes." "Then I will not disturb you, gentlemen." And he stalked out of the room. The waiter, as he was serving supper, explained that the gentleman, who was a Russian Prince, had arrived in the afternoon, and said he wished to engage the whole inn, and the landlord, not expecting any one then, made no objection. Scarcely had we finished our eggs and ham when the waiter, who had taken the "*livre de voyageurs*" out of the room when we had signed our names, appeared with a card from "Prince Orloff" to say that he would be very happy if the gentlemen he had spoken to would take a cigar with him in his private sitting-room. The writer was one of the four, and so has reverted to the editorial "we," and the invitation was accepted. We found that he had been reading the "*livre de voyageurs*," for after a formal bow and giving to each, he inquired, "May I ask which of you gentlemen is Captain D. B., of the Scots Fusilier Guards?" One of us bowed. The Prince held out his hand. "Sir ! we are brothers ! I am Prince Orloff, at your service, of the — Regiment of the Russian Guards. I am very glad to meet you. Introduce me to your friends." And A. S., and P. B., and W. R. were introduced, and there was a great deal of formal bowing and heel-clanking from our host, who then produced a box of cigars, the then little-known cigarettes, and pipes, and tobacco, to which the waiter added a supply of "lemonade gazeuse," kirschwasser, cognac, and the like ; and after a while there was general talk about glaciers, and bergs, and mountain passes, and the big Russian told us he was expecting his mother, who was in delicate health, and had pushed on to secure her quarters ; but he very speedily dropped S., B., and R., and applied himself to D. B. almost exclusively :—"How many battalions in his regiment? How many men in each? What was their height? Had they seen any service?" &c. Then presently he began to tell his mili-

tary friend something of his own corps ; I forget which it was. The men were an inch taller than the English standard ! The battalions were one-third larger ! there were twice as many battalions in a regiment ! The English had never met the Russians. If they persisted in supporting these miserable Turks, some day they would know what a Russian soldier was like." D. B. had a modest remark to make as to the general ability of the English Guardsman to hold his own. "Oh, yes ; I know, Waterloo !" exclaimed Orloff ; "you had only to deal with Napoleon after we had clipped his wings, broken his beak, and given him frost-bitten claws." "But the Peninsula was before Waterloo." "Yes ; but Napoleon did not lead the French, and you had all Spain at your back." There was a deal of caloric in the air, and Prince Orloff getting up, proceeded to describe the campaign he had seen in the Caucasus, the devotion, courage, and discipline of the troops, and gave a specimen of one of the songs sung at the head of a regiment on the march, and taken up in chorus by the men with immense energy, which elicited a vigorous encore from us. But somehow he was angry at D. B.'s refusal to admit that the Russian Guards must not be the best troops in the world, and at last he exclaimed :—"I hope that some day, and that not distant, I shall have the honor of meeting you, each at the head of his company, on the field of battle." D. B. was equally hopeful in that direction, and very soon it came to pass that there was every prospect of the wish being anticipated by a Homeric episode in which the controversy between the *gros bataillons* is decided by individual nerves—in fact, there was a chance of a duel, as the Prince's appeal to one of the party to act as *témoin* could not be rejected. And we arose in the morning in some expectation of bloodguiltiness being attached to some of us, paid our reckoning, drank our abominable coffee, and sallied forth in the early morning on our way to—the Rosenlani, I think it was—at the foot of which the Russian said he would await us with suitable weapons. We were full of fight. "Confound the Russian," &c. ; but as we came to the bend of the road whence we could get a view of the glacier, and saw two men pacing up and down, a gloom fell on all but the man who was to fight. "Why, confound the fellow, there he is !" There he was, sure enough. He came up to meet us, smiling gravely, and taking off his flat cap to each. "Captain D. B.," he said, "I regret I must ask you to allow my domes-

tic to act as my *témoin* ! I have been thinking over the case, and I feel I must ask you to accept an apology too. If you do not, I am at your service." There had really been no offence, only a difference. D. B. bowed, and held out his hand. "Now you shall see I was ready," said Orloff, addressing his servant in Russian ; and out from the crisp snow at the foot of the glacier was brought a basket full of champagne bottles and chicken, &c., and down we sat together and drained the wine-cup and smoked the calumet of peace. Within two years Orloff was borne off the field of Silistria with a frightful wound, the scars of which he bore to the day of his death, and D. B. was in the trenches before Sebastopol. And the strange thing is, that at the time when there was not a trace of a coming contest, Orloff's last words as we parted should be, "Depend on it, not two years will be out before you and I will have to prove which is right in the thick of the fight." I saw him at the *fltes* of 1856, and recalled our meeting. He was full of interest in D. B., and cursed the hard fate that denied him a chance of meeting him before Sebastopol. "Did I not tell you we would fight well? Why, it took France, England, Turkey, and Italy to get one side of Sebastopol, though Austria held our best troops back ! Try next time." This was in his belligerent stage. I met him often afterwards, and discovered he had arrived at the conclusion that the arts of peace were better than the arts of war, and that the outward layer of Tartar had been rubbed off by contact with the better part of the world, and had left beneath the sterling metal of which the man was cast, albeit in a Russian mould.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

OWNERLESS GEMS.—In the bond vault of the Treasury at Washington is a quantity of diamonds and other precious stones which have a queer history. Indeed, the facts relating to some of them are scarcely known, and their history is largely a matter of tradition. Their value is variously estimated at from 50,000 dols. to 100,000 dols. There is a bottle four or five inches long filled with glistening diamonds, and besides these a large number of separate stones of various kinds. Some of them are set in beautiful gold ornaments, intended for personal wear. Most of them have been in the custody of the Treasury officials for forty-five years. These were sent to President Van Buren in 1839 by the Imaum of Muscat, a country of Asia, as a testimonial in recognition

of some service to that country by his administration. Just when it was nobody appears to know. Van Buren could not accept them for himself—although it was the desire of the donor that he should do so—by reason of the clause in the Constitution, which forbids any person connected with the Government accepting any present or decoration from any foreign Power or potentate. To have returned them would have been an insult to the Royal giver, and what to do with them was a question that puzzled the Presidential mind. They were finally turned over to the Treasury, and there they remain unto this day. The entire collection has accumulated in a similar way. Other presents were sent to Government officers by kings and princes who had not read the Constitution of the United States, and nothing could be done with them except to stow them away in the vault. They do not have any definite owners, and they bear about the same relation to the Government that unclaimed packages do to an express company. The treasury people have long been in a quandary as to what disposal to make of them. Two or three times in years past the matter has been brought to the attention of Congress, but no action was ever taken.

DEATH OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.—Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who suddenly expired recently at his residence in Fitzroy Place, Dublin, was the eldest son of the late Robert Sullivan, formerly of Mallow, where he was born in the year 1822. He was educated at Middleton School, in the county of Cork, the same school of which the father of John Philpot Curran was the master, and in which his illustrious son was educated. Edward Sullivan did due honor to the traditions of the school, for he took the first place at entrance in Trinity College, Dublin, and obtained a scholarship, subsequently at successive examinations gaining first honors both in science and classics. In 1844 he obtained his degree and in 1845 was auditor of the College Historical Society. Selecting the law as his profession, he was duly called to the Bar in Ireland in 1848, and in ten years was called within the Bar as a Q. C. Two years later he was appointed serjeant-at-law, and in the next year was appointed law adviser to the Crown. He was one of the counsel in the celebrated Yelverton case in 1862, in which he distinguished himself, and in 1865 was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, a post which he held till the change of

Government in 1866. After the general election of 1868 had brought Mr. Gladstone into power he was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland, and in 1870, on the decease of the late John E. Walsh, Master of the Rolls, he was appointed to the vacant seat and took his leave of the constituency of Mallow, which he had represented in Parliament from the year 1865. On the death of the late Sir Hugh Law in 1883, Sir Edward Sullivan was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Sir Edward Sullivan married in 1850 Bessie Josephine, daughter of the late Mr. R. Bailey, of Cork. During the Land League agitation he was credited with being the backbone of the Irish Executive, and in recognition of his abilities was created a baronet. He was a keen lawyer, a sagacious judge, and one of the most trenchant in denouncing wrong that ever sat on the bench.

DISCOVERIES IN THE CRYPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—Much archaeological interest attaches to the discoveries by workmen now engaged in excavations at the French Huguenot Church in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Loftus Brock and other authorities upon such subjects have visited the scene of operations, and also examined the relics, which have now been removed to the deanery. Minute inspection of the remains confirms the idea that they are for the most part fragments of St. Dunstan's shrine. Among the collection is a finely-carved head of the saint in an excellent state of preservation. Some portions of the remains are an exact counterpart of the well-known beautiful diaper work on the south side of the presbytery in the cathedral. A hand of the saint clasping a book has also been discovered, together with a pearl and portions of the dress. Other fragments unearthed are believed to belong to the shrine of Prior Bradwardine, which stood in Anselm's Chapel, while several pieces of carving that are totally distinct from the rest may, it is conjectured, have been portions of Becket's shrine. That part of the undercroft of the cathedral now utilized by the descendants of the French Walloons consisted formerly of the southern aisle of Ernulph's crypt. It was walled up for the separate use of the refugees about the year 1826. At the west end is a fine specimen of a recessing arch, which connects Lanfranc's work with that of Ernulph, and towards the east end are the southern and western faces of one of the four large columns erected in 1177 by William of Sens, the architect who was employed for the rebuilding of

the edifice after its destruction by fire in 1174. In that part under the transept, which may be called the ante-chapel of the French Church, is still to be seen the beautiful memorial of the marriage of the Black Prince with his cousin Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, in 1363. On the ribs of the vaulting are the arms of King Edward III. and also those of the Black Prince himself. Here also is what was an undoubted likeness of his wife. On one of the bosses the pelican in its piety, and very beautifully carved foliage, together with some very elaborate heads, may be seen. On the ceiling of the northern chapel is Samson, with his flowing locks, holding an ass's head. Another very interesting object has been exposed to view in the course of the excavations—namely, the cap and abacus of one of the old monolithic columns which had been embedded in the new masonry at the time of the alterations in 1363.

THE WORLD'S PURIFIERS.—Metaphorically speaking, the beetle has been on its back for many a long year. Let me try to set it on its legs. Perhaps no insects have been less understood than the beetles. As to their uses, it is not easy to say what may be the ultimate use of any being whatever, or the influence which it exerts upon the world in general. No insects have so wide a range of food as the beetles, and, if for that reason alone, they are deserving of our consideration. Roughly speaking, we may divide the beetles into carnivorous and vegetarian, and will take them in that order. Firstly, however, we must be able to define a beetle, or coleopteron. All insects have normally four wings, though in some all four wings are rudimentary and left undeveloped. In others, such as the house-flies and gnats, there are apparently only two wings. In fact, however, there are really four, but the hind pair are rudimentary, so that only the two front wings are used for flight. In beetles, however, the hind pair only are used for flight, the front pair being very much thickened, useless for flight, and serving as covers for the hind pair when the insect uses its legs for locomotion. Most of the beetles pass their existence under very different conditions. As a rule, in the larval state they are darklings, and shun the light to such a degree that if they are compelled to live in the light their natural conditions are altered, and the insect cannot be expected to thrive. Some, however, have been watched throughout the whole, or the greater part, of their lives, and I purpose to take our examples almost wholly from them. Beginning with the carnivorous beetles, we will first

take those which feed on living prey, and which in consequence possess a highly organized structure. Externally, as they have to catch their prey in fair chase, they possess active limbs and powerful jaws, many of them being gifted with swift wings. Such are the tiger beetles, which have enormous and projecting eyes, that occupy a very large portion of the head, denoting that a large range of vision is required, while the long, sharply-pointed jaws, the tips crossing each other when closed, so that prey, when once seized, could have no hope of escape, show that the beetle must be rapacious as well as carnivorous. If a feather from the head or breast of a humming-bird be placed under the microscope, half its gorgeous colors vanish. But with the tiger beetle the effect is reversed, for it would be impossible for the keenest human eye even to picture the jewelled glories of the tiger beetle's elytra. While a larva or grub it is quite as interesting in its way. Although it does look ungainly on a smooth or even a level surface, it becomes a different being when in its own home. It makes in the ground an almost perpendicular burrow, out of which it never ventures until it assumes the perfect form. Yet, as is evident from the shape of the jaws, it is predacious, and, moreover, requires a large and constant supply of living prey. The mode which it adopts is somewhat similar to that which is employed by the ant-lion. I have already mentioned that the larva of the tiger beetle lives in a perpendicular burrow, and that it has a pair of hooks upon an enlarged segment. This segment is the eighth in order, counting the head as one, and its use is very remarkable. When awaiting prey, the larva ascends the burrow, but keeps the whole of the body within it. The head is laid flat on the ground, and the wide jaws are extended to their utmost. Considerable exertion would be needed in order to retain this position, but the enlarged segment and its hooks now come into play. The segment is so large that it nearly fills the burrow, and the hooks which project from it serve to keep the larva in position. As soon as an unsuspecting insect comes within range of the jaws it is seized, the hooks are unhitched, and the larva drops to the bottom of the burrow, which is sometimes more than a foot in depth. Ants form a large proportion of the tiger beetle larva's food, for they have very imperfect sight, and are apt to blunder against obstacles which they do not know. Mr. Westwood, who kept many of these larvæ, says that when engaged in excavating they carry the earth on their heads.—*Sunday Magazine*.

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MIND AND MOTION.

[REDE LECTURE, 1885.]

BY GEORGE T. ROMANES.

IT is to me an interesting reflection that since the time when in this Senate House I took my degree—now nearly fifteen years ago—the University of Cambridge has undergone changes which, both in number and in magnitude, are greater than any to which she has been subject in the whole course of her previous history. I will not wait to enumerate these changes, which in their aggregate have done so much to bring the University well abreast with the requirements of an age of rapid progress. But there is one of these changes—and this, in my opinion, one of the most important—to which I desire especially to point, as constituting my reason for choosing the subject on which I propose to address you.

The year to which I have alluded

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was the year in which Trinity College founded the Cambridge School of Physiology. I well remember the beginnings of that school. In a small make-shift laboratory, which was also used as a lecture-room, a young man, who was called the Prælector of Physiology, used to instruct some half a dozen undergraduates in the rudiments of his science. This small and isolated group of workers was at that time an object of what I may term good-natured contempt, on the part of all the undergraduate world belonging to the larger and more venerable schools of learning. But that small and isolated group was a seed which had fallen upon good ground, and from it we now behold a growth which I can designate only by the word amazing. If, therefore, I am now addressing any of

my former friends who used to laugh at us in these good old days, I claim from them the tribute of other feelings when I say, that the Prælector of Physiology was the now illustrious Professor Michael Foster, and that the unpretending band of pupils whom he had then gathered around him included Martin, Dew-Smith, Gaskell, Francis Darwin, and last, though not least, that extraordinary youth, whom to know was to love, and the meteoric career of whose genius is perhaps without a parallel in the history of science—Francis Maitland Balfour. Chiefly owing to his great influence, working in harmonious combination with that of Professor Foster, the others whom I have named, and some who followed afterwards, the Cambridge School of Biology has grown to be what now we behold it—a power not only in its parent University, but a power also in the whole world of science.

Nor is it Biology alone which has made such vast progress in this University since the time of which I speak. Side by side with the school of Biology two other schools of science have grown, which in respect alike of ability and equipment are able to challenge comparison with any similar institutions of the world. On the one hand we have the munificent foundation by our Chancellor of the Cavendish Laboratory, for the study of experimental physics—a foundation which will always be associated with the great names of Maxwell and Rayleigh. Maxwell we have lost, and Rayleigh has resigned; but the founders of the third great school to which I have alluded are still among us; and all who pursue in earnest the study of mental science will agree with me in assigning to the foremost rank of honor the names of Venn and Ward and Sidgwick.

Having regard, then, to these great changes which have taken place since I left Cambridge, it has appeared to me that I could choose no subject for the Rede Lecture of 1885 more appropriate than a consideration of the bearings upon one another of those sciences which here and now have struck so firm a root—Physiology (which is based upon Physics), and Psychology. With your permission, therefore, I propose to discuss what we at present know concern-

ing the relations between the external world of Nature and the internal world of Mind.

The earliest writer who deserves to be called a psychologist is Hobbes; and if we consider the time when he wrote, we cannot fail to be surprised at what I may term his prevision of the most important results which have now been established by science. He was the first clearly to sound the note which has ever since constituted the bass, or fundamental tone, of scientific thought. Let us listen to it through the clear instrumentality of his own language:—

"All the qualities called sensible are, in the object which causeth them, but so many motions of the matter by which it presseth on our organs diversely. Neither in us that are pressed are they anything else but divers motions; for motion produceth nothing but motion. . . . The cause of sense is the external body or object, which presseth the organ proper to each sense, either immediately, as in taste and touch, or mediately, as in hearing, seeing, and smelling; which pressure, by the mediation of the nerves, and other strings and membranes of the body, continued inward to the brain and heart, causeth there a resistance, or counter-pressure, or endeavor. . . . And because *going, speaking*, and the like voluntary motions, depend always upon a precedent thought of *whither, which way, and what*, it is evident that the imagination [or idea] is the first internal beginning of all voluntary motion. And although unstudied men do not conceive any motion at all to be there, where the thing moved is invisible; or the space it is moved in is, for the shortness of it, insensible; yet that doth not hinder, but that such motions are. These small beginnings of motion, within the body of man, before they appear in walking, speaking, striking, and other visible actions, are commonly called ENDEAVOR."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the system of Hobbes was prophetic of a revelation afterwards declared by two centuries of scientific research. For they show how plainly he taught that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion; and, again, that all our acquisitions of knowledge and other acts of mind themselves imply, as he elsewhere says, some kind of "motion, agitation, or alteration, which worketh in the brain." That he conceived such motion, agitation, or alteration to be, from its extreme minuteness, "invisible" and "insensible," or, as we should now say, molecular, is likewise evident. I can

therefore imagine the delight with which he would hear me speak when I say, that it is no longer a matter of keensighted speculation, but a matter of carefully demonstrated fact, that all our knowledge of the external world is nothing more than a knowledge of motion. For all the forms of energy have now been proved to be but modes of motion; and even matter, if not in its ultimate constitution vortical motion, at all events is known to us only as changes of motion: all that we perceive in what we call matter is change in modes of motion. We do not even know what it is that moves; we only know that when some modes of motion pass into other modes, we perceive what we understand by matter. It would take me too long to justify this general statement so that it should be intelligible to every one; but I am confident that all persons who understand such subjects will, when they think about it, accept this general statement as one which is universally true. And, if so, they will agree with Hobbes that all our knowledge of the external world is a knowledge of motion.

Now, if it would have been thus a joy to Hobbes to have heard to-day how thoroughly he has been justified in his views touching the external world, with no less joy would he have heard that he has been equally justified in his views touching the internal world. For it has now been proved, beyond the possibility of dispute, that it is only in virtue of those invisible movements which he inferred that the nervous system is enabled to perform its varied functions.

To many among the different kinds of movement going on in the external world, the animal body is adapted to respond by its own movements as best suits its own welfare; and the mechanism whereby this is effected is the neuromuscular system. Those kinds of movement going on in the external world which are competent to evoke responsive movements in the animal body are called by physiologists stimuli. When a stimulus falls upon the appropriate sensory surface, a wave of molecular movement is sent up the attached sensory nerve to a nerve-centre, which thereupon issues another wave of molecular movement down a motor nerve to the group of

muscles over whose action it presides; and when the muscles receive this wave of nervous influence they contract. This kind of response to stimuli is purely mechanical, or non-mental, and is ordinarily termed reflex action. The whole of the spinal cord and lower part of the brain are made up of nerve-centres of reflex action; and, in the result, we have a wonderfully perfect machine in the animal body considered as a whole. For while the various sensory surfaces are severally adapted to respond to different kinds of external movement—the eye to light, the ear to sound, and so on—any of these surfaces may be brought into suitable relation with any of the muscles of the body by means of the cerebro-spinal nerve-centres and their intercommunications.

So much, then, for the machinery of the body. We must now turn to consider the corporeal seat of the mind, or the only part of the nervous system wherein the agitation of nervous matter is accompanied with consciousness. This is composed of a double nerve-centre, which occurs in all vertebrated animals, and the two parts of which are called the cerebral hemispheres. In man this double nerve-centre is so large that it completely fills the arch of the skull, as far down as the level of the eyebrows. The two hemispheres of which it consists meet face to face in the middle line of the skull, from the top of the nose backwards. Each hemisphere is composed of two conspicuously distinct parts, called respectively the grey matter and the white matter. The grey matter is external, enveloping the white matter like a skull-cap, and is composed of an inconceivable number of nerve-cells connected together by nerve-fibres. It is computed that in a human brain there cannot be less than a thousand millions of cells, and five thousand millions of fibres. The white matter is composed only of nerve-fibres, which pass downwards in great strands of conducting tissue to the lower centres of the brain and spinal cord. So that the whole constitutes one system, with the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres at the apex or crown.

That the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres is the exclusive seat of mind is proved in two ways. In the

first place, if we look to the animal kingdom as a whole, we find that, speaking generally, the intelligence of species varies with the mass of this grey matter. Or, in other words, we find that the process of mental evolution, on its physical side, has consisted in the progressive development of this grey matter superimposed upon the pre-existing nervous machinery, until it has attained its latest and maximum growth in man.

In the second place, we find that when the grey matter is experimentally removed from the brain of animals, the animals continue to live; but are completely deprived of intelligence. All the lower nerve-centres continue to perform their mechanical adjustments in response to suitable stimulation; but they are no longer under the government of the mind. Thus, for instance, when a bird is mutilated in this way, it will continue to perform all its reflex adjustments—such as sitting on a perch, using its wings when thrown into the air, and so forth; but it no longer remembers its nest or its young, and will starve to death in the midst of its food, unless it be fed artificially.

Again, if the grey matter of only one hemisphere be removed, the mind is taken away from the corresponding (*i.e.*, the opposite) side of the body, while it remains intact on the other side. For example, if a dog be deprived of one hemisphere, the eye which was supplied from it with nerve-fibres continues able to see, or to transmit impressions to the lower nerve-centre called the optic ganglion; for this eye will then mechanically follow the hand waved in front of it. But if the hand should hold a piece of meat, the dog will show no mental recognition of the meat, which of course it will immediately seize if exposed to the view of its other eye. The same thing is found to happen in the case of birds: on the injured side *sensation*, or the power of responding to a stimulus, remains intact; while *perception*, or the power of mental recognition, is destroyed.

This description applies to the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres as a whole. But of course the question next arises whether it only acts as a whole, or whether there is any localization of different intellectual faculties in different parts of it. Now, in answer to this

question, it has long been known that the faculty of speech is definitely localized in a part of the grey matter lying just behind the forehead; for, when this part is injured, a man loses all power of expressing even the most simple ideas in words, while the ideas themselves remain as clear as ever. It is remarkable that in each individual only this part of one hemisphere appears to be used; and there is some evidence to show that left-handed persons use the opposite side from right-handed. Moreover, when the side which is habitually in use is destroyed, the corresponding part of the other hemisphere begins to learn its work, so that the patient may in time recover his use of language.

Within the last few years the important discovery has been made, that by stimulating with electricity the surface of the grey matter of the hemispheres, muscular movements are evoked; and that certain patches of the grey matter, when thus stimulated, always throw into action the same groups of muscles. In other words, there are definite local areas of grey matter, which, when stimulated, throw into action definite groups of muscles. The surface of the cerebral hemispheres has now been in large measure explored and mapped out with reference to these so-called motor-centres; and thus our knowledge of the neuromuscular machinery of the higher animals (including man) has been very greatly furthered. Here I may observe parenthetically that, as the brain is insentient to injuries inflicted upon its own substance, none of the experiments to which I have alluded entail any suffering to the animals experimented upon; and it is evident that the important information which has thus been gained could not have been gained by any other method. I may also observe that as these motor-centres occur in the grey matter of the hemispheres, a strong probability arises that they are not only the motor-centres, but also the volitional centres which originate the intellectual commands for the contraction of this and that group of muscles. Unfortunately we cannot interrogate an animal whether, when we stimulate a motor-centre, we arouse in the animal's mind an act of will to throw the corresponding group of muscles into action;

but that these motor-centres are really centres of volition is pointed to by the fact, that electrical stimuli have no longer any effect upon them when the mental faculties of the animal are suspended by anæsthetics, nor in the case of young animals where the mental faculties have not yet been sufficiently developed to admit of voluntary co-ordination among the muscles which are concerned. On the whole, then, it is not improbable that on stimulating artificially these motor-centres of the brain, a physiologist is actually playing from without, and at his own pleasure, upon the volitions of the animal.

Turning, now, from this brief description of the structure and leading functions of the principal parts of the nervous system, I propose to consider what we know about the molecular movements going on in different parts of this system, and which are concerned in all the processes of reflex adjustment, sensation, perception, emotion, instinct, thought, and volition.

First of all, the rate at which these molecular movements travel through a nerve has been measured, and found to be about 100 feet per second, or somewhat more than a mile a minute, in the nerves of a frog. In the nerves of a mammal it is just about twice as fast; so that if London were connected with New York by means of a mammalian nerve instead of an electric cable, it would require nearly a whole day for a message to pass.

Next, the time has also been measured which is required by a nerve-centre to perform its part in a reflex action, where no thought or consciousness is involved. This time, in the case of the winking reflex, and apart from the time required for the passage of the molecular waves up and down the sensory and motor nerves, is about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a second. Such is the rate at which a nerve-centre conducts its operations when no consciousness or volition is involved. But when consciousness and volition are involved, or when the cerebral hemispheres are called into play, the time required is considerably greater. For the operations on the part of the hemispheres which are comprised in perceiving a simple sensation (such as an electrical shock) and the volitional act of signalling

the perception, cannot be performed in less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of a second, which is nearly twice as long as the time required by the lower nerve-centres for the performance of a reflex action. Other experiments prove that the more complex an act of perception, the more time is required for its performance. Thus, when the experiment is made to consist, not merely in signalling a perception, but in signalling one of two or more perceptions (such as an electrical shock on one or other of the two hands, which of five letters is suddenly exposed to view, &c.), a longer time is required for the more complex process of distinguishing which of the two or more expected stimuli is perceived, and in determining which of the appropriate signals to make in response. The time consumed by the cerebral hemispheres in meeting a "dilemma" of this kind is from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second longer than that which they consume in the case of a simpler perception. Therefore, whenever mental operations are concerned, a relatively much greater time is required for a nerve-centre to perform its adjustments than when a merely mechanical or non-mental response is needed; and the more complex the mental operation the more time is necessary. Such may be termed the physiology of deliberation.

So much, then, for the rate at which molecular movements travel through nerves, and the times which nerve-centres consume in performing their molecular adjustments. We may next consider the researches which have been made within the last few months upon the rates of these movements themselves, or the number of vibrations per second with which the particles of nervous matter oscillate.

If, by means of a suitable apparatus, a muscle is made to record its own contraction, we find that during all the time it is in contraction, it is undergoing a vibratory movement at the rate of about nine pulsations per second. What is the meaning of this movement? The meaning is that the act of will in the brain, which serves as a stimulus to the contraction of the muscle, is accompanied by a vibratory movement in the grey matter of the brain; that this movement is going on at the rate of nine pulsations per second; and that the

muscle is giving a separate or distinct contraction in response to every one of these nervous pulsations. That such is the true explanation of the rhythm in the muscle is proved by the fact that if, instead of contracting a muscle by an act of the will, it be contracted by means of a rapid series of electrical shocks playing upon its attached nerve, the record then furnished shows a similar trembling going on in the muscle as in the previous case; but the tremors of contraction are now no longer at the rate of nine per second: they correspond beat for beat with the interruptions of the electrical current. That is to say, the muscle is responding separately to every separate stimulus which it receives through the nerve; and further experiment shows that it is able thus to keep time with the separate shocks, even though these be made to follow one another so rapidly as 1,000 per second. Therefore we can have no doubt that the slow rhythm of nine per second under the influence of volitional stimulation, represents the rate of which the muscle is receiving so many separate impulses from the brain: the muscle is keeping time with the molecular vibrations going on in the cerebral hemispheres at the rate of nine beats per second. Careful tracings show that this rate cannot be increased by increasing the strength of the volitional stimulus; but some individuals—and those usually who are of quickest intelligence—display a somewhat quicker rate of rhythm, which may be as high as eleven per second. Moreover, it is found that by stimulating with strychnine any of the centres of reflex action, pretty nearly the same rate of rhythm is exhibited by the muscles thus thrown into contraction; so that all the nerve-cells in the body are thus shown to have in their vibrations pretty nearly the same period, and not to be able to vibrate with any other. For no matter how rapidly the electrical shocks are allowed to play upon the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres, as distinguished from the nerve-trunks proceeding from them to the muscles, the muscles always show the same rhythm of about nine beats per second: the nerve-cells, unlike the nerve-fibres, refuse to keep time with the electric shocks, and will only re-

spond to them by vibrating at their own intrinsic rate of nine beats per second.

Thus much, then, for the rate of molecular vibration which goes on in nerve-centres. But the rate of such vibration which goes on in sensory and motor nerves may be very much more rapid. For while a nerve-centre is only able to *originate* a vibration at the rate of about nine beats per second, a motor-nerve, as we have already seen, is able to *transmit* a vibration of at least 1,000 beats per second; and a sensory nerve which at the surface of its expansion is able to respond differently to differences of musical pitch, of temperature, and even of color, is probably able to vibrate very much more rapidly even than this. We are not, indeed, entitled to conclude that the nerves of special sense vibrate in actual unison, or synchronize, with these external sources of stimulation; but we are, I think, bound to conclude that they must vibrate in some numerical proportion to them (else we should not perceive objective differences in sound, temperature, or color); and even this implies that they are probably able to vibrate at some enormous rate.

With further reference to these molecular movements in sensory nerves, the following important observation has been made—viz., that there is a constant ratio between the amount of agitation produced in a sensory nerve, and the intensity of the corresponding sensation. This ratio is not a direct one. As Fechner states it, "Sensation varies, not as the stimulus, but as the logarithm of the stimulus." Thus, for instance, if 1,000 candles are all throwing their light upon the same screen, we should require ten more candles to be added before our eyes could perceive any difference in the amount of illumination. But if we begin with only 100 candles shining upon the screen, we should perceive an increase in the illumination by adding a single candle. And what is true of sight is equally true of all the other senses: if any stimulus is increased, the smallest increase of sensation first occurs when the stimulus rises one per cent. above its original intensity. Such being the law on the side of sensation, suppose that we place upon the optic nerve of an animal the wires pro-

ceeding from a delicate galvanometer, we find that every time we stimulate the eye with light, the needle of the galvanometer moves, showing electrical changes going on in the nerve, caused by the molecular agitations. Now these electrical changes are found to vary in intensity with the intensity of the light used as a stimulus, and they do so very nearly in accordance with the law of sensation just mentioned. So we say that in sensation the cerebral hemispheres are, as it were, acting the part of galvanometers in appreciating the amount of molecular change which is going on in sensory nerves; and that they record their readings in the mind as faithfully as a galvanometer records its readings on the dial.

Hitherto we have been considering certain features in the physiology of nervous action, so far as this can be appreciated by means of physiological instruments. But we have just seen that the cerebral hemispheres may themselves be regarded as such instruments, which record in our minds their readings of changes going on in our nerves. Hence, when other physiological instruments fail us, we may gain much additional insight touching the movements of nervous matter by attending to the thoughts and feelings of our own minds; for these are so many indices of what is going on in the cerebral hemispheres. I therefore propose next to contemplate the mind, considered thus as a physiological instrument.

The same scientific instinct which led Hobbes so truly to anticipate the progress of physiology, led him not less truly to anticipate the progress of psychology. For just as he was the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of nerve-action in the vibration of molecules, so was he likewise the first to enunciate the fundamental principle of psychology in the association of ideas. And the great advance of knowledge which has been made since his day with respect to both these principles, entitles us to be much more confident than even he was that they are in some way intimately united. Moreover, the manner in which they are so united we have begun clearly to understand. For we know from our study of nerve-action in general, that when once a wave of in-

visible or molecular movement passes through any line of nerve-structure, it leaves behind it a change in the structure such that it is afterward more easy for a similar wave, when started from the same point, to pursue the same course. Or, to adopt a simile from Hobbes, just as water upon a table flows most readily in the lines which have been wetted by a previous flow, so the invisible waves of nerve-action pass most readily in the lines of a previous passage. This is the reason why in any exercise requiring muscular co-ordination, or dexterity, "practice makes perfect;" the nerve-centres concerned learn to perform their work by frequently repeating it, because in this way the needful lines of wave-movement in the structure of the nerve-centre are rendered more and more permeable by use. Now we have seen that in the nerve-centres called the cerebral hemispheres, wave-movement of this kind is accompanied with feeling. Changes of consciousness follow step by step these waves of movement in the brain, and therefore when on two successive occasions the waves of movement pursue the same pathway in the brain, they are attended with a succession of the same ideas in the mind. Thus we see that the tendency of ideas to recur in the same order as that in which they have previously occurred, is merely an obverse expression of the fact that lines of wave-movement in the brain become more and more permeable by use. So it comes that a child can learn its lessons by frequently repeating them; so it is that all our knowledge is accumulated; and so it is that all our thinking is conducted.

A wholly new field of inquiry is thus opened up. By using our own consciousness as a physiological instrument of the greatest delicacy, we are able to learn a great deal about the dynamics of brain-action concerning which we should otherwise remain in total ignorance. But the field of inquiry thus opened up is too large for me to enter upon to-day. I will therefore merely observe, in general terms, that although we are still very far from understanding the operations of the brain in thought, there can be no longer any question that in these operations of the brain we have what I may term the objective machinery of

thought. "Not every thought to every thought succeeds indifferently," said Hobbes. Starting from this fact, modern physiology has clearly shown why it is a fact; and looking to the astonishing rate at which the science of physiology is now advancing, I think we may fairly expect that within a time less remote than the two centuries which now separate us from Hobbes, the course of ideas in a given train of thought will admit of having its footsteps tracked in the corresponding pathways of the brain. Be this, however, as it may, even now we know enough to say that, whether or not these footsteps will ever admit of being thus tracked in detail, they are all certainly present in the cerebral structures of each one of us. What we know on the side of mind as logical sequence, is one the side of the nervous system nothing more than a passage of nervous energy through one series of cells and fibres rather than through another: what we recognize as truth is merely the fact of the brain vibrating in tune with Nature.

Such being the intimate relation between nerve-action and mind-action, it has become the scientifically orthodox teaching that the two stand to one another in the relation of cause to effect. One of the most distinguished of my predecessors in this place, the President of the Royal Society, has said in one of the most celebrated of his lectures:—"We have as much reason for regarding the mode of motion of the nervous system as the cause of the state of consciousness, as we have for regarding any event as the cause of another." And, by way of perfectly logical deduction from this statement, Professor Huxley argues that thought and feeling have nothing whatever to do with determining action: they are merely the by-products of cerebration, or, as he expresses it, the indices of changes which are going on in the brain. Under this view we are all what he terms conscious automata, or machines which happen, as it were by chance, to be conscious of some of their own movements. But the consciousness is altogether adventitious, and bears the same ineffectual relation to the activity of the brain as a steam-whistle bears to the activity of a loco-

motive, or the striking of a clock to the time-keeping adjustments of the clock-work. Here, again, we meet with an echo of Hobbes, who opens his work on the Commonwealth with these words:—

"Nature, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the *art* of man, as in many other things, in this also imitated, that it can make an artificial animal. For seeing life is but a motion of limbs, the beginning whereof is in the principal part within; why may we not say, that all *automata* (engines that move themselves by springs and wheels as doth a watch), have an artificial life? For what is the *heart*, but a *spring*; and the *nerves*, but so many *strings*; and the *joints*, but so many *wheels*, giving motion to the whole body, such as was intended by the artificer?"

Now, this theory of conscious automatism is not merely a legitimate outcome of the theory that nervous changes are the causes of mental changes, but it is logically the only possible outcome. Nor do I see any way in which this theory can be fought on grounds of physiology. If we persist in regarding the association between brain and thought exclusively from a physiological point of view, we must of necessity be materialists. Further, so far as we are physiologists our materialism can do us no harm. On the contrary, it is to us of the utmost service, as at once the simplest physiological explanation of facts already known, and the best working hypothesis to guide us in our further researches. But it does not follow from this that the theory of materialism is true. The bells of St. Mary's over the way always ring for a quarter of an hour before the University sermon; yet the ringing of the bells is not the cause of the sermon, although, as long as the association remains constant, there would be no harm in assuming, for any practical purposes, that it is so. But just as we should be wrong in concluding, if we did not happen to know so much about the matter as we do know, that the University sermon is produced by the vibration of bells in the tower of St. Mary's Church, so we may be similarly wrong if we were definitely to conclude that the sermon is produced by the vibration of a number of little nerve-cells in the brain of the preacher.

Now, if time permitted, and if I supposed that you would all care to go with me into matters of some abstruseness, I

could certainly prove that whatever the connection between body and mind may be, we have the best possible reasons for concluding that it is not a casual connection. These reasons are, of course, extra-physiological; but they are not on this account less conclusive. Within the limits of a lecture, however, I can only undertake to give an outline sketch of what I take to be the overwhelming argument against materialism.

We have first the general fact that all our knowledge of motion, and so of matter, is merely a knowledge of the modifications of mind. That is to say, all our knowledge of the external world—including the knowledge of our own brains—is merely a knowledge of our own mental states. Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it, as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *inferred* must be *referred*. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Such, then, I take to be a general refutation of materialism. To use but a mild epithet, we must conclude that the theory is unphilosophical, seeing that it assumes one thing to be produced by another thing, in spite of an obvious demonstration that the alleged effect is necessarily prior to its cause. Such, I say, is a general refutation of materialism. But this is far from being all. "Motion," says Hobbes, "produceth nothing but motion;" and yet he immediately proceeds to assume that in the case of the brain it produces, not only

motion, but mind. He was perfectly right in saying that with respect to its movements the animal body resembles an engine or a watch; and if he had been acquainted with the products of higher evolution in watch-making, he might with full propriety have argued, for instance, that in the compensating balance, whereby a watch adjusts its own movements in adaptation to external changes of temperature, a watch is exhibiting the mechanical aspect of volition. And, similarly, it is perhaps possible to conceive that the principles of mechanism might be more and more extended in their effects,—until, in so marvellously perfected a structure as the human brain, all the voluntary movements of the body might be originated in the same mechanical manner as are the compensating movements of a watch; for this, indeed, as we have seen, is no more than happens in the case of all the nerve-centres other than the cerebral hemispheres. If this were so, motion would be producing nothing but motion, and upon the subject of brain-action there would be nothing further to say. Without consciousness I should be delivering this lecture; without consciousness you would be hearing it; and all the busy brains in this University would be conducting their researches, or preparing for their examinations, mindlessly. Strange as such a state of things might be, still motion would be producing nothing but motion; and, therefore, if there were any mind to contemplate the facts, it would encounter no philosophical paradox: it would merely have to conclude that such were the astonishing possibilities of mechanism. But, as the facts actually stand, we find that this is not the case. We find, indeed, that up to a certain level of complexity mechanism alone is able to perform all the compensations or adjustments which are performed by the animal body; but we also find that beyond this level such compensations or adjustments are never performed without the intervention of consciousness. Therefore, the theory of automatism has to meet the unanswerable question—How is it that in the machinery of the brain motion produces this something which is not motion? Science has now definitely proved the correlation of all the

forces ; and this means that if any kind of motion could produce anything else that is not motion, it would be producing that which science would be bound to regard as in the strictest sense of the word a miracle. Therefore, if we are to take our stand upon science—and this is what materialism professes to do—we are logically bound to conclude, not merely that the evidence of causation from body to mind is not so cogent as that of causation in any other case, but that in this particular case causation may be proved, again in the strictest sense of the term, a physical impossibility.

To adduce only one other consideration. Apart from all that I have said, is it not in itself a strikingly suggestive fact that consciousness only, yet always, appears upon the scene when the adjustive actions of any animal body rise above the certain level of intricacy to which I have alluded ? Surely this large and general fact points with irresistible force to the conclusion, that in the performance of these more complex adjustments, consciousness—or the power of feeling and the power of willing—is of some use. Assuredly on the principles of evolution, which materialists at all events cannot afford to disregard, it would be a wholly anomalous fact that so wide and important a class of faculties as those of mind should have become developed in constantly ascending degrees throughout the animal kingdom, if they were entirely without use to animals. And, be it observed, this consideration holds good whatever views we may happen to entertain upon the special theory of natural selection. For the consideration stands upon the general fact that all the organs and functions of animals are of use to animals : we never meet, on any large or general scale, with organs and functions which are wholly adventitious. Is it to be supposed that this general principle fails just where its presence is most required, and that the highest functions of the highest organs of the highest animals stand out of analogy with all other functions in being themselves functionless ? To this question I, for one, can only answer, and answer unequivocally, No. As a rational being who waits to take a wider view of the facts than that which is open to the

one line of research pursued by the physiologist, I am forced to conclude that not without a reason does mind exist in the frame of things ; and that apart from the activity of mind, whereby motion is related to that which is not motion, this planet could never have held the wonderful being, who in multiplying has replenished the earth and subdued it—holding dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth.

What, then, shall we say touching this mysterious union of mind and motion ? Having found it physically impossible that there should be a causal connection proceeding from motion to mind, shall we try to reverse the terms, and suppose a causal connection proceeding from mind to motion ? This is the oldest and still the most popular theory—the theory of spiritualism. And, no doubt, in one important respect it is less unphilosophical than the opposite theory of materialism. For spiritualism supposes the causation to proceed from that which is the source of our idea of causality—the mind : not from that into which this idea has been read—the brain. Therefore, if causation were to be accepted as a possibility either way, it would be less unreasonable to suppose mental changes the causes of material changes than *vice versa* ; for we should then at least be starting from the basis of immediate knowledge, instead of from the reflection of that knowledge in what we call the external world. Seeing that the external world is known to us only as motion, it is logically impossible for the mind to infer its own causation from the external world ; for this would be to infer that it is an effect of motion, which would be the same as saying that it is an effect of its own knowledge ; and this would be absurd. But, on the other hand, it is not thus logically impossible for the mind to infer that it may be the cause of some of its own knowledge, or, in other words, that it may have in some measure the power of producing what it knows as motion. And when the mind does infer this, no logic on earth is able to touch the inference ; the position of pure idealism is beyond the reach of argument. Nevertheless, it is opposed to the whole momentum of science.

For if mind is supposed, on no matter how small a scale, to be a cause of motion, the fundamental axiom of science is impugned. This fundamental axiom is that energy can neither be created nor destroyed—that just as motion can produce nothing but motion, so, conversely, motion can be produced by nothing but motion. Regarded, therefore, from the standpoint of physical science, the theory of spiritualism is in precisely the same case as the theory of materialism: that is to say, if the supposed causation takes place, it can only be supposed to do so by way of miracle.

And this is a conclusion which the more clear-sighted of the idealists have expressly recognized. That subtle and most entertaining thinker, for example, the late Professor Green of Oxford, has said that the self-conscious volition of man "does not consist in a series of natural events, . . . is not natural in the ordinary sense of that term; not natural at any rate in any sense in which naturalness would imply its determination by antecedent events, or by conditions of which it is not itself the source."

Thus the theory of spiritualism, although not directly refutable by any process of logic, is certainly enfeebled by its collision with the instincts of physical science. In necessarily holding the facts of consciousness and volition super-natural, extra-natural, or non-natural, the theory is opposed to the principle of continuity.

Spiritualism being thus unsatisfactory, and materialism impossible, is there yet any third hypothesis in which we may hope to find intellectual rest? In my opinion there is. If we unite in a higher synthesis the elements both of spiritualism and of materialism, we obtain a product which satisfies every fact of feeling on the one hand, and of observation on the other. The manner in which this synthesis may be effected is perfectly simple. We have only to suppose that the antithesis between mind and motion—subject and object—is itself phenomenal or apparent: not absolute or real. We have only to suppose that the seeming duality is relative to our modes of apprehension; and, therefore, that any change taking place in the mind, and any corresponding change taking place in the brain, are really not

two changes, but one change. When a violin is played upon we hear a musical sound, and at the same time we see a vibration of the strings. Relatively to our consciousness, therefore, we have here two sets of changes, which appear to be very different in kind; yet we know that in an absolute sense they are one and the same: we know that the diversity in consciousness is created only by the difference in our modes of perceiving the same event—whether we see or whether we hear the vibration of the strings. Similarly, we may suppose that a vibration of nerve-strings and a process of thought are really one and the same event, which is dual or diverse only in relation to our modes of perceiving it.

The great advantage of this theory is that it supposes only one stream of causation, in which both mind and motion are simultaneously concerned. The theory, therefore, escapes all the difficulties and contradictions with which both spiritualism and materialism are beset. Thus, motion is supposed to be producing nothing but motion; mind-changes nothing but mind-changes: both producing both simultaneously, neither could be what it is without the other, because without the other neither could be the cause which in fact it is. Impossible, therefore, is the supposition of the materialist that consciousness is adventitious, or that in the absence of mind changes of brain could be what they are; for it belongs to the very causation of these changes that they should have a mental side. The use of mind to animals is thus rendered apparent; for intelligent volition is thus shown to be a true cause of adjustive movement, in that the cerebration which it involves could not otherwise be possible: the causation would not otherwise be complete.

A simple illustration may serve at once to render this doctrine more easily intelligible, and to show that, if accepted, the doctrine, as it appears to me, terminates the otherwise interminable controversy on the freedom of the will.

In an Edison lamp the light which is emitted from the burner may be said indifferently to be caused by the number of vibrations per second going on in the carbon, or by the temperature of the

carbon ; for this rate of vibration could not take place in the carbon without constituting that degree of temperature which affects our eyes as luminous. Similarly, a train of thought may be said indifferently to be caused by brain-action or by mind-action ; for, *ex hypothesi*, the one could not take place without the other. Now, when we contemplate the phenomena of volition by themselves, it is as though we were contemplating the phenomena of light by themselves : volition is produced by mind and brain, just as light is produced by temperature in carbon. And just as we may correctly speak of light as the cause, say, of a photograph, so we may correctly speak of volition as the cause of bodily movement. That particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the carbon could not take place without the light which causes a photograph ; and, similarly, that particular kind of physical activity which takes place in the brain could not take place without the volition which causes a bodily movement. So that volition is as truly a cause of bodily movement as is the physical activity of the brain ; seeing that, in an absolute sense, the cause is one and the same. But if we once clearly perceive that what in a relative sense we know as volition is, in a similar sense, the cause of bodily movement, we terminate the question touching the freedom of the will. For this question in its last resort—and apart from the ambiguity which has been thrown around it by some of our metaphysicians—is merely the question whether the will is to be regarded as a cause in Nature. And the theory which we have now before us sanctions the doctrine that it may be so regarded, if only we remember that its causal activity depends upon its identity with the obverse aspect known as cerebration, without which identity in apparent duality neither volition nor cerebration could be the cause which in fact they are. It thus becomes a mere matter of phraseology whether we speak of the will determining, or being determined by, changes going on in the eternal world ; just as it is but a matter of phraseology whether we speak of temperature determining, or being determined by molecular vibration. All the requirements alike of

free-will and of the bond-will hypotheses are thus satisfied by a synthesis which comprises them both. On the one hand, it would be impossible for an *unconscious* automaton to do the work or to perform the adjustments of a conscious agent, as it would be for an Edison lamp to give out light and cause a photograph when not heated by an electric current. On the other hand, it would be as impossible for the will to originate bodily movement without the occurrence of a strictly physical process of cerebration, as it would be for light to shine in an Edison lamp which had been deprived of its carbon-burner.

It may be said of this theory that it is highly speculative, not verifiable by any possible experiment, and therefore at best is but a mere guess. All which is, no doubt, perfectly true ; but, on the other hand, we must remember that this theory comes to us as the only one which is logically possible, and at the same time competent to satisfy the facts alike of the outer and of the inner world. It is a speculation in the sense of not being verifiable by experiments ; but it has much more value than ordinarily attaches to an unverifiable speculation, in that there is really no alternative hypothesis to be considered : if we choose to call it a guess, we must at the same time remember it is a guess where it does not appear that any other is open. Once more to quote Hobbes, who, as we have seen, was himself a remarkable instance of what he here says : "The best prophet naturally is the best guesser ; and the best guesser, he that is most versed and studied in the matters he guesses at." In this case, therefore, the best prophet is not the physiologist, whose guess ends in materialism ; nor the purely mental philosopher, whose guess ends in spiritualism ; but rather the man who, being "versed and studied" in all the facts appertaining to both sides of the matter, ends in the only alternative guess which remains open. And if that most troublesome individual, the "plain man" of Locke, should say it seems at least opposed to common sense to suppose that there is anything in a burning candle or a rolling billiard-ball substantially the same as mind, the answer is that if he could look into my brain at this moment he would see both—

ing there but motion of moleculars, or motion of masses ; and apart from the accident of my being able to tell him so, his "common sense" could never have divined that these motions in my brain are concerned in the genesis of my spoken thoughts.

It is obvious that from this hypothesis as to the substantial identity of mind and motion, two important questions arise ; and I feel that some reference to these questions is in present circumstances forced upon me, because they have both been considered in precisely the same connection by one of the most powerful intellects that was ever sent out into the world by this University. I mean the late Professor Clifford. As my intimate and valued friend, I desire to mention his name in this place with all the affection, as well as with all the admiration, to which I well know it is so fully entitled ; and if I appear to mention him only in order to disagree with him, this is only because I know equally well that his large and magnanimous thought differences of philosophical opinion were never felt to weaken the bonds of friendship.

In his well-known lecture on Body and Mind, Professor Clifford adopted the hypothesis of identity which we are now considering, and from it was led to the conclusion that if in the case of cerebral processes motion is one with mind, the same must be true of motion wherever it occurs ; or, as he expressed it subsequently, the whole universe must be made of mind-stuff. But in his view, although matter in motion presents what may be termed the raw material of mind, it is only in the highly elaborated constitution of the human brain that this raw material is sufficiently wrought up to yield a self-conscious personality. Hence the dissolution of a human brain implies the dissolution of a human mind ; and hence also the universe, although entirely composed of mind-stuff, is itself mindless. Now, all I have to say about these two deductions is this—they do not necessarily follow from the theory which is before us. In holding that the mind of man perishes with his body, and that above the mind of man there is no other, Clifford may have been right, or may have been

wrong. I am not here to discuss at length any questions of such supreme importance. But I feel that I am here to insist upon the one point which is immediately connected with my subject ; and this is, that whether or not Clifford was right in his conclusions, these conclusions certainly did not follow by way of any logical sequence from his premises. Because within the limits of human experience mind is only known as associated with brain, it clearly does not follow that mind cannot exist in any other mode. It does not even follow that any probability upon this matter can be thus established. The basis of analogy on which Clifford sought to rear an inference of cosmical extent, was restricted to the one instance of mind as known upon one planet ; and, therefore, it is hard to imagine a more precarious use of that precarious method which is called by logicians simple enumeration. Indeed, even for what it is worth, the inference may be pointed with quite as much effect in precisely the opposite direction. For we have seen how little it is that we understand of the one mode in which we certainly know that mind does exist ; and if from this little we feel impelled to conclude that there is a mode of mind which is not restricted to brain, but co-extensive with motion, is substantial and co-eternal with all that was, and is, and is to come ; have we not at least a suggestion, that high as the heavens are above the earth, so high above our thoughts may be the thoughts of such a mind as this ? I offer no opinion upon the question whether the general order of Nature does not require some one explanatory cause ; nor upon the question whether the mind of man itself does not point to something kindred in the self-existing origin of things. I am not concerned to argue any point upon which I feel that opinions may legitimately differ. I am only concerned to show that, in so far as any deductions can be drawn from the theory which is before us, they make at least as much against as in favor of the cosmical conclusions arrived at by Clifford.

On February 17, in the year 1600, when the streets of Rome were thronged with pilgrims from all quarters of Christendom, while no less than fifty cardinals were congregated for the Jubilee into

the densely crowded Campo di Fiori a man was led to the stake, where, "silent and self-sustained," before the eyes of all nations, he perished in the flames. The death was the death of a martyr: it was met voluntarily in attestation of truth. But most noble of all the noble army to which he belonged, the name of that man is written large in history, as the name of one who had fortitude to die, not in the cause of religious belief, but in that of scientific conviction. For why did Bruno suffer? He suffered, as we all know, because he refused to recant his persuasion of the truth of the Copernican theory. Why, then, do I adduce the name of Bruno at the close of this lecture? I do so because, as far as I have been able to ascertain, he was the first clearly to enunciate the monistic theory of things to which the consideration of my subject has conducted us. This theory—or that as to the substantial identity of mind and motion—was afterwards espoused, in different guises, by sundry other writers; but to Bruno belongs the merit of its original publication, and it was partly for his adherence to this publication that he died. To this day Bruno is ordinarily termed a pantheist, and his theory, which in the light of much fuller knowledge I am advocating, Pantheism. I do not care to consider a difference of terms, where the only distinction resides in so unintelligible an idea as that of the creation of substance. It is more to the purpose to observe that in the mind of its first originator—and this a mind which was sufficiently clear in its thought to die for its perception of astronomical truth—the theory of Pantheism was but a sublime extension of the then contracted views of Theism. And I think that we of to-day, when we look to the teaching of this martyr of science, will find that in his theory alone do we meet with what I may term a philosophically adequate conception of Deity. If the advance of natural science is now steadily leading us to the conclusion that there is no motion without mind, must we not see how the independent conclusion of mental science is thus independently confirmed—the conclusion, I mean, that there is no being without knowing? To me, at least, it does appear that the time

has come when we may begin, as it were in a dawning light, to see that the study of Nature and the study of Mind are meeting upon this greatest of possible truths. And if this is the case—if there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing—shall we infer, with Clifford, that universal being is mindless, or answer with a dogmatic negative that most stupendous of questions—Is there knowledge with the Most High? If there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing, may we not rather infer, with Bruno, that it is in the medium of mind, and in the medium of knowledge, we live, and move, and have our being?

This, I think, is the direction in which the inference points, if we are careful to set the logical conditions with complete impartiality. But the ulterior question remains, whether, so far as science is concerned, it is here possible to point any inference at all: the whole orbit of human knowledge may be too narrow to afford a parallax for measurements so vast. Yet even here, if it be true that the voice of science must thus of necessity speak the language of agnosticism, at least let us see to it that the language is pure; let us not tolerate any barbarisms introduced from the side of aggressive dogma. So shall we find that this new grammar of thought does not admit of any constructions radically opposed to more venerable ways of thinking; even if we do not find that the often-quoted words of its earliest formulator apply with special force to its latest dialects—that if a little knowledge of physiology and a little knowledge of psychology dispose men to atheism, a deeper knowledge of both, and, still more, a deeper thought upon their relations to one another, will lead men back to some form of religion, which, if it be more vague, may also be more worthy than that of earlier days.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

—*Contemporary Review.*

ROMAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY T. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE question is often asked, Is Rome a desirable place of residence or not? Like most questions asked by the man of average intelligence concerning foreign countries, this is a very vague inquiry. Desirable, for what end? To live in, of course. Are you young or old? Have you children to educate, an *exigeant* wife to amuse, an invalid aunt to take care of, a scapegrace son to reform, a brace of superfluous daughters to marry, an injured fortune to repair, a tarnished reputation to polish, or an inclination to hereditary gout? If you are troubled with any of these cardinal evils of the flesh do not come to Rome. Your reputation will not be whitewashed, your fortune will probably suffer, you will not marry your superfluous daughters, your scapegrace son will go to the bad, your invalid aunt will die, your wife will be bored, your children will grow up full of foreign prejudices, and your gout will become unbearable. Not that it is impossible to avoid each and all of these catastrophes, but because it is ten to one that you would be able to avoid them better in your own country.

Rome may be regarded by the foreigner from two very opposite points of view, namely, as a place to visit, and as a place to live in. The tourist who comes to see what he can in a given time is one kind of person, the individual who for reasons of his own elects to reside for any period in the capital of Italy is quite another. The one comes, sees, and conquers a certain number of sights, rejoicing in the versatility of his own comprehension, and paying for the use of the kaleidoscope at a fixed rate, so to speak; the other comes, pitches his tent, and in the course of time is incorporated into the life of the city, himself an object of curiosity to foreigners. The tourist deserves credit for his laudable attempt to enlarge his views, but it is hard for him, if not impossible, to understand even the rudiments of the Roman social and political situation. Rome is one of the best abused cities in Europe. It is impossible to mention it without eliciting the two standard re-

marks which everybody has ready: "It is fatally unhealthy, and it has been ruined by the modernizing improvements it is now undergoing." The ruin referred to is of an artistic kind, and any judgment passed upon it must necessarily be subject to individual taste; but the popular prevailing opinion concerning the health of the city is a palpable libel.

Rome has always stood among the great cities which have the lowest death rates, and last year it was third among the great cities of Europe. Roman fever is a sort of red rag wherewith it is possible to bait the foreign bull to the verge of distraction; the very name is misunderstood, for what is commonly called by foreigners the "Roman fever" is the typhoid, which it is generally allowed may be contracted elsewhere; whereas the "*perniciosa*," which the Romans themselves dread, and which sometimes kills its victims in a couple of hours, is a malady that hardly ever attacks any but natives. It is neither contagious nor infectious, but purely sporadic. It is an easy matter to be well in Rome. Eat and drink well—the Romans eat more meat than any people in Italy—live anywhere except in a house built against a hill, and wear flannels, or at all events carry an overcoat upon your arm if you are likely to be out after sunset. Avoid violent exertion on the one hand and laziness on the other; in other words, try to live as Romans live, and you will assuredly enjoy good health in Rome; but avoid Rome in August, September, and the beginning of October. Rome is a very desirable place of residence for persons with a fixed income and few ties. There is a wide choice open to every one as regards expenditure and society; above all, Rome is a city where it is possible to live in absolute independence, in seclusion, if need be, without annoyance. An Englishman may live in Rome for years and not be called to speak to any one of his own nationality, an advantage which cannot be overestimated by a race of men who systematically avoid each other

when away from home. Take a furnished lodging west of the Corso, or else far up in the new quarter towards St. John Lateran, where the houses are newer and cleaner, but less healthy, hire a couple of North Italian servants, and do not nail your visiting card upon your door, and I will venture to say that you could not be more completely isolated if you were Robinson Crusoe on a South Sea island, or boycotted on an Irish farm. Stay in town until July or even August if you do not mind the heat, and keep away until October or November, and unless you rashly expose yourself to the chilly damp at sunset or overheat yourself in the insane idea that violent exercise is necessary for your health, or starve yourself in order to look a bilious Italian poet, you will never be ill.

But, if you take a house in the new quarter, satisfy yourself about the drainage. The old part of the city is rendered healthy by the immense quantity of pure water and by the ventilation of the streets and sewers produced by the very rapid current of the Tiber; the new quarters are less plentifully supplied with water, and are far removed from the river. The native Roman prefers the portion of the city included in the irregular figure of which the northern extremity is at the Piazza del Popolo, the southern at the Capitol, while the western side follows the river from about the island of St. Bartholomew to the *Passeggiato di Ripetta*.

The tourist in Rome necessarily occupies himself far more with things than with people. He comes to Rome primed with a certain amount of classical learning, or information hastily acquired from the guide-book. Armed at all points with preconceived ideas as to the history and topography of the city, the relative interest and beauty of the points he promises himself to visit, the unity of Italy, the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican, and the greatness of the late General Garibaldi, he passes a few weeks very pleasantly in verifying the accuracy of the opinions he had formed before coming to Rome, and comfortably rejoices in the certain knowledge that his own religious and political persuasions, whatever they may be, have been strengthened and consoli-

dated by what he has seen and learned of Church and State. If he escapes the fever he will ever afterwards speak of his month in Rome in glowing terms; if not, he will never cease to anathematise the country, the climate, and the people.

Of the people themselves, however, he will have seen almost nothing, having been brought into daily contact only with a class of persons who get their living from him and his kind. If he has made any acquaintances during his short stay, they have probably been formed among people of his own nationality, or, at all events, among non-Italians. It is next to impossible for him to have obtained access to the intimacy of Roman family life. The Roman is hospitable, but tenacious of his privacy. He loves his shirt sleeves like other Italians. He is fond of appearances, but does not think it necessary that they should be perpetually maintained, provided he avoids being seen by a stranger when he has laid them aside. In France, in Germany, in England, in most of the great cities of Europe, a stranger will find many families of excellent social position who, for a consideration, will receive him amongst themselves at once as a lodger and as an acquaintance, but there is none of this in Rome. The foreigner who lives in lodgings catches occasional glimpses of an untidy landlady, and has ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the strongest words in the Italian language. His landlord's family use them all in every variety and quality of altercation, from morning till night, on the landing, in the kitchen, and in the "cor-tile." But there his experience of Italian family life begins and ends.

As for the expense of living in Rome, it may be fairly said that the question of rent is the one of most importance. A bachelor who lives in a couple of rooms would have no difficulty in being extremely comfortable upon £200 during nine months of the year. The rent of rooms varies from about £3 to £10 monthly, but excellent lodgings can always be had for £5. The permanent resident, however, should always take an unfurnished apartment; a very large suite of rooms, comprising the second floor of a palace or other extensive

building, with attics, can generally be had from 5,000 to 8,000 francs yearly, at from three to five years' lease (£200 to £320). The cost of furniture will always be found to be covered by difference of rent after four years. Generally, I should say that a family of four or five persons can live for nine months of the year in Rome in great comfort for £1,000, and in considerable luxury for £2,000. As regards servants, the North Italians are cleaner, more exact, and less talkative than the southern people; but the southerners are more faithful, more gentle, and far more willing. There are dishonest servants here as elsewhere, and as the foreigner is especially defenceless he is more likely to hire them, and consequently abuses the whole race as liars and thieves, which they are not. I need hardly say more about the expense or manner of living. Italian cookery is not generally to the taste of Englishmen, but there are plenty of good cooks in Rome. Eating is after all a matter of taste. I have heard Greeks bitterly lamenting over the "kartoffel knodel," the "suppenfleisch" and the "compotes" of Bavaria, and I have seen Russians putting caviare and sweet pastry into a "consommé à la Reine" at Voisin's. Sir William Thompson has seen aldermen in London swallowing the common conger-eel of commerce in the full and satisfactory belief that they were eating turtle soup. How then can any philosopher find it in his heart to inveigh against the macaroni, the roast kid, and the wild boar of Rome? The foreigner is not obliged to go and eat stewed porcupine at the Falcone, nor to devour artichokes fried in oil with garlic at the inn of Abramone, the Jew of the Ghetto.

What is much more important to the foreigner is a knowledge of the elements which compose the Roman world. Broadly speaking, these are three in number, comprising three distinct species of humanity: the Roman, the Italian, and the foreigner. Prior to 1870 the Italian (as the Roman himself calls him) was an unknown component; there was a Roman society and a foreign society, and the two had many points of contact. The dominating foreign element was French, and the relations between the latter and the Romans were very

close, if not always very sincere. The French have ceased to play an important part in Roman politics, and their place is taken, and more also, by the Italians. The immediate result has been that a portion of Roman society has amalgamated with the Italians, as represented by the court, and that the remaining families, the *beaux restes* of the Roman aristocracy, have not only refused to acknowledge the court, but have become far more exclusive than they formerly were as regards foreigners. It is needless to say that there are many subdivisions in the Italian party, subject to the political changes of the day, and that the members of the Chambers, together with the principal office-holders of the various administrative departments, and a large number of ex-ministers, lobbyists, and men of genius in search of employment, form a number of distinct circles all comprised with the class known as Italians and generically as the white party.

It must be borne in mind that, if we except Greece, Italy is the most democratic kingdom in Europe. The powers of the king are less than those of the Queen of England, far less, of course, than those wielded by the president of a great republic like France or the United States. The suffrage is now greatly extended, and the representatives are frequently men risen from the lowest orders. The work of the Chambers is largely in the hands of lobbyists, and the amount of jobbery done would do credit to any republic in the world. The interests of the army and navy and of the individual provinces are worked by a system of bureaucracies which are generally quite beyond the reach of royal or parliamentary interference. On the whole it may be said that, whether Italians are well or ill-governed, they are governing themselves as completely as though they had thrown off the monarchy and had elected a president for their republic. The only improvement they could make if a republic were ever proclaimed would be to introduce the Carthaginian scheme of electing two presidents at enmity with each other, and crucifying either as soon as he becomes obnoxious.

This is not the place, however, to enter into a discussion upon the consti-

tution of the Kingdom of Italy, nor upon the results which are likely to arise out of it. It is enough to say that the governing body in Rome now forms the preponderating element in polite society, and is in every respect the opposite of the black party, which comprises the cardinals, the *prelatura*, and the black nobility, a party numerically small, but extremely compact and exclusive, not plotting nor scheming for any immediate result beyond the election of the local municipality, but standing together as one man while waiting to see what will happen. It was an interesting thing to watch, fourteen years ago, how the nobles divided after the Italian occupation of Rome; the separation was instantaneous, and there have been few important changes since. In many cases, where both father and son were alive, the son went to court, while the father refused to bow to the King in the street, and after fourteen years the two are still unreconciled. The line was suddenly drawn through many households, and is yet practically unchanged. It is true that there are a few houses where some members of both parties are received. The blacks who frequent this neutral territory are generally those of the younger generation, who find their own society dull, and are willing to sacrifice something for the sake of a ball, and the houses are chiefly those of nobles who have maintained an indifferent position from the first, or of financiers whose interests are too important to be endangered by such trash as politics.

In Rome the Roman is patriarchal in his mode of life. The Italian is extremely modern in his habits, and the foreigner is nomadic. Patriarchal conservatism growls at innovation, and modern advanced civilization laughs heartily at the fifteenth-century habits that come to its notice. As for the resident stranger, he may choose between the two, according to circumstances or to his tastes. The white party are incomparably more amusing, more gay, and more ready to receive strangers into their circles; the blacks are unquestionably more serious, more in earnest, and far more interesting, as representing a class of men and women now quickly disappearing from the face of the earth,

a thoroughly old, blue-blooded, prejudiced nobility, ready to die for their religion, their blood, and their prejudices. Of course the consequences of so broad a distinction are carried into the diplomatic body, for there are missions to the Vatican as well as to the Quirinal, and it is one of the most amusing points in Roman society to watch the relations between foreign ministers and secretaries, often intimate friends and even relations, who are supposed to be officially unaware of each other's existence.

To form a just idea of Roman society it is necessary to understand the Roman character, and that is not an easy matter. It is not enough to know the mere names of the parties, their attitude toward each other, and the political occurrences which have led to partisanship. This would explain much, perhaps, but it could not account for the tone of what one hears. The Roman is essentially a grumbler, a conservative, a *laudator temporis acti*; a lover of peace, not for its own sake, but because it gives so little trouble; an artist by his gifts and a loungeur by preference; ready to jest at other people's failures, and averse to attempting anything lest he should "compromise himself," as he calls it; possessing a keen wit, of which the mainspring is the belief that failure is ridiculous, and must be laughed at; hating and even fearing a fight when he is calm, but reckless to madness if once roused; a good actor; a poor conspirator; patient from indifference and a certain inertness; forgiving an enemy until seventy times seven, rather than take the trouble of seriously hating him, but withal, in extreme cases, a good hater and a good lover. The Roman is honest in a way of his own; that is to say, he will tell you the truth unless you press him too hard with importunate inquiries, or unless he thinks it would be very unpleasant to you to hear it. Tax him with an untruth in such cases, and he will shrug his shoulders a little and demand why you asked so many questions, or else he will say with a laugh that he did not wish "to disappoint you," and therefore told you a fib. But the same man would not be guilty of the smallest prevarication for his own advantage. There are, indeed, many Romans, some of them in high positions

too, who would be incapable of any untruth whatever; but I am speaking of the great majority of the people, and I will venture to say that they are as honest as an equal number of men in any other country, where the average gentleman is scrupulous in telling his friend the precise number of birds he has shot, but will deceive his tailor to any extent in his power. The Roman is a conservative in all his ways; but he is so much given to grumbling that he is never quite satisfied. His conservatism extends to his household, to his native city, to his ideas upon education and social conditions, even to matters of religion; but from time immemorial it has been impossible to satisfy the Roman people in the matter of government. Under kings they bankered after a republic; with a republic they longed for a despot; weary of despots they tried what was practically an aristocratic oligarchy; from thence to the ill-fated dictatorship of Rienzi; next they were under a religious autocracy, then again a republic of short duration; more Papal supremacy; now a democratic constitutional monarchy; and during fully half of our era they have played fast and loose with German imperialism. Truly they have tried a goodly variety of governments, and have never been satisfied with any from the days of Tarquin to the rule of Humbert I. Even now there are dreams of a republic abroad, and many a Roman, hobnobbing with a friend over a glass of red Marino, will look at the wine and whisper the words, "*La vogliamo rossa!*" ("We would have it red")—not the wine, though, for the feminine adjective agrees with "*repubblica*," understood.

Now, it may be reasonably said that the indispensable condition for a republic is enlightenment, not among a few communities dwelling in great cities, but throughout the majority of the agricultural classes; for if the wealth of a nation depends upon its manufactures and the productiveness of its artisans, its strength most assuredly lies in its rural population, more especially in a country where the extreme fertility of the soil makes farming so important and so profitable as it is in Italy. A republic presupposes a public opinion; it implies that everything is ultimately re-

ferred to the people; that war is declared, foreign policy is shaped, treaties are negotiated, and home interests are regulated at their discretion; that, on the whole, representatives really represent an existing public opinion, and that senators are, in the original sense, men old in the service of their country and acquainted with its wants. There is no public opinion in Italy, but there is occasionally a public frenzy. The mass of the people are little educated, and though the extensive system of direct taxation (*ricchezza mobile*) constantly brings the poorest classes face to face with the Government, as represented by the tax-gatherer, and although the scheme of the Government is in a high degree democratic, the people are nevertheless ignorant of their power, or too inexperienced to exert it. They no more understand the meaning of the word "republic" than they appreciate the fact that, if they knew how to use their privilege, they could easily obtain all the advantages of a commonwealth under the existing monarchy. In history, unenlightened republics have generally found it expedient to hold the most ignorant classes of the community in the bondage of personal slavery. In the great days of Roman republicanism Italy was largely peopled with slaves—the property of the Roman citizens who dwelt in the cities during half the year—the proportion of freemen who farmed their own land being small until it was extended by the custom of granting freeholds to veteran soldiers.

It is a peculiarity of Latin nations that names, expressions, even dates, are capable of being considered as so much fetish, to which all classes gladly attach their individual ideas of happiness or glory, of misery or defeat. I do not think that streets, for instance, are named with dates in any non-Latin city of Europe. During the last years of papal sovereignty "*Garibaldi*" and "*Victor Emmanuel*" were the fetishes most appealed by the Romans. Now it is changed again. The "*honest king*" is dead, and his wild guerilla supporter is laid in his grave. The monarchy is established, and yet the Roman is not satisfied, and he whispers of the "*red republic*" to his friend as he used to in 1848. I am of course speaking of

the lower classes in Rome, the people and the dregs of the people; the higher ranks are almost to a man ranged either on the side of the monarchy or of the Vatican. But I believe it is this unsettled feeling in the lower grades which gives to all Roman life its peculiar air of political uncertainty. Society, in the sense of the well-born, and of those who in virtue of wealth, political importance, or talent claim intercourse and equality with the well-born, is either a structure superimposed by circumstances upon the normal popular majority, depending for its stability upon the toleration of the people, and, indirectly, upon the principle that a man of low origin can by his own efforts obtain consideration in the higher ranks; or else it is a true aristocracy, a social governing body maintained by its own inherent strength, wealth, and talent, and holding the people in dependence. Now, in Rome, the former state of things is beginning to predominate; society, in the sense in which I have used the term, is composed of the most various elements, liable at all times to be recruited from the people. But the true aristocratic institutions of former times are not yet extinct, and are jealously guarded and handed down by a party which, though in the minority, is powerful and compact. The people, long accustomed to the superiority of the nobles, but always murmuring against it, are undecided whether to accept the new order of things as an improvement, or to hanker after a state in which they formerly enjoyed the flesh-pots of Egypt, though interdicted from the sweetmeats of a free press. This uncertainty makes itself felt throughout society. I have been asked, by people of all nations and kinds who visit Rome, the same question: Will the monarchy stand or fall? The foreigner turns to the native for information, and the native can only say in answer that great changes are at present going forward, and that it is impossible to predict what may occur. No one, however, neither monarchist nor clericist, denies that Italy may profit enormously by fifty years of any stable and thoroughly unified government, and I doubt whether any educated Roman looks forward to or desires an immediate change, either in the shape of revo-

lution or war; as for the latter, indeed, sufficient unto Italy are the pickings thereof—and very rich pickings they have been in the last twenty years.

I have said that the true Roman is conservative in his mode of life, even to being patriarchal. He is not apt to change his habits, his friends, or his favorite dishes. He likes to live in his own house, with his married brothers, his married children, and, by-and-by, his grandchildren, under his roof. He likes to employ the same servants for a lifetime, and pension them when they are superannuated. They are trustworthy people, who will not tattle with the servants of his lifelong enemy in the next street. He grumbles at everything, but changes nothing. Nothing is so good as it was in his youth, nothing so cheap, nothing so thorough. The aged prince has daily bickerings, quarrels, and reconciliations with his aged steward, flavored with mutual recriminations that would be impossible anywhere else. Save for the matters discussed these wranglings differ in no wise from the regular disagreements and treaties of peace which follow each other with the utmost regularity in the home of old Aristide Rossi, the retired shoemaker, when Felice, the miad-of-all-work, brings in her daily account for oil, charcoal, and bread.

In matters of religion the Roman is decidedly devout. One need only go into one of the parish churches, such as Sant' Andrea della Valle or Sant' Agostino to see that religion in Rome is a reality. Men go to early mass, and go gladly, in great numbers. Nevertheless, to the foreigner, the Roman seems to treat sacred things with a familiarity not altogether respectful. A Roman is as much at home in a church as in his own family, and to the superficial observer he appears to be lacking in reverence. He handles the chairs in a free-and-easy way, looks at everything and everybody, and converses in an undertone with his neighbor. He is critical of the way in which the services are performed, and expresses his approbation or censure without hesitating. But he has a great respect for religion, and brings up his children according to the Church, as he expresses it. Not to receive the sacraments of his faith at the

important periods of his life-would be intolerable to him. Not to be baptized, confirmed, married in church, confessed before dying, and buried in holy ground, seems to him like a violation of the laws of nature. And this is true, not only of the average individual, who goes to mass every Sunday, and is otherwise exact in the performance of prescribed duties. There is a type of Roman who will abuse the priests, laugh at miracles, call down judgments on any individual prelate to whom he owes a grudge, and not go to church more than once in a year, if at all; but nevertheless a Roman may do all these things and yet have a very lively belief in his religion. Grumbling means nothing with him, whether at religion, government, or prices; it is a pure pastime.

He is not gregarious, as a rule, except in his youth. He has few friends, and sees them often; few topics of conversation, and recurs to them continually, his wit and fluency finding ever something new to say upon an old subject. His anecdotes are endless, and often very amusing. He reads one or two papers daily, but reads nothing else. People interest him more than things, words more than deeds. He has an acute artistic sense of the beautiful, with very little creative power, or rather with very little desire to create. He is an excellent critic of music—from his own standpoint—of architecture, sculpture, and drawing, but his sense of color is frequently defective. On the whole he is an artist by nature, with many of those idiosyncrasies of which the affectation alone gives a man an artistic reputation in some countries.

Sensitive in the highest degree to every shade of manner, to the slightest discourtesy, to the least annoyance, to the smallest offence against his own standard of taste, the Roman is nevertheless the most unconscious and the least "shy" of men. False shame is a thing unknown to him, and snobbery is utterly removed from his nature. The Roman is as self-possessed in the presence and conversation of a great social luminary as when he is talking to his most intimate friend. Being incapable of desiring familiarity with persons out of his own sphere, and consequently not fearing to be thought anxious to obtain social ad-

vantages not lawfully his, he does not blush and tingle with pleasure and pain when he is spoken to by a person with a title. He has little imagination; he does not covet imaginary distinctions, and he has no illusions about the advantages of birth. Birth is a fact to him; one man is born noble and is noble, another is born a commoner and is a commoner. I never knew a Roman given to the affectation of concocting a coat of arms, or attempting to prove that his grandfather's plough-coulter was the sword of a gentleman. There is small respect in Rome for new titles, whether conferred by Pope or King, and the expression "*Conti che non contano*" ("Counts who do not count"), has been a proverbial pun for ages. Of families ennobled within the century and who have taken and held a place with the Roman aristocracy there are few instances; perhaps only one, the case of the Torlonis, where enormous wealth and great personal talents have made an exception, deserves any mention. It is hard to account for this entire absence of shyness among Romans, except on the theory that they are indifferent, and generally possessed of a good deal of personal firmness and courage. They are good soldiers in war, and tolerably orderly in time of peace, which seems to carry out this idea. The Roman dislikes a broil or a fight of any kind, but he has an unfortunate capacity for losing his temper, and when he is angry he generally finds a weapon. There are few cold-blooded murders committed in Rome, but an extraordinary number of people come to grief in hot quarrels over wine, love affairs, and gambling. The Roman knife is a ready and dangerous instrument, never lacking when there is mischief to be done.

Such, on the whole, is the character of the Roman, of the great majority of individuals whom the stranger meets in the street; and with all his faults he is pleasant to deal with, and very civil to foreigners. True, his prices for *forstieri* are a trifle higher than for others, but he need not be blamed for that. Make the experiment of going to a great shop in Piccadilly or Regent Street in a gorgeous carriage, with footmen and powder—if you have such a conveyance at your disposal—and buy some simple

article. Note the price, and return the next day, quietly dressed, and on foot, and ask for the same thing. You will pay thirty per cent. less for it. How, then, can you blame the Roman for charging according to accent as well as according to liveries? He does a small business, and is not rich; he would be poorer still if he could not pick up a little from the rich foreigners who visit him in the winter. And should not the foreigner be willing to pay something for the climate? Surely.

Since Rome has become the central point of Italian life, however manifestly unfitted, both by position and circumstances, the Roman of Rome, *il Romano di Roma*, is destined to become extinct before the march of civilization. Indifferent to the very core of his nature, he refuses to help himself, and looks on, grumbling, but doing nothing, while brains of less capacity and more activity than his own think for him, reform for him, build for him, and dictate his taxes. He stands idly by while fingers less gifted but more apt at money-getting take hold of his commerce—such as it is—of his art treasures, and of his whole heritage. He cares little, for he will always have just enough to buy food and go to the theatre—*panem et circenses*—and if not, he will go to the theatre and starve, still feeling that, if he die of hunger, he has left to him at least the

name of Roman, and that is enough to atone for many ills. But civilization is a great destroyer of names, and when it cannot root out a name it transfers it. Fifty years hence the genuine Roman will be as extinct as the dado or the steinbock. “*Siamo roba da museo*,” one of them said the other day—we are only fit to be set up in a museum as curiosities. The Roman has survived kingdoms, republics, empires, powers spiritual and temporal, and something of the original character of the race of dominators can still be traced in their magnificent indifference to consequences. But one thing the Roman will not survive, and that is the civilization of modern Italy. He will be absorbed and lost under the weight of a new population. Neither Goths nor Longobards could destroy him, but their fair-haired descendants from Piedmont and Lombardy will civilize him out of existence, will take firm possession of his city, and will tell their children that they too are Romans. Truly, to the Rome of to-day, to the city that cheered Pius IX., that murdered Rossi, that proclaimed a republic, that submitted to the French, that voted for the *plébiscite*, and that is being exterminated as the price of her inconsistency, one may say, “*A qui la faute si tes souvenirs ne sont pas l'écho de tes espérances?*”—*Fortnightly Review*.

FOOTPRINTS.

ONE of the most striking incidents in the story of “Robinson Crusoe” was his finding a strange human footprint on the beach of his lonely island. This incident excited his imagination, and opened up to him a whole world of vague possibilities. He knew that he was no longer the only dweller in his island home; and he had an uncomfortable feeling that the magic circle of his solitude might at any moment be invaded. In a similar way the imagination of the scientific man is ever and anon startled by the discovery of one of those literal “footprints on the sands of time,” which have not unfrequently been left behind by the former life of the globe. There is a mystery about it which opens up a

vista into a new and larger world of suggestion. The naturalist is familiar with the tracks on sandstone and other slabs, such as those found in the quarries of Dumfriesshire, which form one of the most interesting features in every geological museum. The material on which these curious relics of the past have been impressed is remarkable for the paucity of its fossil remains; but while it has allowed the substantial forms of the creatures themselves to disappear, it has carefully preserved the more shadowy and incidental memorials of their life, the mere impressions produced by their feet on the soft primeval mud. As an American savage can tell not only that an elk or a bison has passed

by from the traces of his hoofs on the prairie, but also the hour when it passed by; as the Arab can determine from the camel's track in the desert whether it was heavily or lightly laden, whether it was fresh or fatigued, lame or sound,—so the geologist can inform us, from the footmarks on the thin layer of unctuous clay between the slabs of sandstone, not only that the animal which produced them belonged to an extinct tortoise family, but also that it was walking on the beach of the sea in a westerly direction when the tide was receding. No relic of the bodies of these ancient Scottish tortoises has been discovered. But in the case of the peculiar hand-like footprints on some slab-surfaces of the same formation in England and Saxony, which attracted attention some years afterwards, a few teeth and fragments of the bones of the animal that produced them were found soon after to verify the conclusion to which naturalists had previously come—that the colossal creature was intermediate between a frog and a crocodile. In America, in a formation earlier than any in which traces of birds have been discovered in Europe, slabs have been found with footprints impressed upon them of such a nature as to indicate the existence of a bird twice the size of an ostrich. These ephemeral impressions of obscure creatures that perished untold ages ago, have been preserved as distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, while every vestige of the course of ancient armies that ravaged the earth has disappeared.

But there is another class of footprints still more interesting and instructive, because they belong to the human world. These have been found in almost every part of the earth, cut in the solid rock, or impressed upon boulders and slabs of marble and other stones. These artificial tracks have given rise to much speculation, being considered by many persons to be real impressions of human feet, dating from a time when the material on which they were stamped was still in a state of softness. Superstition has invested them with a sacred veneration, and legends of a wild and mythical character have gathered around them. The slightest acquaintance with the results of geological research has sufficed to

dispel this delusion, and to show that these mysterious marks could not have been produced by human beings while the rocks were in a state of fusion; and consequently no intelligent observer now holds this theory of their origin. But superstition dies hard; and there are persons who, though confronted with the clearest evidences of science, still refuse to abandon their old obscurantist ideas. They prefer a supernatural theory that allows free scope to their fancy and religious instinct, to one that offers a more prosaic explanation. There is a charm in the mystery connected with these dim imaginings which they would not wish dispelled by the clear daylight of scientific knowledge. In our own country, footmarks on rocks and stones are by no means of unfrequent occurrence. Some of them, indeed, although associated with myths and fairy tales, have doubtless been produced by natural causes, being the mere chance effects of weathering, without any meaning except to a geologist. But there are others that have been unmistakably produced by artificial means, and have a human history and significance; and to a few of the best known and most important of these we now invite attention.

In Scotland Tanist stones—so called from the Gaelic word *tanaiste*, a chief, or the next heir to an estate—have been frequently found. These stones were used in connection with the coronation of a king or the inauguration of a chief. The custom dates from the remotest antiquity. We see traces of it in the Bible,—as when it is mentioned that “Abimelech was made king by the oak of the pillar that was in Shechem”; and “Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the stone of Zohelath, which is by En-rogel, and called all his brethren the king's sons, and all the men of Judah the king's servants”; and that when Joash was anointed king by Jehoiada, “the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was”; and again, King Josiah “stood by a pillar” to make a covenant, “and all the people stood to the covenant.” The stone connected with the ceremony was regarded as the most sacred attestation of the engagement entered into between the newly elected king or chief and his people. It was placed in some conspicuous position,

upon the top of a "moot-hill," or the open-air place of assembly. Upon it was usually carved an impression of a human foot; and into this impression, during the ceremony of inauguration, the king or chief placed his own right foot, in token that he was installed by right into the possessions of his predecessors, and that he would walk in their footsteps. It may be said literally, that in this way the king or chief came to an understanding with his people; and perhaps the common saying of "stepping into a dead man's shoes" may have originated from this primitive custom.

The most famous of the Tanist stones is the Coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey—the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny—on which the ancient kings of Scotland sat or stood when crowned, and which forms a singular link of connection between the primitive rites that entered into the election of a king by the people, and the gorgeous ceremonies by which the hereditary sovereigns of England are installed into their high office. There is no footmark, however, on this stone. A more characteristic specimen of a Tanist stone may be seen on the top of Dun Add, a rocky isolated hill, 200 feet high, in Argyleshire, not far from Ardrishaig. On a smooth flat piece of rock which protrudes above the surface there is carved the mark of a right foot, covered with the old *cuaran* or thick stocking, eleven inches long and four inches and a half broad at the widest part, the heel being an inch less. It is sunk about half an inch in the rock, and is very little weather-worn—the reason being, perhaps, that it has been protected for ages by the turf that has grown over it, and has only recently been exposed. Quite close to it is a smooth polished basin, eleven inches in diameter and eight deep, also scooped out of the rock. With these two curious sculptures is associated a local myth. Ossian, who lived for a time in the neighborhood, was one day hunting on the mountain above Loch Fyne. A stag which his dogs had brought to bay charged him, and he fled precipitately. Coming to the hill above Kilmichael, he strode in one step across the valley to the top of Rudal Hill, from whence he took a gigantic leap to the summit of Dun Add. But when he alighted he was somewhat

exhausted by his great effort, and fell on his knee, and stretched out his hands to prevent him from falling backwards. He thereupon left on the rocky top of Dun Add the enduring impression of his feet and knee which we see at the present day. This myth is of comparatively recent date, and is interesting as showing that all recollection of the original use of the footmark and basin had died away for many ages in the district. There can be no doubt that the footmark indicates the spot to have been at one time the scene of the inauguration of the kings or chiefs of the region; and the basin was in all probability one of those primitive mortars which were in use for grinding corn long before the invention of the quern. Dun Add is one of the oldest sites in Scotland. It has the hoary ruins of a nameless fort, and a well which is traditionally said to ebb and flow with the tide. It was here that the Dalriadic Scots first settled; and Captain Thomas, who has written the interesting article on the subject in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland," supposes that the remarkable relic on Dun Add was made for the inauguration of Fergus More Mac Erca, the first king of Dalriada, who died in Scotland at the beginning of the sixth century, and to have been the exact measure of his foot.

King in his "Munimenta Antiqua" mentions that in the island of Islay there was on a mound or hill where the high court of judicature sat, a large stone fixed, about seven feet square, in which there was a cavity or deep impression made to receive the feet of Macdonald, who was crowned King of the Isles standing on this stone, and swore that he would continue his vassals in the possession of their lands, and do impartial justice to all his subjects. His father's sword was then put into his hand, and the Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the Isles and mainland, and at the same time an orator rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors. In the year 1831, when a mound locally known as the "Fairy Knowe," in the parish of Carmylie, Forfarshire, was levelled in the course of some agricultural improvements in the place, there was found, besides stone

cists and a bronze ring, a rude boulder almost two tons in weight, on the under side of which was sculptured the mark of a human foot. The mound or tumulus was in all likelihood a moot-hill, where justice was dispensed, and the chieftains of the district were elected. In the same county, in the wild recesses of Glenesk, near Lord Dalhousie's shooting-lodge of Milldam, there is a rough granite boulder, on the upper surface of which a small human foot is scooped out with considerable accuracy, showing traces even of the toes. It is known in the glen as the "Fairy's Footmark." There can be no doubt that this stone was once used in connection with the ceremonial of inaugurating a chief. A similar stone, carved with a representation of two feet, on which the primitive chiefs stood when publicly invested with the insignia of office, is still, or was lately, in existence in Ladykirk, at Burwick, South Ronaldshay, Orkney. A local tradition, that originated long after the Pittish chiefs passed away, and a new Morse race, ignorant of the customs of their predecessors, came in, says that the stone in question was used by St. Magnus as a boat to ferry him over the Pentland Firth; while an earlier tradition looked upon it as a miraculous whale which opportunely appeared at the prayer of the saint when about to be overwhelmed by a storm, and carried him on its back safely to the shore, where it was converted into a stone, as a perpetual memorial of the marvellous occurrence. In North Yell, Shetland, there is a rude stone lying on the hillside, on which is sculptured with considerable skill the mark of a human foot. It is known in the district as the "Giant's Step"; another of the same kind, it is said, being over in Unst. It is undoubtedly the stone on which, in Celtic times, the native kings of this part were crowned. On the top of a hill near St. Fillans, in the county of Perth, there are cavities in a rock, said to have been worn by the knees of St. Fillan, who often retired to this solitude to pray, which may have the same origin. And probably the "Witch's Stone," forming part of a so-called Druidic circle within the pleasure-grounds of Monzie Castle, near Crieff, may have been used for a similar pur-

pose. It stands apart from and is larger than the others, and has on its surface several cup-shaped hollows, among which two larger markings present a resemblance to the rude outlines of the human foot. These markings are regarded in the neighborhood as the impressions of the witch's feet. About a mile from Keill, near Campbelltown, a very old site, closely connected with the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland, may be seen on a rock what is locally called the "Footprints of St. Columba," which he made when he landed on this shore on one occasion from Iona. It is very rude, and much effaced; but it carries the imagination much further back than the days of St. Columba,—when a pagan chief or king was inaugurated here to rule over the district.

In England and Wales there are several interesting examples of footprints on boulders and rocks. A remarkable Tanist stone—which, however, has no carving upon it, I believe—stands among a number of other and smaller boulders, on the top of a hill near the village of Long Compton, in Cumberland. It is called "The King"; and the popular rhyme of the country people—

"If Long Compton thou canst see,
Then king of England thou shalt be"—

points to the fact that the stone must have been once used as a coronation-stone. Not far from the top of a hill near Barmouth in Wales, in the middle of a rough path, may be seen a flat stone, in which there is a footmark about the natural size, locally known as "Llan Maria," or Mary's step, because the Virgin Mary once, it is supposed, put her foot on this rock, and then walked down the hill to a lower height covered with roots of oak-trees. This impression on the stone is associated with several stone circles and cromlechs—one of which bears upon the reputed marks of Arthur's fingers, and is called Arthur's Quoit—and with a spring of water, and a grove, as the path leading to the hill is still known by a Welsh name which means Grove Lane; and these associations undoubtedly indicate that the spot was once a moot-hill or prehistoric sanctuary, where religious and inauguration rites were performed. At Smithill's Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, there is still to be seen—an ob-

ject of interest and curiosity to a large number of visitors—the print of a man's foot in the flagstone. It is said to have been produced by George Marsh, who suffered martyrdom during the persecutions of Queen Mary in 1555. When on one occasion the truth of his words was called into question by his enemies, he stamped his foot upon the stone on which he stood, which ever after bore the ineffaceable impression as a miraculous testimony to his veracity. This story must have been an after-thought, to account for what we may suppose to have been a prehistoric Tanist stone. In connection with this modern legend, another of a somewhat different character may be related. A good many years ago, at the back of the British Museum, there was a piece of waste ground called Southampton Fields, noted as a resort for low characters. There was a tradition connected with it, that two brothers in the Monmouth rebellion took opposite sides, and engaged each other in fight. Both were killed, and forty impressions of their feet were traceable in the field for years afterwards. The field has been long built over, and the precise locality cannot now be pointed out. But Southey went to see the curious sight, and has given a graphic description of it in the second series of his "Commonplace Book." The impressions were about three inches deep in the hard soil; no grass ever grew in the terrible hollows, and no cultivation of the soil could obliterate them, for when the ground was ploughed they persisted in reappearing. Southey mentions that he saw no reason to doubt the truth of the story, since it had been confirmed by these tokens for more than a hundred years successively. It is probably a fact with a circumstance,—the circumstance, to say the least, extremely doubtful. Upon the legend, which was known far and wide, Jane and Anna Maria Porter based one of their popular romances, called "The Field of the Forty Footsteps"; and the Messrs. Mayhew took the same subject for a melodrama.

In Ireland footmarks are very numerous, and are attributed by the peasantry to different saints. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their account of Ireland, refer to several curious examples which are re-

garded by the people with superstitious reverence, and are the occasions of religious pilgrimage. Near the chapel of Glenfinlough, in King's County, there is a ridge with a boulder on it called the Fairy's Stone or the Horseman's Stone, which presents on its flat surface, besides cup-like hollows, crosses, and other markings, rudely carved representations of the human foot. On a stone near Parsonstown, called Fin's Seat, there are similar impressions—also associated with crosses—cup-shaped hollows, which are traditionally said to be the marks of Fin MacCoul's thumb and fingers. On an exposed and smooth surface of rock on the northern slope of the Clare Hills, in the townland of Dromandoora, there is the engraved impression of a foot clothed with a sandal; and near it is sculptured on the rock a figure resembling the caduceus of Mercury, while there are two cromlechs in the immediate vicinity. The inauguration stone of the Macmahons still exists on the hill of Lech—formerly called Mullach Leacht, or "hill of the stone"—three miles south of Meaghan; but the impression of the foot was unfortunately effaced by the owner of the farm about the year 1809. In the garden of Belmont on the Greencastle road, about a mile from Londonderry, there is the famous stone of St. Columba, held in great veneration as the inauguration-stone of the ancient kings of Aileach, and which St. Patrick is said to have consecrated with his blessing. On this remarkable stone, which is about seven feet square, composed of hard gneiss, and quite undressed by the chisel, are sculptured two feet, right and left, about ten inches long each. Boullaye le Gouze mentions that in 1644 the print of St. Fin Bar's foot might be seen on a stone in the cemetery of the Cathedral of Cork; it has long since disappeared. In the beautiful demesne of Lord Kenmare at Killarney is a famous stone, with two hollows on its upper surface, called Clough-na-cuddy. It is associated with a legend which, like the stories of wonderful sleepers, is common to most countries. It is told at some length by Mr. Croker. A monk called Father Cuddy, belonging to the monastery of Innisfallen, in the Lake of Killarney, went one day to fetch a tun of wine from

the neighboring abbey of Irelagh, now Mucross. He remained in that place till evening, partaking of the hospitality of his clerical friends. On his way home a vision of a beautiful white-robed maiden appeared to him, holding a bottle in her hand, and archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. He followed the alluring apparition till his feet grew weary and his breath failed; and then falling down instinctively upon his knees in the attitude of devotion, he fell sound asleep, and did not awake till the morning was far advanced. When he opened his eyes he found, to his intense astonishment, everything around him changed. Old woods which he remembered were cut down, and heights that were formerly bare were covered with aged timber. Waste places were cultivated, and once hospitable houses had become lonely ruins. The season itself was changed. It was summer when he fell asleep; but now the ground was white with the hoarfrost of midwinter, and the trees were leafless. Trying to rise, he found both his knees buried six inches in the solid stone. Betaking himself to his home, he found a stranger at the gate of the monastery, who harshly repelled him; and all the familiar things of former years were changed, and his old friends long dead. The monastery lands and possessions were confiscated and in the hands of laymen, and a new faith had arisen in the land. A hundred years had passed away since the hapless monk had fallen asleep. His place and occupation gone, he left the country and settled in Spain, where he gently wore out the remainder of his days.

In the same region is the promontory of Coleman's Eye—so called after a legendary person who leaped across the stream, and left his footprints impressed in the solid rock on the other side. These impressions are considered Druidic, and are pointed out as such to the curious stranger by the Killarney guides. Near Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, Keim-an-eigh. It is so called from a singular rock which interferes with the road to Bantry, and which the people will not remove on account of the two excavations of a remarkable character on its surface. The legend connected with them says that a

priest on one occasion was riding by the old road over the mountains, when he was seen and pursued by his enemies. Just as they laid their hands upon him, he prayed to St. Fiachna, and the ass he rode gave a leap, and sprang seven miles over the mountain to the other side, and left the marks of its knees on the solid rock to this day. Not far off are the ruins of an old church, outside the burial-ground of which is a natural rock of a tabular form, with five basin-like hollows on its surface, about a foot in diameter and four or five inches in depth. They are filled with water usually; and in each is a long oval stone, fitting the hollow space exactly. The peasants of the neighborhood say that it is a petrified dairy, the basins being the keelers, and the oval stones the rolls of butter. And they account for it by the following curious legend. In ancient times a woman lived on the spot who surreptitiously milked the cows of her neighbors at night, and transferred the stolen produce to her own dairy. Suspected at last, the neighbors complained of her to St. Fiachna, who ministered at the old church referred to. He mounted his horse, and set out to punish her; but the woman, suspecting his errand, fled. The saint, as he passed by, turned her dairy into stone, and then pursued her. In crossing the stream, his horse left the prints of its feet on a stone in the centre of it. Overtaking the guilty woman, his curse immediately changed her into a boulder, which may still be seen in the locality.

So common are the curious sculptures under consideration in Norway and Sweden, that they are known by the distinct name of *Fotsulor*, or Footsoles. They are marks of either naked feet, or of feet shod with primitive sandals. On a rock at Brygdæa in Westerbotten, in Norway, there are no less than thirty footmarks carved on a rock at an equal distance from each other. In other parts of Norway these footprints are mixed up with rude outlines of ships, wheels, and other *hällristningar*, or rock-sculptures. Holmberg has figured many of them in his interesting work entitled "*Scandiaviens Hällristningar*." At Lökeberg Bohnslau, Sweden, there is a group of ten pairs of footmarks, associated with cup-shaped hollows and ship-

carvings; and at Backa, in the same district, several pairs of feet, or rather shoe-marks, are engraved upon a rock. In Denmark not a few examples of artificial foot-tracks have been observed and described by Dr. Petersen. One was found on a slab belonging to the covering of a gallery in the inside of a tomb in the island of Seeland, and another on one of the blocks of stone surrounding a tumulus in the island of Laaland. In both cases the soles of the feet are represented as being covered; and in all probability they belong to the late stone or earlier bronze age. With these sepulchral marks are associated curious Danish legends, which refer them to real impressions of human feet. The islands of Denmark were supposed to have been made by enchanters, who wished for greater facilities for going to and fro, and dropped them in the sea as stations or stepping-stones on their way; and hence, in a region where the popular imagination poetizes the commonest of material objects, and is saturated with stories of elves and giants, with magic swords, and treasures guarded by dragons, it was not difficult to conclude that these mysterious foot-sculptures were made by the tread of supernatural beings. Near the station of Sens, in France, famous for its cathedral of St. Etienne, whose builder erected Canterbury Cathedral a few years later, there is a curious dolmen, on one of whose upright stones or props are carved two human feet. And farther north, in Brittany, upon a block of stone in the barrow or tumulus of Petit Mont at Arzon, may be seen carved an outline of the soles of two human feet, right and left, with the impressions of the toes very distinctly cut, like the marks left by a person walking on the soft sandy shore of the sea. They are surrounded by a number of waving circular and serpentine lines exceedingly curious.

In not a few places in our own country and on the continent, rough misshapen marks on rocks and stones, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the outline of the human foot, have been supposed by popular superstition to have been made by Satan. Every classical student is familiar with the account which Herodotus gives of the print of Hercules

shown by the Scythians in his day upon a rock near the river Tyras, the modern Dnieper. It was said to resemble the footstep of a man, only that it was two cubits long. He will also recall the description given by the same gossip writer of the Temple of Perseus in the Thebaic district of Egypt, in which a sandal worn by the god, two cubits in length, occasionally made its appearance as a token of the visit of Perseus to the earth, and a sign of prosperity to the land. Pythagoras measured similar footprints at Olympia, and calculated "ex pede Herculem"! Still more famous was the mark on the volcanic rock on the shore of Lake Regillus—the scene of the memorable battle in which the Romans, under the dictator Posthumus, defeated the powerful confederation of the Latin tribes under the Tarquins. According to tradition, the Roman forces were assisted by Castor and Pollux, who helped them to achieve their signal victory. The mark was supposed to have been left by the horse of one of the great twins who fought so well for Rome, as Macaulay says in his spirited ballad. On the way to the famous convent of Monte Casino, very near the door, there is a cross in the middle of the road. In front of it a grating covers the mark of a knee, which is said to have been left in the rock by St. Benedict, when he knelt there to ask a blessing from heaven before laying the foundation stone of his convent. As the site of the monastery was previously occupied by a temple of Apollo, and a grove sacred to Venus, where the inhabitants of the surrounding locality worshipped as late as the sixth century,—to which circumstance Dante alludes,—it is probable that the sacred mark on the rock may have belonged to the old pagan idolatry, and have been a cup-marked stone connected with sacrificial libations. On the Lucanian coast, near the little fishing-town of Atrapoli, not far from Pæstum, there is shown on the limestone rock the print of a foot, which is said by the inhabitants to have been made by the Apostle Paul, who lingered here on his way to Rome.

On many rocks of the United States of America may be seen human footprints, either isolated or connected with other designs belonging to the pictorial

system of the aborigines, and commemorating incidents which they thought worthy of being preserved. In the collection of the Smithsonian Museum are three large stone slabs having impressions of the human foot. On two slabs of sandstone, carefully cut from rocks on the banks of the Missouri, may be seen respectively two impressions of feet, carved apparently with moccasins, such as are worn at the present day by the Sioux and other western tribes of Indians. The other specimen is a flat boulder of white quartz, obtained in Gasconade county, Missouri, which bears on one of its sides the mark of a naked foot, each toe being distinctly scooped out and indicated. The foot-mark is surrounded by a number of cup-shaped depressions. In equatorial Africa similar footprints have also been found, and are associated with the folk-lore of the country. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," tells us that in the legendary history of Uganda, Kimera, the third in descent from Ham, was so large and heavy that he made marks in the rocks wherever he trod. The impression of one of his feet is shown at Uganda, on a rock near the capital, Ulagolla. It was made by one of his feet slipping while he was in the act of hurling his spear at an elephant. In the South Sea Islands department of the British Museum is an impression of a gigantic footstep five feet in length.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the curious relics of the past of this description are the sepulchral slabs with footprints carved upon them, which bear unmistakable evidence that they belonged originally to the Catacombs of Rome. In their case the prehistoric symbolism was continued into a comparatively late historical era, and grafted upon the sacred memorials of Christianity. The best known and most remarkable of these slabs is the fragment of white marble preserved on the floor of the quaint old church on the Appian Way at Rome, called "Domine quo Vadis," on account of the exquisitely beautiful legend, first found in St. Ambrose, connected with it. During the persecution of Nero, St. Peter was fleeing from the city, when our Lord met him on this spot, with His face turned Romewards. The apostle asked

Him, "Domine quo vadis?" (Lord, whither goest Thou?)—in reply to which our Lord said, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." Struck with remorse, St. Peter turned back immediately; and, according to the common tradition, was nailed to a cross, with his head downwards, on the Janicular Mount, on the spot now marked by the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio. In the place where our Saviour stood, the impressions of His feet were left ever afterwards on the pavement. The stone containing these footmarks in the church of Domine quo Vadis is a copy—the original being carefully preserved in one of the chapels of the church of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, a little farther out, celebrated for its numerous relics. It is evident that the legend was an afterthought, to account for the footprints; for the material on which they are impressed, being white marble, proves conclusively that the slab could never have formed part of the pavement of the Appian Way, which, it is well-known, was composed of unusually hard lava found in a quarry near the tomb of Cecilia Metella; and the distinct marks of the chisel which the impressions bear—for I examined the footprints very carefully some years ago—disprove their supernatural origin. The traditional relic in all probability belonged to the early subterranean cemetery, leading by a door out of the left aisle of the church of St. Sebastian, to which the name of catacomb was originally applied.

In the Kircherian Museum in Rome, in the room devoted to early Christian antiquities, there is a square slab of white marble with two pairs of footprints elegantly incised upon it, pointed in opposite directions, as if produced by a person going and returning, or by two persons crossing each other. There is no record from what catacomb this sepulchral slab was taken. We have descriptions of other relics of the same kind from the Roman Catacombs,—such as a marble slab bearing upon it the mark of the sole of a foot, with the words "In Deo" incised upon it at the one end, and at the other an inscription in Greek meaning "Januaria in God"; and a slab with a pair of footprints carved on it, covered with sandals, well executed, which was placed by a devoted

husband over the *loculus* or tomb of his wife. Impressions of feet shod with shoes or sandals are much rarer than those of bare feet; and a pair of feet is a more customary representation than a single foot, which, when carved, is usually in profile. In a dark, half-subterranean chapel, green with damp, belonging to the church of St. Christina in the town of Bolsena, on the great Volscian Mere of Macaulay, there is a stone let into the front of the altar, and protected by an iron grating, on which is rudely impressed a pair of misshapen feet very like those in the church of St. Sebastian at Rome. In the lower church at Assisi there is a duplicate of these footprints. The legend connected with them says that they were produced by the feet of a Christian lady named Christina, living in the neighborhood in pagan times, who was thrown into the adjoining lake by her persecutors, with a large flat stone attached to her body. Instead of sinking her, the stone formed a raft which floated her in a standing attitude safely to the opposite shore, where she landed—leaving the prints of her feet upon the stone as an incontestable proof of the reality of the miracle. The altar with which the slab is engrafted—with a stone *baldacchino* over it—I may mention, was the scene of the famous miracle of Bolsena, when a Bohemian priest, officiating here in 1263, was cured of his sceptical doubts regarding the reality of transubstantiation by the sudden appearance of drops of blood on the Host which he had just consecrated—an incident which formed the subject of Raphael's well-known picture in the Vatican, and in connection with which Pope Urban IV. instituted the festival of Corpus Christi. In the famous church of Radegonde at Poitiers, dedicated to the queen of Clothaire I.—who afterwards took the veil, and was distinguished for her piety—there is shown on a white marble slab a well-defined footmark, which is called "Le pas de Dieu," and is said to indicate the spot where the Saviour appeared to the tutelary saint of the place. The footprint of Mary is very common in churches in Italy and Spain, where it is highly venerated. The reader who cares to follow up the subject, may consult an interesting article on "Plantes de Pied"

in Martigny's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

In connection with these peculiar footprints, I may mention the existence of foot-shaped rings which have also been found in the Roman Catacombs. These rings, coarsely made of bronze, have their bezel in the form of a long flat plate wrought in the shape of the sole of the foot, or rather of the shoe, and inscribed with the name of the owner or with a Christian motto or device, such as "Hope," "In God," or the monogram of Christ. Such rings have been found in the interesting Catacomb of St. Agnese, outside the Porta Pia. In the burying place of the very ancient church of St. Sisto on the Appian Way, where St. Dominic first established his Order in Rome, have been found stamped, no less than five times, on the mortar of a tomb in which a gilt glass goblet was imbedded, the impression of the foot sole on one of these curious seals, with the word "Pauli" incised upon it. Such foot-shaped rings were used by pagans as well as by Christians; and examples of them are preserved in the Kircherian, Vatican, and Castellani Museums in Rome, and in our own British Museum.

The significance of these footmarks on rings and marble slabs has been the subject of much controversy. Some have regarded them as symbols of possession—the word "possession" being supposed to be etymologically derived from the Latin words *pedis positio*, and meaning literally the position of the foot. The adage of the ancient jurists was, "Quicquid pestus calcaverit tuum erit." The symbol of a foot was carved on the marble slab that closed the *loculus* or tomb, to indicate that it was the purchased property of the person who reposed in it; or the bezel of the ring was wrought into the shape of a shoe, to prove that whatever object was stamped or sealed with its impression, belonged to the owner of the ring. This view, however, has not been generally received with favor by the most competent authorities. A more plausible theory is that which regards the sepulchral footmarks in the Catacombs as votive offerings of gratitude, ordered by Christians to be made in commemoration of the completion of their earthly pilgrimage, and the standing of their feet within the gates of

the heavenly city. It was a common pagan custom for persons who had recovered from disease or injury, to hang up as thank-offerings in the shrines of the gods who were supposed to have healed them, images or representations, moulded in metal, clay, or wood, of the part that had been affected. In Italy, votive tablets were dedicated to Iris and Hygeia on which footmarks were engraved; and Hygeia received on one occasion tributes of this kind which recorded the gratitude of some Roman soldiers who escaped the amputation which was inflicted upon their comrades by Hannibal. This custom survived in the early Christian Church, and is still kept up, as any one who visits a modern shrine of pilgrimage in Roman Catholic countries can testify. Among such votive offerings, models and carved and painted representations of feet in stone, or wood, or metal, are frequently suspended before the image of the Madonna, in gratitude for recovery from some disease of the feet. We may suppose that as the ancient Romans, when they returned safely from some long and dangerous and difficult journey undertaken for business or health, dedicated in gratitude a representation of their feet to their favorite god—so the early Christians, who in their original condition were pagans, and still cherished many of their old customs, ordered these peculiar footmarks to be made upon their graves, in token of thankfulness that for them the pilgrimage of life was over, and the endless rest begun. There can be little doubt that the slab with the so-called footprints of St. Christina on it at Bolsena, already alluded to, was a pagan ex-votive offering; for the altar on which it was engrafted occupies the site of one anciently dedicated to Apollo, and the legend of St. Christina gradually crystallized around it. And the footprint in the church of Radegonde at Poitiers was more likely pagan than Christian, for Poitiers had a Roman origin, and numerous Roman remains have been found in the town and neighborhood. This is a much more beautiful and plausible explanation of these curious relics than any other.

In connection with this subject, I may mention that one of the most striking burial customs of the early ages was

to put shoes on the feet of the dead, even though the body might be left naked, that they might be ready for the judgment. Members of religious orders were usually thus buried; but laymen also had their feet shod in their coffins. It was a pagan as well as a Christian custom. The Sardinians uniformly practiced it. In the days of Gisli the Outlaw, it is said that when they were laying out Vestein in his grave, Thorgrim the priest went up to the mound and said, "It is the custom to bind the 'hell-shoes' on men, so that they may walk in them to Valhalla—and I will now do that by Vestein;" and when he had done this he said, "I know nothing about binding on hell shoes if these loosen."

A long and curious list might be made of the miraculous impressions said to have been left by our Saviour's feet on the places where He stood. High in the centre of the platform at Jerusalem on which the Temple of Solomon stood, covered by the dome of the Sakrah Mosque, a portion of the rough natural limestone rock rises several feet above the marble pavement, and is the principal object of veneration in the place. It has an excavated chamber in one corner, with an aperture through the rocky roof, which has given to the rock the name of "lapis pertusus" or perforated stone. On this rock there are natural or artificial marks which the successors of the Caliph Omar believed to be the prints of the angel Gabriel's fingers, and the mark of Mahomet's foot, and that of his camel, which performed the whole journey from Mecca to Jerusalem in four bounds only. The stone, it is said, originally fell from heaven, and was used as a seat by the venerable prophets of Jerusalem. So long as they enjoyed the gift of prophecy, the stone remained steady under them; but when the gift was withdrawn, and the persecuted seers were compelled to flee for safety to other lands, the stone rose to accompany them: whereupon the angel Gabriel interposed, and prevented the departure of the prophetic chair, leaving on it indelibly the marks of his fingers. It was then supernaturally nailed to its rocky bed by seven brass nails. When any great crisis in the world's fortunes happens, the head of one of these nails disap-

pears ; and when they are all gone, the day of judgment will come. There are now only three left, and therefore the Mohammedans believe that the end of all things is not far off. When the Crusaders took possession of the sacred city, they altered the Mohammedan legend, and attributed the mysterious footprint to our Lord when He went out of the Temple to escape the fury of the Jews. It is possible that the marks on the rock may be prehistoric, and may belong to the primitive worship of Mount Moriah, long before the august associations of Biblical history gathered around it. What renders this idea very plausible is the continued survival, almost to our own day, of what may well be regarded as prehistoric superstitions in the spot. For instance, in the corridor of the neighboring Mosque of Aksa, which also contains a print of Christ's feet on a stone, are two columns standing closely together, which had for ages been regarded as a test of character. It is said that whoever could squeeze himself between them was certain of Paradise. The pillars have been worn thin by the constant repetition of the feat. While on the rocks of the Sakrah, the Jews used to come in the fourth century and wail over it, and *anoint it with oil*, as if carrying out some dim tradition of former primitive libations. Such an idea opens up a most interesting line of suggestion.

In the Octagon Chapel of the Church of the Ascension on the top of the Mount of Olives, so well known for the magnificent view which it commands of Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, is shown the native rock which forms the summit of the hill from which our Lord ascended into heaven. On this rock, it is said by tradition, He left the mark of His footsteps. Arculf, who visited Palestine about the year 700 says—

"On the ground in the midst of the church are to be seen the last prints in the dust of our Lord's feet, and the roof appears above where He ascended ; and although the earth is daily carried away by believers, yet still it remains as before, and retains the same impression of the feet."

Jerome mentions that in his time the same custom was observed, followed by the same singular result. Later writers, however, asserted that the impressions were made, not in the ground, or in the

dust, but on the solid rock ; and that originally there were two, one of them having been stolen long ago by the Mohammedans, who broke off the fragment of stone on which it was stamped. Sir John Mandeville describes the appearance of the solitary surviving footmark as it looked in his day, 1322 : "From that mount our Lord Jesus Christ ascended to heaven on Ascension Day, and yet there appears the impress of His left foot in the stone." What is now seen in the place is a simple rude cavity in the natural rock, which bears but the slightest resemblance to the human foot. It may have been artificially sculptured, or it may be only one of those curious hollows into which limestone rocks are frequently weathered. In either case, it naturally lent itself to the sacred legend that has gathered around it.

In the Kaaba, the most ancient and remarkable building of the great mosque at Mecca, is preserved a miraculous stone, with the print of Abraham's feet impressed upon it. It is said, by Mohammedan tradition, to be the identical stone which served the patriarch as a scaffold when he helped Ishmael, to rebuild the Kaaba, which had been originally constructed by Seth, and was afterwards destroyed by the Deluge. While Abraham stood upon this stone, it rose and sank with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice. The relic is said to be a fragment of the same grey Mecca stone of which the whole building is constructed—in this respect differing from the famous black stone brought to Abraham and Ishmael by the angel Gabriel, and built into the northeast corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba, which is generally supposed to be either a meteorite or fragment of volcanic basalt. It is supposed to have been originally a jacinth of dazzling whiteness, but to have been made black as ink by the touch of sinful man, and that it can only recover its original purity and brilliancy at the day of judgment. The millions of kisses and touches impressed by the faithful have worn the surface considerably ; but in addition to this, traces of cup-shaped hollows have been observed on it. There can be no doubt that both the relics associated with Abraham are of high antiquity, and may possibly have belonged to the prehistoric wor-

ship which marked Mecca as a sacred site, long before the followers of the Prophet had set up their shrine there. On Jebel Mûsa, at a short distance from the convent of Mar Elias, a mark is shown in the rock, somewhat resembling the print of the forepart of the foot, which is said to be either that of the Prophet himself or of his camel, and is devoutly kissed by all Mohammedans. The monks of St. Catherine say, however, that this mark was made by their own brethren in former days, to secure the sanctity of the place, and preserve themselves from the attacks of the Bedouins.

On the top of Gerizim, one of the most ancient of the holy places in Palestine, and probably the site of a prehistoric sanctuary, is pointed out a curious flight of steps, variously called "the seven steps of Adam out of Paradise," or "the seven steps of Abraham's altar." And it is interesting to notice, in connection with these steps, the recent discovery of a cup-shaped hollow, about a foot in diameter and nine inches deep, on the same rock, exactly like numerous other artificial hollows found on flat rocks beside dolmens in Palestine, and in our own and other countries. The Samaritans say that this hollow marked the spot where the laver in the court of their tabernacle stood. It was intended, in all probability, to retain libations poured on the sacred rock, and was connected with the primitive worship of the locality, before the Samaritans came to the neighborhood. In the sacred Mosque of Hebron, built over the cave of Machpelah, is pointed out a footprint of the ordinary size on a slab of stone, variously called that of Adam or of Mohammed. It is said to have been brought from Mecca some six hundred years ago, and is enclosed in a recess at the back of the shrine of Abraham, where it is placed on a sort of shelf about three feet above the floor. On the margin of the tank, in the court of the ruined mosque at Baalbec, there are shown four giant footmarks, which are supposed to have been impressed by some patriarch or prophet, but are more likely to have been connected with the ancient religion of Caanan, which lingered here to the latest days of Roman paganism. In Damascus there was at one time a sacred building called the

Mosque of the Holy Foot, in which there was a stone having upon it the print of the feet of Moses. Ibn Batuta saw this curious relic early in the fourteenth century; but both the mosque and the stone have since disappeared. On the eastern side of the Jordan a Bedouin tribe, called the Adwân, worship the print left on a stone by the roadside by a prophetess while mounting her camel, in order to proceed on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Kadriyeh dervishes of Egypt adore a gigantic shoe, as an emblem of the sacred foot of the founder of their sect; and near Madura, a large leather shoe is offered in worship to a deity that, like Diana, presides over the chase.

It may be mentioned in this connection, that on the figures carved on all the Hittite monuments the shoes resemble the Canadian moccasins, with a long bandage wound around the foot and ankle, which is the best possible covering for the foot in a country where the cold in winter is intense and the snow lingers long on the ground. These sandals are exactly like those worn by the Kurdish tribes at the present day, and show that the Hittites of Palestine did not belong to a Semitic race, but were a migrating people, who came originally from a cold Northern region. To the student of comparative religion the Phrâbat, or sacred foot of Buddha, opens up a most interesting field of investigation. In the east, impressions of the feet of this wonderful person are as common as those of Christ and the Virgin Mary in the West. Buddhists are continually increasing the number by copies of the originals; and native painters of Siam who are ambitious of distinction, often present these sacred objects to the king, adorned with the highest skill of their art, as the most acceptable gift they can offer. The sacred footprint enters into the very essence of the Buddhist religion; it claims from the Indo-Chinese nations a degree of veneration scarcely yielding to that which they pay to Buddha himself. It is very ancient, and was framed to embody in one grand symbol a complete system of theology and theogony, which has been gradually forgotten or perverted by succeeding ages to the purposes of a ridiculous superstition. It is elaborately carved and painted with numerous sym-

bols, each of which has a profound significance. The liturgy of the Siamese connected with it consists of fifty measured lines of eight syllables each, and contains the names of a hundred and eight distinct symbolical objects,—such as the lion, the elephant, the sun and moon in their cars drawn by oxen, the horse, the serpents, the spiral building, the tree, the six spheres, the five lakes, and the altar—all of which are represented on the foot. This list of symbolical allusions is recited by the priests, and forms an essential part of the ritual of worship. The Siamese priests say that any mortal about to arrive at the threshold of Niván has his feet emblazoned spontaneously with all the symbols to be seen on the Phrabat. I have seen a slab from Thibet differing materially from this. Impressions of two feet were carved upon it—each foot-sole being ornamented in the centre with a representation of the sun surrounded by a halo and by three concentric rings, and having one fylfot cross on the large toe, two fylfot crosses on the heel, and immediately below the toes a fylfot cross with a looped tau cross on either side. The tau cross, *crux ansata*, St. Anthony's Cross, or the Swastica, is the commonest of all primitive symbols, being found almost everywhere. The Egyptian form of it has a loop or handle, exactly like our astronomical sign of Venus, and is called the "Key of the Nile," or the "Emblem of Life." This is identical with the pattern incised on the footprints of Buddha in the East; and taken in connection with the representation of the sun on the same footprints, it must be held to symbolise the origin of life, and is always borne in the hands of the gods, or impressed upon objects connected with them.

The Siamese acknowledge only five genuine Phrabats made by the actual feet of Buddha. They are called the Five Impressions of the Divine Foot. The first is on a rock on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, where, beside the mark of Buddha's foot, there is also one of a dog's foot, which is much venerated by the natives. The second Phrabat is on the Golden Mountain, the hill with the holy footstep of Buddha, in Siam, which Buddha visited on one occasion. The impression is that

of the right foot, and is covered with a *maradop*, a pyramidal canopy supported by gilded pilasters. The hollow of the footstep is generally filled with water, which the devotee sprinkles over his body to wash away the stain of his sin. The third Phrabat is on a hill on the banks of the Jumna, in the midst of an extensive and deep forest, which spreads over broken ranges of hills. The Phrabat is on a raised terrace, like that on which most of the Buddhist temples are built. The pyramidal structure which shelters it is of hewn stone ninety feet high, and is like the *baldacchino* of a Roman Catholic church. There are four impressions on different terraces, each rising above the other, corresponding to the four descents of the deity. The fourth Phrabat is also on the banks of the Jumna. But the fifth and most celebrated of all is the print of the sacred foot on the top of the Amala Sri Pada, or Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. On the highest point of this hill there is a pagoda-like building, supported on slender pillars, and open on every side to the winds. Underneath this canopy, in the centre of a huge mass of gneiss and hornblende, forming the living rock, there is the rude outline of a gigantic foot about five feet long, and of proportionate breadth.

Sir Emerson Tennent, who has given a full and interesting account of this last Phrabat in his work on Ceylon, to which I am indebted for the following information, supposes that it was originally a natural hollow in the rock, afterwards artificially enlarged and shaped into its present appearance; but whatever may have been its origin at first, its present shape is undoubtedly of great, perhaps prehistoric, antiquity. In the sacred books of the Buddhists it is referred to, upwards of 300 years before Christ, as the impression left of Buddha's foot when he visited the earth after the Deluge, with gifts and blessings for his worshippers; and in the first century of the Christian era it is recorded that a king of Cashmere went on a pilgrimage to Ceylon for the express purpose of adoring this *Sri-pada*, or Sacred Footprint. The Gnostics of the first Christian centuries attributed it to Ieu, the first man; and in one of the oldest manuscripts in existence, now in the British Museum—the

Coptic version of the "Faithful Wisdom," said to have been written by the great Gnostic philosopher Valentinus in the fourth century—there is mention made of this venerable relic, the Saviour being said to inform the Virgin Mary that He has appointed the spirit Kalapataroth as guardian over it. From the Gnostics the Mohammedans received the tradition; for they believed that when Adam was expelled from Paradise he lived many years on this mountain alone, before he was reunited to Eve on Mount Arafath, which overhangs Mecca. The early Portuguese settlers in the island attributed the sacred footprint to St. Thomas, who is said by tradition to have preached the Gospel, after the Ascension of Christ, in Persia and India, and to have suffered martyrdom at Malabar, where he founded the Christian Church which still goes by the name of the Christians of St. Thomas; and they believed that all the trees on the mountain, and for half a league round about its base, bent their crowns in the direction of this sacred object—a mark of respect which they affirmed could only be offered to the footstep of an apostle. The Brahmins have appropriated the sacred mark as the footprint of their goddess Siva. At the present day the Buddhists are the guardians of the shrine; but the worshippers of other creeds are not prevented from paying their homage at it, and they meet in peace and good-will around the object of their common adoration. By this circumstance the Christian visitor is reminded of the sacred footprint, already alluded to, on the rock of the Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives, which is part of a mosque, and has five altars for the Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Churches, all of whom climb the hill on Ascension Day to celebrate the festival; the Mohammedans, too, coming in and offering their prayers at the same shrine. The worship paid on the mountain of the sacred foot in Ceylon consists of offerings of the crimson flowers of the rhododendron, which grow freely among the crags around, accompanied by various genuflexions and shoutings, and concluding with the striking of an ancient bell, and a draught from the sacred well which springs up a little below the summit. These ceremonies point to a very

primitive mode of worship; and it is probable that, as Adam's Peak was venerated from a remote antiquity by the aborigines of Ceylon, being connected by them with the worship of the sun, the sacred footprint may belong to this prehistoric cult. Models of the footprint are shown in various temples in Ceylon.

Besides these five great Phrabats, there are others of inferior celebrity in the East. In the P'hra Pathom of the Siamese, Buddha is said to have left impressions of his feet at Lauca and Chakravan. At Ava there is a Phrabat near Prome which is supposed to be a type of the creation. Another is seen in the same country on a large rock lying amidst the hills a day's journey west of Meinbu. Dr. Leydan says that it is in the country of the Lan that all the celebrated founders of the religion of Buddha are reported to have left their most remarkable vestiges. The traces of the sacred foot are sparingly scattered over Pegu, Ava, and Arracan. But among the Lan they are concentrated; and thither devotees repair to worship at the sacred steps of Pra Kukuson, Pra Konnakan, Pra Puttakatsop, and Pra Samutacadam.

The footsteps of Vishnu are also frequent in India. Sir William Jones tells us that in the Puranas mention is made of a white mountain on which King Sravana sat meditating on the divine foot of Vishnu at the station Trevirana. When the Hindoos entered into possession of Gayá—one of the four most sacred places of Buddhism—they found the popular feeling in favor of the sacred footprint there so strong, that they were obliged to incorporate the relic into their own religious system, and to attribute it to Vishnu. Thousands of Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of India now visit the shrine every year. Indeed to the worshippers of Vishnu the Temple of Vishnupad at Gayá is one of the most holy in all India; and, as we are informed in the great work of Dr. Mitra, the later religious books earnestly enjoin that no one should fail, at least once in his lifetime, to visit the spot. They commend the wish for numerous offspring on the ground that, out of the many, one son might visit Gayá, and by performing the rites prescribed in con-

nection with the holy footstep, rescue his father from eternal destruction. The stone is a large hemispherical block of granite, with an uneven top, bearing the carvings of two human feet. The frequent washings which it daily undergoes have worn out the peculiar sectorial marks which the feet contain, and even the outlines of the feet themselves are but dimly perceptible. English architects are now engaged in preserving the ruins of the splendid temple associated with this footprint, where the ministry of India's great teacher—the "Light of Asia"—began. In the Indian Museum at Calcutta there is a large slab of white marble bearing the figure of a human foot surrounded by two dragons. It was brought from a temple in Burmah, where it used to be worshipped as a representation of Buddha's foot. It is seven inches long and three inches broad, and is divided into a hundred and eight compartments, each of which contains a different mystical mark.

At Gangautri, on the banks of the Ganges, is a wooden temple containing a footprint of Ganga on a black stone. In a strange subterranean temple, inside the great fort at Allahabad, there are two footprints of Vishnu, along with footprints of Rama, and of his wife Sita. In India the "kaddam rassul," or supposed impression of Mohammed's foot in clay, which is kept moist, and enclosed in a sort of cage, is not unfrequently placed at the head of the gravestones of the followers of Islam. On the summit of a mountain 136 miles south of Bhagalpur is one of the principal places of Jain worship in India. On the tableland are twenty small Jain temples on different craggy heights, which resemble an extinguisher in shape. In each of them is to be found the Vasu Padukas—a sacred foot similar to that which is seen in the Jain temple at Champanagar. The sect of the Jain in South Bihar has two places of pilgrimage. One is a tank choked with weeds and lotus-flowers, which has a small island in the centre containing a temple, with two stones in the interior, on one of which is an inscription and the impression of the two feet of Gautama—the most common object of worship of the Jains in this district. The other is the place in the same part of the country where the body of Mahavira,

one of the twenty-four lawgivers, was burnt about six centuries before Christ. It resembles the other temple, and is situated in an island in a tank. The island is terraced round, and in the cavity of the beehive-like top there is the representation of Mahavira's feet, to which crowds of pilgrims are continually flocking. In the centre of the Jain temple at Puri, where this most remarkable man died, there are also three representations of his feet, and one impression of the feet of each of his eleven disciples.

We have thus seen that footprints carved on rocks and stones are found in almost every part of the world. Many of them belong to a class of prehistoric sculptures equally ubiquitous, which have only recently been brought before the notice of the antiquarian world, and which as yet are involved in almost impenetrable mystery. The connection of prehistoric footprints with sacred sites and places of sepulture would indicate that they had a religious significance,—an idea still further strengthened by the fact of their being frequently associated with holy wells and groves, and with cup-shaped marks on cromlechs or sacrificial altars, which are supposed to have been used for the purpose of receiving libations; while their universal distribution points to a hoary antiquity, when a primitive natural cultus spread over the whole earth, traces of which are found in every land, behind the more elaborate and systematic faith, which afterwards took its place. They are probably among the oldest stone carvings that have been left to us, and were executed by rude races with rude implements either in the later stone or early bronze age. Their subsequent dedication to holy persons in Christian times was in all likelihood only a survival of their original sacred use long ages after the memory of the particular rites and ceremonies connected with them passed away. A considerable proportion of the sacred marks are said to be impressions of the female foot, attributed to the Virgin Mary; and in this circumstance we may perhaps trace a connection with the worship of the receptive element in nature, which was also a distinctive feature of primitive religion. The hand was the male symbol, and was impressed upon

various objects,—on the lintel or above the arch of the door, on the standard of the army, and even on the Christian cross, as a relic of one of the oldest of pagan symbols. The “sacred proof” of the sanctity of Nának, the founder of the Sikh sect in India, is the deeply indented mark of an outspread hand on a huge rock.

It is strange how traces of this primitive worship of footprints survive, not merely in the mythical stories and superstitious practices connected with the objects themselves, but also in curious rites and customs that at first sight might seem to have had no connection with them. The throwing of the shoe after a newly-married couple is said to refer to the primitive mode of marriage by capture; but there is equal plausibility in referring it to the prehistoric worship of the footprint as the symbol of the powers of nature. To the same original source we may perhaps attribute the custom connected with the Levirate law in the Bible, when the woman took off the shoe of the kinsman who refused to marry her, whose name should be

afterwards called in Israel “the house of him that hath his shoe loosed.” In regard to the general subject, it may be said that we can discern in the primitive adoration of footprints a somewhat advanced stage in the religious thoughts of man. He has got beyond total ignorance and unconsciousness concerning God, and beyond totemism or the mere worship of natural objects—trees, streams, stones, animals, &c. He has reached the conception of a deity who is of a different nature from the objects around him, and whose place of abode is elsewhere. He worships the impression of the foot for the sake of the being who left it; and the impression helps him to realise the presence and to form a picture of his deity. That deity is not a part of nature, because he can make nature plastic to his tread, and leave his footmark on the hard rock as if it were soft mud. He thinks of him as the author and controller of nature, and for the first time rises to the conception of a supernatural being—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LONDON.

I. THE ROW AND WESTMINSTER.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BY SCOTIGENA OXONIENSIS.

“WRITE my thoughts about London” !—Good Heavens ! I really don't know yet Where I stand with my legs, or whither I look with my eyes, Tom :
Such a forest of houses, and such an ocean of people,
Street after street without end, and road into road debouching ;
Such a wheel and a whirl, a mighty maelstrom of mortals,
Surging now here and now there with foamy billows tremendous ;
Such a rattle and roar, and thundering roll portentous,
Over the roofs of the houses, and under their dark foundations.
Whoso has got a cool head may number the busses and cabs here,
Thread his way through the crossings, and wander, not lost, in the lanes here ;
I can only stand and rub my eyes and wonder,
When I have room to stand, and a cab is not driving behind me !

“Have I *been* in the Row ?” Of course : it is really a splendid
Sight, this reel of the gods, this merry-go-round of fashion ;
Fashion and rank and title, and full-blown pomp of existence,
Rolling along in waves upon waves of exuberant joyaunce ;
Rattle of cars, and clatter of steeds well-trained to the harness,
Like to the tramp of the gods when they drive their steeds o'er the glowing

Floors of Olympus ; most like to the radiant march of Apollo,
 Lashing his milk-white steeds through the rosy gates of the morning ;
 Like to fulminant Jove, when he shakes the reins of his lightning
 Over the dark blue clouds, that nurse the stores of his thunder ;
 Like to the starry career of the golden Aphrodite,
 Drawn in a car of the swans that borrow the rose from her blushes ;
 Like as mortals may be to Immortals,—for we are but shadows,
 Dim and dwindled and small, of the primal types in Olympus :
 Small, but great in our sphere, and careering with various splendor
 Here, as gods, in the Park. Lo ! there in four-handed glory
 Rides the pride of the Row, the dexterous master of Coaching,
 Burly and big as a Briton may be who rejoices in horses
 Here, or at Epsom, in blossomy June on the day of the Derby,
 When the pulse of wide London beats quick with keen expectation ;
 When from dingy lane and broad-wayed far-viewed mansions,
 Stream the people in floods, and even grave statesmen and M.P.'s
 Wisely slacken debate ; and, touched with the common contagion,
 Strain their eyes with delight on the wind-footed horses at Epsom.
 Here a vision more fair !—that well-zoned mettlesome maiden
 Loftily throned on the back of a charger proud of his burden ;
 She with venturous light in her eye, and with breezy beauty
 Flushing her cheek, sweeps airily borne like a bird on its pinions,
 Sure and fearless ; a maiden well braced in nerve and in muscle,
 Far from sensual ease, to be mother of lustiest Britons,
 Cousined to Romans in strength and in breadth of masterful Empire.
 Who comes next in the carriage with twain-tailed glory of flunkys,
 Splendid in powder and plush—that bright little man in the corner ;
 Bright, and beaming, and bland, and a face as round as an apple ;
 Round and red as an apple, and mellow as apples in autumn ?
 Surely a duke or an earl, he looks so serene and secure there,
 With a whole county to hang on his finger as light as a ring there.
 Neither a duke nor an earl, but a brave industrious worker,
 Glory of England ! through labor and sweat who mounted to honor ;
 Honor and wealth and repute, and a nod from the Prince in the Park here.
 Many such heroes there be, the pride of the practical Briton,
 Scooping the mountains, and bridging the flood, and ploughing the ocean ;
 Wedding the east to the west with electric greetings, and changing
 Dross to copper, and copper to gold, by magic of labor
 Wonder-working. All praise to the men who by clear persistent
 Purpose of work, and strokes of well-divined speculation,
 Carefully gathered the gold which with generous bounty they squander.
 Here comes another suchlike, an Australian merchant ; I knew him
 Well when a youth at St. Andrews—a Scot from the nail to the backbone,—
 Plodding his hard-headed way through quadratic equations and fluxions,
 Grammars Latin and Greek, indicative mood and subjunctive,
 Feeding on these with delight ; but soon he flung off the scholar,
 Feeling the strain of adventure too strong for the bounds of the College.
 Off for Sydney he sailed, and toiled at the desk and the ledger
 Year after year, and wisely descried the needs of the market,
 Wisely marked out the ground that was fated for building, and wisely
 Bought, and waited, and sold when the tide was high for the seller ;
 Then with brain and with brawn, and with pockets bulging with bullion,
 Back to Scotland he came, and planted his money where money
 Grows without labor or care, as a little Virginia creeper
 Visibly creeps up the porch of a new brick house in Brompton.
 Now he rides in the Park ; and " Rise, Sir Edward," the Queen said
 Once, when he gave twenty thousand to build a college for ladies.
 Happy Sir Edward the Scot ! Four peoples are mighty in money,

Jews, and Greeks, and Scots, and John Bull paunchy and proud here.
 But here comes another, a big one who maketh his boast of the dollar,
 Bred in the land far West where dollars and demos are mighty ;
 He, by the power of the dollar, from county to county advancing,
 Bought the Bens of the Scots, a Transatlantic Nimrod,
 Mighty to hunt down the deer before the Lord or the Devil.
 Little recked he for the men, the stout-thewed breed of the mountains,
 Kilted heroes who fight the battles of England in far lands ;
 These, close-huddled, he drove from the crofts, the homes of their fathers,
 Down to the shelvy shore to feed upon whelks and mussels,
 Till they shall dwindle and die, and free the deer from disturbance.

Let the American pass ! here comes a Briton, a true man,
 Albert, Prince of Wales, a prince right princely and portly,
 Big and bland and broad as Henry VIII. on his legs stood.
 God bless the Prince of Wales, good shoot of good stock, and preserve him
 Safe from dynamite plots and Radical sons of negation,—
 Men who are never content, and who live on dispraise of their fellows,
 Ill at ease in their skin, and kicking against the pricks here,
 Pulling the old house down, with promise to build a new one
 High in the clouds somewhere, where mortar and brick are not needed.
 But I must close my roll : the time would fail me to tell here
 Half the pride of the Park, the Duke and the Earl and the Marquis,
 Barons and Baronets hung with medals and ribbons of honor,
 Trooping car upon car to feed the gaze of the commons.
 Wonderful creatures those proud high-perched humanities, sometimes
 Only with boastful blood in their veins that creeps from ancestral
 Fountain of honor, impure and feeble with flabby indulgence,
 Barren of noble exploits ; sometimes with fresh burst of goodness
 Native, direct from God, that leaps with electric virtue
 Into contagious life, as a well upsprings when a borer
 Pricks a vein in the earth. Lo, there a magnificent Duke comes,
 Known far north where the Scoto-Celt abuts on the Norseman,
 Monarch from sea to sea, with a score of Bens in his pocket ;
 Not he lives like an ox, to feed on inherited fatness,
 Lazy and languid, but puts forth his arm in quest of adventure,
 Chaining the steam for his need, and blasting the rocks, and wrenching
 Up from their roots in the moss the stumps of the forest primeval,
 Older than Sidon and Tyre, and tombs of Memphian builders.
 And here comes another far-famed, a god in the land of the West Gael,
 Where the long-drawn loch with silvery serpentine splendor
 Licks the feet of the Bens. Not he with mechanic expertness
 Tames the fire to his use, or holds the rein of the steam-horse,
 But in the chamber of council, with grace of traditional wisdom,
 Thoughtful he sits and moulds the measures that fashion the people
 Into the fates of the future. Nor only a statesman he wisely
 Steers the ship of the state, but from the cathedra of science
 Teaches, with Ramsay and Geikie, to spell the story of ages
 Written with fire and with flood in the high-piled rocks of the Highlands ;
 Grave likewise as a preacher, and owning with reverent wisdom
 God in this temple of things, where to live and to look is to worship,
 Far from the crude conceit of the sophist, the priest of negation,
 Prating of chance in a world that teems with miraculous reason,
 Closely cased in the shell of soulless cold speculation,
 Seeing with sightless eyes, and, in mid-day splendor of beauty,
 Blind to the love of God that shines in the face of creation.

"Westminster?"—Yes, I have seen it, not once or twice, but three times.
 Thrice—and three times three, had only my tether allowed it.

August memorial-hall of the noble achievements of Britons,
Whence the dead look down with a shadow of power on the living,
Stirring the fountains of awe, and worship, and proud emulation
Deep in the reverent soul. Look round whoso for Old England
Cherishes love and loyal regard and sacred devotion !
Here look round, and bow his head before the majestic
Pomp of significant names that letter the wall with glory—
Statesman, and soldier, and priest, physician, and scholar, and poet—
Names that signal the march of Britannia, Queen of the Ocean,
Over the fields of fame, where trod the Greek and the Roman.
Lo ! where stands like a Titan the might of Chatham, the terror
Once of France, and the bulwark of young American freedom—
Proud, independent, and manful, with lofty self-sustainment ;
Dauntless, and laden with fire of scathful hot indignation
'Gainst who doubted the strength or soiled the honor of England.
Who may number their roll ?—the pilots that steered the State ship
Safe through eddying tides and buffets of windy commotion
Fitful, and fierce—when feverish France shook Europe with fearful
Tremor of thrones, and froze the blood of the people with horrors
Heaped on horrors. Invincible Pitt, with the soul of a man in
Breast of a boy ; sage-counselled Burke, of unquenchable fervor,
Storming the ears of the Senate with strong-winged tempest of splendor ;
Grattan, Hibernia's pride, who pled the cause of his people,
Rapid and keen and trenchant, with flashes of sudden conviction,
Mighty with sword of the spirit to strike from the limbs of the prisoner
Bonds of heavy oppression. Next came the pride of Old England,
Palmerston, sturdy and strong, who mid the fevered discussion
Stood untroubled and cool, as one well used to the clamor ;
Wise with playful reply to smooth the front of the grumbler.
Not for Liberal he, or Radical party, or Tory
Cared, with wide survey of thought that held the balance of Europe,
But for the honor of Britain, that she might stand in the van still,
Umpire of Empires, and ready to strike where the heel of the tyrant
Tramped on the homes of the free. Then comes another less mighty,
Not less useful than he to serve the need of the moment,—
Peel, not missioned to raise the banner of Change, when the people
Cries for needful reverse of inherited usage, but prudent,
Wary, and wise to yield with timely grace when he must yield.
Near him a lawyer, a Scot, the boast of Perthshire, a Murray,
Mansfield, the pride of the Bench,—not blazing with flashes of splendor
He, nor shaking the senate with peals of passionate thunder
Shot from electric fount, but calm, serene, and unruffled,
Swaying the reins of right that hold the stars in their courses,
Keep old Chaos at bay, and smooth the reasonless tumult,
Then when the system of things would reel into wild aberration,
Helmless, and heedless of ruin that yawns in the path of the lawless.
Strong is the law, when calm with unbribed reason the grave judge
Tempers justice with mercy, and braces mercy with justice,
Even-handed, declaring the doom that belongs to the guilty.
Turn we now to another, a diverse,—a prophet, a preacher,
Looking benignly forth from a chair of chaste meditation,
Scheming with breath of new life to inspire the stiffened Evangel,
Crusted with secular forms, and clogged with churchly traditions ;
Scheming with power apostolic to publish the common-blooded
Kinship of man with man, and to strike the bonds from the bondman,
Wilberforce ; nor he alone, but with Buxton, Macaulay, and Wesley,
Brethren in saintly endeavor to stir the pool of stagnation,
Lift the lowly, and strengthen the weak, and gather the drifted

Waifs of unshepherd life, into ranks of beautiful order,
 Christ like : they shall be praised when sounded names are forgotten,
 Blazoned with titles of pride, and heraldic badges.

Come with me

Now to a diverse domain where Fame has mustered her armies :
 This is the Poets' Corner : not all who are poets are wise men,
 Brilliant fools not a few, and some mere well-phrased blackguards ;
 Some lie here where they ought not to be, by favor of princes,
 Freak of fortune, or love of women that hung on their fancies :
 Wisdom dwelt not with him, who said that life is a bubble,
 Jest, and laughter, and froth, the breath and the break of a bubble.
 Turn from the shallow away, who slandered sweet life on his tombstone ;
 Slandered or wrote the truth for a fool, and not for a wise man.
 Take him rather who lived in court and in camp as a man should
 Live in the drama of life, diplomatist, soldier, and poet,
 Varied in act and in scene, and weighty with serious purpose ;
 Grave and weighty, but seasoned with smiles like light upon waters
 Widely rolling and deep, our English Chaucer, who bravely
 Followed where Dante led, and first with the tongue of the people
 Spoke to the heart of the people, and pictured the life of the many
 Vivid with native hues, and dressed in the vesture of England,
 Not in the toga of Rome. A mightier follows, a Titan,
 He that grew into strength by the soft-flowing waters of Avon,
 Strong as the strongest tree, yet light as a butterfly blossom,—
 Titan and child in one, co-burgess of Earth and Heaven,
 Mirror of Earth and of Sky, in wide capacious bosom
 Cradling the great and the small with breadth of motherly kindness,
 Guiltless of favor, as God with creative cunning impartial
 Moulds the mite and the minnow, and shapes the great sea-monster,
 Marvels in largest and least. Not Greece in her palmiest wisdom,
 Not imperial Rome in the widest sway of her conquests,
 Names in the roll of her fame a name that matches with Shakespeare,
 Summed from their best into one. A third, with the mightiest mighty
 England grew from her soil ; in sacred grandeur, majestic,
 Milton stands. Not London, or Rome, or, dear to the Muses,
 Athens, could lend to the strength of his wing its needful expansion,
 But from the secret top of Horeb and Sinai, flaming
 Awful with terrors of punitive law, and Sion, the praiseful
 Hill of Omnipotent God, he drew his proud inspiration,
 High as heaven, and wide as the world, and filling all people's
 Hearts with the family love of the great All-father Jehovah !

These I saw, and others, the speechful sons of the Muses,
 Wise to picture the life, and to feel the pulse of the people,—
 Spenser, who, strong with the doctrine of Plato, and grace of the Gospel,
 Told in symbolical show the fair array of the Virtues ;
 Drayton, who hung round the land of his birth the praise of its beauties,
 Praised its towers of renown, and widespread meads of fatness,
 Winding rivers, and populous cities that mingle their high-tiered
 Hives of work with the sky ; then Cowley I saw, and Campbell,
 Stately piling his verse like the Bens of his Highlands ; and Dryden,
 Mingling his name with the fame of the young Macedonian monarch,
 Strong to conquer the world—but when the feverish wine-cup
 Seethed and fumed in his brain, his sun was blotted at midday.
 Far from him, and serene in high-souled self-sustainment
 Southey stands : not in courts, or in camps, or in din of the city
 'Customed to dwell, but softly embosomed in green of the mountains,
 Listening with reverent ear to the murmurous swell of the broad lake,

Tinkle of mingling rills or thunderous roar of waters,
 Plunging from step to step of the shelvy breast of the mountain ;
 Thus remote from the stir of an age that delighted in restless
 Shaking of states and churches, and wrenching the roots of tradition,
 He with his boon compeer, the tuneful sage of the Lakeland,
 Pondered on fate and on man, and on faith that lives in the churches
 Ever with diverse face, but ever the same in the upward
 Swing of its heaven-taught thought. These twain, Urania, wisest
 Daughter of Memory, chose, and nursed in green of the Lakeland,
 There to commune with God, where he speaks to the reverent thinker,
 Calm with look of command as a kindly sire to his son speaks,
 Mild as a mother when she unfolds her love to her daughters ;
 Far from the blinding dust and confounding roar of the great towns,
 Rattling of cars, and babbling of fools, and battling of factions.

Turn we now to the kings. They lie behind in the chapel
 Piled by the politic Henry, bifrontal Janus of England,
 Summing the feuds of the Past, and launching the fates of the Future,
 Thrifty and scant for himself, but with large and liberal service
 Heaping memorial wealth on the blessed shrine of the Virgin.
 Beautiful wonder of stone, with airy lightness uprising,
 Slim as the stalk of a flower, or the trellised face of a cottage ;
 Strong as the stem of a breeze-nursed pine on the face of the big Ben.
 Here stand with me, and read the great stone Epos of England,
 Story of kings in majestic array, more potent than ever
 Sate with sceptre from Jove in the lion-girt gates of Mycenæ,
 Strong with the strength of the Northman in brain, and brawn tremendous,
 Reining disorderly times with unpitiful mastery. Lo, there
 Lies the magnificent robber, as Romans were robbers in old times,
 Longshank Edward, who laid his rapacious grasp on the Cymri,
 Claimed their homes for his fiefs, and by drawing, hanging, and quartering.
 Crushed the pride of their princes. But not the Celt of the Northland
 Lent his soul submiss to be beaten and hammered and shapen
 Into this hammerer's mould. Though bent, he might not be broken :
 Fallen, he fell but to rise ; the breath that blows from the big Ben
 Breeds not a nation of slaves ; but erect and tall as the pine stands
 Flouting the Borean blast, rock-rooted, and hard as the heather,
 Stood unvanquished the Scot. The haughty invader at Bannock
 Shrank from the axe of the Bruce, and all his imperious legions
 Fled from the soil of the free, like the wreathed dust which the thunder's
 Sudden tornado upwhirls. So perish whoever would proudly
 Strike the stars with his crown, and trample the weak and the lowly
 'Neath the law of his heels ! Yet force must be in the complex
 Strife of untempered things, and War, to compel the swarming
 Rush of antagonist lives to gather their powers together,
 Worked for an orderly end by a high-controlling commander.
 Never mas nation made strong, nor Greece, nor Rome, nor the Hebrew,
 Cradled in sweetness of peace, and cushioned on pillows of softness.
 Stern is the school of war ; and mothers will weep on the green fields
 Watered with blood of their sons, and maidens will weep for their loved ones ;
 But 'tis meet that we fight for the goods that we prize most dearly,
 Prized the most when we measure their worth by the lives of our dearest.
 Peace is the cry of the hour : and FREEDOM, large freedom to gather
 Pelf, and weave for display life's glittering show to the gazer.
 War was life to the mightful array of the Edwards and Henries,—
 Life, and business, and sport, and a grand pulsation of manhood,
 Nurse of valorous hearts, that, strong in the challenge of danger,
 Revelled in doughty delight. If France were Frankish or English,

In the far-viewed account that sums the balance of peoples,
 Little is noted ; but France and England grew strong in the struggle ;
 Little, if York or Lancaster sate on the throne of the Norman—
 Much, that the manful will, and the stout-souled self-assertion,
 Reigned in the thought of the monarch, and braced the nerve of the people.
 Peace is good ; but not the peace that rots in indulgence,
 Lazy and languid and loose ; but peace that comes when the thunder
 Clears the air from the perilous taint that poisons the breathing.
 So she too, with the sword in one hand, God's law in the other,
 Stood, the umpire of creeds, high-hearted daughter of Tudor ;
 Mighty she stood to withstand the insolent ban of the Pontiff,
 Laming the arm of the State, and strangling the thought of the people,—
 Mighty to stir the helmless drift of the feverish millions
 Clutching this fancy and that, in dreams of godly excitement :
 She, with sword in hand, stood firm as a dexterous rider
 Gives the spurs to the mild, and the rein to the mettlesome charger.
 Said He not so, the Christ whose blood was shed for the nations ?
 Spake He not thus : Not peace I came to bring, but a sword drawn
 Keen in defence of the right ! Even so, from struggle to struggle,
 England wrenched her rights from the mightful hand of the stronger.
 Popes she laid at her feet ; and, leagued with priestcraft, the Stuart
 Laid his head on the block, or, blind with plunges of madness,
 Fled from a land uncustomed to bear the tread of the tyrant.
 Here let their memory rest, with this grave lesson to monarchs,—
 Rulers are lords of the people, but Law is the lord of the rulers.

This be enough for to-day ! The eye is wearied with seeing,
 Weary with writing the writer, and weary the reader with reading :
 Weariness here is at home ; the languor of hot-spurred livers,
 Hurried from show to show, to banquet, ball, and reception.
 Glaring of midnight lights, and sweatful sorrows, and shoulder
 Crushed on sorrowful shoulder, and multitudinous motley
 Babble of meaningless tongues. I'll write you to-morrow,—with one thing
 Only as postscript to-day. I must not omit the fateful
 Travelling Stone of the Scots. I'm a Scot with the best, and with worship
 Saw, and kissed the stone, as pious Romanists kiss the
 Toe of St. Peter in Rome. The stone, you know, has a story
 Reaching from East to West in wonderful concatenation.
 First it served as a pillow to Jacob, the sire of the Hebrews,
 Then when he saw in a dream the miraculous ladder with angels
 Rising with prayers from earth, and down-descending with blessings.
 There at Bethel it lay, till, sold to the land of the Pharaohs,
 Joseph called his brethren to find a home by the Nile-stream's
 Seven-mouthed loamy expanse ; the stone came with them to Egypt,
 Pregnant with fates of the Future. The son of Pelasgic Cecrops,
 Godlike Gathelus, was borne in ships to Memphis, and married
 Scota, the daughter of Ramses, and lived in palatial splendor
 Like to the gods, for a time ; but anon, with God-fearing foresight,
 Fled from the direful plagues by Moses outpoured on the hardened
 Heart of the Pharaoh ; he crossed the mid-sea's turbulent billow
 Northward to Spain, and built the famous town of Brigantia,
 Taking with him the stone, whereon for long generations
 Seated, Cecropian kings dispensed the statutes of Themis.
 Centuries rolled on centuries unrecorded, till Milo
 Reigned in Spain, a Scot, a man of mightful achievement.
 He from a bevy of sons picked forth the boldest, whose name was
 Simon Breck, and sent him across the billows of Biscay
 Northward to fasten his yoke on the neck of the untamed Irish.

He, sure pledge of success, took with him the stone, and placed it
 High on the hill of Tara. The fateful slab remained there
 Hundreds and hundreds of years divinely guarded, till Fergus
 First-named king of the Scots, three hundred years before Christ,
 Bravely in face of the Borean blasts and the dread Corryvreckan,
 Bore it, and planted it safe, where the high-towered bulk of Dunstaffnage
 Rises near to the rush of the tortured narrows of Connell.
 There not long it remained,—for Fergus, with pious prevision,
 Fearing the Danes, the roving robbers, the merciless sea-kings,
 Carried the stone, the seal of rightful sway, to Iona's
 Fair white-sanded beach, the sacred port of Columba,
 There unharmed it lay till Kenneth, the son of Alpin,
 Laid the arm of his strength on the subject neck of the unkempt
 Hordes of barbarian Picts. The stone was carried to Scone then,
 Carried and set in a chair, where seated, all Scotia's kings were
 Crowned in the name of the Lord on the joyful feast of St. Andrew.
 There the Palladium rested, the fateful pledge of the kingdom,
 Holy reputed by all, till Edward, rapacious Longshanks,
 Stole it, weening to cheat the Fates by the sleight of his king-craft.
 Foolish ! not he from Scotland could filch the sceptre ; but Scotland,
 Making her home on the Thames, where the wonderful chapel uprises,
 Sent the Stuart, her blood, to sit on the chair of MacAlpin,
 Unsubdued, undivorced from the fateful honor of Albyn.
 Now, farewell, my good friend. When free from the trammels of business,
 Leave the talk of the day, with its foam and bubble, and spend a
 Thoughtful hour with me 'mid the storied stones of the Abbey.

— *Blackwood's Magazine.*

TONGUES IN TREES.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER.

BROUGHT up in the glorious and wild forest-shades of Warwickshire, and accustomed from his early boyhood to wander amidst scented meadows and wooded lanes, who can wonder that the deep, thoughtful mind of Shakespeare found a sympathetic influence in the rich beauties of his native scenery ? * Thus, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, the quietude of the poet's early intercourse with nature contributed in no slight measure to the perfection of mental power disclosed so marvellously at a riper age. Indeed, if it had not been for that country home at Stratford—whereby his remarkable powers of intuition were, day by day, unconsciously deepening his inborn taste for every form of æsthetic loveliness as portrayed in nature's handiworks—we should probably never have been charmed with those delicate and exquisite illustrations of rural life which are some of the sweet-

est and happiest masterpieces of Shakespeare's poetic skill. Grand and vigorous, in truth, as may be his representations of historical events with their necessary surroundings of gorgeous courts and embattled plains, yet these lack the real artistic grace and beauty of repose which may be considered the monopoly of the fields and woods. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly charming than those highly picturesque scenes in the idyllic play of "As You Like It," where, in the wild wood of the forest of Arden—away from conventional courts and camps—we are introduced to a life "exempt from public haunt" ? It is here that Shakespeare, with peculiar skill and grace, has allowed the full force of his imagination to picture with realistic art a refreshing and wholly peaceful forest scene where, happily, little is known of "the deep passion and sorrow of the world." * It

* See Grindon's *Shakespeare Flora*, 1883, 17.

* Dowden, *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, 1880, 81.

is rather a forest of enchantment where lions and palms and serpents grow ; possessed,* too, of a " flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers." Nor is this all ; for, as Schlegel further remarks, " selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them ; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this sylvan scene, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd, and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love ditty to a tree." † Hence it is that in this secluded nook,

—their life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Yes, it is here in this ideal Arcadia that ambition is shunned, and all are pleased with what they get ; for, in the words of the song introduced into the Second Act (sc. 5) :—

Who doth ambition shun,
And love to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

In short, those who would seek this tranquil spot must forget strife and contention, and live in the " contemplation of faithfulness, generosity, and affection," ‡ recollecting that for turbulent citizens, the deer, " poor dappled fools," are the only native burghers. But in this sylvan retreat, " shall he see no enemy," but only frank, outspoken friends. And if it be necessary to experience adversity, its lessons shall be seen in the storm and sunshine, in " winter and rough weather," and in such a manner as to make us believe that all adversity has its uses, § aye ! its sweet ones—adversities—

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Such is the forest life of Arden as depicted in the pastoral drama of " *As You Like It*," and in writing of which Hartley Coleridge so tersely speaks :—
" Nothing can exceed the mastery with which Shakespeare, without any obtru-

sive or undramatic description, transports the imagination to the sunny glades and mossy shadows of umbrageous Arden. You hear the song of the birds, the belling of the stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan pastoral sounds besides, blent with the soft plaints and pleasant ambiguities of the lovers, the sententious satire of Jaques, and the courtly fooling of Touchstone, without being told to listen to them. Shakespeare does all that the most pictorial dramatist can do, without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape painter." That this is so is amply evident from even a cursory glance of this delicious pastoral, in which the tranquil harmony of the forest, with its refreshing breezes, together with the shepherd life and scenery, are depicted with such faithful and graceful vividness.*

Again, another striking feature of these woodland scenes is the impress they bear of being intrinsically true to nature. Thus, as Professor Dowden remarks, † " There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere." Hence the sunlight tempered by forest boughs, the murmuring streams, and " a careless herd full of the pasture," are all in strict keeping with the situation, and help to intensify the idea of its being purely an open-air one. Indeed, " never is the scene within doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony. ‡ It is, in truth, from beginning to end an open-air pastoral comedy ; and hence the appropriateness of performing it in a locality more congenial to its general surroundings than can be found on the stage. It was, therefore, a most happy idea to act these forest scenes in the grounds of Coombe House, and to allow nature to do what otherwise has to be accomplished by scenic effect. Without in any way disparaging the great perfection to which most branches of histrionic art have, in the present century, been brought, yet we venture to assert that, given a suitable locality, the spirit of

* Furnivall's *Leopold Shakspeare*. Preface, lvii.

† See Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1875, iii. 2, and *As You Like It* (187), by Rev. C. E. Moberly.

‡ See Grindon's *Shakspeare Flora*, 18.

§ See Furnivall's *Leopold Shakspeare*, lviii.

* See Watkiss Lloyd's *Essay on As You Like It*, 1875, 111-123.

† *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, 81.

‡ See C. A. Brown : *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems*, p. 283.

such a play as "As You Like It" is threefold enhanced by its performance on the green sward, under the shade of trees, and within hearing of the songs of birds, while the sweet perfumes from a mingled array of summer flowers make the situation complete. But the same effect cannot be gained by the most clever stage contrivances; and hence the interests of these open-air performances, which may be said to form a fresh chapter in dramatic history. We may note, too, here that the skilful and able manner in which they have been arranged by Mr. E. W. Godwin very materially adds to their value; for even the smallest detail has been carried out with a conscientious accuracy that can only be acquired by an intimate knowledge of the archæological art of the subject. There can be no doubt, therefore, that as far as these forest scenes are concerned, they coincide very closely with the spirit in which they were originally written, and bring before their Nineteenth Century audiences, in a most graphic and forcible manner, the old outlaw age of England. Indeed, it is to this period that the play goes back "to that same love of country and of forest, and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world." * Thus, in reply to the inquiry as to where the Duke is living in exile, Charles reports: "They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." In the open-air entertainment, given by Lady Archibald Campbell at Coombe House, it is evident that this famous Robin Hood period of chivalry and romance has been fully recognized and appreciated; and every effort made to remind us of the time when England was a land of thick and stately forests. Occasionally, in the midst of such forests, there would be some cool retreat carpeted with fern, and surrounded by graceful groups of lofty trees, forming with their overlapping branches nature's most elegant and fairy-like architectural display. It was in one of these calm

and peaceful spots that Shakespeare tells us how the Duke and his followers were wont to meet—like Robin Hood and his men of old—the Duke encouraging his associates in exile in these words:—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

So in the grounds of Coombe House such a scene had been cleverly arranged, and without any apparent conventional formality the figures in their picturesque attire pass to and fro in the most diversified succession; and, to quote Schlegel's words, "We see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness. One throws himself down

In this desert inaccessible

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

and indulges in reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their horns." It is easy, therefore, to see that not only is this performance in perfect harmony with the situation where it is acted, but that no amount of stage skill could produce the same effect as that witnessed in the grounds of Coombe House. But in a country like our own, where the climate is fickle and the weather treacherous, open-air performances of this kind will probably never be popular; although they would undoubtedly soon become so if we could but borrow the warm settled days of sunny southern climes. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that our forefathers seem to have encouraged similar entertainments, allusions to which are of frequent occurrence in the literature of the past. Thus Henry VIII., when young, took much interest in pagantry, and among the shows devised in his honor was one exhibited by the officers of his guards. According to Strutt,* as many as two

* Furnivall's *Shakspeare*. Preface, lviii.

* *Sports and Pastimes*, 1876, 459-60.

hundred of them, clothed in green and headed by their captain, who personated Robin Hood, invited the king to see in what manner he and his companions lived. The king complied, and was escorted into the wood, where 'an arbor was made with green boughs, having a hall or great chamber, and an inner chamber, and the whole was covered with flowers and sweet herbs. When the company had entered the arbor, Robin Hood excused the want of more abundant refreshment, saying to the king, "Sir, we outlaws usually breakfast upon venison, and have no other food to offer you." The king and queen then sat down and were served with venison and wine, and after the entertainment they departed.' In the churchwardens' account for the parish of St. Helen's, in Abingdon, Berkshire, dated 1516, we find the following entry: "Payde for setting up Robin Hood's bower, eighteenpence," * that is, a bower for the reception and accommodation of the fictitious Robin Hood and his company. Once more: Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached before King Edward VI., relates the subjoined anecdote which proves the fondness of the people in his day for open-air performances: † "Coming," says he, "to a certain town on a holiday to preach, I found the church door fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day; the parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let them not.' " ‡ Then there were the companies of strolling players who travelled about the country, representing plays wherever they could obtain adequate reward.§ Sometimes these were performed in the halls of corporations, but more commonly in the yards of inns or in the open air. But, without entering further into the history of these various entertainments as conducted in olden times, it may be noted that, lacking oftentimes the elaborate adjuncts of modern shows and

plays, they were inexpensive in their preparations, and without much delay could, if occasion offered, be performed on the village green to a rustic audience. At a time, too, when the modern playhouse was a thing almost unknown to the majority of Englishmen, it can be imagined how great a sensation such dramatic performances would naturally cause in a quiet country town. Their influence, too, in proportion to their novelty was by no means of an ephemeral kind, but left a permanent impress in many a neighborhood. Thus, as Mr. Goadby writes,* "Workmen, fascinated by their temporary successes, left their trades to engage in the romantic life of the strolling player. The Bottoms and Snugs, the Snouts and Starvelings, the Flutes and Quinces, wandered from place to place, attending weddings, fairs, festivals, and revels, to perform such pieces as they had learned. The players usually wore their costumes as they journeyed, and many a rough rustic wit must have made merry over a tawdry king driving a tilted wagon, or a queen squatting on the furniture or cooking a dinner by a roadside fire, or a spangled angel munching brown bread in large mouthfuls." Such episodes of the domestic and social life of our forefathers have an additional interest when their memory is so graphically, and with such artistic reality, brought before our notice as in the open-air performances at Coombe House.

But reverting again to the forest-scenes in "As You Like It," it must be acknowledged that, apart from their graceful and picturesque appearance, a peculiar charm is produced by the free and easy manner in which the characters play their respective parts. Indeed, it has been aptly observed, there is a breath of fresh air about them, and they move about and converse with one another without any apparent studied action—the absence of all conventional and artificial mannerisms harmonising with the wild beauty of the spot where they meet together. In the same way, moreover, the picture is equally delightful when we sit and watch the fair, bright, impulsive Rosalind, with her rippling pretty winning laugh, approach-

* See *Archæologia*, i. 11.

† *Latimer's Sermons*, 1589, quoted by Strutt.

‡ See Kelly's *Notices of Leicester*, 1865, 63-7.

§ See Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, i. 226.

* *The England of Shakespeare*, 159.

ing from the far-off forest glades,* and at once making herself the object of all eyes. Truly, Shakespeare's Rosalind, as it has been remarked,† "may well take the epithet 'heavenly Rosalind' as a just description, while allowing her all earthly charms. There is a great want in her life. She meets Orlando—in the beauty and strength of early manhood—and the want is filled by love." The spirit of this part of the play thus admirably expressed by Mr. Furnivall is in no way lost sight of at Coombe, but in Rosalind we have personated a type of "bright, tender, loyal womanhood"‡ —features, indeed, which gain in force from the simplicity of the woodland surroundings. Similarly, too, Orlando is conspicuous for his manliness and grace—a character, by the bye, played with marked success by Lady Archibald Campbell. But without entering into further details respecting this beautiful pastoral comedy of Shakespeare, it may be confidently said that, in a perform-

ance conducted in great part by amateurs, its poetical rendering has been rarely if ever surpassed; while the music throughout, with its many choruses of foresters, has given an additional freshness to this pretty scene. Once more, "As You Like It," has generally been a popular comedy from the fact of tradition affirming that Shakespeare himself acted Adam—the source of the play in almost all points having been taken from Lodge's story of "Rosalynde," printed in the years 1590 and 1592. It was written, too, immediately after Shakespeare's great series of histories, ending with "Henry V.," and before he began the great series of tragedies. Hence his forest of Arden was a veritable resting-place, in which he sent forth, as Professor Dowden says,* his imagination to find repose; occupying the interval by producing the graceful and touching story which forms the subject of this pastoral play.—*Belgravia*.

A CHINESE ASCOT.

THE Hong Kong race-week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese come out of their swarming ant-hills, habitually so difficult of penetration to strangers. When, in the afternoon of the Cup day, I descend from a residence halfway up the Peak—the healthy, cool Elysium overlooking the beautiful harbor, and contrasting with the hot Tartarus of the town—I find the broad, handsome main road taken possession of for miles by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering, pig-tailed, and most uncanny-looking Chinese, with their equally strange-looking vehicles. Their means of passenger transport are two—the light covered arm chair carried by means of bamboo poles on the shoulders of two coolies, and the rickshaw, a two-wheeled vehicle about the size of a roomy Bath-chair, furnished with a pair of shafts, between which is placed, not a horse, a mule, a pony, or even a

donkey, but one of those unceasingly toiling Chinese who are of opinion that no labor is too severe, and not even draught work is derogatory, if there are a few cents to be looked for at the end. The sedan chair is the transport of dignity, deliberation, and dulness, but the rickshaw corresponds with the sleigh of Canada, the gondola of Venice, or the hansom cab of London. "Lickshaw, Lickshaw!"—they cannot manage our "R"—shout half a dozen eager competitors to the instantly-spied-out Englishman whose nation has acclimatized in the Celestial Empire this strange festivity of racing. "I nod assent and jump in, exclaiming "Racecourse;" probably the only English word comprehensible to the coolie, who, placing himself between the shafts, starts off at a sharp trot, slips into the first gap in the string, and we become one of the moving atoms of the evenly-flowing current.

My first thought was one which suggested the title of this paper—"A

* See R. Grant White's sketch of Rosalind in the *Tale of the Forest of Arden*, in the *Galaxy* for April 1875.

† *Preface to Shakspeare*, lvil-viii.

‡ Dowden's *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, 81.

* *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, 76-77. See Watkiss Lloyd's *Critical Essay on As You Like It*.

Chinese Ascot ;" an absurdly unconscious burlesque of its prototype, it is true, but this merely illustrates the fact that the characteristics of racing are identical in Surrey and in Hong Kong. The rows of rickshaws, about three deep, every one at a brisk trot, with not an inch interval in front, behind, or on one side, are kept rigidly in their places by tall, stalwart policemen, English or Sikhs, stationed along the route ; and if any driver or horse—one and the same in the present case—dares to deviate from the prescribed line, the policeman, with great tact and sagacity, instantly steps forward and whacks him—not taps him, but showers down hearty whacks on the offender's hollow-sounding, shaven skull, who, so far from defiantly desiring his high-handed assailant to "come on," submissively, and quite as a matter of course, rubs his pate, dodges between the shafts or wheels, and resumes his journey not one pin the worse for his rough handling.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoniacal-looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with its passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk, or a shuffle or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant, nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison ? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey

with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a half-penny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.

The first sensations at being conveyed in a rickshaw are those of mingled amusement and shame. One likens oneself to a drunken masquerader or to an ostentatious buffoon. Then habit begets indifference. Dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of the government, dignitaries of the law, soldiers, sailors, and even the well-to-do Chinese, all have recourse to them ; and the sergeant in his rickshaw salutes the colonel in *his* rickshaw with precisely the same gravity as though both were on parade. Perhaps the full absurdity can be best realized by considering what would be the effect produced were the Dean of Westminster to be trundled in a wheelbarrow down Piccadilly by a dirty ragged little London Arab.

But we must not lose sight altogether of a very important element in the throng, the sedan chairs. These are more suitable for the staid elderly ladies, and for the "spins (Anglice, spinsters) long in the tooth," as Jockey Hong Kong would designate them. "Sweet seventeen" is not one of the productions of the soil. The bearers, two or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavor to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the Governor of the colony. It is borne by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling color in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice-work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. But as I pass I strain my eyes to obtain a glimpse, and am of opinion that she is a foot-deformed, high cheek-boned, wide-mouthed,

leprous-white, rouge-ruddled dwarf, in whose behalf it is not worth while to strain one's eyes.

Soldiers under the rank of sergeant are forbidden by garrison orders to travel in rickshaws, so there are but few of the scarlet Buffs or blue Artillery men along the road, who, with their warlike, serviceable-looking white helmets, add such picturesqueness to the scene; but the route is freely interspersed with Jack ashore, especially where our journey leads us along the busy quays—English Jack, French Jack, German Jack, Russian Jack, and Italian Jack from the vessels in the harbor, the shipping of which may be estimated from the fact that in 1882 the tonnage which entered the port was 5,000,000, or somewhat greater than that which entered London in the year Hong Kong was acquired—1842.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the sense of fun, of being out for a day's novel lark, seems to soften even the bureaucratic swagger and pedantry of Teutonic strangers. At all events the faces of all the blue-jackets are beaming with merriment at the contrast between their Simon Legree sort of servitude on board ship, and the sensation of being toiled for instead of being themselves the subjects of hounding and vituperation.

Thus far I have been chiefly noting the European race-going folk, but as a matter of fact the Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning "Hyah" of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman in all the pride, a pride which is not without its merits, of the ruling race, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is of course Asiatic Chinese. They are of all classes, and are enjoying themselves in their way, to judge from the incessant wooden clatter of their uncouth language, so desperately difficult that only erudite sages and infant English children brought up by Chinese nurses (amas) can master it. Here and there are some Sikhs, and there is that about these grave, dignified Orientals—Nature's gentlemen, albeit I like not the misused term—which instantly dispels

all notion of ridicule or contempt; there are some Madrassesees, far inferior to their other congeners of India; and there again are some snuffy Parsee merchants, eager, rich, covetous-looking—types of Shylock, of Isaac of York, or of Faust ere the exorcism of shabby clothes and wrinkles enabled him to captivate Margaret.

Hitherto I have been bowling through strange rows of houses, through wonderful China-town, so unlike aught else in the world that not Gulliver, when he found himself in Laputa, could have been more amazed at the marvellous sights and people which he beheld. Now, as I emerge into the country, the scene changes as Sunningdale varies from Hyde Park Corner. The route is lined with palms, with banyan trees, and with bamboos, and the red, fever-causing, disintegrated granite dust flies up into our faces. Up go the umbrellas. The multitude are satisfied with the picturesque blue "Gamps," while the Chinese Beau Brummels proudly shade themselves with "Briggs," evidently a very high mark of distinction. Uphill, and my trotting coolie never flags; downhill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot-travellers who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of "Hyah." "My breechless friend, I entreat of you to moderate your pace." But not one word does he, or will he understand. Indeed, the Chinese, so apt in learning many things, are singularly dull in picking up English, and all, with very few exceptions, are totally ignorant of our language—unless, indeed, the case be, as some French naval officers assured me, that they simulate for convenience' sake ignorance—but loud tones and a few smacks soon impart to them the required knowledge.

Now we pass an enclosure over the gateway of which are inscribed the words "Hodie mihi, cras tibi," freely translated "Your turn next." It is the Christian cemetery, the "Happy Valley," as it is not inaptly locally termed. It would be out of place were I to enlarge on this beautifully undulating spot, but I cannot forbear saying that in tran-

quilted loveliness this God's Acre is by far the most perfect I have ever seen, while the tombstone records of youthful and wholesale deaths must affect even the most frivolous visitor with seriousness.

Here we are at the entrance to the Grand Stand. My coolie almost grovels on the ground in his ecstasy of delight at receiving tenpence for the performance of a labor which would lay up most athletes for a week, and hastens off in quest of a new but probably less profitable fare. A payment of about five dollars procures admission to the lawn, and once more the strangeness of the scene seems for a time to baffle any systematic observation, however painstaking. In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat-houses, light picturesque structures supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat-house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so costly and abundant, that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented. One species of decoration is deplorably wanting—pretty women. There are certainly a few nicely dressed pretty English ladies, the wives of officials whom capricious ill-fortune has shot into an exile far more complete than exists in any other part of the world; but there is equally certainly a collection of dirty-gloved, tawdry-ribboned, unhandsome, fast vulgarians, who ape the patronesses of Ascot in the gaudy elaboration of their dress, and differ from them in their entire ill-success.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of almost every Asiatic State, but of course Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humor, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdiness, and yet no lack of fun. Our scarlet-coated soldiers, though few in comparison with the grand totals, stand out with singular distinctness, and catch the eye above all other objects.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan, or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes; while the chief features to be noticed of the amateur jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse-coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for 6*l.* 10*s.* In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three-legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

"Three to one bar one" is an unknown cry on this course—all the better, perhaps—and the excitement among the masses of Chinese is *nil*. As the ponies gallop past the post, the English, it is true, begin to cheer; but a cheer, unless contributed to by many voices, sounds as artificial as stage shouting behind the scenes.

Let us give up "le sport" as a bad job. There is plenty else to admire of which Ascot has never dreamed. The excellent racecourse is situated at the very bottom of one of Nature's splendid amphitheatres, and if we lose a little in a tendency to swampiness, we gain enormously in the green soft turf. Our immediate edging is of unbroken lines of bamboo—that tree which shows how Nature can be perfectly straight and stiff, and yet perfectly graceful. Then there is an upward sloping mass of palm and banyan foliage; then, higher, the austere but friendly-looking Scotch fir; then, to crown all, the vast framework of rugged hills, both in form and in heathery aspect recalling the "Coils" about Deeside Ballater, only their denizens are eagles and cobras instead of grouse and roe deer. Still further, through a large gap, are the red mountains of the China mainland, overlooking Kowloon, nobly setting off the rela-

tively lower level beauties of the Hong Kong racecourse.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle, and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here come the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw their arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pig-tails streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "mafoos," or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half-laughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow-countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment!

The tenants of the numerous mat-fashioned grand stands belonging to the higher class natives have become very jubilant and vivacious in consequence of the above-described race, and I avail myself of an opportunity to enter one tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies. I must confess that my bashfulness compelled me to retreat after a very few moments from the battery of their half wondering, half scornful glances at the European intruder, but not before I had time to remark that their faces were flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, excepting in patches, which revealed disagreeably even and intensely opaque whiteness. Their eyebrows were pencilled into narrow stiff arches; their headdress, vests, and trousers—for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers—were of variegated colors, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their

black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

At the conclusion of the races they were conveyed away in a body in chairs; and as the procession hindered the traffic, the English policemen whacked the bearers, and—did not whack the girls.

By-and-by there is a ceremonious stir about the picturesquely decorated stand of the Governor, Sir George Bowen; the Japanese mission, consisting of General Oyama and fourteen members of the suite, on their way to Paris and London, are ushered in, and a great deal of rather grotesque bowing and somewhat dumb show ensues. Dumb, because the visitors cannot speak one word of English, but flounder in bad French and worse German. Indeed, if one may judge from a numerous representative mission, it would appear, notwithstanding the much-belauded progress of Japan, that her civilization is but a thin veneer. After the interchange of a few conventional superficial phrases, it becomes apparent that their knowledge of the world, their practical information concerning administration and science, and even their book learning, are exceedingly small. In fact, it is scarcely unfair to say that their civilization is comprised in a glossy black coat, a Lincoln and Bennett hat, a pair of yellow kid gloves, and an aptitude for making a bow.

My curiosity in the *élite* of the Chinese Ascot meeting is, however, now appeased. Perhaps even more interest and fun is to be dug out of the native rascaldom who have clustered in such numerous thousands on the other side of the course, and from whom we are separated by a wide, deep, wet ditch running parallel to the Grand Stand side of the rails. A welsher would certainly view this handy ditch with mistrust, but I noticed a Chinese imp utilize it with much ingenuity. Pursued and gradually overtaken by an infuriated and whip-brandishing jockey, the fugitive, at the critical moment, waded through the slime and water, from whence he telegraphed to

his baffled foe those signs of ridicule and contempt which have been adopted by urchin impudence all over the world.

A wide detour round the ditch brings us into the very thick of China race-course dregs. Yet these dregs differ from their English congeners in being friends of soap and water, and destitute of *esprit de corps*. There are no shooting stalls, no shows, and no Aunt Sallies—real cracks over their own heads, which must be received with patience, are so frequent that they lose the zest of a joke—but in lieu of them, gambling booths of every shade and description illustrate the Chinese passion for play. Gambling booths for large sums, gambling booths for small sums, gambling booths for nick-nacks, gambling booths for high-priced drinkables, gambling booths for low-priced carrion; each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

Private Thomas Atkins thinks it will be pleasant and easy to win a dollar or so from the heathen Chinese, but ere long he discovers that he has been bested, and that the heathen Chinese is infinitely too clever for him.

What is that turmoil I see in the distance, with a scuttling about of the crowd, among whom two white-helmeted red coats are conspicuously prominent? Enraged at having been "done" at the native *rouge et noir*, they put in practice a little lynch law, tear down the fragile canvas booth, arm themselves with the supporting bamboo poles, clear a space by whirling them around like the arms of a windmill impartially, rain down cracks on the skulls of the unresisting surrounders, and then quietly withdraw to a more reputable part of the course. Each party is perfectly satisfied; the Chinese sharper gloats over his filched gains, and the soldiers think they have taken change in the vengeance they have executed.

The fracas has scarcely interrupted the flow, or rather the torrent, of gambling. This young imp, of about eight years old, is really a study of innate human nature in this department of vice. He is gambling for his dinner at the booth of a wrinkled, demoniacal, loathsome old male atrocity, and still

more loathsome hag. A form of "Blind Hookey" is, I fancy, the favorite form of vice. Coin after coin, each worth about one-fifth of a farthing, he loses at his ventures. The imp's face lowers, and his features become contorted with angry excitement; faster, faster he plays, regardless of his fifths of farthings, until at last he wins. With a growl one would never have supposed that babyish throat could have emitted, he dashes on one side up to the tray of raw meat, seizes a lump of horrible garbage with singular dexterity by means of chopsticks, plunges it into a kettle of boiling rancid grease, and then rams the dreadful morsel into his throat. His cheeks are distended to near bursting, the tears of scalding suffocation stand in his eyes, and he nearly chokes; but still he wears your thorough gambler's expression of delight at having at last won. Childhood's innocence is not a pretty sight out here. Are these creatures really akin to English childhood?

After all, the love of gambling is more or less common to all nations, and here the representatives are singularly diversified. Look at that group crowding around another gaming booth. Mingled with the demon Chinese are stray specimens of English, French, Germans, Italians, and Russians from the ironclads in the harbor; of tallowy, unwholesome Portuguese from their settlement at Macao; of stalwart dignified Punjaubees, of mean-looking Madrassesees, of snuffy Shylock Arabs, of effeminate stunted Japanese. "Of what country is that man there?" I ask a Madras Lascar, pointing to a nondescript, strange old villainous specimen, who altogether baffles my cognizance. "Seaman, sar, but I find out," says the Lascar, delighted at being thus appealed to as an authority by a European. "You old man of sea," singling him out imperiously, "you come here. Major Sahib want to know what your country," and, rather to my dismay, the weird old man feebly totters up to me, and, salaaming with a humility which is painful to witness, quavers out a few words to his swaggering interrogator. "Old man of sea, old Malay pirate, sar." I am not surprised. Doubtless he has cut many a throat in his time. Google

Evening closes in as the last race is run, and so I set out on foot, as a variety, on my way homeward. There is the same dust, the same aspect of fatigue common to the conclusion of all race meetings; the same tokens of dissatisfied realization common to experience of all so-called pleasures, but not the same quarrelling, drunkenness, and rowdyism habitual in England. The English are too much in a minority to render tipsiness prominent, and the Chinaman is at all events a good-tempered fellow; if bullied, he is submissive; and if hustled, he laughs—a wooden, joyless laugh, but still a laugh. The police really have some difficulty in exemplifying their utility. Perhaps an inexperienced rickshaw coolie tries on a little extortion or cheek. You mention it casually to the English watch-dog. "Oh, did he, sir? thank you," he replies gratefully, bolts after the man whom he assumes to have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and administers the one invariable Hong Kong panacea—he soundly whacks his skull until the criminal dodges, runs, and finally escapes. These police comprise a great many grades, shades, and races, as is a characteristic feature of all Hong Kong humanity. The imperious and imperial European policeman; the efficient, proud, taciturn, turbaned Sikh; and the trumpery native watchman, incapable of saying "Bo" even to his compatriots, and dressed up to resemble a valuable, rare old China chimney ornament, equally ugly, and equally worthless.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spills and sandal-wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss-sticks, in consuming which they utilize their leisure moments, an exercise

which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Well, this afternoon has afforded me one more opportunity of observing the various features of various types of Chinese population. Am I favorably impressed? They are certainly industrious to a remarkable extent, intelligent, sober, and good-tempered—rare combinations of rare virtues—and yet my feeling is one of abhorrence. Their sly civilization, their crafty dealing, their apparent absence of what I may call kindly feelings, their inhumanlike expression, even their beardless, smooth faces, their high cheek bones, their Mongolian mouths, their long slit eyes, and their flat noses all give one a feeling of extreme repugnance. I would regard more as my brethren the scoundrelly Egyptians, the scowling Malays, even the half-women Cingalese, than these more than semi-civilized Chinese, who, as they shuffle along in never-ending haste, and with the wooden clatter of their discordant chatter, seem to me like the emissaries of some evil spiritual potentate intent on the performance of some malignant errand.

Rapidly, yet steadily, the pedestrian, the sedan chair, and the rickshaw lines of wayfarers stream into the orderly, quiet town, just beginning to glitter with gas jets from the English lamp-posts—those ubiquitous lamp-posts which in common with the gallows may now be regarded as the symbol of advancing civilization. If I have been successful in my attempts at delineation, the reader will admit that the beauties of Hong Kong—though splendid and numerous—may be exceeded by those of other climes; but that in marvels of scene, people, and human nature generally, there is nothing to exceed a Chinese Ascot.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A SWAIN OF ARCADY.

BY REV. DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

It is half a century and more since our Laureate wrote down that melancholy line. In those days there were no

railways and no steamboats worth speaking of—there were parish pounds, and stocks, and stage coaches, and strong

arms thrashed the corn out with the flail ; and there were prize-fights, and duels, and lotteries, and cock-fighting, and a host of other picturesque institutions which people could delight themselves with almost as they pleased. The individual in those days had incomparably more liberty of a certain kind than he has now—his speech and his dress "bewrayed" him. Different parts of the country had their characteristic costumes, their characteristic dialects, their local habits of life, methods of tillage, even local eatables and drinkables ; and when a man rode from London to Exeter his eyes and ears were opened to sights and sounds very strange and startling to the born Londoner, who in his turn in those days was an *individual* with peculiarities of his own. All this is going, and has well nigh gone. The world is more and more. The world has grown too big for us. We are being flattened by monstrous Juggernaut wheels, which roll over us all, and reduce us all to a smirky surface of dreary, dismal, dull dead-alivism, and the individual is withering, his individualism crushed out of him—unrecognisable as anything but a tiny portion of a mass.

"Look at this 'ere feller !" said an angry pig-jobber to me the other day, whom I was trying to reconcile to my churchwarden. "Ee don't know 'ow to write a letter—the feller calls me *Mister* Brown on his imvilope !" It really was too bad. For are we not all esquires ? Yes ; and we all wear black coats, and dark trousers, and "toppers," at least in London, and socks, and the same sort of boots, and London tailors come and bother us for orders and refuse to go away. And I am told that the ladies' dressmakers make periodical journeys to Paris, and get the same patterns for the dresses, and the bonnets, and the—well, the other things—for all the ladies within the four seas ; and they all look like one another, or try to look like one another, from the parson's daughter up to the celestials behind Spiers and Pond's counters, including that middle class which embraces the dairymaid and the duchess. Already the enterprising caterers for public amusement have been compelled to send to Japan to find a hundred queer-looking people, and I think the day cannot be

far off when a museum will be opened at South Kensington for individuals who shall have survived the withering process, and whom the world shall have left out from its all-absorbing conglomerate.

Yet there are here and there, in odd corners and out-of-the-way holes, some few survivals of that almost extinct species whom I like to believe that the Laureate had in mind when he foresaw the future of the world—a species which, for want of a better name, I must needs call individuals, because that other term, which used to be a favorite one with my grandmother, has somehow come to have a different meaning. Yes, there are still to be found certain human creatures who live, and talk, and dress, and stand about, and otherwise deport themselves, in a manner which shocks and amazes the world, and who retain their individualism in spite of all that popular opinion can do to discountenance them. If they are rich, their rebellion from established usages goes some way to create a new fashion, and the *victrix causa* of the many finding an obstacle in its onward course submits to swerve for a moment from its line of advance, in homage to some nineteenth century Cato who can breast and turn the stream.

The very last time I was at Oxbridge I was sauntering through one of the college courts, and my footsteps were arrested by a lovely spectacle such as I have not seen for many years. Outside the "sported" door of some college magnate—for his name had Mr. before it on the lintel—there stood three pairs of Wellington boots, newly polished, and on the top of the boots a beautifully clean pile of magnificent stand-up collars with very long strings attached to them. None of your new-fangled buttons for that great man ! Should he demean himself to buttons when he knew the virtue of tape ? and for boots—should he spoil the set of his trousers by the inelegant protuberances of laces that might crack any moment, and hooks and eyes that might go off with a bang when it was least expected of them ? What had boot-hooks been invented for, sir ? And invented by a great Duke, too, sir ! "Why, I defy a man to wear straps with your clumsy new-fangled high-lows !"

There used to be a large number of Individuals at the universities some

years ago ; they are almost utterly extinct now. I remember, when I was a freshman, meeting one of them out hunting ; he wore a garment over his coat which was called a spencer, and when it came on to blow as we rode home together, he gravely checked his horse and tied a large cotton pocket-handkerchief over his hat and under his chin, saying to me in a cautious way, " I always carry a spare handkerchief to tie my hat on with when it's rough. It's a good hint for you, young man ! " I did not ask him if he kept another for fastening his head on. Perhaps he managed that with his collar !

Even in our country villages we are losing our Individuals. The world is getting quite too much for us—withering us, in fact. Nevertheless they are to be found here and there, and I am rather haunted just now by one of them, who is, it must be frankly admitted, a most unsavory specimen. But you must take these specimens as you can get them.

The name of this individual is Loafing Ben. That is his name, I repeat, for a name is what a man or a thing is called by, and Loafing Ben answers to the appellation which he has gained for himself just as a bishop who has won his mitre forgets his honored patronymic, which is henceforth wrapped up in lawn. Loafing Ben was born more than sixty years ago at Stratos, which everybody knows is in Arcadia ; he has been tumbling about that blissful land ever since, living one of the oddest lives of any of my acquaintances. His parents were a pretty hard-working pair, strong, resolute, not to say obstinate. They had never wandered five miles from the banks of Ladon's classic stream. They had had a very hard " broughtage up." They could not remember, either of them, that they had ever had any kindness shown them in word or deed by any human being during the seventy-six years which they had spent in this world when I first went to see them. They are not very refined in manners or sentiments. The first time I gave the old man a shilling, he looked as if he were a little afraid that I was going to enlist him in the Queen's service. Ah ! my brethren and sisters, there are some very odd corners in Arcady, and in Boeotia too for that matter, corners to which no

sort of civilisation had ever approached for centuries, till the compulsory Education Act sent the myrmidons of the law to rummage in the rat holes. Ben's parents were practically heathens, and, like other heathens, were not very desirous of being anything else. But Ben's father sent him to school, and if he played truant his mother " layed on to him." Ben's boyhood was not a happy one. Stratos had a free school, which was warm in winter and not particularly hot in summer ; the schoolmaster was not so heavy in the arm as some, and Ben, with less thwacking at school than was dealt out to him at home, absorbed a certain amount of knowledge and grew to be reckoned a sort of a scholar. Also he grew up to be immensely strong and a good six feet high, with the misfortune, however, of having something uncanny about his upper storey from his early childhood. There is a legend that his father once made a bet that he would smash a green walnut with his fist upon Ben's head, and that he won his bet. I am inclined to think this cannot be quite true ; nevertheless, like many another myth, there may be a germ of truth in the tradition. Perhaps it was not a *green* walnut. Be that as it may, it is admitted by all that Ben is not as other men are. He could acquire book-learning with facility, and if we are to believe his surviving schoolfellows, he had acquisitive powers quite sufficient to ensure him a double first at Cambridge, always provided that he could have stuck to anything.

Ben seems to have gone to work at ten or eleven, perhaps earlier ; and as long as they liked it, and he did not object, father and mother used to " lay on to him." It was their habit, and Ben did not seem to care much. The three lived on amicably till the lad was eighteen, a brawny, lumbering, powerful fellow, " fared as if he didn't care for nawthing," as they tell me. One day, when he was in his nineteenth year, more than forty years ago, somebody gave Ben a book. I never could make out the real facts of the case, but the book appears to have been *Robinson Crusoe*. Ben took to reading the book at all sorts of times, and when father and mother turned him out of doors, as they frequently did, he used to shamle into the little public-

house and skulk near the fire and read. To see a young man reading a book in the parlor of the "Green Man" in those days was a rarity, and folks were curious to know what it was all about. Ben took to reading *Robinson Crusoe* aloud, and became gradually a kind of local bard or scald, for he soon knew whole chapters of *Robinson Crusoe* by heart, and in the winter evenings the penny readings at the "Green Man" got a certain local reputation; and as Ben never had a farthing in his pocket—his parents took all his earnings, and he gave them up without protest—the regular customers used to stand treat for many a half-pint in return for Ben's entertainment. So Ben got to love beer, and by fair means or foul he contrived to put away several gallons of it in the seven days of which the week was then composed, even for the publican. By the time Ben had completed his nineteenth year he had become addicted to beer.

One day Ben vanished. The *habitués* of the "Green Man" were chagrined, but there was nothing to be done but drink the beer themselves which the missing bard had been wont to consume at their expense. Ben's parents were inconvenienced; there was less money for them to take and no one to pommel. Just as suddenly as he had vanished, after a six weeks' absence he appeared once more upon the scene, shambling, hulking, dirty, and ragged as ever, save that he turned up with a sailor's jersey and a portentous pair of boots. He had been to sea, had been very sea-sick, never held up his head without knocking it against something, had somehow been knocked down several times, and been pronounced a hopeless incompetent by the skipper, who sent him adrift as soon as he could land him. Where he had shipped himself, to what port he had sailed, whether he had been on a fishing voyage for herrings or gone to Sunderland for coals, or crossed the Channel in a Dutch galiot, no one ever could make out, and I am persuaded that Ben himself could never have told. All he knew was that he had been sea-sick, that he had got a jersey and a pair of boots, and lost his *Robinson Crusoe*. There was something else that he had gained by his cruise. His parents from this time

ceased to "lay on to him." He had seen the world, and that awed them. But Ben never could rest at ease from henceforth, and became a loafer, and has continued to be a loafer from that day to the present hour. It is believed that he never changed his clothes, and never washed himself, never tasted any liquid but beer, nor any food but dry bread for years. No man for miles round, they say, could do a longer day's work or do it better, but he has always worked when he pleased and where he pleased, or not at all. The filthy habits of the man have caused him to be shunned by the more respectable laborers. "Why, 't ain't likely as a man would want to work along o' him, and have him a-throwing his coat down where we war a-sitting!" said one, who delicately refrained from entering into further particulars. Yet he has lived on, and still lives, a wonder and astonishment to all who know his ways and his history. When the roadside public-houses began to take in a newspaper, Ben found a new occupation. They tell me he reads with some attempt at oratorical display, and that he talks "surprisin'." When his parents grew old and infirm they had to take another house. The landlord would only consent to let it them on condition that Ben should not sleep in it. Ben grinned, and said he didn't care where he slept. On inquiry it turned out that he had not slept *in* a bed since he went to sea.

Often as I had heard of him, it was a long time before I could get him to engage in conversation with me. Once or twice I had come upon him doing job-work for the small occupiers, and heard him talk very volubly to his employer *at* me, but when I drew near he was wholly engaged with his digging or ploughing, and never stopped for a moment. He is one of the very few men in Arcady who still can be depended on to do a day's threshing with the flail, and the small farmers are glad to have his help when their corn stacks are too small to make it worth their while to employ the machine. The look of the man I tremble to describe, but such an apparition as he presented to me one day as I came upon him threshing alone in a rickety little barn, with the thing he called his coat thrown into a corner, and his big

brawny frame drawn up to its full height, I shall not soon forget. Caliban and Frankenstein's man *plus* something else very much of the earth earthy, were there combined in the strange figure that paused for a moment, stared, nodded, and then wielded the swinging flail as if the very grains of wheat would be pounded to dust under his mighty blows.

The first time I had an opportunity of talking to him, I had heard much less of Ben's ways than I have since learnt, and I am ashamed to think how good a chance I lost. His old parents were fading out of life, the vital spark in the mere ashes remained gleaming every now and then, and twinkling, when the human dust was stirred by a basin of broth or a drop of some stimulant. They were feebly cowering over the shadow of a fire in the miserable shanty, and as I sate with them and felt my way to speaking of "such things as pass human understanding," I fancied I saw the semblance of faint emotion in one or the other. Somehow I found myself kneeling down upon the mud floor.

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When the time came for me to take my leave, I was surprised to see a movement in what I thought was a heap of sacks that had been tossed into a corner. Peering with short-sighed eyes at the sacks, it was quite plain that there was something alive there. The heap moved, and a living creature sat up on the floor staring at me. It was Ben the Loafer, awakened by words that had to him a strange, perhaps an awful sound. Miserable idiot, worse than idiot that I was. I lost my head, hesitated, sniggered, mumbled out some feeble platitude, and went away. Do you say you cannot forgive me? Who wants your forgiveness? Do you think I have forgiven myself? The next thing I heard was that the wretched old couple had "begun upon" Ben as soon as my back was turned, reproaching him with driving the parson away, "he'd been afriad to stay, and he wouldn't come no more!"

It was a long time before I had another interview with Ben. Summer had gone and autumn had come, and it was eventide. Oh "the rich moist-smelling weeds" in the quiet twilight of Arcady's Octobers, with what a sweet incense they fill the air, grown luscious as the

sun sinks down! Over the hedge there a large-eyed steer is watching you, and mylady partridge calls together her brood, and shy peewits have lighted somewhere on the tilths you know not where and cannot guess, and now and then a poor sheep coughs reluctantly, as if she were half ailing and half ashamed. I leant over a gate, as my habit is when I am saddened to find that any bird or beast in Arcady should think I meant it harm. A footfall startled me close by where I stood, and there, shambling along, was Ben the Loafer, and I joined him there and then, and for a mile or so we walked together—I do not say arm in arm—and as we walked we held converse. It might easily be believed that Ben is a dialectician with whom it is not very easy to make much way. Nevertheless when once the ice was broken I found him rather exceptionally frank and garrulous. In Arcady people in general are surly and repellent to chance acquaintances. I have seen a man watch a stranger for half a mile, silently wondering, contemplating him furtively, and apparently suspecting that he had only to watch him long enough to find him out in some dreadful crime. Our laborers have a kind of shrinking from sleek-looking people; they look upon an unknown gentleman as a being who is "after summut or other"; they are so very, very, very *cute* that only a professional pick-pocket can get at them. *He* can, however, with the utmost facility; wherever Touchstone and Audry are to be found, there Autolycus is in his element; but then Autolycus is never dull, never grave, he is always voluble, and on occasions violent; simply earnest and serious he is too cunning ever to pretend to be.

Ben was evidently fond of talking when once set going. He didn't want me, but if I wanted him he'd no objection. I found him supplied with a very much larger vocabulary than we are wont to meet with in the rank and file of Arcady. But then you must remember he was by way of being a *scald*. Readers of the newspaper, who are expected not only to read but to retail the news, that is to analyse the latest intelligence, and to repeat what the *peccayper* says, must needs have a certain command of language, and, as I have said, Ben is a man of culture, whose gifts are

such as bear the stamp of genius upon them, at least they give a certain glamor of awfulness to his eccentricities. Soon we got on easy terms. I tried to find out if he had any opinions. It was clear he never troubled himself to form any; in childhood he had learnt the Church Catechism, and he'd never found that it had done him any harm. Some folks thought it hurt 'em. As far as his observation extended, "them as the Church Catechism had hurted 'd a been hurted w'rout that!" . . .

Did he ever think of . . . Behind the veil? . . .

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces.

All *that* was between him and me. . . .

Where did he live now? Live? Where he liked. Where the fancy took him. In point of fact, if I wanted to know, he lived nowhere. Where did he leave his tools? for a man can't borrow a scythe and a hoe. As it happened, there was a limit to his confidences in that matter. He knew where to find what he wanted when he wanted it, and in a general way he carried his moveable property and a not inconsiderable landed estate upon his person. "Nobody don't meddle wi' me," he said, and I quite believed him. Where did he get his dinner? He looked round at me as if to make out whether I was poking fun at him. Then he answered warily, "That's accordin'!" For dinner as an institution he was prepared to admit that he "didn't make much account o' dinner." He mostly took his loaf along with him, "same as they old patriarchs." He had "never heerd tell as Jacob and that lot looked out for cooked wittels afore they went down into Egypt." Where *did* the man get that notion from? It was evident he had taken up with a theory that a process of deterioration had set in among the children of Israel from the day that Joseph gave a double savory mess to Benjamin. Do the Rabbis teach that doctrine, or is it to be found in the Targums?

I ventured to touch further upon matters of domestic economy. Ben was perfectly open; he had nothing to hide; he made no secrets. I had heard that he was a really good laborer, who could do anything he put his hand to. Did he happen to have dealings with a savings'

bank? Was it impertinent to ask what he did with all the money he earned? "All on it? Oh! Ah!" He exhibited great appreciation of that joke, chuckled, and writhed, and shook his filthy old garments. Every wrinkle seemed to be saying to me, "I never see sich a man!" Hoarding he regarded as a most ludicrous form of insanity. Work was a disagreeable necessity sometimes. Sometimes it might come in as a relief to the monotony of life; occasionally, too, it might provide him with a pair of boots, which, however, as well as all other garments that he must needs wear, no rational man would purchase except second-hand. I gathered that he had never in his life possessed a *new* coat. He was perfectly contented with his lot. If there was anything that he had to blame his Maker for, it was that he couldn't sing! Music had been denied him. More's the pity! When he was tired of working (and he was just as likely to leave a job half finished and disappear for ten days, after having secured an advance of pay), he repaired to the nearest public-house that would take him in—for it was not every public-house which he was allowed to frequent, or where he was permitted to sit down—and while the mood was on him there he would stay, occasionally eating his bread, and invariably and continuously consuming his beer. When the public-house closed what did he do then? That question he seemed disposed to fence with, and I at once refrained from pressing it. He saw I did not mean to impose upon his candor, and, with a certain generosity, he returned to the point of his own accord. There was just a little mystery about the way in which he spent his nights. That too was "accordin'."

During the bitter winter of 1880-81 some of the roads were blocked by the snow, and Ben was at work with a gang of men making cuttings through the dangerous drifts. The miserable weather lasted for weeks, and some of the laborers were wet through all day long. It is almost incredible, but it is none the less true, that during all that winter Ben never slept in a house, but buried himself in the straw of a barn where he had leave to lay himself down. I asked him, with a shudder, whether he was not afraid of the rats? He laughed aloud with tri-

umphant glee. "I make no more count of them rats than if they was fleas!" He could not have expressed his indifference more contemptuously. Nay, the rats rather amused him, except that he objected to their tails—they tickled his face sometimes! Didn't he suffer from the cold? He didn't know what folks meant by being cold. Had he never been ill? Yes, he'd been "bad" once aboard ship; he would not try that again! Never had rheumatism? What call had folks to get rheumatics? He "didn't hold wi' rheumatics."

During the last year or two I am told the county police have been molesting Ben, and stopped his sleeping in barns with or without leave. It appears there's some law against it. The consequence has been he has every now and then been driven to the Union for a night's lodging. I hear it is telling upon him, and he is not the man he was. When he can escape the argus eyes of the constabulary he still rolls himself up anywhere, in summer or autumn, under a hedge, at other times in any hovel that he can skulk into; now and then in a warm pigsty. That is delicious! The astonishing constitution of the man seems to have been proof against all exposure, want, infection, drink, or irregularity of every kind. It is to be supposed that he will die some day, but if ordinary causes could have killed him, he would have been dead half a century ago.

Ben's life, by all that I can learn, has been singularly inoffensive. As the saying is, "He has been no man's enemy but his own." I am told that he never smoked. He was never for an instant suspected of any approach to dishonesty. Nay, they say, "he ain't a foul-mouthed one, though he do frequent them low sort of places." He is simply an *individual* who has not yet withered, and he continues to live on sufferance though Policeman X is not satisfied that he is perfectly harmless. "There didn't ought to be such people," says Policeman X sententiously; his objection to Ben being that he exists!

And yet, why should not Loafing Ben be let alone? "Oh! he's a lazy fellow!" No, he is *not* a lazy fellow. See him at work, and you will not libel him so. He earns his own livelihood, and

never asked anyone for a penny that was not his due; he probably never received a "tip" since he was born. He labors when he pleases, and when he chooses he stops. Now and then, when the fit takes him, he sprawls in a dry ditch and kicks his old heels in the air, a Caliban without malignity. He does not envy you your bed of down; he has no taste for art, and does not saunter through Christie and Manson's simperingly giving his verdict—

Quo vafer ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære,
Quid sculptum infabre quid fustum durius esset.

If the benevolent philanthropists, who are always ready to show the peasantry what is for their good, and always prompt to deprive them of their mischievous property, had left him a common to stretch himself in, Ben would have been found often enough under a furze bush, snuffing up the heather and making friends with the weasels; as it is, he takes the sunshine astraddle of a gate, and watches the larks, and thinks what a jolly thing it must be to be able to sing. And so you call him a vagabond. He is not even that, for he never wanders five miles from his birthplace. You dare say he is a poacher, though. No, he isn't a poacher—never has been.

"Water is a kind of thing I *will* keep out of me" is his motto; and though there are trout to be had for the tickling, the running stream is to him a dark and deadly river in which alligators may perhaps be lurking for their prey. As for the pheasants and partridges, he'll watch them by the hour; and "an old hare" he would no more harm than he would a baby. "I like them old hares," he says innocently, "and I wish there was more on 'em!"

That's all very well, but Ben is a loafer by common consent. He's a loiterer, and loitering is a wrong done to the community. Policeman X is right after all—people "didn't ought to loiter."

"Pray, sir or madam, are there no *flâneurs* in the streets who do likewise? *Flâneurs* who have no lucid intervals of labor, but who languidly saunter through life, or are the busy bees of idleness? A loiterer is he? And what is a *flâneur*? Looking to the root of the matter I suspect that word has something to do with aimless going to and

fro. What deep commiseration there is for blind old Œdipus, when the chorus, keeping to the minor key, exclaims—

πλανάτας, πλανάτας τις ὁ πρέσβης, οὐδ' ἐγχορος.

It was a piteous spectacle to see the old king sink down to be a *flâneur*—πλανάτας, πλανάτας τις. To think of a man coming to that! Yet there was a lower depth still; οὐδ' ἐγχορος—he did not even belong to a club!

"I object to be classed with Loafing Ben and the ordinary *flâneur*; I can afford to be idle if I like."

So can Loafing Ben; and as long as he pays his way—which he does—he has abundant right to be as idle as he pleases. Do you want to compel this man to work ten hours a day on pain of your displeasure—the jail—the pillory—or, worst of all, the workhouse?

"Ah, but he's dirty, beery, a social pariah—in fact, he's a very *nasty* man!"

If we are going to shut up all the nasty men and women in prisons and workhouses for the crime of being nasty, there will certainly be no room for the vicious and the violent. And where shall we begin?—at our poor relations?

"Sir, this is a great deal too serious a matter to treat in a flippant and provoking manner. As a minister of the Gospel you are bound to remember that this man is utterly godless; he is——"

* * * * *

O Lord of Life and Love, call back the wanderer Home—home to Thy fold again.

But O ye serene ones in this perplexing world! are they the few and not the many who go astray?—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE ENGLISH ARISTOPHANES.

THIS was the title given to one of the most brilliant wits of the eighteenth century, whose works have fallen into strange and undeserved neglect. Samuel Foote, if we may accept the estimate of his contemporaries—and it is almost unanimous on this point—was the most original and daring humorist of his time. Garrick described him as a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining companion he had ever known. "Upon my word," wrote Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not checked we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket;" while Dr. Johnson, who met Foote for the first time at Fitzherbert's, said, "Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him, but the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible!"

Numerous other anecdotes are related of the ready wit of Foote, but his wit by no means exhausted his worth, for he was a man of considerable reading and

good classical learning, and could shine (it is said) in instructive and rational conversation with a single friend, with equal force as he could set a table in a roar. But he chiefly devoted himself to the lowest form of satire—that which is merely personal and consequently evanescent—and paid little regard to the husbanding of his faculties. The result is, that his pieces are devoid of the highest art, that moulding which genius gives to its productions in the interest of posterity. He had an almost abnormal development of the faculty of personal mimicry, and this made him such a power that he was dreaded by all classes. He exercised his faculty to excess, though Johnson observed to Boswell, "He does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." But as most persons have a morbid horror of being subjected to ridicule, there is no wonder that society gave Foote a wide berth. There are many men to whom ridicule is worse than death.

It would be difficult to trace the life of Foote in detail; for, as an ingenious biographer has remarked, in his early days, and before he became the cynosure

of the town, we might find him in a coach one day, and the next in a prison ; at one time setting up for a member of Parliament, and at another broiling a beef-steak in a garret. But we may note a few salient points in his career. He was born at Truro on the 27th of January, 1720. His father, who filled the post of Receiver of Fines for the Duchy of Cornwall, and Joint Commissioner of Prizes, was in no wise distinguished intellectually. His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., M.P. for the County of Hereford, by a grand-daughter of the Earl of Rutland. By a terrible deed of fratricide, which is too well known to speak of here, a large fortune passed to Mrs. Foote, and afterwards to her son Samuel. The humorist derived his wit and ability from his mother, a woman of good education and considerable sprightliness of fancy, and a favorite in fashionable and literary circles.

Foote was educated first at Worcester and then at the college of that name at Oxford. Worcester College owed its foundation to Sir T. C. Winford, a second cousin of our author's. Turning first to the law, Foote speedily relinquished this, his impulsive and original mind craving for other occupation. Next he married a young lady of some fortune and good family, but they soon disagreed. Foote squandered the whole of what fortune was at his command, and being driven to the stage for a livelihood, he made his first appearance at the Haymarket on the 6th of February, 1744, in the character of Othello. He failed in this ambitious undertaking, though not from the mere elocutionary point of view ; but to essay such a character as Othello without in the first place endeavoring to master the mind of Shakespeare, is something like attempting to control the chariot of the sun. Foote's brief experience taught him many useful lessons. Having tried tragedy, he essayed Lord Foppington in "The Relapse," but succeeded no better. Failing both in the higher and lower forms of the drama, he was driven to ask where his talent did lie. The answer came in the great success with which he represented characters within the apprehension of the multitude.

His first real success was achieved at

the Haymarket Theatre in the spring of 1747, when he appeared in the double character of author and actor. The piece was entitled, "Diversions of the Morning," and dealt, like its successors, with characters in real life, whose foibles were exceedingly well reproduced on the stage. The author descended even to the manner and tone of the persons whom he intended to take off ; the Westminster justices opposed the production of this piece, but Foote was well supported, and, with his ready wit, altered the title of his piece to "Mr. Foote giving Tea to his Friends." The representation was given for more than forty mornings to crowded and fashionable audiences, though a futile attempt was made to crush the author. In his next piece, "The Auction of Pictures," Foote brought in Sir Thomas de Veil, the leading justice of the peace for Westminster ; Mr. Cock, the famous auctioneer ; and the celebrated orator Henley.

Foote's powers of mimicry and truth to nature led him into a serious difficulty with one Faulkner, a printer of Dublin. This unfortunate man was ridiculed by the actor, who not only copied his speech, but his dress and manner, so that every one immediately recognised the character. Faulkner was so enraged that he brought an action against Foote, and, what was worse, recovered damages to the extent of £300. It is not a little singular that both Foote and Fielding ran the gauntlet of the Lord Chamberlain's censorship ; both were the subjects of public slander ; both were public comedians and free-livers ; and both made a great sensation in town after having been refused a licence for their productions. Extravagant to the last degree, we next find Foote in France, where he sojourned for four years, dissipating the greater part of the fortune which had come to him through his family. His Parisian experience led to many rumors, some enemies asserting that he had been killed in a duel, and others (with whom the wish was father to the thought) roundly declaring that he had been hanged. In the year 1752, however, the wandering comet astonished his friends and enemies alike by appearing in London in one of his pieces.

Foote had hit both Garrick and Mack-

lin rather hard in his early productions, but no rankling sore was left as regards the former, Garrick maintaining the most friendly relations with the dramatist, extending help to and occasionally receiving it from him. Early in 1758 Foote paid a visit to Dublin, where he was exceedingly well received at Sheridan's Theatre. It was here that he originally produced "The Minor," in many respects his best play. When the piece was afterwards produced in London, Foote sent the manuscript to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a request that his Grace would look it over, and if he saw any objectionable passages in it, "would exercise the free use of his pen, either in the way of erasure or correction." The dramatist had severely handled the Methodists in this piece, and of course if he could have obtained the sanction of the Archbishop to it, he might fairly have congratulated himself upon doing an excellent stroke of business. The Archbishop, however, was not to be caught, and having the wisdom of the serpent, he returned the manuscript as it reached him, observing to a confidential friend that, if he had put his pen to the piece, by way of correction or objection, the wit might have advertised his play as "corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Foote might make mistakes, but he was as cute as a Yankee in matters of business. A number of answers appeared to the attacks made in "The Minor" on the Methodists, and one pamphlet in particular was so ably written, that Foote was driven to reply to it. Mrs. Cole, a leading character in the piece, frequently refers to her friend Dr. Squintum, who was easily identified with the famous George Whitefield, of the Tottenham Court Road Tabernacle. This and other personalities gave great umbrage. Foote cleverly defended himself in a lengthy pamphlet which speaks highly for his dialectical skill. He defined comedy to be an exact representation of the peculiar manners of that people amongst whom it happened to be performed; "a faithful imitation of singular absurdities, particular follies, which are openly produced, as criminals are publicly punished for the correction of individuals, and as an example to the

whole community." There is no particular fault to be found with this definition, but unfortunately Foote now and again transgressed the very limits he had himself laid down. He ridiculed personal peculiarities which were the misfortune, and not the fault, of those afflicted with them. It is but fair, however, to cite Foote's own grounds for attacking Whitefield.

"If," he said, "in despite of art and nature, not content with depreciating every individual of his own order; with a countenance not only inexpressive but ludicrous; dialect, not only provincial, but barbarous; a deportment, not only awkward, but savage—he will produce himself to the whole public, and then deliver doctrines equally heretical and absurd, in a language at once inelegant and ungrammatical, he must have his pretensions to oratory derided, his sincerity suspected, and the truth of his mission denied."

In this passage of arms with his clerical antagonist, Foote evinced the superiority of his classical knowledge, and corrected many mistakes into which his opponent had fallen with regard to the Attic stage.

Always falling foul of some brother actor or another, and travestying them in a manner as galling as it was natural, his frequent quarrels were not so remarkable as the rapid reconciliations which almost invariably followed. Arthur Murphy, for example, who had great cause of complaint against the humorist, in connection with "The Englishman Returned," forgot Foote's plagiarism, and in 1761 opened in conjunction with him Drury Lane Theatre. Success failed to attend upon them, and they dissolved partnership. Foote somewhat retrieved his fortunes with "The Liar," produced at Covent Garden. His "Orators" was also brought forward in 1762 at the Haymarket. With a bold candor, the author announced that in the latter piece he should introduce no less a person than Dr. Samuel Johnson, and of course much to the great lexicographer's discredit. But for once, Foote had reckoned without his host. Afraid that the burly Doctor would really fulfil his threat of going upon the stage and knocking down the performer with a cudgel, Foote deemed discretion the better part of valor. He was obliged to allow all the delightful, superstitious material about the Cock Lane Ghost to go for nothing. But

Foote was really accommodated with a tedious and expensive lawsuit arising out of "The Orators." He had attacked Faulker, the printer of the *Dublin Journal*, with the result we have already mentioned, and the only satisfaction he could obtain was the publication of a mock "Trial of Foote," in which he severely handled his prosecutor.

Foote now went on producing his pieces at the Haymarket in quick succession. "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Patron," "The Commissary," brought him much pecuniary profit, and gave him the favor and countenance of the fashionable world. But early in 1766, a severe accident befell him in the hunting-field. Being induced by the Duke of York, Lord Delaval, and others—who with himself were on a visit to Lord Mexborough—to go out with the hounds, he had the misfortune to break his leg. Amputation was rendered necessary, but even while it was being performed Foote could not suppress his humor, and observed that he had now no fears of corns, sores, or giped heels, and "would not change his one good leg for Lord Spindle's two drumsticks." The loss of a limb did not interfere with his performances on the stage, indeed it resulted in his warin patron, the Duke of York, procuring for him the royal patent for a summer theatre. He now purchased the Haymarket, rebuilt it, and opened it in May 1767, with "An Occasional Prelude," in which Banister and himself appeared. Then followed "The Tailors," respecting whose authorship there is considerable doubt. This was in time succeeded by Foote's "Devil upon Two Sticks." Having made four thousand pounds out of the "Devil," he lost it all at play to a company of blacklegs at Bath; so that the Devil was well revenged for the liberties which had been taken with his individuality. After a flying visit to Dublin, in 1770 Foote produced his "Lame Lover" in London, but the piece was a failure. Three years later he brought out the "Primitive Puppet Show." This novel entertainment was presented to crowded houses, the Haymarket being crammed with carriages. So great was the excitement of the public, that they burst open the doors to obtain admittance. When the show was in course of

preparation, a lady asked Foote whether his figures would be as large as life. "Oh no, my lady," he replied, "not quite; indeed, not much larger than Garrick," the great tragic actor being, as is well known, somewhat diminutive in size. "The Maid of Bath" was produced in 1771, "The Nabob" in 1772, and in 1774 appeared "The Cozeners," with a prologue by David Garrick, this being "the peace-offering thrown in by Roscius to Aristophanes, on a new reconciliation of the parties." Foote had attempted to borrow £500 from Garrick, and, as might be imagined, unsuccessfully.

In 1775 a strange quarrel arose between Foote and the notorious Duchess of Kingston, which furnished a good deal of scandal for the town. After our difficulties with America, the Duchess absorbed the public attention. She had obtained possession of the deceased Duke's vast revenues, and Foote, in his "Trip to Calais" and "The Capuchin," showed how she used this wealth to contaminate the public mind through her minion Jackson or Forster, represented as O'Donovan and Dr. Viper. The expressed intention of bringing her Grace's follies upon the Haymarket stage aroused her friends, who in turn charged Foote with a countervailing crime. The Duchess gave it out that her impending trial for bigamy would be prejudiced by the exposure of her follies, and in the end the Lord Chamberlain prohibited the "Trip to Calais." Foote was greatly annoyed, but was obliged to call for a truce with his fair antagonist. The only stipulation he made was that all attacks upon his own character should cease. Whether this was construed as a sign of weakness on Foote's part does not appear, but the attacks continued with unabated violence, and the Duchess sent him a scurrilous letter. Foote replied with a terribly cutting and sarcastic epistle. The correspondence was such that it cannot be reproduced, but Foote made one very effective point. The honor of his parents having been attacked, he answered, with regard more especially to his mother—"Her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable till your Grace condescended to stain them. She was upwards of four score years old

when she died ; and, what will surprise your Grace, *was never married but once in her life.*"

The Duchess (*née* Miss Chudleigh) was tried for bigamy before the House of Lords, and found guilty. The quarrel now proceeded with vigor. In the summer of 1776 "The Capuchin" was produced, and it was found that the dramatist had made a terrible *exposé* (in the character of Viper) of Jackson, who was chief of her Grace's council. The justice of the satire seems to have been widely acknowledged, but that only the more enraged the object of the attack. Accordingly Jackson, with the aid of a confederate, and supported by the Duchess with funds, laid a disgraceful charge against Foote. He was honorably acquitted, the whole thing having been an infamous fabrication ; but although he still retained both his public and private friends, his health broke down under the slander. Hysterics, languor, and excessive excitement, he alternately suffered from, and was obliged eventually to retire from the stage. He disposed of his patent to George Colman, author of "The Jealous Wife," on the understanding that he was to receive four hundred pounds every quarter of a year. In return he engaged to play occasionally at the Haymarket only. His appearances on the stage were very fitful, and being seized with paralysis on one occasion during the season of 1777, he retired for ever from the scene of his triumphs. Going to Brighton to recover his health, he was ordered from thence to France by his physicians, but he never got farther than Dover. Here he expired, the ruling passion of his wit being strong to the last. It seems that before he undertook this last journey he had a presentiment of his end ; for in going over his house in Suffolk Street he came to the portrait of Weston, upon which he gazed for some time, sighing out, "Poor Weston !" Then, turning round, he added, "It will be very shortly 'Poor Foote !' or the intelligence of my spirits very much deceives me." He was buried by torchlight in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on the 27th of October, 1777, but no stone or memorial of any kind distinguishes his grave.

The character of Foote was never so

well described—considering the brevity of the sketch—as in Mr. Burke's volume of the "Annual Register" for 1777 :

"Mr. Foote, as a private man, was sincere, generous, and humane. As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions expand with mirth and good-humor ; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved a noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices no one will pretend to deny ; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merits and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation. 'Alas, poor Yorick !' Where be your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar ? Not one, now. Alas, poor Yorick !'"

The estimates formed by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay of Samuel Foote, require considerable revision. They were partial and unjust. As the late John Forster remarked :

"When Sir Walter Scott speaks of the dramatist, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he effected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous and vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature ; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northampton burr, or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle."

We incline rather to Mr. Forster's estimate, that a careful examination of Foote's writings shows they are not unworthy of a higher place in literature than they now enjoy. His readiness on all occasions gave him great power, and frequently enabled him to carry off the victory when otherwise he would have been defeated and humiliated. Dr. Johnson and other competent judges admitted that there was much more in him than the simple buffoon, while he had a considerable stock of learning, and more wit and more command over humorous narrative than any contemporary member of his profession.

Foote was beyond question *facile princeps* in the art of joking and repartee. Many of his witticisms will live long after his comedies are forgotten. A volume might easily be compiled of his good things ; and we shall make no apology for illustrating this side of his

character by quoting some examples of his wit. Conversing one evening at the dinner-table of a nobleman, he was interrupted at the culminating point of one of his best stories by the remark, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket."

"Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do." And then he finished his story.

At the same nobleman's table on another occasion, the host ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, extolling at the same time its good qualities, and particularly its age. But the glasses he sent round scarcely held a thimbleful. "Fine wine, upon my soul!" said the wit, smacking his lips.

"Is it not very curious?" asked his lordship.

"Perfectly so, indeed," replied Foote; "I do not remember to have seen anything *so little of its age* in my life before."

The wit delighted in girding at Garrick whenever he had an opportunity. A young gentleman desirous of going on the stage asked Foote's opinion upon the various theatres: he replied that Garrick had certainly judgment to discern, and candor to allow of merit wherever he found it; but advised him to be cautious in making his bargain, for in that he would be too hard almost for the devil himself. He well reprov'd one who sought to extract fun out of his cork leg. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked. "Did I ever say anything about your head?" Baron B——, a notorious gambler, being detected at Bath secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of an upstairs room where they had been playing. The Baron loudly complained of this usage to Foote, and asked what he should do. "Do," said the other; "why, it is a plain case—never play so *high* again as long as you live." A bombastic country squire was one morning boasting of the number of fashionable people he had called upon. "Among the rest," he observed, "I called upon my good friend, the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," interposed Foote; "what, nor any of his pe-o-ple?"

A physician at Bath confided to Foote that he had a mind to publish a volume of poems: "but," he added, "I have so many irons in the fire I don't know what to do." "Then take my advice," rejoined the humorist, "and let your poems keep company with the rest of your irons." In the suite of Lord Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was a person who led a very strange and sometimes embarrassed life in London. "That is one of my gentlemen at large," said his Excellency; "do you know him?" "Very well," replied Foote; "and what you tell me of him is most extraordinary—first that he is a *gentleman*, and next that he is *at large*." The foolish Duke of Cumberland went one night into the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," he began, "here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." "Really your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion," retorted Foote, "for you never bring any of them up again." A person utterly destitute of tune was asked why he was always humming a certain air. "Because it haunts me," he replied. "No wonder, when you are for ever murdering it." A mercantile man, who had written a poem, exacted from Foote a promise to listen to it. The author pompously began—"Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses Nine! Pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am; nine and one are ten. Go on." Dr. Blair, having determined to write notes to an edition of "Ossian," Foote observed that the booksellers ought to allow a great discount to the purchasers. "Why so?" asked a gentleman present. "Because they are notes of — long credit," was the reply. Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together at the time of the first regulation of the gold coinage, the former pulled out his purse to pay the reckoning, and asked Garrick what he should do with a bright guinea he had. "Pshaw! it's worth nothing," said Garrick; "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," instantly replied the wit, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further* than any other man."

One anecdote probably furnished Goldsmith with the idea of Garrick's character developed in the poem. Re-

taliation." Garrick having performed *Macbeth*, a discussion upon the merits of the impersonation took place at the Bedford Coffee House. It was generally allowed that Garrick was the first actor on any stage. "Indeed, gentlemen," said Foote, "I don't think you have said half enough of him, for I think him not only the greatest actor *on* but *off* the stage." At one of Foote's dinner-parties the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants was announced. "Oh, let them wait," said Foote, adding in an audible tone to his own servant; "but, James, be sure you lock up the pantry." Sir William B——, a very profane man, called one day upon Foote, after witnessing Godfrey's experiment for extinguishing fires in houses, by throwing into the rooms some chemical balls which had been prepared. Foote inquired whether the balls answered, upon which Sir William said, "Aye, damme, they would extinguish hell-fire." "Then," said Foote, "order a number of them to be put into your coffin." The foundation of another joke was subsequently used by Sidney Smith. One day, in a company where Foote was present, the building of Richmond Bridge was discussed, and a gentleman asked whether the piers were to be built of wood or stone. "Stone to be sure," said Foote, "for there are too many wooden *peers* already in this country." When Savigny—who was by trade a cutter—first appeared on the stage, Foote went to see him, and was in the same box with a lady who was greatly affected by the actor's tragic power. "Lord! he is very *cutting*, sir," she remarked. "That's not at all wonderful," replied the humorist, "for he is a *razor-grinder*." Being once asked why learned men are to be found in rich men's houses, Foote replied, "Because the first know what they want, and the latter don't." Lord —— met Foote, one day, driving an elegant chariot, with four fine dun horses, through Hyde Park. His lordship accosted the actor—"So, Foote, you drive the duns, I see." "Yes, my lord," replied the other, "'tis high time, for they have driven me a long while."

Like Dr. Johnson, Foote had not a very exalted opinion of Scotland. A gentleman who had been with him through his tour in that country, having

asked the wit what he thought the most agreeable thing in Scotland—"Why, to be plain with you," replied Foote, "the road to England is by much the finest thing you have in Scotland." Mrs. Foote being upon one occasion committed to the King's Bench Prison, she wrote to her son, who was then in a sponging-house for debt, as follows,—
"Dear Sam, I am now in prison!"
Her dutiful son immediately responded, "Dear mother, so am I."

Foote never tired of roasting the lawyers with his wit, of which a sample may be given. A simple country farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining to him that the expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, &c., were very great. "What, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No!" exclaimed the astonished countryman. "How do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room overnight by himself, throw open the sash, lock the door, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other, amazed.

"What becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot tell exactly; all we know is, *there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room next morning*."

One more anecdote only, out of the many which could still be cited, we will add. Selwyn records that Foote, having received much attention from the Eton boys, in showing him about the college, collected them round him in the quadrangle, and said, "Now, young gentlemen, what can I do for you to show you how much obliged I am to you?" "Tell us, Mr. Foote," begged the leader, "the best thing you ever said." "Why," rejoined Foote, "I once saw a little blackguard imp of a chimney-sweeper mounted on a noble steed, prancing and curveting in all the pride and magnificence of nature. 'There,' said I, 'goes Warburton on Shakespeare.'"

There is the testimony of no less a person than Charles James Fox to the ability and versatility of Foote. Fox

informed Rogers the poet that Lord William Bentinck once invited Foote to meet him and some others at dinner in St. James's Street, and that they were rather chagrined with their host, anticipating that the actor would prove a fiasco. "But we soon found," said Fox, "that we were mistaken. Whatever we talked about—whether fox-hunting, the turf, or any other subject—Foote instantly took the lead and delighted us all." Boswell one day ventured to enlarge before Johnson upon the superiority of the tragic over the comic actor. "If Betterton and Foote were to walk into this room," he observed, "you would respect Betterton much more than Foote." "Sir," replied Johnson, "if Betterton were to walk into this room with Foote, Foote would soon drive him out of it. Foote, sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all." In the rapidity and lightness of his wit, Foote was perhaps the superior of Sheridan, though the latter had frequently a clear rapier-like thrust which was quite beyond his brother humorist.

: Coming now to Foote's plays, we find that there runs through all a strong personality, which gave them their original popularity: though this does not exhaust their claims to attention. The character-drawing is extremely clever and vivid. Take, for example, the miser in "The Knights," who was personated by Foote himself, and very closely transferred to the stage the characteristics of a well-known Herefordshire knight. In the same piece, also, is Sir Gregory Gazette, equally distinguished for his individuality, and the type of many provincial politicians of the time. His education barely allowed him to apprehend the two sides of a question, yet he never had any difficulty in asserting his views with the greatest freedom and pertinacity. Foote acknowledged that he met the principal characters in this piece during a summer's expedition; they were "neither vamped up from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor were they the baseless beings of a poet's brain." They were depicted in their plain natural habit as they lived, and demanded nothing from the author save grouping them together and throwing them into

action. The following is an amusing scene between one Hartop and Sir Gregory, and it well illustrates Foote's manner, and the gullibility of the political knight. Sir Gregory having been told that there were at least a hundred and fifty newspapers published in London in a week, and having inquired which was the best, this dialogue ensues:

"*Har.* Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as in their uses. If you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of your neighbor, whose character neither you nor his whole life can possibly restore, you may do it for two shillings in one paper; if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the Ministry will always be well received by the head of another.

* * * * *

"*Sir Greg.* But what's all this to news, Mr. Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the King of Spain, the Queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come, you could give us a little news, if you would; come now—snug!—nobody by!—good now, do. Come, ever so little.

"*Har.* Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the Government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

"*Sir Greg.* With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

"*Har.* We are to yield him up a large tract of the *Terra-incognita*, together with both the Needles, the Scilly Rocks, and Lizard Point, on the condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Bishop of Greenland succeeds to St. Peter's Chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

"*Sir Greg.* Good lack, good lack! Rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr. Hartop. But might I not just hint this to Mr. Soakum, our vicar? 'Twould rejoice his heart.

"*Har.* O fie! by no means.

"*Sir Greg.* Only a line, a little hint—do now.

"*Har.* Well, sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything.

"*Sir Greg.* Ten thousand thanks! Now, the Pope—wonderful! I'll minute it down. Both the Needles?

"*Har.* Ay, both.

"*Sir Greg.* Good now, I'll minute it. The Lizard Point—both the Needles—Scilly Rocks—Bishop of Greenland—St. Peter's Chair; why, then when this is finished we may chance to attack the Great Turk, and have Holy Wars again, Mr. Hartop.

"*Har.* That is part of the scheme."

For ourselves, we regard "The Minor" as indubitably Foote's best comedy. It gave rise to a great religious war, as we have seen, and this

probably helped to carry it through its thirty-four representations to full houses, and the fourteen or fifteen printed editions of the play. The quarrel with Whitefield did no harm to the piece from a business point of view.

"Certain it is," justly remarks Mr. Forster, "that such friends of Whitefield's as had the courage to risk encounter with Foote came off worsted from the conflict. His 'Letter to the Reverend Author of Remarks, Critical and Christian, on 'The Minor,'' is a masterpiece of controversial writing, which, if all his other works had perished, would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Every line tells. Actors will find nowhere in the language a happier defence of the stage; and all scholars may admire the learning and modesty with which, rejecting for himself any comparison with Aristophanes, he rebukes the insolent ignorance which can find only malice and barbarity in such a writer, and such an age."

Foote's letter contained trenchant arguments in favor of public amusements.

"What institution, human or divine," he asked, "has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? Men have been drunk with wine; must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out as occupations for the idle, and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is to take care that such only shall be established as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequence."

It was not too much for a critic to say of "The Minor"—

"Its three acts are worth almost any five we know. Overflowing with wit and good writing, there is also a serious and pathetic interest in them, as Holcroft found when they supplied him with his plot for 'The Deserted Daughter'; and there is character in such wonderful variety, that Sheridan was able to carry quietly off from it (a liberty he often took with Foote) what was never missed in its abundance."

The comedy is equally excellent in situation as in literary execution. It is quite true that Sheridan borrowed very frequently from Foote; but then this whole question of indebtedness on the part of dramatic authors to each other is a very wide one. Foote himself was a borrower from Lope de Vega, Molière, and others; Molière and his contemporaries, French and English, likewise borrowed from preceding writers, and these predecessors were themselves adepts in the art of "conveying." Could we push this matter to its earliest mani-

festations, we should be greatly astonished at discovering how few are the original types of character in existence in any literature.

Steele and Foote appear to have been equally indebted to the "Menteur" of Corneille—the former in his "Lying Lovers," the latter in his comedy of "The Liar."

In "The Orators," Foote had a legitimate ground for his satire—the pretentiousness of those public speakers, the real value of whose orations is in inverse ratio to their length. Some of those hole-and-corner societies which in our day profess to adjudicate upon the affairs of England and of Europe might study this little comedy with advantage. Foote seems to have actually, and happily by all account, imitated the style and manner of Thomas Sheridan, who had just arrived in London for the purpose of putting the metropolis right on such matters as "The Art of Elocution" and "The Art of Reading." The play was produced on the day of Sheridan's appearance, and the dramatist severely damaged the elocutionist in the vital matter of his audience.

"The Commissary," a comedy in three acts, would serve to point the moral that, although England had done with the immorality of the Court of Charles II., vice and corruption still openly flourished amongst certain classes of the community. The character of Mrs. Mechlin is worse in some respects than any which have been portrayed by Wycherley or Congreve. For the leading personages of this piece Foote was again indebted to Molière, just as in his "Devil upon Two Sticks" he was indebted to Le Sage. The latter comedy is a very sharp satire upon quackery, especially the medical part of it, while the pretenders in science and letters are also ruthlessly exposed. There is an excellent scene between Sir Thomas Maxwell and his sister Margaret, arising out of the former's close espionage over his daughter, to prevent her from eloping with the clerk of a trader. Margaret is one of those reputedly learned ladies who assume an inflated style of speech. We append an amusing extract from the scene in question:

"Margaret. Woman is a microcosm, and rightly to rule her requires as great talents as

to govern a State. And what says the aphorism of Cardinal Polignac? 'If you would not have a person deceive you, be careful not to let him know you mistrust him.' And so of your daughter.

Sir Thomas. Mrs. Margaret Maxwell, bestow your advice where it is wanted. Out of my depth? A likely story indeed, that I, who am fixed here in a national trust, appointed guardian of the English interest at the Court of Madrid, should not know how to manage a girl!

Margaret. And pray, Mr. Consul, what information will your station afford you? I do not deny your knowledge in export and import, nor doubt your skill in the difference between wet and dry goods. You may weigh with exactness the balance of trade, or explain the true spirit of a treaty of commerce—the surface, the mere skimmerings of the political world.

Sir Thomas. Mighty well!

Margaret. But had you, with me, traced things to their original source; had you discovered all social subordination to arise from original compact; had you read Machiavel, Montesquieu, Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Harrington, Hume; had you studied the political testaments of Alberoni and Cardinal Richelieu—

Sir Thomas. Mercy on us!

Margaret. Had you analysed the Pragmatic Sanction and the family compact; had you toiled through the laborious pages of the Vinerian Professor, or estimated the prevailing manners with the Vicar of Newcastle; in a word, had you read Amicus upon Taxation, and Inimicus upon Representation, you would have known—

Sir Thomas. What?

Margaret. That in spite of the frippery of the French Salique Law, woman is a free agent, a non-substantive entity, and, when treated with confidence—

Sir Thomas. Why, perhaps she may not abuse it; but still, my sage sister, it is but a *perhaps*; now, my method is certain, infallible; by confining her, I cannot be deceived.

Margaret. And pray, sir, what right have you to confine her? Look in your Puffendorf! Though born in Spain, she is a native of England; her birthright is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her."

In "The Nabob" we have an easily recognisable type of character, the villain, who, after a profitable residence abroad, returns to his native land, there to apply his ill-gotten gold to the annoyance and sometimes to the ruin of his neighbors. Nabob was a title generally employed to designate those who had returned with the spoils or the savings of an Oriental career; and the term "rich as a Nabob" lingers still in some English counties. In Foote's time there was a man of this character who attained great notoriety, and it was his

career which the dramatist set himself to depict. The writer indulges in a good deal of banter at the expense of the Antiquarian Society, some of whose members carried the passion for relics to a ridiculous excess.

"The Cozeners," which was performed for the first time in 1744, carries its purpose in its title—

"The sudden and unmerited elevation of persons without character, as well those who had not lived long enough in the world to acquire any, as those who might have forfeited a portion of theirs, begat in men's minds gross notions of venality regarding those who have to bestow such favors; the same poison descended into the lower ranks of life; even justice was supposed to have held the scales at a marketable price, and a conspiracy to defraud its ends, or to immolate victims at its bases, had been recently discovered."

Such corruption and venality Foote resolved to castigate. That noted corrupter and fashionable preacher Dr. William Dodd, actually had the audacity to offer the Lord Chancellor a bribe, that he might step into a good living then vacant; but the result of his temerity acted as a salutary warning to others. The Lord Chancellor not only declined the proffered bribe, but struck off the name of Dodd from the list of the King's chaplains. Yet in spite of the lash of the satirist from Molière downward, cozening, we suppose, will prevail in some of its forms till the end of time.

What was the secret of Foote's power over his contemporaries, and what is the ground for our reasonable conviction that his works ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion? The answer lies not only in the inherent wit of the comedies themselves, but in the fact that Foote took the dramatic tide at the ebb, and turned it to his own advantage. At the time he wrote, tragedy had altogether fallen from its high estate. No works of original power were produced, although Garrick shed a new lustre upon the stage by his wonderful impersonation of Shakespearean characters. But he was only one bright particular star upon a darkened horizon. Men like Lillo essayed a new groove in tragedy, but it was of an inferior range and quality, and the one famous tragedy of Foote's day, Home's "Douglas," was the result of a close study of foreign writers. There were, it is true, a num-

ber of writers possessing wit and much humorous fancy, but comedy, too, was on the decline. Writers for the stage began to devote themselves to the burlesque side of the comic art, and political travesties became the order of the day. Fielding was amongst those who wasted their powers in this direction. Foote, being a man of quick and penetrating mind, at once perceived his opportunity, and struck in. He saw that the element of farce was one which had not been made the most of in comedy, and by using it in conjunction with a real satiric faculty in portraying the follies of the day, he attained success. That the result did not belie his expectations, is shown in the fact that he was described as the English Aristophanes.

If in all its breadth and fulness, Foote was not entitled to this epithet of "The English Aristophanes," there were yet some aspects of his character (as will

have been gathered from a preceding observation) in which the learned Greek and world-famous humorist might readily have acknowledged kinship with the English dramatist. Although separated by so many centuries, they had common qualities. In both is witnessed a perfect *abandon* of humor; there is no hesitation, no endeavor to count the cost before the satirist swoops down on his prey. Both were the scourgers of their age. But in the case of Aristophanes there was the imposing background of genius which is lacking in Foote. For that reason, the epithet applied to the latter is as flattering to the English dramatist as it is unjust to his far greater prototype.

Yet if humor and satire as salutary social forces require any apology, this apology may unquestionably be discovered in the witty and entertaining writings of Samuel Foote.—*Temple Bar*.

THE WORK OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN the spring of 1616 the greatest Englishman of all time passed away with no public homage or notice, and the first tributes paid to his memory were prefixed to the miserably garbled and inaccurate edition of his works which was issued seven years later by a brace of players under patronage of a brace of peers. In the spring of 1885 the greatest Frenchman of all time has passed away amid such universal anguish and passion of regret as never before accompanied the death of the greatest among poets. The contrast is of course not wholly due to the incalculable progress of humanity during the two hundred and sixty-nine years which divide the date of our mourning from the date of Shakespeare's death: nor even to the vast superiority of Frenchmen to Englishmen in the quality of generous, just, and reasonable gratitude for the very highest of all benefits that man can confer on mankind. For the greatest poet of this century has been more than such a force of indirect and gradual beneficence as every great writer must needs be. His spiritual service has been in its inmost essence, in its

highest development, the service of a healer and a comforter, the work of a redeemer and a prophet. Above all other apostles who have brought us each the glad tidings of his peculiar gospel, the free gifts of his special inspiration, has this one deserved to be called by the most beautiful and tender of all human titles—the son of consolation. His burning wrath and scorn unquenchable were fed with light and heat from the inexhaustible dayspring of his love—a fountain of everlasting and unconsuming fire. We know of no such great poet so good, of no such good man so great in genius: not though Milton and Shelley, our greatest lyric singer and our single epic poet, remain with us for signs and examples of devotion as heroic and self-sacrifice as pure. And therefore it is but simply reasonable that not those alone should mourn for him who have been reared and nurtured on the fruits of his creative spirit: that those also whom he wrought and fought for, but who know him only as their champion and their friend—they that cannot even read him, but remember how he labored

in their cause, that their children might fare otherwise than they—should bear no unequal part in the burden of this infinite and worldwide sorrow.

For us, who from childhood upwards have fostered and fortified whatever of good was born in us—all capacity of spiritual work, all seed of human sympathy, all powers of hope and faith, all passions and aspirations found loyal to the service of duty and of love—with the bread of his deathless word and the wine of his immortal song, the one thing possible to do in this first hour of bitterness and stupefaction at the sense of a loss not possible yet to realize, is not to declaim his praise or parade our lamentation in modulated effects or efforts of panegyric or of dirge: it is to reckon up once more the standing account of our all but incalculable debt. A brief and simple summary of his published works may probably lay before the student some points and some details not generally familiar to the run of English readers: and I know not what better service might be done them than to bring into their sight such aspects of the most multifarious and many-sided genius that ever wrought in prose or verse as are least obvious and least notorious to the foreign world of letters.

Poet, dramatist, novelist, historian, philosopher, and patriot, the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century was before all things and above all things a poet. Throughout all the various and ambitious attempts of his marvellous boyhood—criticism, drama, satire, elegy, epigram, and romance—the dominant vein is poetic. His example will stand forever as the crowning disproof of the doubtless more than plausible opinion that the most amazing precocity of power is a sign of ensuing impotence and premature decay. There was never a more brilliant boy than Victor Hugo: but there has never been a greater man. At any other than a time of mourning it might be neither unseasonable nor unprontable to observe that the boy's early verse, molded on the models of the eighteenth century, is an arsenal of satire on revolutionary principles or notions which might suffice to furnish forth with more than their natural equipment of epigram a whole army of reactionary rhymesters and pamphleteers. But from

the first, without knowing it, he was on the road to Damascus: if not to be struck down by sudden miracle, yet by no less inevitable a process to undergo a no less unquestionable conversion. At sixteen he wrote for a wager in the space of a fortnight the chivalrous and heroic story of *Bug-Jargal*; afterwards recast and reformed with fresh vigor of vitality, when the author had attained the maturer age of twenty-three. His tenderness and manliness of spirit were here made nobly manifest: his originality and ardor of imagination, wild as yet and crude and violent, found vent two years later in *Han d'Islande*. But no boyish work on record ever showed more singular force of hand, more brilliant variety of power: though the author's criticism ten years later admits that "il n'y a dans *Han a'Islande* qu'une chose sentie, l'amour du jeune homme; qu'une chose observée, l'amour de la jeune fille." But as the work of a boy's fancy or invention, touched here and there with genuine humor, terror, and pathos, it is not less wonderful than are the author's first odes for ease and force and freshness and fluency of verse imbued with simple and sincere feeling, with cordial and candid faith. And in both these boyish stories the hand of a soldier's son, a child of the camp, reared in the lap of war and cradled in traditions of daring, is evident whenever an episode of martial adventure comes in among the more fantastic excursions of adolescent inventiveness. But it is in the ballads written between his twenty-second and his twenty-seventh year that Victor Hugo first showed himself, beyond all question and above all cavil, an original and a great poet. *La Chasse du Burgrave* and *Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean* would suffice of themselves to establish that. The fire, the music, the force, the tenderness, the spirit of these glorious little poems must needs, one would think, impress even such readers as might be impervious to the charm of their exquisitely vigorous and dexterous execution. It will of course, I should hope, be understood once for all that when I venture to select for special mention any special poem of Hugo's I do not dream of venturing to suggest that others are not or may not be fully as worthy of homage, or that anything of

this incomparable master's work will not requite our study or does not demand our admiration; I do but take leave to indicate in passing some of those which have been to me especially fruitful of enduring delight, and still are cherished in consequence with a peculiar gratitude.

At twenty-five the already celebrated lyric poet published his magnificent historic drama of *Cromwell*: a work sufficient of itself to establish the author's fame for all ages in which poetry and thought, passion and humor, subtle truth of character, stately perfection of structure, facile force of dialogue and splendid eloquence of style, continue to be admired and enjoyed. That the author has apparently confounded one earl of Rochester with another more famous bearer of the same title must not be allowed to interfere with the credit due to him for wide and various research. Any dullard can point the finger at a slip here and there in the history, a change or an error of detail or of date: it needs more care to appreciate the painstaking and ardent industry which has collected and fused together a great mass of historic and legendary material, the fervent energy of inspiration which has given life, order, and harmony to the vast and versatile design. As to the executive part of the poem, the least that can be said by any competent judge of that matter is that Molière was already equalled and Corneille was already excelled in their respective provinces of verse by the young conqueror whose rule was equal and imperial over every realm of song. The comic interludes or episodes of the second and third acts, so admirably welded into the structure or woven into the thread of the action, would suffice to prove this when collated with the seventeenth scene of the third act and the great speech of Cromwell in the fifth. The subtlety and variety of power displayed in the treatment of the chief character should be evident alike to those who look only on the upright side of it and those who can see only its more oblique aspect. The *Cromwell* of Hugo is as far from the faultless monster of Carlyle's creation and adoration as from the all but unredeemed villain of royalist and Hibernian tradition: he is a great and terrible poetic figure, imbued

throughout with active life and harmonized throughout by imaginative intuition: a patriot and a tyrant, a dissembler and a believer, a practical humorist and a national hero.

The famous preface in which the batteries of pseudo-classic tradition were stormed and shattered at a charge has itself long since become a classic. That the greatest poet was also the greatest prose-writer of his generation there could no longer be any doubt among men of any intelligence: but not even yet was more than half the greatness of his multitudinous force revealed. Two years later, at the age of twenty-seven, he published the superb and entrancing *Orientales*: the most musical and many-colored volume of verse that ever had glorified the language. From *Le Feu du Ciel* to *Sara la Baigneuse*, from the thunder-peals of exterminating judgment to the flute-notes of innocent girlish luxury in the sense of loveliness and life, the inexhaustible range of his triumph expands and culminates and extends. Shelley has left us no more exquisite and miraculous piece of lyrical craftsmanship than *Les Djinns*; none perhaps so rich in variety of modulation, so perfect in rise and growth and relapse and reiteration of music. And here, like Shelley, was Hugo already the poet of freedom, a champion of the sacred right and the holy duty of resistance. The husk of a royalist education, the crust of reactionary misconceptions, had already begun to drop off: not yet a pure republican, he was now ripe to receive and to understand the doctrine of human right, the conception of the common weal, as distinguished from imaginary duties and opposed to hereditary claims.

The twenty-eighth year of his life, which was illuminated by the issue of these passionate and radiant poems, witnessed also the opening of his generous and lifelong campaign or crusade against the principle of capital punishment. With all possible reverence and all possible reluctance, but remembering that without perfect straightforwardness and absolute sincerity I should be even unworthier than I am to speak of Victor Hugo at all, I must say that his reasoning on this subject seems to me insufficient and inconclusive: that his own

radical principle, the absolute inviolability of human life the absolute sinfulness of retributive bloodshedding, if not utterly illogical and untenable, is tenable or logical only on the ground assumed by those quaintest though not least pathetic among fanatics and heroes, the early disciples of George Fox. If a man tells you that supernatural revelation has forbidden him to take another man's life under all and any circumstances, he is above or beyond refutation: if he says that self-defence is justifiable, and that righteous warfare is a patriotic duty, but that to exact from the very worst of murderers, a parricide or a poisoner, a Philip the Second or a Napoleon the Third, the payment of a life for a life—or even of one infamous existence for whole hecatombs of innocent lives—is an offence against civilization and a sin against humanity, I am not merely unable to accept but incompetent to understand his argument. We may most heartily agree with him that France is degraded by the guillotine, and that England is disgraced by the gallows, and yet our abhorrence of these barbarous and nauseous brutalities may not preclude us from feeling that a dealer (for example) in professional infanticide by starvation might very properly be subjected to vivisection without anæsthetics, and that all manly and womanly minds not distorted or distracted by prepossessions or assumptions might rationally and laudably rejoice in the prospect of this legal and equitable process. "The senseless old law of retaliation" (*la vieille et inepte loi du talion*) is inept or senseless only when the application of it is false to the principle: when justice in theory becomes unjust in practice. Another stale old principle or proverb—"abusus non tollit usum"—suffices to confute some of the arguments—I am very far from saying, all—adduced or alleged by the ardent eloquence of Victor Hugo in his admirable masterpiece of terrible and pathetic invention, *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*, and subsequently in the impressive little history of *Claude Gueux*, in the famous speech on behalf of Charles Hugo when impeached on a charge of insult to the laws in an article on the punishment of death, and in the fervent eloquence of his appeal on the case of a criminal ex-

ecuted in Guernsey, and of his protest addressed to Lord Palmerston against the horrible result of its rejection. That certain surviving methods of execution are execrable scandals to the country which maintains them, he has proved beyond all humane or reasonable question: and that all murderers are not alike inexcusable is no less indisputable a proposition: but beyond these two points the most earnest and exuberant advocacy can advance nothing likely to convince any but those already converted to the principle that human life must never be taken in punishment of crime—that there are not criminals whose existence insults humanity, and cries aloud on justice for mercy's very sake to cut it off.

The next year (1830) is famous for ever beyond all others in the history of French literature: it was the year of *Hernani*, the date of liberation and transfiguration for the tragic stage of France. The battle which raged round the first acted play of Hugo's and the triumph which crowned the struggles of its champions, are not these things written in too many chronicles to be for the thousandth time related here? And of its dramatic and poetic quality what praise could be uttered that must not before this have been repeated at least some myriads of times? But if there be any mortal to whom the heroic scene of the portraits, the majestic and august monologue of Charles the Fifth at the tomb of Charles the Great, the terrible beauty, the vivid pathos, the bitter sweetness of the close, convey no sense of genius and utter no message of delight, we can only say that it would simply be natural, consistent, and proper for such a critic to recognize in Shakespeare a barbarian, and a Philistine in Milton.

Nevertheless, if we are to obey the perhaps rather childish impulse of preference and selection among the highest works of the highest among poets, I will avow that to my personal instinct or apprehension *Marion de Lorme* seems a yet more perfect and pathetic masterpiece than even *Hernani* itself. The always generous and loyal Dumas placed it at the very head of his friend's dramatic works. Written, as most readers (I presume) will remember, before its predecessor on the stage, (it was prohib-

ited on the insanely fatuous pretext that the presentation of King Louis the Thirteenth was an indirect affront to the majesty of King Charles the Tenth. After that luckless dotard had been driven off his throne, it was at once proposed to produce the hitherto interdicted play before an audience yet palpitating with the thrill of revolution and resentment. But the chivalrous loyalty of Victor Hugo refused to accept a facile and factitious triumph at the expense of an exiled old man, over the ruins of a shattered old cause. The play was not permitted by its author to enter till the spring of the following year on its inevitable course of glory. It is a curious and memorable fact that the most tender-hearted of all great poets had originally made the hero of this tragedy leave the heroine unforgiven for the momentary and reluctant relapse into shame by which she had endeavored to repurchase his forfeited life; and that Prosper Mérimée should have been the first, Marie Dorval the second, to reclaim a little mercy for the penitent. It is to their pleading that we owe the sublime pathos of the final parting between Marion and Didier.

In one point it seems to me that this immortal masterpiece may perhaps be reasonably placed, with *Le Roi s'amuse* and *Ruy Blas*, in triune supremacy at the head of Victor Hugo's plays. The wide range of poetic abilities, the harmonious variety of congregated powers, displayed in these three great tragedies through almost infinite variations of terror and pity and humor and sublime surprise, will seem to some readers, whose reverence is no less grateful for other gifts of the same great hand, unequalled at least till the advent in his eighty-first year of *Torquemada*.

Victor Hugo was not yet thirty when all these triumphs lay behind him. In the twenty-ninth year of a life which would seem fabulous and incredible in the record of its achievements if divided by lapse of time from all possible proof of its possibility by the attestation of dates and facts, he published in February *Notre-Dame de Paris*, in November *Les Feuilles d'Automne*: that the two dreariest months of the year might not only "smell April and May," but outshine July and August. The greatest of all tragic romances has a Grecian per-

fection of structure, with a Gothic intensity of pathos. To attempt the praise of such a work would be only less idle than to refuse it. Terror and pity, with eternal fate for key-note to the strain of story, never struck deeper to men's hearts through more faultless evolution of combining circumstance on the tragic stage of Athens. Louis the Eleventh has been painted by many famous hands, but Hugo's presentation of him, as compared for example with Scott's, is as a portrait by Velasquez to a portrait by Vandyke. The style was a new revelation of the supreme capacities of human speech: the touch of it on any subject of description or of passion is as the touch of the sun for penetrating irradiation and vivid evocation of life.

From the *Autumn Leaves* to the *Songs of the Twilight*, and again from the *Inner Voices* to the *Sunbeams and Shadows*, the continuous jet of lyric song through a space of ten fertile years was so rich in serene and various beauty that the one thing notable in a flying review of its radiant course is the general equality of loveliness in form and color, which is relieved and heightened at intervals by some especial example of a beauty more profound or more sublime. The first volume of the four, if I mistake not, won a more immediate and universal homage than the rest: its unsurpassed melody was so often the raiment of emotion which struck home to all hearts a sense of domestic tenderness too pure and sweet and simple for perfect expression by any less absolute and omnipotent lord of style, that it is no wonder if in many minds—many mothers' minds especially—there should at once have sprung up an all but ineradicable conviction that no subsequent verse must be allowed to equal or excel the volume which contained such flower-like jewels of song as the nineteenth and twentieth of these unwithering and imperishable *Leaves*. But no error possible to a rational creature could be more serious or more complete than the assumption of any inferiority in the volume containing the two glorious poems addressed to Admiral Canaris, the friend (may I be forgiven the filial vanity or egotism which impels me to record it?) of the present writer's father in his youth; the two first in date of Hugo's

finest satires, the lines that scourge a backbiter and the lines that brand a traitor (the resonant and radiant indignation of the latter stands unsurpassed in the very *Châtiments* themselves); the two most enchanting aubades or songs of sunrise that ever had outsung the birds and outsweetened the flowers of the dawn; and—for here I can cite no more—the closing tribute of lines more bright than the lilies whose name they bear, offered by a husband's love at the sweet still shrine of motherhood and wifehood. And in each of the two succeeding volumes there is, among all their other things of price, a lyric which may even yet be ranked with the highest subsequent work of its author for purity of perfection, for height and fullness of note, for music and movement and informing spirit of life. We ought to have in English, but I fear or—rather I am only too sure—we have not, a song in which the sound of the sea is rendered as in that translation of the trumpet-blast of the night-wind, with all its wails and pauses and fluctuations and returns, done for once into human speech and interpreted into spiritual sense for ever. For instinctive mastery of its means and absolute attainment of its end, for majesty of living music and fidelity of sensitive imagination, there is no lyric poem in any language more wonderful or more delightful. A yet sweeter and sadder and more magical sea-song there was yet to come years after—but only from the lips of an exile. Of the ballad—so to call it, if any term of definition may suffice—which stands out as a crowning splendor among *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, not even Hugo's own eloquence, had it been the work (which is impossible) of any other great poet in all time, could have said anything adequate at all. Not even Coleridge and Shelley, the sole twin sovereigns of English lyric poetry, could have produced this little piece of lyric work by combination and by fusion of their gifts. The pathetic truthfulness and the simple manfulness of the mountain shepherd's distraction and devotion might have been given in ruder phrase and tentative rendering by the nameless ballad-makers of the border: but here is a poem which unites something of the charm of *Clerk Saunders* and *The Wife*

of *Usher's Well* with something of the magic of *Christabel* and the *Ode to the West Wind*: a thing, no doubt, impossible; but none the less obviously accomplished.*

The lyric work of these years would have been enough for the energy of another man, for the glory of another poet; it was but a part, it was (I had well-nigh said) the lesser part, of its author's labors—if labor be not an improper term for the successive or simultaneous expressions or effusions of his indefatigable spirit. The year after *Notre-Dame de Paris* and *Les Feuilles d'Automne* appeared one of the great crowning tragedies of all time, *Le Roi s'amuse*. As the key-note of *Marion de Lorme* had been redemption by expiation, so the key-note of this play is expiation by retribution. The simplicity, originality, and straightforwardness of the terrible means through which this austere conception is worked out would give moral and dramatic value to a work less rich in the tenderest and sublimest poetry, less imbued with the

* In the winter of the year which in spring had seen *Les Rayons et les Ombres* come forth to kindle and refresh the hearts of readers, Victor Hugo published an ode in the same key as those *To the Column* and *To the Arch of Triumph*, on the return and reinterment of the dead Napoleon. Full of noble feeling and sonorous eloquence, the place of this poem in any collection of its author's works is distinctly and unmistakably marked out by every quality it has and by every quality it wants. In style and in sentiment, in opinion and in rhythm, it is one with the national and political poems which had already been published by the author since the date of his *Orientales*: in other words, it is in every possible point utterly and absolutely unlike the poems long afterwards to be written by the author in exile. Its old place, therefore, in all former editions, at the end of the volume containing the poems previously published in the same year, is obviously the only right one, and rationally the only one possible. By what inexplicable and inconceivable caprice it has been promoted to a place, in the so-called *édition définitive*, on the mighty roll of the *Légende des Siècles*, at the head of the fourth volume of that crowning work of modern times, I am hopelessly and helplessly at a loss to conjecture. But, at all risk of impeachment on a charge of unbecoming presumption, I must and do here enter my most earnest and strenuous protest against the claim of an edition to be in any sense final and unalterable, which rejects from among the *Châtiments* the poem on the death of Saint-Arnaud and admits into the *Légende des Siècles* the poem on the reinterment of Napoleon.

purest fire of pathetic passion. After the magnificent pleading of the Marquis de Nangis in the preceding play, it must have seemed impossible that the poet should without a touch of repetition or reiteration be able again to confront a young king with an old servant, pour forth again the denunciation and appeal of a breaking heart, clothe again the haughtiness of honor, the loyalty of grief, the sanctity of indignation, in words that shine like lightning and verses that thunder like the sea. But the veteran interceding for a nephew's life is a less tragic figure than he who comes to ask account for a daughter's honor. Hugo never merely repeats himself: his miraculous fertility and force of utterance were not more indefatigable and inexhaustible than the fountains of thought and emotion which fed that eloquence with fire.

Marion de Lorme had been prohibited by Charles the Tenth for an imaginary reflection on Charles the Tenth; *Le Roi s'amuse* was prohibited by Louis-Philippe the First—and Last—for an imaginary reflection on Citizen Philippe Égalité. Victor Hugo vindicated his meaning and reclaimed his rights in a most eloquent, most manly, and most unanswerable speech before a tribunal which durst not and could not but refuse him justice. Early in the following year he brought out the first of his three tragedies in prose—in a prose which even the most loyal lovers of poetry, Théophile Gautier at their head, acknowledged on trial to be as good as verse. And assuredly it would be, if any prose ever could: which yet I must confess that I for one can never really feel to be possible. *Lucrèce Borgia*, the first-born of these three, is also the most perfect in structure as well as the most sublime in subject. The plots of all three are equally pure inventions of tragic fancy: Gennaro and Fabiano, the heroic son of the Borgia and the caittiff lover of the Tudor, are of course as utterly unknown to history as is the self-devotion of the actress Tisbe. It is more important to remark and more useful to remember that the mastery of terror and pity, the command of all passions and all powers that may subserve the purpose of tragedy, is equally triumphant and infallible in them all.

Lucrèce Borgia and *Marie Tudor* appeared respectively in February and in November of the year 1833: *Angelo*, two years later; and the year after this the exquisite and melodious libretto of *La Esmeralda*, which should be carefully and lovingly studied by all who would appreciate the all but superhuman versatility and dexterity of metrical accomplishment which would have sufficed to make a lesser poet famous among his peers for ever, but may almost escape notice in the splendor of Victor Hugo's other and sublimer qualities. In his thirty-seventh year all these blazed out once more together in the tragedy sometimes apparently rated as his master-work by judges whose verdict would on any such question be worthy at least of all considerate respect. No one that I know of has ever been absurd enough to make identity in tone of thought or feeling, in quality of spirit or of style, the ground for a comparison of Hugo with Shakespeare: they are of course as widely different as are their respective countries and their respective times: but never since the death of Shakespeare had there been so perfect and harmonious a fusion of the highest comedy with the deepest tragedy as in the five many-voiced and many-colored acts of *Ruy Blas*.

At the age of forty Victor Hugo gave to the stage which for thirteen years had ben glorified by his genius the last work he was ever to write for it. There may perhaps be other readers besides myself who take even more delight in *Les Burgraves* than in some of the preceding plays which had been more regular in action, more plausible in story, less open to the magnificent reproach of being too good for the stage—as the *Hamlet* which came finally from the recasting hand of Shakespeare was found to be, in the judgment even of Shakespeare's fellows; too rich in lyric beauty, too superb in epic state. The previous year had seen the publication of the marvelously eloquent, copious, and vivid letters which gave to the world the impressions received by its greatest poet in a tour on the Rhine made five years earlier—that is, in the year of *Ruy Blas*. In this book, as Gautier at once observed, the inspiration of *Les Burgraves* is evidently and easily traceable. Among

numberless masterpieces of description, from which I have barely time to select for mention the view of Bishop Hatto's tower by the appropriately Dantesque light of a furnace at midnight—not as better than others, but as an example of the magic by which the writer imbues and impregnates observation and recollection with feeling and with fancy—the most enchanting legend of enchantment ever written for children of all ages, and sweet and strange enough to have grown up among the fairy tales of the past whose only known authors are the winds and suns of their various climates, lurks like a flower in a crevice of a crumbling fortress. The entrancing and haunting beauty of Régina's words as she watches the departing swallows—words which it may seem that any one might have said, but to which none other could have given the accent and the effect that Hugo has thrown into the simple sound of them—was as surely derived, we cannot but think, from some such milder and brighter vision of the remembered Rhineland solitudes, as were the sublime and all but Æschylean imprecations of Guanhumara from the impression of their darker and more savage memories or landscapes.

Two years before the appearance of *Les Burgraves* Victor Hugo had begun his long and glorious career as an orator by a speech of characteristically generous enthusiasm, delivered on his reception into the Academy. The forgotten playwright and versifier whom he succeeded had been a professional if not a personal enemy: the one memorable thing about the man was his high-minded opposition to the tyranny of Napoleon, his own personal friend before the epoch of that tyranny began: and this was the point at once seized and dwelt on by the orator in a tone of earnest and cordial respect. The fiery and rapturous eloquence with which at the same time he celebrated the martial triumphs of the empire gave ample proof that he was now, as his father had prophesied that his mother's royalist boy would become when he grew to be a man, a convert to the views of that father, a distinguished though ill-requited soldier of the empire, and a faithful champion or mourner of its cause. The stage of Napoleonic hero-worship, sin-

gle-minded and single-eyed if short-sighted and misdirected, through which Victor Hugo was still passing on towards the unseen prospect of a better faith, had been vividly illustrated and vehemently proclaimed in his letters on the Rhine, and was hereafter to be described with a fervent and pathetic fidelity in a famous chapter of *Les Misérables*. The same phase of patriotic prepossession inspired his no less generous tribute to the not very radiant memory of Casimir Delavigne, to whom he paid likewise the last and crowning honor of a funeral oration: an honor afterwards conferred on Frédéric Soulié, and far more deservedly bestowed on Honoré de Balzac. More generous his first political speech in the chamber of peers could not be, but there was more of reason and justice in its fruitless appeal for more than barren sympathy, for a moral though not material intervention, on behalf of Poland in 1846. His second speech as a peer is an edifying commentary on the vulgar English view of his character as defective in all the practical and rational qualities of a politician, a statesman, or a patriot. The subject was the consolidation and defence of the French coast-line: a poet, of course, according to all reasonable tradition, if he ventured to open his unserviceable lips at all on such a grave matter of public business, ought to have remembered what was expected of him by the sagacity of block-heads, and carefully confined himself to the clouds, leaving facts to take care of themselves and proofs to hang floating in the air, while his vague and verbose declamation wandered at its own sweet will about and about the matter in hand, and never came close enough to grapple it. This, I regret to say, is exactly what the greatest poet of his age was inconsiderate enough to avoid, and most markedly to abstain from doing, a course of conduct which can only be attributed to his notorious and deplorable love of paradox. His speech, though not wanting in eloquence of a reserved and masculine order, was wholly occupied with sedate and business-like exposition of facts and suggestion of remedies, grounded on experience and study of the question, and resulting in a proposal at once scientific and direct for such research as might

result if possible in an arrest of the double danger with which the coast was threatened by the advance of the Atlantic and the Channel, to a gradual obstruction of the great harbors, and by the withdrawal or subsidence of the Mediterranean from the sea-ports of the south; finally, the orator urged upon his audience as a crowning necessity the creation of fresh harbors of refuge in dangerous and neglected parts of the coast; insisting, with a simple and serious energy somewhat unlike the imaginary tone of the typical or traditional poet, on the homely fact that ninety-two ships had been lost on the same part of the coast within a space of seven years, which might have been saved by the existence of a harbor of refuge. To an Olympian or a Nephelococcygian intelligence such a paltry matter should have been even more indifferent than the claim of a family of exiles on the compassion of the country which had expelled them. To my own more humble and homely understanding it seems that there are not many more significant or memorable facts on record in the history of our age than this: that Victor Hugo was the advocate whose pleading brought back to France the banished race of which the future representative was for upwards of twenty years to keep him in banishment from France. On the evening of the same day on which the house of peers had listened to his speech in behalf of the Bonaparte family, Louis-Philippe, having taken cognizance of it, expressed his intention to authorize the return of the brood whose chief was hereafter to pick the pockets of his children. In the first fortnight of the following year the future author of the terrible *Vision of Dante* saluted in words full of noble and fervent reverence the apostle of Italian resurrection and Italian unity in the radiant figure of Pope Pius the Ninth. When the next month's revolution had flung Louis-Philippe from his throne, Victor Hugo declined to offer himself to the electors as a candidate for a seat in the assembly about to undertake the charge of framing a constitution for the commonwealth: but if summoned by his fellow-citizens to take his share of this task, he expressed himself ready to discharge the duty so imposed on him with the disin-

terested self-devotion of which his whole future career was to give such continuous and such austere evidence. From the day on which sixty thousand voices summoned him to redeem this pledge, he never stinted nor slackened his efforts to fulfil the charge he had accepted in the closing words of a short, simple, and earnest address, in which he placed before his electors the contrasted likenesses of two different republics; one, misnamed a commonweal, the rule of the red flag, of barbarism and blindness, communism and proscription and revenge: the other a commonweal indeed, in which all rights should be respected and no duties evaded or ignored; a government of justice and mercy, of practicable principles and equitable freedom, of no iniquitous traditions and no utopian aims. To establish this kind of commonwealth and prevent the resurrection of the other, Hugo, at the age of forty-six, professed himself ready to devote his life. The work of thirty-seven years is now before all men's eyes for proof how well this promise has been kept. On dangerous questions of perverse or perverted socialism (June 20, 1848), on the freedom of the press, on the state of siege, its temporary necessity and its imminent abuse, on the encouragement of letters and the freedom of the stage, he spoke, in the course of a few months, with what seems to my poor understanding the most admirable good sense and temperance, the most perfect moderation and loyalty. I venture to dwell upon this division of Hugo's life and labors with as little wish of converting as I could have hope to convert that large majority whose verdict has established as a law of nature the fact or the doctrine that "every poet is a fool" when he meddles with practical politics; but not without a confidence grounded on no superficial study that the maintainers of this opinion, if they wish to cite in support of it the evidence supplied by Victor Hugo's political career, will do well to persevere in the course which I will do them the justice to admit that—as far as I know—they have always hitherto adopted; in other words, to assume the universal assent of all persons worth mentioning to the accuracy of this previous assumption, and dismiss with a

quiet smile or an open sneer the impossible notion that any one but some single imbecile or eccentric can pretend to take seriously what seems to them ridiculous, or to think that ridiculous which to their wiser minds commends itself as serious. This beaten road of assumption, this well-worn highway of assertion, is a safe as well as a simple line of travel : and the practical person who keeps to it can well afford to dispense with argument as palpably superfluous, and with evidence as obviously impertinent. Should he so far forget that great principle of precaution as to diverge from it into the humble and homely course of investigation and comparison of theory with fact and probability with proof, his task may be somewhat harder, and its result somewhat less than satisfactory. I would not advise any but an honest and candid believer in the theory which identifies genius with idiocy—which at all events would practically define one special form of genius as a note of general idiocy—to study the speeches (they are nine in number, including two brief and final replies to the personal attacks of one Montalembert, whose name used to be rather popular among a certain class of English journalists as that of a practical worshipper of their great god Compromise, and a professional enemy of all tyranny or villany that was not serviceable and obsequious to his Church)—to study, I say, the speeches delivered by Victor Hugo in the Legislative Assembly during a space of exactly two years and eight days. The first of these speeches dealt with the question of what in England we call paupersim—with the possibility, the necessity, and the duty of its immediate relief and its ultimate removal : the second, with the infamous and inexpressible crime which diverted against the Roman republic an expedition sent out under the plea of protecting Rome against the atrocities of Austrian triumph. A double-faced and double-dealing law, which under the name or the mask of free education aimed at securing for clerical instruction a monopoly of public support and national encouragement, was exposed and denounced by Hugo in a speech which insisted no less earnestly and eloquently on the spiritual duty and the spiritual necessity of faith and

hope than on the practical necessity and duty of vigilant resistance to priestly pretention, and vigilant exposure of ecclesiastical hypocrisy and reactionary intrigue. Against "the dry guillotine" of imprisonment in a tropical climate added to transportation for political offences, the whole eloquence of a heart as great as his genius was poured forth in fervor of indignation and pity, of passion and reason combined. The next trick of the infamous game played by the conspirators against the commonwealth, who were now beginning to show their hand, was the mutilation of the suffrage. To this again Victor Hugo opposed the same steadfast front of earnest and rational resistance ; and yet again to the sidelong attack of the same political gang on the existing freedom of the press. A year and eight days elapsed before the delivery of his next and last great speech in the Assembly which he would fain have saved from the shame and ruin then hard at hand—the harvest of its own unprincipled infatuation. The fruit of conspiracy, long manured with fraud and falsehood and all the furtive impurities of intrigue, was now ripe even to rottenness, and ready to fall into the hands already stretched towards it—into the lips yet open to protest that no one—the accuser himself must know it—that no one was dreaming of a second French empire. All that reason and indignation, eloquence and argument, loyalty and sincerity could do to save the commonwealth from destruction and the country from disgrace, was done : how utterly in vain is matter of history—of one among the darkest pages in the roll of its criminal records. The voice of truth and honor was roared and hooted down by the faction whose tactics would have discredited a den of less dishonest and more bare-faced thieves ; the stroke of state was ready for striking ; and the orator's next address was the utterance of an exile.

There are not, even in the whole work of Victor Hugo, many pages of deeper and more pathetic interest than those which explain to us "what exile is." Each of the three prefaces to the three volumes of his *Actes et Paroles* is rich in living eloquence, in splendid epigram and description, narrative and satire and

study of men and things : but the second, it seems to me, would still be first in attraction, if it had no other claim than this, that it contains the record of the death of Captain Harvey. No reverence for innocent and heroic suffering, no abhorrence of triumphant and execrable crime, can impede or interfere with our sense of the incalculable profit, the measureless addition to his glory and our gain, resulting from Victor Hugo's exile of nineteen years and nine months. Greater already than all other poets of his time together, these years were to make him greater than any but the very greatest of all time. His first task was of course the discharge of a direct and practical duty ; the record or registration of the events he had just witnessed, the infliction on the principal agent in them of the simple and immediate chastisement consisting in the delineation of his character and the recapitulation of his work. There would seem to be among modern Englishmen an impression—somewhat singular, it appears to me, in a race which professes to hold in special reverence a book so dependent for its arguments and its effects on a continuous appeal to conscience and emotion as the Bible—that the presence of passion, be it never so righteous, so rational, so inevitable by any one not ignoble or insane, implies the absence of reason ; that such indignation as inflamed the lips of Elijah with prophecy, and armed the hand of Jesus with a scourge, is a sign—except of course in Palestine of old—that the person affected by this kind of moral excitement must needs be a lunatic of the sentimental if not rather of the criminal type. The main facts recorded in the pages of *Napoléon le Petit* and *L'Histoire d'un Crime* are simple, flagrant, palpable, indisputable. The man who takes any other view of them than is expressed in these two books must be prepared to impugn and to confute the principle that perjury, robbery, and murder are crimes. But, we are told, the perpetual vehemence of incessant imprecation, the stormy insistence of unremitting obloquy, which accompanies every chapter, illuminates every page, underlines every sentence of the narrative, must needs impair the confidence of an impartial reader in the trustworthiness of a chronicle and a commentary

written throughout as in characters of flaming fire. Englishmen are proud to prefer a more temperate, a more practical, a more sedate form of political or controversial eloquence. When I remember and consider certain examples of popular oratory and controversy now flagrant and flourishing among us, I am tempted to doubt the exact accuracy of this undoubtedly plausible proposition : but be that as it may, I must take leave to doubt yet more emphatically the implied conclusion that the best or the only good witness procurable on a question of right and wrong is one too impartial to feel enthusiasm or indignation ; that indifference alike to good and evil is the sign of perfect equity and trustworthiness in a judge of moral or political questions ; that a man who has witnessed a deliberate massacre of unarmed men, women, and children, if he be indiscreet enough to describe his experience in any tone but that of scientific or æsthetic serenity, forfeits the inherent right of a reasonable and an honorable man to command a respectful and attentive hearing from all honorable and reasonable men.

But, valuable and precious as all such readers will always hold these two books of immediate and implacable history, they will not, I presume, be rated among the more important labors of their author's literary life. No one who would know fully or would estimate aright the greatest genius born into the world in our nineteenth century can afford to pass them by with less than careful and sympathetic study : for without moral sympathy no care will enable a student to form any but a trivial and a frivolous judgment on writings which make their primary appeal to the conscience—to the moral instinct and the moral intelligence of the reader. They may perhaps not improperly be classed, for historic or biographic interest, with the *Littérature et Philosophie mêlées* which had been given to the world in 1834. From the crudest impressions of the boy to the ripest convictions of the man, one common quality informs and harmonizes every stage of thought, every phase of feeling, every change of spiritual outlook, which has left its mark on the writings of which that collection is composed ; the quality of a pure, a perfect,

an intense and burning sincerity. Apart from this personal interest which informs them all, two at least are indispensable to any serious and thorough study of Hugo's work: the fervent and reiterated intercession on behalf of the worse than neglected treasures of mediæval architecture then delivered over for a prey to the claws of the destroyer

and the paws of the restorer; the superb essay on Mirabeau, which remains as a landmark or a tidemark in the history of his opinions and the development of his powers. But the highest expression of these was not to be given in prose—not even in the prose of Victor Hugo.—*Nineteenth Century.*

(To be concluded.)

THE AFGHANS ARE THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

BY HIS HIGHNESS ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

NEXT to the authorship of the Junius Letters, and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the subject that most excites the curiosity of those who delight in ransacking the waste-paper baskets of history is the discovery of the Lost Tribes of Israel. There is quite a school of Englishmen—the Anglo-Israelites—whose happiness in life depends upon the conviction that they are the direct descendants of the ten tribes. But the accepted belief is that they are to be found in Afghanistan, and the following proclamation issued in 1882 by the Ameer Abdur Rahman, which has never hitherto been published, may be accepted as a unique piece of evidence as to the reality of the conviction with which some Afghans claim to be of Jewish origin. The character of the Afghans, who often speak of themselves as Beni Israel, has much in common with that of the Jews as depicted in the Old Testament, and the resemblance between the character of Shere Ali and Saul has often been noted. The proclamation is also exceedingly interesting as giving the present Ameer's version of recent Afghan history, and the side light which it throws upon the character of the ruler whose possessions alone intervene between our frontier and the Russian outposts.

After praise to God and blessings on the Prophet.—O you nation, the inhabitants of Afghanistan, O you the present tribes of this delightful banquet, according to the words of God, "reserve or select a company of yourselves to invite people towards good and command them towards righteousness;" it is, therefore, necessary for the wise men of the age and the sages of nature to conduct the ignorant and wanderers in the desert of uncer-

tainty with good advice into the straight path, and to fulfil the duties of sympathy with their co-tribesmen, which is one of the conditions of Islam: "to be patriotic is a sign of good faith."

I, therefore, bring to the notice of the nobles and commons several sayings for your observance. I hope you will remove the cotton of negligence from your ears and listen to my speech. Should my advice be acceptable to you, act accordingly; if not consider me as one of your tribesmen and think my speech preposterous, and throw it into the field of forgetfulness.

O my tribesmen, it is known to you that you are a noble race and your pedigree is traced from Jacob the prophet. The Creator of mankind treated your ancestors with favor and you are mentioned in the Koran with respect, as follows: "O Children of Israel, remember my benevolence that I have granted unto you, and verily I have exalted you above other creatures."

In the time when the nations of the world and most of the children of Adam were wandering in the wilderness of perversion and were worshipping idols, you were the chosen nation of God, the possessors of the Book, and believed in one God; also you were honored and respected in the whole world.

After the death of Joseph you committed vicious acts and broke the chain of friendship and union among yourselves and became jealous and malicious against each other.

On this account, although you were about six lakhs of people, you became subordinate to the Copts and the Egyptians, your property was plundered and your male children were massacred by the accursed Pharaoh. Then some of your pious men having been disgraced beyond measure by the strange nation awoke from their sleep of negligence and turned the face of supplication towards their Creator. The arrow of their prayers reached the target of response. Then Moses, may peace be on him, was selected from your nation, and by the strength of his prophecy, intellect, and great qualifications he emancipated you from captivity and the slavery of the Copts and the Pharaohs, and selected the provinces of Egypt and Syria for your abode. Manna and

quails were sent to you from the secret blessed table and all temporal enjoyments were granted to you.

After that you again forgot the promises of God, and for a time, yielding to the tempting of Smari, you worshipped a calf. Another time while fighting against tyrant nations you behaved treacherously to your prophet. Again God poured out his anger on you. Manna and quails and other blessings ceased.

When you started for Syria you were all confused and bewildered in the desert of Tech. The distance was not more than 250 miles; this small distance you could not accomplish in forty years.

Moses and Aaron, on account of your thankless behavior, then left you and were free from your evil hearts and your trouble.

You wandered in the desert of perversion until you ceased committing vicious acts and turned the face of refuge towards the threshold of the Creator. Then God selected Yusha Bin Noon (Joshua) from among you, by whose prayers and blessings and acceptance of your repentance you were released from the desert of bewilderment, and by the strength of your arms the tyrant nations were made contemptible and miserable.

You then by reason of your thanksgiving to God, comfortably enjoyed the gardens and buildings of the province of Syria. After a long time you again were conquered by negligence of duty to God, and became idolaters and did not remember to preserve unity. Then God being wrathful made a tyrant nation rule over you; they plundered most of your property and killed the rebellious people of your nation, and you, on account of your malice against each other, would not in any way defend yourselves against your enemy.

Eventually you could find no remedy except in repentance, and being feeble and no longer able to endure you hastened towards the Judge of your necessities. He then selected Tanloot (Saul) from among you, who was physically powerful and materially full of intellect, and made him your Amir, and through him all your enemies were defeated, and the standards of your victories were firmly hoisted.

In the time of Solomon when you believed and obeyed God to the best of your knowledge, and when malice and intrigue were cast away from among you, all at once you became rulers over the land and sea, and your orders were obeyed by the demons and fairies.

Then your learned men (Olama) became degraded, and the seeds of jealousy and malice began to sprout in the ground of your hearts, you forgot the blessings of God, and would not listen to your learned men, nor would you take example by your own experiences; you did not respect your chiefs, and did not wipe the rust from off the mirror of your hearts by the polish of friendship; therefore again the storm of the anger of God confronted you in the image of Bukht-n-Nasir (Nebuchadnezzar); all your property and treasures which you had stored up were plundered by his troops, your men and women were made captives and taken to Babylon, which is now called Bagdad. He destroyed Baitul Makudas, the sacred house,

Jerusalem, and drove you from the gardens of Syria, and for a length of time you were captives to the tyrant until he departed to the desert of hell. Then you, leaving the countries of Arabia, came to the hills of Ghour and settled yourselves there.

You were in that country when the mercy of God supported you, and through Kais and the good acts of Khalid-bin-Walid you were ennobled by being converted to Islam.

A very long time after that, by reason of enmity between yourselves, you were like beasts wandering in the hills of Ghour, and were continually plundering each other. In the meantime you were constantly being trampled upon by the horses of the sowers of Ghazni and Ghour, and in the reign of the Persians you used to obey the common Turks, until by the perseverance and efforts of Ahmad Shah, Abdali, your malice and alienation were converted into friendship; then you were freed from obedience to strangers.

Through his prosperous luck and suitable deeds on your part, you slumbered in the cradle of safety. You took possession of the provinces of India, the borders of Turkestan, and some parts of Persia, and brought to your own country all the riches of those places, and with it you built new cities and good houses. You continued in the enjoyment of the blessings of God until you again forgot to submit your thanks to God and again became jealous and malicious to each other, and much bloodshed and fighting took place among you. When this ungrateful conduct of yours towards the bounty of God exceeded the utmost limit, the sea of the anger of God began to rise and He sent the British nation from a corner of this world to twist your ears, and they inflicted on you all sorts of punishment until smoke rose up from your race and your lamentation and clamors reached the sky. Eventually your prayers were accepted by God; after much opposition and fighting you got released from the hands of such a powerful enemy and twisted the wrist of that brave nation by the force of your daylight prayers and your midnight sighs.

For a long time you slumbered in the cradle of safety and comfort under the shadow of my grandfather. When my noble grandfather, being on the expedition against Herat, found the mercy of God (died) and closed his worldly eyes on the administration of the affairs of this earth, my late uncle, the Amir Sher Ali Khan, sat on the throne of sovereignty. My noble father, who saw the bad results of enmity, notwithstanding his great influence and position, abstained from malice and animosity, and wrote to him in a friendly way. That unjust man (Sher Ali) by way of violence and a perverse mind, imprisoned my father, which act compelled me to fight with him, and I succeeded in releasing my father, and I brought him to the throne of my ancestors.

After the death of my father, when the world played a treacherous game with me, I did not wish to remain in Afghanistan lest on my account the country should suffer disturbance and destruction; consequently I exiled myself in a

strange country, and spent thirteen years waiting for a suitable opportunity.

By reason of your domestic disturbances and local contests the anger of God increased and the waves of His wrath became violent, then you suffered by earthquakes, cholera, and unexpected floods. Still you did not awake from the sleep of negligence and were intoxicated with the wine of folly and remained in shame.

The English army again after forty years girded their loins against you, and through the cowardice of the man who was Governor at the time and through want of arrangements you were defeated by a slight attack.

For some time, in order that you might expiate your unworthy acts, you suffered hundreds of sorts of injuries and tasted a thousand species of poisons and misfortunes, so much that, eventually, through scarcity of grain and attacks of misfortunes and blight, your business ended in your losing your lives, and the knife of the enemy reached your bones. Your sighs and cries reached even to the blue sky.

In accordance with the covenant that God had made with your ancestors, the arrow of your prayers reached the target of acceptance, and I whom He kept under his guardianship for thirteen years was sent for your release, and by my fortunate efforts the High and Respected God emancipated you from the allegiance to the strange nation. The drops of blessings were poured on you, famine was ended, the highway robbers at once despaired of their lives, those who were the cause of the destruction of the country were imprisoned, and disturbances were quelled in your country.

I made a suitable remission of your revenue, and added to your pensions so far as was proper. I shut my eyes to the former contest between us, and never listened to your enemies. I opened the gate of my Durbar to you, and spread my tablecloth before you. By your own counsel I made peace with the English Government, and I obtained from them a considerable sum for the advancement of your welfare, and night and day I prepare war ma-

terials for you, and am procuring the implements which will procure name and repute for you. I have not slumbered a moment on account of my anxiety to improve your affairs; I have not rested for a second in advancing the duties of the faith and of the State.

I trust you will thank God for this great blessing and will not be ungrateful for His gracious bounties, that according to His words, "those who give thanks for what they receive will receive more," the blessings of God will daily be increased. But if you should be ungrateful for such copious blessings, I see with my eyes that a dreadful plague has opened its mouth to devour you and me, and a terrible enemy (Russia) has turned his eyes towards you, and the time has almost come when your property will be in possession of the enemies and your families will be captives in the hands of unbelievers (Kafirs), and you, as in the times of Bukht-u-Nasir, will be exiled from your homes and will suffer many troubles.

You may be certain that as long as my soul remains in my body I shall endeavor as much as is in my power to resist and repulse the enemies of the Faith, and will try to introduce civilization amongst you. I shall consider your enemies to be my own enemies, and will fight against them with heart and life; but sovereignty is like a house. I am the architect who makes the plan, officers of the army are the masons, and the people are the workmen; if any of these three distinct classes neglect their respective duties, this building will not be constructed, but if every one attend to his respective duty, in a short time a firm foundation will be laid.

I pray to God for your welfare and prosperity, and do you pray for me to be firm in justice and in the laws of God's prophet.

My last advice to you is this, that if any one of my officials oppress you, or extort more than the fixed revenue, bring it to my notice without fear, and I will see justice done to you. I will not be partial even if my son should be in question.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THEY were talking of brotherhoods the other day at Lloyd Fenton's, and extolling the good deeds done by them, especially by that fraternity called in Italy the "Misericordia." Each one had some experience to relate—a tale of benevolence or courage—but I sat silent. At length Fenton asked me a direct question: "Why do you say nothing, Cuthbert? You have been in Italy so

long, you must have heard much of the brethren."

"I have heard something of them," was my answer, "and indeed have had an experience of treatment at the hands of one of them; but as it is directly at odds with all of yours, it seems a pity I should mention it."

"O no"—"Tell us"—"You must"—"We want a shadow to all this light," was the chorus raised immediately. And this is what I told them.

Five years ago I was poor enough, and was thankful to take what work came to hand ; so, when my rich cousin, John Harper, sent me to Florence to copy pictures for his great house at Eastmere, I gratefully accepted the munificent offer he made me, started off at once for Florence, and set up my easel in the "city of Flowers" early in October. By February I felt as if I had lived there for years, and had made acquaintance with nearly all its pictures, palaces, and churches. After making copies of some well-known works—"Madonna," by Raphael ; "Madonna and Two Saints," by Andrea del Sarto ; "Pietà," by Fra Lippi—I thought I would change my ideas by having a face that was not a saintly one to gaze at ; so I betook myself to the Sala di Venus in the Pitti Palace, and took up my brushes in front of the "Bella Donna" of Titian. As the face and form grew under my pencil, I could not but learn from the favorable remarks continually made upon it in my hearing, that I had succeeded somewhat better than usual in transferring a portion of the beauty of the original to my canvas. The picture was all but finished, and I was one day adding a stroke here and there to the gold embroidery of the dress, when I heard the steps of two gentlemen pause behind me, and one of them exclaimed : "Per Bacco, non c'è male !" He began to talk about my work ; soon learned that I was English, and intending to go homewards shortly ; and before our interview was over, he asked me to copy for him a picture in his gallery, the original of which he wished to part with. He was good enough to say that he had been seeking some one who would catch the intention of the painter sufficiently well to supply the copy he wanted ; and he thought I might be able to render the meaning of the original without supplementing it by fancies of my own. He let me fix my own time for work, so I arranged to begin early in the following week. With the usual formal salutations, we parted ; and on looking at the card left by my new patron, I found him to be the "Principe Gherardo Schidone," of whose small but exquisite collection of pictures I knew well the reputation.

On presenting myself at the Palazzo,

I was shown into the library. The tall man in livery who opened the massive door moved so quietly across the thickly carpeted floor that the Prince did not hear his approach, and I had time to take note of the apartment and its inhabitant before he was informed of my presence. He was writing, and I observed his high narrow forehead and projecting chin almost unconsciously. His eyes were dark, and rather hard, the nose and mouth beautifully formed. When he raised his head and a friendly smile brightened his face, the Prince was decidedly a handsome man. He was about thirty ; and I had heard of him as being extremely clever, somewhat of a *début*, and unquestionably poor. After a few minutes' chat, he proposed to conduct me to the gallery, whither he said my painting-things would have been already taken. We walked down a corridor hung with tapestry, and scantily furnished with ancient seats, dower chests, and antique vases, after the manner of such places ; and turning sharply to the right, ascended a marble staircase, from the landing at the top of which a door on the left admitted us to the picture-gallery. The rooms I had already seen were rather shabby, and looked as if a good round sum might be expended on their re-decoration with advantage ; but the two apartments which contained the collection of paintings were in excellent preservation. The decorations of wall and ceiling were fresh and bright ; the polished floor was covered in the centre with a thick carpet ; huge logs flamed on the hearth ; and the place had the cheerful air of being cared for, which in my experience was not usual in the Palazzi of Florence.

The Prince allowed me to look at the masterpieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor, and then paused before a striking picture—the one of which he told me he desired the most faithful copy in my power to produce. He further added that the subject of the portrait was an ancestress of his, and that it was by Morone, that prince amongst portrait-painters.

My admiration of the work seemed to make Prince Gherardo think he should account for parting with it ; and with something of a frown on his handsome face, he said : "The lady was a Bandi-

nelli ; and her family having long wished for the portrait, I have at length decided they shall possess it."

I bowed, and was soon left alone. Placing my easel in the most favorable position, I studied the portrait attentively for a good half-hour, and came to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned me. The picture represented a girl of about twenty, and was entitled simply "Amaranthe." It was of three-quarter length ; and the lady's appearance fascinated me at first sight ; but her charm became less the more the features were studied. She wore a dress of dark amethyst velvet, with curious gold ornaments. About the throat and wrists there was some lovely lace, and she carried a fan of feathers in her hand. The face was of a delicate paleness, and beautifully formed ; the mouth rather large, and with firm, clearly-cut lips. A well-modelled nose and marked eyebrows gave it character. The forehead was broad and low ; the eyes of an exquisite grey, with lashes so dark and long they seemed to give a violet shade to the pupils. And most noticeable of all was the magnificent wealth of golden hair, which hung down without band or ribbon, being loosely plaited from the shoulders. As I studied the picture, I came to believe that the lady had been one who would be more admired than beloved, and who would be a cold friend and a remorseless foe. I may have wronged "Amaranthe ;" but the portrait had all the life-like charm that the best pictures by Morone possess, and I believe revealed her character.

Prince Gherado took great interest in my work, coming often to watch its progress, and giving me hints which showed him to have a great knowledge of the technical part of the artist's profession. He used to come at all times, and never twice together entered by the same door, till at length I had an uncomfortable idea that he watched me, and that these unexpected appearances were to test my industry. He was, however, always extremely polite, and expressed nothing but satisfaction with my work.

One morning I chanced to be earlier than usual at the palace, and found the windows had not been uncovered. The servant who followed me went to one of

them, and I to the other, and when the heavy blind was raised, I remained a few moments looking out. The window was rather high in the wall, and standing on the floor, one could not see into the garden below. I knelt on the broad window-seat, and from my elevation looked down into the inclosure, gay with flowers, and with a fountain splashing in the centre. Facing me was a wall, then another garden, and a long low range of white buildings. As I watched, a door in the centre of these opened, and out trooped a bevy of nuns. They looked like merry school-girls as they frisked round and round the garden-walks. Their dress of black and white was oddly finished off by an enormous flapping straw hat, tied down with black ribbon, completely concealing the face, and as unlike as possible to the head gear of any order of nuns when seen outside their dwelling.

"What convent is that ?" I inquired.

"It belongs to the order of St. Caterina," was the man's answer ; and as he passed me to leave the room, he said in a subdued voice : "It was from there that the Princess came."

The Princess ! I had not heard of her, and I found myself once or twice wondering what manner of lady she was.

That afternoon, as I was working away at the hair of Amaranthe, the door on my right opened and the rustling of a dress betokened the presence of a visitor. I rose from my seat as the Prince entered with a lady, from whose face I could not withdraw my eyes, so strangely did she resemble the portrait I was copying. How well I knew the features ! But the face of the living Amaranthe bore only a sweet, amused expression as she said : "See Gherado ; the Signor is struck with the likeness !" and advancing to me, she continued with a merry laugh : "That Amaranthe Bandinelli was my ancestress. Are we not alike ?"

I stammered some reply, but the words did not come quickly. To sit for days in front of a canvas copying the lineaments depicted thereon—till you know every curve and line, and then to find beside you the picture come to life !—without a word of warning—this was so strange an experience that it took away my self-possession for the moment.

The Princess was about to tell me more, and began, saying: "That Amaranthe was not a"—when the Prince interfered, saying: "*Basta!* you must not interrupt the Signor.—Do you like his work? Look at it."

His voice was harsh, peremptory; and the young wife's face changed; a hard look came into it, and the likeness of the picture was intensified. She spoke no word, but gazed fixedly on my work for a few moments; then, with a stately step, crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, and disappeared. The Prince followed, and I was again alone.

My work was progressing well; and in the bright spring afternoons I began to leave it, and go to the Cascine to watch the crowds driving up and down—the Russians with their low carriages, spirited horses with scarcely any harness, and fur-capped coachmen; the eccentric American with his team of fourteen ill-matched steeds; the sober English, heavy Germans, and brilliant Italians, all driving or riding according to their various nationalities and in their special fashions. I sometimes saw Prince Schidone and his lovely wife; they were invariably alone; and the carriage was never drawn up at the side of the avenue with a crowd of loungers encircling it, as was the case with the other vehicles. One of my Italian friends, Luigi Savelli, told me the Prince was jealous, and that he allowed his wife no liberty, adding that she had run away from her convent to marry him. I remembered the footman's words, and began to believe the statement, notwithstanding my knowledge of the watchful care with which the Church guards her children.

When I thought my work nearly done, Prince Gherado became fastidious about the dress, and objected to the color of the fan and my treatment of the lace. It seemed as if he did not wish the picture finished. I began to weary of the alterations; and after repainting the portions twice, told him I did not consider the work improved, and that I must decline more changes.

I went one morning early to try for the last time at the lace, when, on taking up my palette, I noticed on it a large patch of green paint, which I cer-

tainly had not left there, and on it, traced in black letters, were the English words: "Help me. Stay till six.—A."

This was strange. It savored of an adventure. Who was "A"? What did he or she want? Could it be the Princess? Her name perhaps was Amaranthe. I would certainly stay till six. Before that hour the door close to my right hand opened; the rustle of a dress again heralded the entrance of the Princess. I had a large open tin box by my side, and as the lady was passing it she dropped her fan; it fell behind her, and the Prince stooped to pick it up. At that instant a tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box; and I perceiving it, closed the lid as I rose to salute my visitors. The Princess spoke no word to me, but made some rapid and not favorable criticisms on my work in Italian. I spoke to the Prince in the same language, as I feared his wife might not know I understood her remarks, which were not of the most polite description. She did not appear to heed this, in fact continued her strictures, the gist of which I found to be her displeasure with the hair; she thought it required much more careful finish. I reminded the Prince that I must leave for England in a fortnight; therefore, my work at the picture must soon cease, and that I did not think I could improve it. He was quite satisfied, and told his wife that when it hung in the place of the original she would confess it was well done.

I did not dare to read the note till I arrived at my rooms; but once there, I speedily made myself master of its contents. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:

I trust you, for your face is good and kind, and you are English. I am a most unhappy woman, a prisoner and a slave. I *must* return to the convent. There I shall be able to communicate with my uncle, Cardinal Bandinelli. Here, I can never speak to him of my wrongs, I am so watched. Will you help me? If so, write "Yes" on your palette, and I will tell you what to do.—A.

This was startling certainly, I pondered on the request, and was greatly

disturbed. Why should I, peaceable Cuthbert Ainsley, mix myself up with the family troubles of an Italian household? Then, on the other hand, the lady might really be unhappy—ill-treated even; and at all events it did not seem very wrong of her to wish for free speech of her uncle, or even to go back to the convent for a time. I knew Cardinal Bandinelli well by sight and name; he was said to be a most amiable prelate, and he looked gentleness personified. Perhaps Amaranthe only wanted me to take him a letter. Anyhow, the love of adventure, the idea of succoring beauty in distress, combined to determine me to accede to the lady's request; and before leaving the Palazzo next day, I traced in small black letters on a red patch the word "Yes," which would not be noticed unless sought for, as it looked like idle touches of the brush.

The following day, on uncovering my canvas, I found pinned round the edge a little slip of paper, on which was written: "Thank you. The day before you go, leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long, with a strong hook attached. Send by a safe hand the note you will find addressed to my uncle."

I hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had I done so, when the door on my left opened and admitted the Prince. He was pleasant, as usual. I trusted he perceived no confusion in my manner. He crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, which faced one on my right hand, and went out. There was a quaint old-fashioned mirror hung rather high, which tipped slightly forward, and in which I could see the reflection of the wall behind me with its two doors. A few minutes after the Prince left, I bent to take something from my box, and as I raised my head, I saw in the glass above me the reflection of his face gazing fixedly at me through the open door, with so intense, wicked, and cruel an expression, that the features seemed transformed! I turned sharply; but he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

The day before I was to give up work at the Palazzo, I took with me a coil of rope, wrapped as a parcel, much wondering what Amaranthe would do with it. The incident of the reflected face of her

husband haunted me, and determined me to have no hesitation in fulfilling the Princess's request, as I felt that he possessed undoubtedly great capacity for cruel deeds. He came to talk to me in the afternoon, and conversed with his usual urbanity; but with my recollection of what his face *could* be, I wondered I had ever thought him handsome, the eyes were so hard, and the long chin and massive jaw betokened obstinacy; still, when he smiled, or when, as to-day, he spoke of the ennobling effect of religion on art, he looked almost saintly. Standing before a "Pietà" of Sassoferato's, he said: "Why have we no painters now who can so bring before us the realities of our faith?"

"Perhaps because we ourselves are faithless," I answered lightly.

"Ah, no; faith is not dead," he replied seriously. "She only slumbers in our hearts, and it needs but little to rouse her to active life."

Surely this man was a strange compound of good and evil! I wished I had been able to study his character more, and half repented of the coil of rope, the notes, the promise to his wife. As if in answer to my unuttered wish for his acquaintance, he said: "Will you drive with me to-morrow? I am going to inspect some antique jewels I hear are for sale, and I should like you to see them."

"Willingly. I shall have finished my work here at four, and shall be quite at your service."

"At half-past four to-morrow, then," he said, "I will call for you at the Palazzo Machiavelli—that is where you live, I think?"

"Yes," I answered; but I was a little surprised, for I had only told him I lodged in the Via Santo Spirito, and had not given him the name or number of my residence. I thought a good deal about the increased friendliness of the Prince, while I was putting the finishing touches to my work, and felt uneasy as to my share in the doings of his wife; but nevertheless I placed the parcel of rope in my box, which of course I did not lock. Leaving little but the varnishing to do on my picture on the morrow, I took my departure.

Once again I strolled to the Cascine, drinking in the gaiety of the scene and

watching the gay throng of passers-by ; and on my way home, gazing with fresh wonder at the beauty of the Campanile, touched at its top with the lovely hues of sunset, and standing out against the clear sky more like some exquisite building in a dream, than one that has watched the changes of the city below for five hundred years and more. At the *Café Rossini*, where I went for dinner, I heard the friendly voice of Savelli calling me to go to his table, and promising to order a proper meal for me, a feat he never considered me capable of performing for myself.

"You are leaving us soon, I hear," he said. "How have you succeeded with your picture?"

"Tolerably well ; but it was a difficult one to copy, as all Morone's are."

"Have you made acquaintance with the Princess?" was his next query.

"I have seen her once or twice, when the Prince has brought her to look at my work. How lovely she is ! and how like the 'Amaranthe.' She told me the lady of the portrait was her ancestress ; but I understood Prince Gherado to say she was *his*. How is that?"

"The families of Bandinelli and Schidone have intermarried for three centuries, I believe, so the lady may easily be the ancestress of both Prince and Princess," was his answer. "They were cousins, I know ; but not of course within the degree prohibited by our Church. Their marriage was notorious enough without that !"

"Notorious ! How?"

"Why, all Florence knows that the Princess was at the convent of St. Caterina, the garden of which joins that of the Palazzo Schidone. The Bandinelli are poor ; and the Princess had many brothers and sisters ; she was destined for the cloister. During her probation, however, she became in some manner acquainted with the Prince ; and as her father declined to alter his family arrangements and allow her to leave the convent, Gherado took the matter into his own hands, and persuaded her to elope with him."

"Was there not a great scandal?"

"The cardinal's influence was invoked ; by his aid the affair was hushed up and the young people forgiven ; but

I have heard that not only did the Prince forego any claim to dowry with his wife, but that he has consented to part with some of the treasures brought into the family by former Bandinelli, now to be returned as peace-offerings. Your picture perhaps?"

"Perhaps," I replied, not liking to say I knew it was so.

"I doubt if the Princess is happy," pursued Luigi, for whom the subject seemed to possess an interest. "Gherado comes of a hard and cruel race ; and in spite of his piety and his devotion to the poor, there are many tales afloat of his tyranny when thwarted, and he has never been supposed to be a *cavalier des dames*."

"Does the Princess appear often in society?"

"Very seldom, and *never* without her husband. It has been remarked that she is never out of his sight in the presence of a third person. She must find it dull."

"Not so dull as the convent, I imagine," was my reply.

We soon left the dinner-table and sauntered towards the Ponte Vecchio on the way to my rooms, where Savelli wanted to see some of my sketches. As we came to the Via Condotta, a company of the "Misericordia" were passing along it bearing a covered litter, in which they were taking some poor wretch to the hospital. We waited to let them pass before we crossed the road, and raised our hats as the captain of the company advanced. The figure in the strange black garments, bearing his taper, turned towards me ; and with the thrill that is always given by a look from eyes behind the two pierced holes in the brother's mask, came to me the idea that the leader of the band was Gherado Schidone. I mentioned this to my companion.

"Likely enough," was his careless answer. "Gherado is one of the fraternity, I know. He never shirks his turn of duty."

The weird procession went on. It was past nine and an exquisite night. The moon had not long risen, and the tapers of the receding brethren made patches of yellow in the soft moonlight. Savelli and I sat talking far into the

night, and I made a sketch of the little scene that had so impressed itself on my mind.

Next morning, I prepared for my last visit to the Palazzo with a slight fluttering of the nerves, and an idea that "something might happen" before I returned to my rooms. The picture-gallery, however, bore its usual aspect of peace and comfort; a splendid fire lent cheerfulness to the apartment, and everything was as quiet as heretofore. On opening my tin box I found a sign of Amaranthe's presence, not only in the absence of the rope, but also in a square letter sealed with a large coat of arms, and directed to "His Eminence the Cardinal Bandinelli." This I put carefully in my pocket-book; and in the afternoon I placed my now finished picture on a dower chest, and with a farewell glance around the room, and specially at the "Amaranthe," whose face I had studied so long, I summoned the attendant to carry my impedimenta, and jumped into the carriage he called for me.

At the appointed time the Prince's little English groom called for me at my lodgings and informed me that his master awaited me; and I descended to the street. Here I found a little low carriage drawn by a pair of ponies; and during our somewhat long drive, I admired the way in which Gherado guided the spirited little animals through the crowded streets, till, after passing down the Lung' Arno and crossing the river by the Ponte alle Grazia, we skirted the Duomo, then turned in the direction of S. Maria Novella, and finally, in a small street leading out of the Via del Giglio, paused in front of a large Palazzo, where we halted.

After being conducted through the usual dreary saloons and galleries, we came to the room in which were the antiques for sale; and they were shown us by their owner. I did not think much of the display, and found very few things I could advise the Prince to purchase. It seemed to me that he must have been misinformed as to the value of the collection. He expressed no disappointment, however, chose one or two bits of inlaid jewelry, and we prepared to leave. I had noticed a lovely chased cup by Benvenuto Cellini, and recom-

mended the Prince to buy it; but he refused, and as we were on our way to his carriage, he explained that he did not believe it to have been worked by Cellini, but copied by one of his pupils; and he added: "The original I claim to possess; and if you can spare the time, I should like to show it you. Will you return with me?"

I gladly acquiesced; and we were speedily driving into the courtyard of the Palazzo Schidone. The Prince ran lightly up the broad staircase, and entering the library in which I had first seen him, led me through it to a small but exquisitely furnished apartment, where he said he kept his few treasures. Here I spent, I think, the most enjoyable hour I had passed in Florence. The collection was small; but the tazzi, intaglios, cameos, and enamels were perfect of their kind, and to each a tale of interest was attached. I was fascinated by the charm of Gherado's manner, as he directed my attention to them and told their histories. At length he brought me the Cellini vase: it was a cup shaped like a nautilus-shell, of exquisitely chased gold. On the rounded portion of the back was a winged Mercury poised on a ball of onyx. In the one we had previously seen, the figure was placed on a silver globe, which spoilt the effect, and it was, besides, of far inferior finish. The Prince asked me if I would like to make a sketch of the vase, as I was so much impressed by its beauty; and I took out my little pocket-book for the purpose. The Prince gave me a segar, rang for some coffee, and while returning his treasures to their various stands and cabinets, also began to smoke. The servant entered with the coffee, which he placed on a table behind me, and retired. My companion rose to replace in a jewel-case a ring left out, while I went on with my sketch. Presently he handed me my coffee, and drinking some himself, sat down and continued his delightful talk, to which I listened eagerly. The delicious coffee was in a cup of rather larger size than those in which the beverage was usually served. I was tired, and sipped it gladly.

Gradually I found a curious sensation stealing over me. I was strangely unable to go on with my sketch, and drop-

ping the pencil, listened to the Prince. I felt contented, satisfied—but stilled. My head fell gently back against the cushioned chair, and languidly I watched the Prince. His talk appeared to grow more rapid, then he paused. Presently he laughed—a low wicked laugh, and his face assumed the evil expression I remembered so well; but I was incapable of the smallest effort. Suddenly he rose from his chair, leaned over me, and hissed in my ear: “Fool! I know all! Death is thy doom!” Then he crossed the room, pushing the furniture out of his way, rang a bell violently, and came back to my side. When the servants rushed in, he cried: “See, Giovanni; the Signor is ill—dying, I fear. He just now put his hand to his heart, sprang from his chair, and fell back like this! Go instantly and fetch il Dottore Monte.—Meanwhile, you bring me a cordial, water, a fan,” he continued, turning to another servant; and then to his valet: “Unfasten his collar.”

While the terrified footmen were hurrying hither and thither, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I was now in the hands of a remorseless foe, who meant that I should die. Still I seemed not specially distressed or grieved, but more as if I were outside my body as a spectator. Slowly even this recognition of outward things failed me; and while Gherado and the valet were trying to unfasten my tie and placing the cordial on my lips, their faces and voices receded, and became fainter and dimmer, till all things faded from my consciousness, and I remembered no more.

CHAPTER III.

A strange droning noise, an atmosphere heavy with incense, and a feeling of imprisonment, are the memories that come back to me when I recall the first moment of returning consciousness. A dull heavy pain in my head, a sensation of numbness, a feeling that I did not care to know where I was or how I came there, are the next things I remember. Then suddenly and with a bound I seemed to regain control of my brain, and gazed about me with full awakening. My surroundings gave me ample food for thought. I was in the chapel of the Misericordia; the priest was

chanting a mass for the dead, and six of the brethren in their black dresses were kneeling round me holding tapers in their hands. I was dressed in grave-clothes, and in the coffin, which, with a curious recollection of detail, I knew to be a gorgeous one, and remembered that it would, when I reached the burial-ground, be exchanged for a wretched shell, resembling an elongated egg-box, and be sent back to serve for the repose of other still forms, whilst I should be sleeping under the sod. The bier was a low one, and as the head of my coffin was somewhat raised, I commanded a view of the altar, where stood the officiating priest, and the acolytes swinging censers.

An agony of horror possessed me. My first impulse was to cry out and warn the worshippers that this mockery must cease. Then one of the brothers stirred, and the certainty that my would-be murderer was there, watching till I should be safely entombed, made me restrain the sound that rushed to my lips. I closed my eyes and tried to grasp my position. From what I knew of Italian customs, I was aware that not more than twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse since my supposed death; and as it was dark, and I must have been with Schidone till nearly seven in the evening, I surmised it to be some time between midnight and dawn, and that the brethren were waiting for daylight to convey me to the cemetery. They watched all night, I knew, and celebrated midnight mass for those whose friends were able and willing to pay for the ceremony, and I guessed that Prince Gherado had charged himself with these cares on my behalf. Slightly unclosing my lids, I gazed at each kneeling figure in turn. They were of course facing the altar, and my only clue to their identity would be gathered from the hand of each as he held his taper, and from what I could see of his feet. Of the six, four displayed rough, coarsely made shoes, and hands accustomed to labor; one had new boots, but his hands, though white and shapely, were heavy and large. The sixth figure, the one on my left, nearest the altar, was, I knew, Schidone. He was as still as a carved image, his head bowed, his hands grasping a heavy candle; but it did not need

the gleam of a great stone in a ring he habitually wore to tell me it was my enemy. I recognised at once the long thin fingers of his white hands, and felt I could trace the shape of his head beneath the black drapery. How helpless I was—how entirely in his power! If I interrupted the service and for the moment escaped, I knew I should not leave Italy in safety; a man so unscrupulous and so powerful for evil as he was would not be balked of his prey so easily. A cold sweat bedewed my body, as grim thoughts chased each other through my brain. I was so weak, and every now and then a strange dizziness overpowered me, I felt as though I could not regain my liberty unaided.

The minutes as they passed seemed hours; and yet they flew all too fast, for I could invent no scheme for escape. A moonbeam shone through one of the upper windows, and I thought how lovely it must be outside, how the soft light would be glorifying the Campanile, how deep would be the shadow in the Bigallo, how black would show the inlaid marble of the Duomo! Should I ever see it all again? My eyes wandered round the chapel; I gazed at the picture of St. Sebastian over the altar; then at the acolytes and murmuring priest; and then at the long lace-trimmed altar-cloth, which touched the ground on either side. Surely my eyes were at fault, or was that black spot a smoldering cinder from out the censer the boy had swung so carelessly? With rapt intensity I watched the linen with the coal on it, and the little puff of smoke arising therefrom. A few seconds more, and a red line of fire ran up and along the cloth, and the artificial flowers on the altar were ablaze! A shout from the brethren, who seemed to rise simultaneously from their knees, and confusion reigned. Then the voice of Gherado arose calm and clear. "Save the picture!" was the command to two of his companions, who immediately obeyed.—"Call the firemen," he said to another.—"Quick, put the treasures and relics into a place of safety," was his command to the priest. But his coolness only availed for a few minutes; for as the flames seemed to take possession of the building, priest, acolytes, and brethren

disappeared in a panic, leaving their black robes on the floor.

Gherado stood for a moment with the ghastly light of the flames shining on his face, and then advanced to my side. I feared his piety would cause him to carry me out for proper burial, and with a sickening dread I held my breath and allowed no muscle to quiver; but he only muttered: "È meglio così—fire hides as well as earth," and walked out of the flaming building.

As his receding footsteps died away, and with the noise of the advancing crowd in my ears, I sat up, then crept from the coffin, and seizing one of the long robes of the brethren, put it on, drew the hood closely over my face, and escaped by the door leading into the Via Calzaioli, whence I sped, barefooted as I was, across the bridge and down the street of the Santo Spirito. The excitement of the numerous people I met was great; but after the first few minutes, I dreaded attracting attention, and had the sense to refrain from running, trusting that the sight of a "Misericordia" walking barefooted would not excite remark. Several persons gazed at me curiously, but no one spoke; and I arrived at the door of my dwelling in safety. Then I paused. If I entered, there would be danger of questions and inquiries, much talk and confusion, and my escape would certainly reach the Prince's ears. It would be better for me to go elsewhere, and I determined to seek Savelli.

When he was aroused, and had listened to my tale, he promised every aid in his power, but strongly advised me not to return to my lodgings, or to remain in the city longer than was necessary. Together we made plans for my safety and for the help of Amaranthe, for whose welfare I had the greatest anxiety and for whom I had grave fears. Savelli gave me food and wine and a much-needed change of raiment; and I thankfully flung myself on a sofa for a few hours' repose. At the appointed time my friend aroused me; and by nine o'clock we were on our way to the dwelling of Cardinal Bandinelli, in pursuance of our design to invoke his aid in our difficulty. The old porter was hard to persuade that we ought to be admitted;

but it occurred to Savelli to request him to send for the cardinal's secretary, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Then we were allowed to go up the great staircase, and pass behind the heavy curtains at the top, whence we were ushered into a plainly furnished apartment, semicircular in form, and with three open windows, commanding a glorious prospect. Here, after waiting a few minutes, we were joined by the secretary, to whom Savelli told enough of the truth to enable him to judge that an interview with the cardinal was imperative. He conducted us to the study, where we found His Eminence seated in a huge armchair and clad in his purple cassock. His little red cap and the large ring he wore were the only indications that his rank was higher than that of a "Monsignor." A cup of chocolate was on a table beside him, and a little book of devotion open on his knee.

"Your Eminence will pardon me," said the secretary as we advanced, "but these gentlemen have news for your private ear."

"Ah, my children, the tidings are bad, I fear, since you come so early; good news can always wait," said the amiable old man.

We unfolded our tale. It was grievous to speak of the evil deeds of one near him to this benevolent personage; but he showed the ready acumen of a man of the world in dealing with the subject.

"I presume you have no wish to bring an accusation of attempted murder against the Prince?" he said.

"No," I answered, somewhat unwillingly.

"You must be aware that your interference in the affairs of the Prince's household was most unwarrantable," he said severely; "and besides, you would, I think, be unable to bring any proof of such an attempt that would satisfy a judge. The servants would bear witness to his great anxiety about you, and to the statement he made to them as to your illness.—See," he added, "here is the newspaper with an account of the affair."

I took the sheet he handed me, and read that an English artist, "Cuthberto Anslej," had died suddenly of heart-disease at the Palazzo Schidone, after returning from a long drive with the

Prince, during which he appeared to be in excellent health. Doctor Monte was mentioned as having been in attendance soon after the event.

"To-morrow," said the old prelate, "there will be another paragraph stating that the body of the before-mentioned artist was burned in the fire at the chapel of the Misericordia."

"Will the Prince believe that?" I asked.

"What matters it? He will not care to question it; and as for you, your departure from the city had best be speedy. I will see that Signor Savelli has unquestioned liberty to pack your effects and forward them to you."

"Did your Eminence receive a letter from the Princess? I posted one to you from her just before my drive with the Prince," I ventured to say.

"*Davvero!*" returned he, "I had the envelope. There was nothing in it but a sheet of blank paper."

We did not dare to insist on the unhappiness of his niece and the danger she might be in. He promised to take immediate steps for her welfare; but his manner forbade further speech on the subject, and we were dismissed with his Eminence's blessing, a grace craved by Savelli.

Two days afterwards, I arrived, wearied, exhausted, dazed, but safe and sound, at the hospitable house of my cousin at Eastmere. My adventure interested him immensely, and he warmly seconded my wish that Luigi Savelli, to whom I felt so greatly indebted, should be invited to come to England and stay with us for a while. The invitation I wrote procured the following response:

AMICO MIO—I thank you with all my heart for your amiable letter, and your cousin for his most kind invitation. I will come! Yes, my friend, I will visit your green island when your fogs are gone and your sun is come. I will look in your face once more, as I did the night you came to me from the tomb, like another Ginevra degli Amieri, and we will talk of the pleasant days in Florence. Since you left us, we have had a tragedy. The Prince Schidone is dead—died by his own hand, say some; died by his wife's hands, say others.

It is true he is dead ; how, I know not. His valet found him lifeless in the early morning, and there was an empty chloroform phial beside him, and also a lady's kerchief. Amaranthe is also dead, one may say, for she is gone into the con-

vent of the "Sepolte Vive" in Rome, which is indeed a living death.

Of more cheerful subjects we will speak when I grasp your hand in the summer.—*Sempre a te.* LUIGI SAVELLI.
—*Chambers's Journal.*

WHAT IS PUBLIC OPINION?

BY H. D. TRAILL.

IN one of the most sardonic sallies of the famous epitaph upon Colonel Francis Charteris, it is recorded of the deceased scoundrel that, after having with impunity committed nearly every crime of which human nature is capable, he was at last executed for one of which he was innocent. I cannot but think that some such legend might be fitly inscribed upon the tombstone of Mr. Gladstone's Government—so varied in character and so heinous in enormity have been the political offences of which they have been guilty, and so doubtful the validity of the indictment upon which they have been convicted, sentenced, and executed. That the luckless Budget of Mr. Childers was as ill-conceived as it was ill-fated may be true enough ; to say that it was both unfair and impolitic is only another way of saying that it was the production of a Cabinet of the clumsiest tricksters who ever unwillingly served the cause of honesty by making fraud ridiculous, or demonstrated the merits of the straight path by the uniformity with which they lost themselves in their own crooked ways. But to maintain that the Budget offended so flagrantly against justice as to condemn the authors of the Irish Land Act, or so fatuously against financial policy as to be unpardonable in the men who concluded the De Lesseps agreement, appears to me an extravagant proposition. It cannot, I think, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has squandered the treasure of England with both hands in three out of the four quarters of the globe, which has lowered the flag of England before every enemy, however contemptible, by whom it has been challenged, and which has abandoned to destruction every ally who has trusted her, and given up to death or disgrace every

servant by whom she has been served—it cannot, I say, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has done all these things, and survived them, should have found it impossible to blunder in a set of financial proposals without coming by their death. A Government which may desert a Gordon but may not put a shilling duty on spirits, which may establish Russia at the gate of India but may not tax beer, is surely a conception which can find no place in a sane imagination. That appearances go to show that this conception has been actually realized is a reason, not for indolently tolerating the conception, but for minutely interrogating the appearances. There is nothing itself in a Government being out-voted ; the event has no real significance unless there is reason to believe that what a majority in Parliament has done a majority in the country would be ready to do—or, in other words, that there is a preponderance of opinion among Englishmen in favor of restraining the Government which was allowed to desert Gordon from putting a shilling duty on spirits, and the Government which has with impunity established Russia at the gate of India from taxing beer.

If this fantastic proposition is not a true one, it may be false in one or other of two ways. It may be (1) that the English nation would rather, after all, have had their beer and spirits taxed than their heroes sacrificed and their empire endangered, and that their representatives were wrong in attributing a reversed order of precedence to these considerations ; or (2) that the English nation are equally indifferent both to the disgrace of treachery and cowardice and to the burden of an increased impost on alcoholic liquors, and that their

representatives were wrong in supposing that they have any preferences in such matters at all. If (1) is true, the House of Commons has merely failed to interpret the political opinion of the country correctly; if (2) is true, it amounts to saying that the country, taken at large, has no such thing as a political opinion to interpret. Now everybody, of course, who would like to think of the nation as still possessing a corporate intelligence, a corporate conscience, or even, one may say, a corporate existence, must prefer to believe in the truth of (1). Better a thousand times that a nation should be unworthily represented than that it should possess no opinion worthy of representation. Better a thousand times that a blind assembly should think, or an unscrupulous assembly pretend to think, that the predominant mass of the English electorate can be touched by nothing that has not first touched their pockets, than either that this should be true or else that those millions who can determine the destinies of the country are an absolutely inert and impenetrable body, not capable of being moved even by the stimulus of a tax, and *à fortiori* utterly insensible under the pressure of national danger or the sting of national dishonor. Everybody, in a word, must hope that there still *is* such a thing as a genuine "English public opinion" on political matters, and that if it is not at present effective, it is the fault of those who profess to interpret it and cannot.

Everybody, I repeat, must hope that this is the case, but what evidence is there that it is? If I were to say that not only the foremost and most conspicuous, but perhaps the only, proof of its existence is that a vast and highly elaborated organization exists for the main purpose of expressing it, I am not quite sure whether I should be regarded as using a serious argument. Those who are blessed or cursed with what I may call a too importunate sense of humor, would very likely suspect me of irony. To a great many people the energetic political activities of English newspapers pass for proof that there is in England an effective political opinion. Their logic is instinctive and inarticulate, but if they were called upon to defend their belief by formal argument, they would probably do so after some fashion of this

kind: "The large space which all newspapers now-a-days devote to the subject of horse-racing, is justly regarded as evidence of a widespread and (since newspapers universally defer to it) effective public opinion that horse-races are interesting. Similarly, the large space devoted by them to politics and to political criticism and disquisition, may be fairly taken as proof that the same proposition which has been affirmed of horse racing may be affirmed also of politics." If one were to reply to this, as, of course, it would be obvious to do, that, whereas all newspapers have been steadily increasing the amount of space devoted to horse-racing, they have most of them been as steadily reducing the space devoted to politics; and that while the letter-press of sport, of theatres, and of amusement generally, has been growing by columns, Parliamentary Debates have been dwindling at the same rate, the rejoinder would probably be that that portion of the newspaper space which is allotted not to political report, but to the enunciation of political opinion, has undergone no diminution whatever, and that, therefore, the analogy above suggested holds good, to the extent of proving that at least as large a proportion of the people are interested in the triumph of what they respectively consider sound views on political questions, as are interested in the process known as "spotting a winner." "Put it this way," an upholder of the analogy in question may urge. "There are published every morning in London six or seven newspapers of the first class, and of very large circulation. Every one of these has at least one long political leader, most of them at least two, some of them on many occasions three, one of them on some occasions four. Week in week out, in session and out of session, upon every day of the whole three hundred and thirteen *dies fasti*—for English newspapers know no *dies nefasti* but Sundays—a political leader appears, solid, tri-paragraphed, columnar, a dish of politics not to be lightly trifled with at breakfast time, like the omelette of the foreigner, but to be manfully attacked and disposed of like the mutton-chop of the Briton. Now newspapers, like all who live to please, must please to live; the more they please the more

vigorous their life, as attested by what is the surest proof of vigor—the circulation. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that they would allot such an inordinate amount of space to the exposition, the defence, and the attack of political opinion, unless they had reasonable grounds for believing not only that such 'matter' pleased their public, but that it pleases them more than any other kind of matter which might with no more, if not with actually less, difficulty be obtained. Let anyone who doubts it get some of those excellent statisticians, who seem always ready for such tasks, to calculate how many times the pavement of Fleet Street could be carpeted in the course of a year with the political leaders of the morning newspapers whose engines throb on either side of that famous thoroughfare, and having, then, further considered what might be done with all this space if portioned out among items of sporting intelligence, and paragraphs of theatrical gossip, let him ask himself whether, if the latter kind of matter was really more valuable than the former, the most self-denying of newspaper proprietors would be able to resist the temptation so to utilize it."

It is certainly not for me to deny the cogency of this plausible argument, or to assert that the newspaper proprietor walks, as a rule, like a youthful Primrose through the world's fair, unwitting how to lay out his money to the best advantage. Only I would point out that a sense of seriousness, a feeling of high respectability, a consciousness of importance are highly prized among Englishmen, and that English newspaper proprietors may as reasonably sacrifice mere pecuniary interests to the gratification of influencing, or being supposed to influence, the course of national affairs, as landed proprietors sacrifice the same interests to the gratification of figuring as county personages, and serving on the Commission of the Peace. Let it be granted, however, for the sake of argument, that the importance given to politics by the newspaper is no more than proportioned to the curiosity of the popular mind with respect to political matters, it still remains to inquire how far this testifies to the existence of such a thing as an *effective* public opinion on political questions? By effective I

mean, of course, a public opinion which is something more than a popular emotion—though it may quite legitimately and creditably owe its birth to a popular emotion—an opinion, in other words, which is held with sufficient warmth of interest to incite its holder to *act*, and with sufficient strength of conviction to ensure his acting in one particular way. That, of course, is what is meant by public opinion in all political argument—it must be effective public opinion, or it is naught. When a politician or a journalist tells a Minister that such and such a policy will be condemned by public opinion, he does not mean that a majority of the men and women of the nation will pronounce him a foolish or wicked man for adopting it, but that a majority of the electors of the country so strongly disapprove of it that they will go to the ballot-boxes to punish by their votes the folly or wickedness of the Minister who has adopted it.

Let me, then, repeat the question: What evidence is there that such a kind of public opinion on political questions has any existence? and in what relation to it, if real, or to the simulation of it, if imaginary, do its professed exponents suppose themselves to stand? And here it should be noted that the attitude maintained at the present day by these exponents is one which implies a much more confident assumption of the existence of such an entity than was formerly the case. At one time it used to be regarded as the proud function of newspapers, or rather of a newspaper—for with the multiplication of their number the belief died, in a two-fold sense, a natural death—to "create," to "educate," to "direct" public opinion. At the time of its greatest prevalence, that is to say, about thirty years ago, there was, no doubt, some foundation for the belief, though even then probably very much less than was supposed. But still, in the palmy days of what used then to be called the leading journal—a high-price print addressing a middle-class public, with some diffused experience of political affairs, and some inherited traditions of political duty—it might, without doing any great violence to language, have been said that a newspaper created, or directed, or (for various phrases were used to describe the

process) educated public opinion. Mr. Kinglake, who was no very warm friend of the journal in question, was wont to maintain that its editor never did more than collect, or partly collect and partly guess, the opinions of the particular public whom he addressed, and pass them off ingeniously upon his readers as his own original counsels. But this appears to me an unfairly subtle piece of cavilling. The then editor of the newspaper in question was a man fairly representative of his readers; and though he may occasionally have had to correct his thoughts by theirs, it seems more likely that in most cases he independently thought the same thoughts as they did, and may claim, if not to have formed, at any rate to have directed or educated their opinion by co-ordinating and developing their unsystematized ideas. He was, in a certain sense, what he professed to be, namely, their instructor, and not their mouth-piece; and his successor of our own day, in accordance with the traditions of the newspaper, but not with anything else, continues to advance the same pretensions. But when the repeal of the paper duty gave life and vigor to a host of cheap newspapers, representing every school of political opinion, there was felt to be some absurdity in the competition of such a multitude of political instructors, all of about equal rank, ability, and authority, but all of whom, with one lucky group of exceptions, were necessarily condemned at each successive election to exhibit themselves as instructors who had failed to instruct. Accordingly, by tacit consent, they all took to asserting, not that they instructed the public, but that the public instructed them. Mistakes committed under that assumption were felt to be less humiliating than they would have been under the old one; and the assumption having been adopted in a day when the penny newspapers were in their infancy, was, and is, maintained with equal confidence after the number of newspaper readers has increased by millions, and the number of persons whose opinions, if they have any, are of high importance to the future of the country has, through the operation of successive measures of enfranchisement, undergone a like augmentation. What is yet more singular,

the voices which the newspapers profess to hear and interpret have gained, it would seem, in the distinctness of their utterance as they have increased in number, a phenomena not usually observable among gathering and growing multitudes. The desires, the fears, the loves, hatreds, and beliefs of "the people"—meaning always of the electoral millions—have, according to their professed exponents, become more unmistakable in their manifestations, and more plainly recognizable with regard to a greater number of subjects, as the electorate has grown in size. Every day adds, if we are to believe our newspapers, to the number of things which "Public Opinion will heartily approve," or "will severely condemn," to the number of high Imperial objects which it "has at heart," and of Imperial dangers which it "gravely apprehends." These have now swelled into such a lengthy list that, if we can accept the catalogue as a full, true, and particular account of them, our "capable citizens" must be capable indeed.

It may be worth while to enumerate a few of them. Public opinion, then, meaning the established and effective conviction of the capable citizens, "approves heartily of the maintenance of the Unity of Great Britain," and will not hear of any concession to the claims of Home Rule. It would even demand the condign punishment of any English statesman who should show signs of coquetting with that pernicious movement. It is remarkably proud of the "great Empire handed down to us by our ancestors," and could not for a moment submit to the rule of any Government in whose hands it did not believe that the interests and safety of that Empire might be safely placed. To descend to particulars of Imperial policy, it is a cardinal article of Public Opinion that "English influence must be paramount in Egypt," that our power of transit through the Suez Canal must be "assured against any risk of molestation," and that as a necessary condition of such assurance, we "cannot tolerate anarchy in Egypt," or allow its financial affairs to fall into that disorder which sooner or later leads to administrative anarchy. On the matter of India itself, our solicitude for which is the main

cause of this strong Public Opinion with regard to Egypt, we should expect to find a still stronger Public Opinion in existence. And so we are assured we do. Proud of their Empire in general the "English people" are more proud of their Indian possessions than of any others beneath their flag; they "perceive the immense importance of India to their trade and internal prosperity"; they glory in the "civilizing work" which they are performing among the "countless races" of the Peninsula; and they watch with the most jealous vigilance any menace to the safety of that great dependency or to the "tranquillity of its teeming populations." So again as to the Colonies; more "public opinion," more "pride," more determination to "knit closer the bonds which," &c., and to punish any enemy, English or foreign, who shall attempt, &c.

Such being the reputed attitude of Public Opinion towards questions affecting the national interests of the country, what is its relation to its moral duties? Here, again, its equipment of admirable views is of the most complete description. The English people—meaning always the English people for political purposes, the electorate—are "enthusiastic admirers of fair play, haughtily sensitive to the point of honor, immovably staunch in the support of their agents and representatives abroad, unalterably true to their allies, inflexibly faithful to their national engagements." Public Opinion will never forgive a Ministry who deal treacherously with their countrymen, or inequitably with their political opponents, who humiliate the nation by trucking to foreign Powers, abandon the officials who have with zeal and fidelity discharged their instructions, surrender defenceless allies to the vengeance of their infuriated enemies, or in any manner violate their country's plighted word.

Pretty well this, it will be admitted, for a catalogue of national convictions and principles. A nation which can boast this collection of political opinions and moral maxims, which is fortified on the material side by such sound views as to its temporal interests, and on the moral side by such generous instincts and conscientious scruples, ought, one

would think, to enjoy the promise both of this life and of that which is to come. And our newspapers, as I have said, are never weary of insisting that this apparatus of excellent principles does, in truth and in fact, constitute the Public Opinion of the country. It is common ground alike with Liberals and Conservatives that this is so. Neither side could venture, of course, to dispute the obligation of the moral maxims; and as to the political convictions, the national pride in the Empire, the national belief in the value of India, the national attachment to the Colonies, the national sense of the importance of Egypt—these also are alleged constituents of English Public Opinion, to which only a small section of Liberals, and no Liberal newspaper of importance, ever venture to deny a place therein. Ministerial prints have, throughout the career of the late Government, devoted their whole energies to showing, not that the English people do not care for their Empire, still less that they are indifferent to truth, honesty, and self-respect, but that the policy of the Ministry, strongly as appearances made against it, was in some mysterious fashion calculated to safeguard the material interests, and to exalt or, at any rate, not to lower the moral reputation of the country. And starting from this common ground of belief or professed belief in a judicious and honorable Public Opinion, Ministerialist and Opposition pressmen have for two or three years past kept up such an incessant fire of appeals to it that, if Public Opinion really *is* non-existent, we may almost fancy ourselves on the top of Carmel.

Yet, even to escape an impression so disagreeable, can we honestly say that the priests of this Baal have received any audible reply? Let us take those cries by which the god, if he be not a very Baal indeed, would certainly be moved to answer. In other words, let us consider how Public Opinion has comported itself with regard to those questions on which our newspapers have given the loudest and most passionate utterance to its alleged voice. In the spring of 1884, Mr. Gladstone, by way of mere momentary expedient of policy, despatched General Gordon to the Soudan. The enterprise was a desperate one, devotedly un-

dertaken. In the event of its manifest failure, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's country were as deeply pledged to use every effort for the rescue of their emissary as ever a Minister and nation were. Time passed on, and the Parliamentary emergency which Gordon's mission was designed to dispose of passed away. Soon it became evident that the enterprise was going to fail: a little longer and it was evident that it had failed; that the emissary who had been sent to "rescue and retire" was powerless to do either, and was, in fact, himself a prisoner in the city he had sought to relieve. At once, therefore, there arose the moral obligation of rescuing him; but this obligation, having inconsiderately presented itself without being duly introduced by a Parliamentary emergency, failed to obtain an audience of the Prime Minister. How, in these circumstances, did Public Opinion behave? Public Opinion, as represented by the voices of its entire priesthood, behaved admirably. It would not hear for a moment of the abandonment of Gordon; on that the Liberal and the Conservative priests were in perfect accord. It is true that the latter felt convinced that the Government would end by abandoning Gordon, and said so, and that the former professed to be equally assured that Ministers were incapable of such infamy: but it would be unjust to make the god responsible for the contradictory utterances thus ascribed to him. They were merely the conflicting glosses of two rival schools of commentators. On the main point they were, as has been said, in complete accord. Public Opinion would not tolerate the desertion of Gordon, cried the newspapers in chorus; and presently it seemed that some of Mr. Gladstone's followers in the House of Commons began to hear in that chorus the accents of the god. Another Parliamentary emergency threatened; and now Mr. Gladstone, who had declared up to that moment that Gordon did not need rescuing, undertook to rescue him. Public Opinion then expressed itself satisfied, the stress of the emergency abated, and the Government resolved that they would take their time about rescuing Gordon, and do their work in their own—that is, of course, the cheapest and

least business-like—way. Then came the Nile Expedition. The march of Stewart's forlorn hope, the battles in the desert, the fall of Khartoum, the news of Gordon's death.

What now was the behavior of Public Opinion—that Public Opinion which had declared a thousand times through its Liberal and Conservative priests that Gordon must be saved, and through its Conservative, with but faint contradiction from its Liberal, priests that if he were lost through the default of the Government, they would be held to a heavy reckoning? Well, Public Opinion behaved admirably again. The news of the disaster arrived, unfortunately, during the Parliamentary recess, so that it was necessary for Public Opinion to go on feeling indignation at Gordon's betrayal, for, I think, about a fortnight, before it could bring itself to bear upon the guilty Government. But it was quite equal to the occasion. Conservative priests were still confidently invoking the fire of its wrath, and the Liberal priests still industriously constructing a lightning-conductor out of Sir Charles Wilson, when Parliament met; and so potent had been the voice of the god in the meantime, that out of twenty-eight members of Parliament who doubted whether Public Opinion had approved of the rescue of Gordon, as many as fourteen had been converted to the belief that Public Opinion disapproved of Gordon's having been left to be slaughtered by the troops of the Mahdi. Anticipating, however, a new manifestation of the deity, under its hypostasis of Parliamentary Emergency, Mr. Gladstone had announced his intention of "avenging" the dead hero who had never himself sought vengeance upon anybody, and of "breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum," as an offering to the manes of the soldier-administrator who had warned the Government twenty times over that they would have to undertake that work, but who would never himself have undertaken it, as they now proposed to do, as a mere vindictive measure to be followed by no constructive work. Public Opinion, however, was pleased to be satisfied with the Ministerial offer. It had apparently, during its few weeks of reflection, arrived at the conclusion either that heroes

or that honorable obligations were not of such value as had at first been hastily assigned to them, or that, at any rate, the betrayal of the former and the breach of the latter might be quite sufficiently atoned for by the slaughter of a few more thousands of Arabs. And so rapidly, as we all know, did heroes and honorable obligations continue to decline in the market, that in the course of a few more weeks their equivalent in slaughtered Arabs disappeared altogether. Public Opinion heard that the Soudanese Expedition was to be abandoned, and that the Government no longer saw any occasion for breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum; and Public Opinion manifested every sign of acquiescence in the change of plan.

I have selected this particular example of the behavior of our mysterious deity, because it happens to be the strangest and the most striking. The history of the Egyptian campaign abounds, however, in examples of the same kind. The invasion of the country in the first instance, the precipitate abandonment of the Soudan, the mission of Gordon to Khartoum, the despatch of General Graham to Suakim, the recall of General Graham from Suakim—each and every one of these moves was made in response to a supposed command from Public Opinion, and accepted by the power which inspired it as a sufficient obedience thereto. The god said, "Go to Egypt"; and again he said, "Retire from Egypt." He said, "The Soudan must be abandoned at once," and immediately added, "but it must be pacified first." He frowned when Baker Pacha's army was annihilated, but his brow cleared after the bloodshed of El Teb and Tamanieb, and again he graciously acquiesced in an abandonment of the Soudan. Of his even more inscrutable demeanor as regards the fall of Khartoum, and the death and avenging of Gordon, I have already spoken, as being the most striking example of his mysterious ways; but it is only one degree more striking, perhaps, than the revelations vouchsafed to us during the Afghan crisis. There, again, the priests were all unanimous, or nearly so. Public Opinion had spoken out clearly on the necessity of opposing a firm front to Russian aggression upon the territory of the Ameer, and Russian

menace of the tranquillity of India. Mr. Gladstone even said in the House of Commons that the god had declared "a policy" unanimously received by the country, and that this policy included, among other things, the maintenance of Abdur-Rahman in possession of all territory that is lawfully his. When news of the Penjdeh incident reached England, Public Opinion was exceedingly wroth. The god thundered with every voice that he possessed, and even the *parcus decorum cultor* here and there was awed for a moment, like Horace, into political piety. London society was shaken to its centre. The usually placid surface of Consols—that "steady lake" in which English solvency complacently contemplates itself—was profoundly agitated; and the stream of Russian finances threatened to run back to its source. Public Opinion, in the admission of the most sceptical, had indeed spoken. Reparation must be demanded, the rights of the Ameer vindicated, the offending Russian general recalled, the advancing Russian troops withdrawn. Nor was this noble resolution a mere affair of days. Komaroff's exploit was known in England early in April, and as late as the 27th of that month Mr. Gladstone's warlike speech was received by Public Opinion with dignified approval. But when, not two days after the delivery of this speech, the Prime Minister executed the evolution so admirably portrayed by Mr. Tenniel, and the mailed knight, with the drawn sword and the open book, was instantaneously transformed into a smirking figure with the olive branch—why, Public Opinion gave that evolution its dignified approval too! A few priests, it is true, went on declaring that the god was still angry; but there are bigots in all churches. The major part held that his godship had simply forgotten all his magnificent emotions of a fortnight earlier. If General Komaroff had got a sword of honor, so much the better for General Komaroff; if Sir Peter Lumsden was directed to repair to the metropolis, so much the worse for Sir Peter Lumsden. If, after vowing that Penjdeh belonged to the Ameer, and instructing the Ameer to occupy it, and encouraging the Ameer's soldiers to defend it, and seeing those soldiers cut to pieces by Russian

forces in the attempt to do so, it had occurred to our Government that there was a good deal to be said for the proposition that Penjdeh did *not* belong to the Ameer, and that, on the whole, its proprietorship had better be determined in friendly discussion by a few English and Russian gentlemen assembled in Downing Street—why, that was a matter with which Public Opinion, the inspirer of the oracles about the transcendent importance of our Indian Empire, the value of our plighted word, our responsibility for the protection of allies who have trusted to us and served us, declined to concern himself in any manner whatever.

Seriously, does this god exist? Can any attentive and unprejudiced observer of the world about him believe in his existence? Will anyone who has got to know the voices of the priesthood by heart affirm with confidence that he has at any time heard among them the veritable divine accents? If it is said that he has at all times been a shy deity, and of few appearances, the answer surely is that the elder, the Saturnian god, so to speak, of the days before the Second Reform Act could make his presence really felt and feared in the sudden destruction of strong administrations. If this reputed successor of his has a real existence, how comes it that he cannot do the like? Obedient to a sudden and wrathful mandate from Public Opinion, Lord Palmerston's majority turned against him in 1859, within twenty-four hours. Why is it that a similar mandate, as sudden, and, according to its heralds, as wrathfully in earnest as that which precipitated Lord Palmerston's overthrow, has only the effect of slightly, if even slightly, weakening Mr. Gladstone? Is it not that, whereas the voice of Public Opinion could, five-and-twenty years ago, convince all men of its authenticity, so that those only disobeyed it who were prepared to dare the certain punishment of disobedience, a daily increasing number of men at the present day have convinced themselves that the *vox populi* is really *vox et preterea nihil*? that it is not the expression of a settled consistent effective opinion on men and things, but the mere outcry of

a transient emotion, destined to subside as speedily as it has been excited? Does not the difference between Lord Palmerston's condign punishment for one un-English concession, and Mr. Gladstone's prolonged impunity for a series of the most abject surrenders—does this not imply that the Parliamentary followers of the former Minister believed that if they did not punish him themselves the country would punish him and them together, while the followers of the latter Minister believe that if only a General Election can be postponed for forty-eight hours after any fresh betrayal of the interests or sacrifice of the honor of the country, neither he nor they would have anything to fear? And if they believe this, as from their whole conduct it is surely manifest that they do believe it, who will maintain that they are wrong?

I put this question, however, in a purely rhetorical spirit, for we all know very well who *will* maintain that proposition. It will be maintained with as much confidence as ever by the priesthood of this doubted divinity. Daily, nightly, weekly, monthly, from now till the elections, we shall be told by them that he exists, and will one day terribly prove his presence and his power. "Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." It is not for me to say what may have become of this unregarding Baal; and I have certainly no heart to repeat the taunts of Elijah, at any rate in Elijah's mood. In the case of our democratic Baal, the most plausible excuse for his inattention might seem to be that he is talking; though he is certainly much engaged in the pursuit of novelties, and he has done a good deal of journeying, some of us think, during the last five years. But, after all, peradventure he sleepeth, and his priests, who will undoubtedly continue to cry aloud and to "cut themselves after their manner"—that is, on the fingers—with the knives and lancets of premature prediction, may, perhaps, succeed in awaking him by November next. From the bottom of my heart I wish them success.—*National Review*.

PRIDE.

BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

PRIDE is defined to be an inordinate desire of our own perfection. A desire of perfection is not only consistent with humility, but it is a part of it: for humility makes a man unconscious of any good in himself, and awakens in him a desire for the perfection which he believes himself not to possess. But, if this desire be inordinate, it is contrary to humility and to reason, and it vitiates the motive of the desire, turning it from good to evil. Perfection is then not desired for its own sake, but for our own sake; that is, for the honor, or for the advantage, or for the pre-eminence, or from the glory which may return from it upon ourselves.

By perfection is meant the highest excellence of any particular kind. And these kinds are many.

First, there is religious perfection, and spiritual pride that inordinately desires it. But this would lead us into the realm of Theology, and among details hardly in place in MERRY ENGLAND. We may dismiss it speedily, by calling up a Pharisee as witness against himself. People, when they wish to murder the reputation of a neighbor, call him a Pharisee, meaning thereby a hypocrite, a sham, a whited sepulchre. But there were good Pharisees as well as bad. There were men among them of strict life and of rigorous exactness. So far as we know, some were men both upright and just; but, for the most part, they were spiritually proud, and separated themselves from other men as from the leprosy. This has given to the name an evil sense. But we must bear in mind that all were not equally bad; that some may have been only incipiently bad. The disease of Pharisaism had its beginning, its growth, and its final stage. In its beginning, they may have been like many among us, with the average faults of self-contemplation, self-complacency, vigilant criticism of other men, which ends in a quick sight of the faults of others, and a blind unconsciousness of their own. This is the Pharisaism of the new law; for there are Pharisees now as there were Phari-

sees then. But we will leave this sublimer form of pride, and come down to mother earth.

We are told that pride has seven sons, an unpleasant family and bad neighbors. By name they are Vainglory, Boasting, Ambition, Presumption, Hypocrisy, Stubbornness, and Contempt of others. These all spring from one root, and are the first degree in the family tree. In passing, we may say that Vainglory and Vanity are not the same. Vanity may be vainglorious about nothing, for vanity is emptiness; but pride is not empty, and its vainglory consists in the contemplation with complacency of its own excellence. All other sins are multiplied by doing evil. Vainglory alone is fed by doing good. It is called vainglory, not from the absence of matter, but from the disease of self-contemplation, which turns what would be a glory into shame.

Some men are proud of that in which they have had neither merit nor share; as, for example, in birth and inherited titles of honor. Aristotle says that the offspring from such men as Pericles tend to stupidity; and the offspring of such as Alcibiades to madness. Yet, no doubt, their offspring were as proud of their ancestors as they were unlike them in public service or in private worth. There is, however, in this pride something not to be reproved. It restrains men from base actions, and it impels them not only to good, but to the higher forms of goodness. *Spartam nactus es, Spartam exorna.* You were born in Ireland or in England; adorn it with all your might. St. Paul said that he was "a citizen of no mean city." His consciousness that he was "born free" gave him an independence of spirit in the face of danger. This was what men call an honest pride, founded on the providence of God.

There is another kind of less exalted pride, which we call "purse pride." It is irrational enough to be proud of what we are; but how much more to be proud of what we possess? The man must be very poor in brain and heart to

be proud of his banker's book. His one superiority to his neighbor is, that he can spend more money. He may have less mental resource and less moral refinement than his own gamekeeper. At school he was a dunce; at college he was an idler; in life he is a trifler; in all things he is a dolt. He is neither ornamental in private life, nor useful in public. But he is rich; and he feels as if, standing on his money-bags, he were head and shoulders above other men. It is happy for him if he does not become selfish; unfeeling to those who suffer; and hard-hearted when they cry to him. Few men are both rich and generous; fewer are both rich and humble. Wealth, unless controlled by moral elevation, generates a mind of its own which is lofty, isolated, and if not contemptuous of others, unconscious of its own mental and moral inferiority to those whom it consciously looks down upon.

There is also what is called "the pride of life." We feel the meaning of these words, but find it hard to define them. Perhaps the clearest notion of them is this: Vigor of mind, health of body, exuberance of vital power, prosperity in the world, satisfaction with self in the past, complacency with self in the present, and confidence in self for the future, independence of all control, and self-sufficiency in judgment and in action. All this makes up a habit of mind which becomes a worship of self; and that is the apotheosis of pride. It is pride upon its throne. This kind of pride is sometimes found in men whose moral life is correct so far as the world can see. It is a revived Paganism.

But such examples are rare. Self-worship is rarely found without self-will; and self-will is the source both of license and of violence. The will is its own law and its own law-giver, license is its legislation, and violence its executive. Such characters cease to be simply human. They become preternaturally evil, and at last diabolical. Pride,

if resisted, becomes aggressive; if defeated, it becomes malicious; and when put to shame, it becomes shameless. A proud man standing at bay against the moral sense of men is a terrible sight. It is a perversion of manhood which rises to the sublime of evil, and attracts to itself a kind of popular *cultus*; for "Satan is sometimes to be honored for his burning throne."

But we will come down to common life again. What is "pride of intellect" in men otherwise good? It means that a man believes or fancies himself to have greater intellectual powers than his neighbors: and enjoys the reflection. He takes delight in making others feel it: and relies upon his superiority to carry all before him. But the highest powers are generally unconscious. It is no sign of intellectual greatness to hold other men cheaply. A great intellect takes for granted that other men are more or less like itself. Intellectual assumption, pedantry, despotism, and pomposity are no evidence of great powers. A certain doctor of this kind was described as "a peacocky sort of man." Such men have always their tails spread. In heraldry they would be blazoned as a "peacock in pride." Great intellects are tolerant of the slowness and mistakes of others. They conceal themselves. Intellectual pride inflicts itself upon everybody. Where it dwells there can be no other opinion in the house. Such a man is what the Romans call a *Decretalista*. His judgments are final under pain of ignorance, or incompetence, or both, recorded against all who differ from him. But here we must end.

The difference, then, between vanity and pride is evident. Vanity makes mischief among men; but pride makes havoc. Vanity may commit follies; but pride commits sins. Vanity can be safely laughed at; but pride is to be always feared: and if offended, is terrible in its wrath. By pride angels fall: and by it no man can rise.—*Merry England.*

TO WITHIN A MILE OF KHARTOUM.

BY CAPT. R. F. T. GASCOIGNE.

BEFORE narrating the events which occurred during the twelve days occupied by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., K.C.M.G., in the attempt to open up communications with General Gordon and the garrison in Khartoum, it will be best to state shortly the exact achievements of the small force which left Korti, part of them on December 30, and part on January 8, under command of the late Major-General, then, Brigadier Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B. The force consisted of 1,911 of all ranks, including Egyptian and Aden camel-drivers, but the actual European strength was only about 1,600, and after deducting hospital and commissariat details the number of combatants was about 1,470. Without any opposition they reached the almost useless wells of El Howeyat on January 1, halted there a very few hours, left a strong company (Essex Regiment) to keep up the line of communications, and then pushed on to Gakdul, where were large pools of good water, perfect natural reservoirs in the steep rocky hills which here intersect the Bayuda desert. There part of the force halted for eleven days, during which time Brigadier Stewart returned with as many camels as possible for more stores and men to Korti, and then again rejoined his troops on January 11. On the 13th the late Colonel Burnaby arrived at Gakdul with a large grain convoy, much wanted by our camels, as the food they could pick up anywhere near the camp was very poor. Next day at 2 P.M. the whole force, except a garrison of 150 men and the necessary medical staff who were left in charge of the hospital which was permanently established here, started on their march to Metammeh. It was known we were watched, but no enemy was seen by the scouts or flankers of the 19th Hussars until 11 A.M. of the 16th, when Colonel Barrow sent in a message, during the two hours' halt for breakfast and for feeding the camels, to say he had found and exchanged a few shots with the enemy's cavalry. Brigadier Stewart immediately galloped up to our advanced scouts on to a hill,

from whence we could see the Arab camp, marked by a tent and a number of flags, situated in a dry watercourse close to where our maps and our native guide told us were the wells of Abu Klea. A very rough broken valley with high bare hills on both sides led to the wells, and after choosing the best site possible, the force was halted for the night (it was then about 2 P.M.), and orders were given to zereba ourselves as strongly as possible with a parapet of thorn bushes, stones and provision boxes, and this kept every one busy till dark. The enemy's bullets from a hill on our right flank, too distant for us to occupy, began to drop among us about 4 P.M., and their fire continued at intervals during the night.

At daylight next morning, the 17th, their fire recommenced very briskly, and several officers and men were hit before the square marched out to fight its way to the wells, about 10 A.M.; but of that day's fighting it is not my intention now to write.

After the battle of Abu Klea, which, though it cost us heavy losses, was eminently successful, the square reached the wells at 5 P.M., bivouacked there for the night and, supperless, tried to sleep; but in vain, for the north wind was so keen that rest was impossible. At 8 A.M. the following morning our convoy returned from the zereba bringing away everything; and, after a hurried breakfast, an extremely busy day was spent in building a small but strong fort for a garrison of 100 Royal Sussex men, left here to protect our wounded and to hold the wells. We also had hard work in trying to refill our water-skins from about twenty shallow and insufficient water-holes; for the camels there was no water to be had, and for the 19th Hussar horses very little indeed.

At 4 P.M. the same afternoon the little army, then reduced to about 1000 actual combatants, started on its night march of twenty-five miles to strike the Nile a little south of Metammeh, a town of which very little was known, nor could we tell what force of rebels it might con-

tain. It was a very dark night, the camel-drivers, tired out with constant work, were perpetually dropping asleep, the camels' loads were continually falling off, and then in the darkness were replaced by men so careless from fatigue that the work was generally imperfectly done. Halt after halt was sounded to allow the rearguard, who had a night of toil, as hard as it was unceasing, to reload and drive up again to the column our weary camels, who had now been five days without water and on very short rations of dhurra. To add to our difficulties we entered about midnight a plain covered with thickly-scattered bushes: it was too dark to tell six feet off what were bushes and what were camels; many baggage animals straying a few yards out of the line of march were unseen and so lost; and the men of different regiments became considerably mixed up.

At daylight, the 19th, we were still some miles from Metammeh, and at 8 A.M., when the enemy appeared in force from that town between us and the river, the Brigadier ordered the force to zereba on the best position that was near. Bullets from the Arab skirmishers were soon causing us losses, and about 9:30 A.M. Sir Herbert Stewart received his mortal wound, and Colonel Sir Charles Wilson took over the supreme command. After the zereba was finished, and we had had some food (the first for twenty-four hours), and as the Arabs refused to attack us, a square was formed to march out and fight its way to the Nile, very much as had been done forty-eight hours previously to reach the wells of Abu Klea. In the zereba we left all our stores, all the camels, except about sixty which were required for spare ammunition and to carry the wounded, with as strong a garrison as possible to protect them.

The Arab sharp-shooters annoyed us severely, and the only way we could keep down their fire was by halting the square and firing volleys at them; but after the main body made their final charge and fell back defeated, they retreated into Metammeh and left us unmolested to reach the river just after dark. How delicious the water of the old Nile—still ever cold, as in the days when Herodotus wrote—tasted to our

parched throats, few who drank that evening will ever forget; except what we had scooped out of the wet sand from the water-holes of Abu Klea, we had had no water, beyond the regular allowance served out, since the morning of the 13th inst. Next morning, the 20th, we took possession of the hamlet which is alike known as Gubat and Abu Klu, situated a third of a mile from the river on rising ground, and then about half the force marched to bring all they could away from the zereba; and that night we all bivouacked between the village and the river. At daylight next morning we made a reconnaissance in front of Metammeh, and while so employed we were joined by some of Gordon's troops from Khartoum, who had just landed from four steamers which had been sent to help us on our way up the river. In the afternoon Major Davison, 16th Lancers, and the remainder of his garrison were brought into Gubat from the zereba; the previous afternoon our heavy losses amongst the transport camels had prevented us from bringing all into our new position. The following day was occupied in reconnoitring Shendy with part of our force on board the steamers, as we had reason to believe from reports which had been brought to us that there was a strong force of the enemy there; this, however, was found not to be the case. The 23rd inst. was fully employed by Sir Charles Wilson (who, since the Brigadier had been badly wounded, and Colonel Burnaby killed, was responsible for the safety of the troops at Gubat) in seeing that the defensive works of our small fort on the river were in a condition advanced enough towards completion to repel any attack which a large rebel force might make upon us. It was also necessary to select from among the crews of the four steamers wholly Soudanese sailors and officers; and from the troops they had on board, only to take on our voyage to Khartoum Soudanese or black soldiers; as General Gordon had stated in one of his last letters a strong wish that no Fellaheen (or men from Lower Egypt) should be brought back to him. The black troops, consisting of Bashi-Bazouks, under their own Beys and some Turkish officers, and a few Soudanese artillery and regu-

lars, as well as the Egyptian men, and the steamers, were all under command of Noushi Pasha, an Egyptian officer whom I had formerly known at Keren in 1882, where he was town commandant.

Next morning, the 24th, soon after daylight we started for Khartoum. In the steamer "Bordein" were Sir Charles Wilson, myself, Khasm-el-Mous, ten non-commissioned officers and men (Royal Sussex Regiment), one naval artificer, and 110 Soudanese troops; in the "Tall Howeiya," our second steamer, Captain Trafford and ten more Royal Sussex men, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley (Intelligence Department), one naval artificer, Abdul Hamid Bey, and about eighty Soudanese troops, part of whom were on board a large dismantled nuggar in tow of the steamer. These steamers were about the size of the Thames penny boats, but they had been protected as well as possible against rifle-fire with large iron plates and strong planks like railway sleepers to the height of six feet from the deck, and each carried a four-pound brass gun in a turret amidships, and another in a second turret in the bows. At 10.30 A.M. a native hailed us from the bank, was taken on board, and told us of a gun the enemy had in position on the east bank, about a mile higher up. We landed a little below the spot indicated, and I marched up with some Bashi-Bazouks, but found the gun had lately been removed from the battery, which was well concealed in the bank, and had three embrasures, one up stream, one straight to the front, and one down stream. At 12.30 P.M. we were obliged to stop for firewood at a deserted village, and after a detention of two hours we steamed on till dark, and then moored to the bank for the night near Derrera.

The following morning we were under way at daylight, but the captain insisted on stopping at 8 A.M. for about an hour for more fuel, and we had much trouble in keeping the Soudanese troops from going off after loot and the villagers' flocks and herds, instead of carrying wood on board. At 4 P.M. we passed the strong fort of Wad-el-Habeshi, where the Beys told us the enemy had four guns in position, but no rebels were seen, and shortly afterwards we entered

the sixth cataract, which extends for about twenty miles, reaches of comparatively open water intervening between most dangerous rapids. At 5.15 P.M. the "Bordein" ran hard and fast upon a rock in a bad reach of river; and in spite of all our efforts to move her, which were continued till nearly midnight, she still remained immovable. A few rifle shots were fired at us during the day from the west bank. The steamers' furnaces were of an old and extravagant pattern, therefore they burned fuel very fast, but our captains said we now had sufficient timber on board to take us through the cataract, where it is almost impossible to stop to get wood.

At earliest dawn on the 26th we recommenced our attempts to float the steamer, and at 9 A.M. we succeeded in hauling her off the rock by means of a hawser from our starboard quarter to a sandbank on which we had landed all our troops, by laying out an anchor from the starboard bow, and also after having shifted all the boxes of ammunition and stores right aft. We then steamed up to the "Tall Howeiya," which had anchored during the night a mile ahead of us and close below Hassan Island, one of the ninety-nine islands which here make the navigation so difficult. Our misfortunes, however, were by no means over: we ran hard aground in the sand, had to land all our men, and after getting afloat again our reis declared that the steamers must ascend this difficult rapid one at a time with both reises on board each steamer, a plan which took up much time, but which we were powerless to prevent. An hour before dark we passed through an excessively difficult passage, and anchored for the night close to another of these islands, which are extremely picturesque, being covered with rich vegetation down to the water's edge. Some natives, friends of Khasm-el-Mous, came on board and reported hard fighting at Khartoum.

Soon after starting next morning we had to moor to the west bank opposite Jebel Royan for more wood. Previous to this we had passed through Shabluka, a narrow gorge, where the hills on both sides come down to the river—a splendid place to defend and stop all steamers. We were now well above the last part of the sixth cataract, and during the day

we made good progress up the river, which here is broad and not very swift. At 2.30 P.M. shots began to be fired at us from both banks, and this fusillade continued up to dark, when we moored to the east bank, near a large deserted village a quarter of a mile from the river. In the afternoon an Arab had hailed us from the bank, and said a camel man had passed through his village that day, and reported the fall of Khartoum and death of General Gordon on the 26th inst., but this we did not believe. It was necessary that we should take on board all the fuel we could carry, as we knew we should have some hard steaming on the following day to run past the rebel batteries near Khartoum. Our men were both tired and lazy; and Sir Charles Wilson, Stuart-Wortley, and myself were all at work till 1 A.M. keeping the Soudanese carrying on board and sawing into suitable lengths the beams from the houses in the village. Captain Trafford and his Sussex men formed a line of picquets beyond the village, so as to give us notice of any sudden attack while we were at our work.

Next morning we started at day-break; at 7.30 A.M. passed Gebel-Seg-et-Taib, a steep hill close to the river, where formerly the rebels had some guns with which to fire at Gordon's steamers; but it appeared then unoccupied. A Shagiya native hailed the "Tall Howeiya," and stated that Khartoum had fallen two days before. About 11 A.M. we could see the town in the distance over the low banks, but still some miles off. Opposite Figiyeh we received a sharp fire, half a mile higher up a very heavy fire from four guns at Halfiyeh, and much musketry fire from rebels entrenched in rifle-pits and behind natural cover. Our men replied with great vigor, and the artillerymen under Abdullah Effendi in the 'midships turret worked their gun rapidly and well; but the enemy was so well hidden we probably did but little execution. When passing Tuti Island we were not fired at until near the south end, but here we received a hot rifle-fire, close range; then to our astonishment the engines suddenly stopped, our reis and captain declaring that, as they were now sure Khartoum had fallen, it would be useless proceed-

ing further; but Sir Charles Wilson at once ordered the "Bordein," the leading steamer, to go on ahead. Very soon four guns opened fire on us from the direction of the town, and when almost opposite Omdurman, and within range of its down-stream guns (which at once opened a heavy fire on us), and when we could see Khartoum across the open water above Tuti Island, at the junction of the two Niles, the town being then about a mile distant, Sir Charles ordered the "Bordein" to be headed down stream, as it was then evident to all of us that Khartoum had really fallen. The bullets from some thousands of rebels, who were in large numbers with many of the Mahdi's flags on the Khartoum shore, as well as from a very strong force of the enemy in masses between Omdurman and the river, kept hitting the two steamers all over, but owing to our armor plates only two men were killed and about fifteen wounded. Our ship's boat was sunk by a shell, and the other steamer received a round shot through her hold.

Now we had the following good reasons for knowing Khartoum had fallen:—

Not an Egyptian flag anywhere on Khartoum, though we all searched most carefully for them with our glasses, and we were quite near enough to have seen any ensign with the naked eye.

Large numbers of rebels on the Khartoum shore close to the town.

No counter attack on the rebels from the town to aid us, which would have been the case had Gordon still held command; nor were his steamers sent to help us.

Rebels on Tuti Island, where we knew they had never been before during the siege.

For the last twenty miles up to the town we had met occasional nuggars and boats; Gordon had collected them all under his guns and moored them close to Khartoum; had he still been there we should not have met them.

We could plainly see that all the houses around Government House had been wrecked and half destroyed; Gordon's large troop-boats riding at anchor off Omdurman.

I do not add to these reasons the two accounts we had received from two

different natives at separate times, because native information is often so untrustworthy.

After turning we proceeded down stream, receiving more fire from Hal-fiyeh and Figiyeh; at dark we anchored in mid-stream about twelve miles south of Jebel Royan. We immediately sent natives ashore to try to gain information; on returning they told us that Khartoum had fallen on the night of the 26th inst. through the treachery of Farag Pasha, who opened the gates to the rebels, and that Gordon had been killed almost immediately.

All our Soudanese, Turkish, and Egyptian naval officers were completely upset both by what we had seen and by the news we had received. Most of them had families in Khartoum, and they were certain to have perished; and we were all much disheartened about Gordon's terrible fate. The reises made out great difficulties about descending the cataract, as the water was so low and the steamers were too large, they said, for the passage at this season. We therefore determined to jettison all the dhurra, of which we had many sacks in both steamers, as we were taking it up for the Khartoum garrison, who were known to have been very hard up for food. All our men had fought well, the Royal Sussex on the top of the deck houses firing volleys whenever they had a chance; on Tuti Island they saw six rebels fall from the effect of their fire at one particular place.

On the morning of the 29th a damaged paddle-wheel delayed our start till 7 A.M.; at 8.30 we ran on to a sandbank for half an hour; two hours later both steamers stopped for consultation between the reises and captains, who all seemed very nervous. At 12.30 P.M. we stopped again for both reises to take the "Tall Howeiya" down the first dangerous piece of the sixth cataract. At 3.30 P.M. we followed her, and afterwards both steamers proceeded together down seemingly fairly safe water, but at 4.30 P.M. our consort ship, which was then leading, struck heavily on a sunken rock, and immediately began to sink. We moored to a sandbank just below her, and I took the boat to help Wortley and Trafford, but found they had already disembarked their men, the

ship's guns, and all valuables into the nuggar, and there were only about a dozen men for me to take away. It was impossible, however, to save much ammunition, but the men took away with them their arms and kits. No panic had taken place on board, but the Soudanese seemed stupefied by the late events, and all the native officers seemed too upset to care what happened. The loss of Khartoum had thoroughly disorganized them all. It was reported that an argument had taken place between captain and reis as to which side of the sandbank had caused the accident; the fatal rock lay in mid-stream, three hundred yards straight above the sandbank; both Trafford and Wortley reported that they considered the wreck entirely accidental.

In the evening a dervish arrived, bringing a letter from the Mahdi addressed to the English officers and the Shagiya Beys. This letter enjoined us to surrender at once, to become Moslems, and if we did not comply with this, he would kill us all. It also stated that the Mahdi had taken Khartoum without any fighting, that Gordon was dead, and that if we did not believe this, a safe-conduct would be given to any one sent to Khartoum to verify the state of affairs. The messenger also invented a little story of his own, to the effect that General Gordon was with the Mahdi at Omdurman, had turned Mussulman, and had adopted the rebel uniform; and that after the conquest of all Egypt, the Mahdi intended marching on Constantinople. Needless to say no one believed these lies. No reply was given to the Mahdi's letter, but Khasm-el-Mous, knowing what difficulties we should have in descending the worst parts of the cataract, wrote to say he would never give himself up without a special pardon from the Mahdi; but if this was sent, he would surrender to Feki Mustafa at Wad-el-Habeshi, where guns had been mounted to oppose our passage. This fort we intended to run past at full speed, and, as Arab gunners are not of the best, we had a good chance of succeeding.

Next morning we placed all the shipwrecked people on the nuggar, rigged out her sweeps, and sent her down a difficult reach of water, which we afterwards

descended also in safety. At 11 A.M. we stopped to land all our men to lighten the ship, but a stiff breeze had driven us so firmly aground that it took us over an hour to get her off again. Then we entered some most dangerous narrow passages between sharp rocks, but by going with the greatest care, stern first, and sometimes using hawsers from one or both bows, made fast either to the shore or to an anchor in the stream, so as to steady her, and at the same time using her engines, we safely passed the worst part of the cataract and anchored for the night at 5.30 P.M. below Hasan Island. We had now only one dangerous reach before entering open water, and were about half way to Gubat. Natives came on board that night and told us that the English had taken Metammeh after three days' fighting, in spite of large reinforcements of rebels sent up from Berber to strengthen the garrison. My cook Suleiman informed us that Abdul Hamid Bey and others had wanted to wreck the "Bordein," but that Khasm-el-Mous had stopped the conspiracy. The natives also told us that the English were much dreaded, the effect of the fighting at Abu Klea and Gubat, and that they were swarming "across the desert up to the front like ants in numbers."

By 10 A.M. next morning, after slowly descending the last narrow gate of the cataract, which at this time of the year is really too dangerous for steamers the size of the "Bordein," we stopped for two hours for wood. Afterwards we steamed down open water, and hoped to successfully pass Wad-el-Habeshi without being badly hulled, but at 3.30 P.M. she bumped heavily on a sunken rock in mid-stream, came off again and was at once placed alongside a small island, which lay some fifty yards off Mernat Island near the east bank. The artificers at once carefully examined the hole in the ship's side, but found it impossible to stop it or to reduce the water in her hold, though we worked hard for an hour with the pump and lines of men with buckets. This hole was considerably below the water-line, amidships, in a very difficult place to get at, and the water was soon several feet above it. We landed all the men, guns, ammunition, and what stores and

provisions we had still remaining, and I was then ordered to examine Mernat Island for a suitable place for a zereba. The island was covered with high grass and scattered trees, and there was a small hamlet in the centre where were a few women, who fled at my approach and ran to the side nearest the east bank, where they evidently had a boat for crossing the narrow passage of three hundred yards to the mainland.

Mernat is about three-quarters of a mile broad and two miles long, with high steep banks all round above the river. Soon afterwards Sir Charles landed, and it was then decided that Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley should start at dark in our best boat (and she was but a heavy, clumsy craft) for Gubat Camp, a row of about forty miles, to carry the news of the fall of Khartoum, and to ask for a steamer to relieve us. We might of course have attempted to march down the east bank, but we had no idea what hostile forces might oppose us, and besides we should have been forced to abandon our wounded men, the steamers' guns, and everything except what we could carry on our backs. At 6.45 P.M. Stuart-Wortley started with a crew of four English soldiers and eight natives; and about an hour later we distinctly saw the flashes of three volleys in the distance, which we knew to be the enemy at Wad-el-Habeshi, three miles down stream, firing at our boat.

The native troops seemed perfectly indifferent; they all commenced cooking immediately they gained the island, and having enough to eat were perfectly happy; but the Turkish officers took a gloomy view of matters.

Soon after daylight on February 1 we commenced building a strong zereba on the banks of Mernat, which faced the small island where the "Bordein" lay with the water just above her deck; and we defended it with our four ship's guns. The Soudanese worked well, and by the evening we had made a position it was almost impossible for any number of rebels to rush, if our men only kept true to us. The zereba was the shape of a crescent on the high bank, along which was a line of thick trees quite hiding us on that face, and towards the centre of the island we made

the usual thorn obstacle and a ditch inside for our men to stand in and fire from if we were attacked. Some sheiks came to see Khasm-el Mous, and all confirmed the account of Gordon and Khartoum. They tried hard to shake the old Bey's allegiance to us, but he remained firm, although he belonged to their tribe, all of which had lately declared for the Mahdi. At dark we posted a line of sentries outside the zereba; we ought to have had an outpost on the opposite side of the island, but the Soudanese refused to go so far away, and the Sussex men we required as sentries over the nuggar and the most important points of our position; Sir Charles Wilson had so placed the native troops that the men we could trust were distributed among the doubtful ones. A guard of twenty men was always kept on the small island (where there was thick cover) to prevent any rebels from the west bank landing there.

No attack was made during the night, though the enemy at Khartoum had then had plenty of time to have heard of the wreck and to have marched against us. Feki Mustafa and Sheik Abulata from the mainland (both of them important Shagiya chiefs) attempted again to get Khasm-el-Mous to submit, but he again refused. At 2 P.M. a report was brought to us that a native had come up the bank of the river from near Gubat with the news that two steamers had started for our relief on the previous afternoon; so we then knew that Stuart-Wortley had safely accomplished his perilous night row.

At 5 P.M. Mohammed Effendi Ibrahim, the interpreter, who had been most useful and plucky throughout the expedition, informed us that Abdul Hamid Bey had an hour ago deserted, leaving his Bashi-Bazouks and slaves behind him. This bey, a handsome young man of about twenty-six, had been much recommended to us in Gordon's letters; but ever since the wreck, he had kept by himself and had become very unfriendly. The same afternoon a few of the native soldiers, two native officers, and one of the reises also deserted; so, after this, orders were given to place the remaining reise and the steamers' captains (all Dongolawis, and friendly to the Mahdi) under a guard of

the Sussex with instructions to shoot the first man who tried to escape. Khasm-el-Mous told us we should not be attacked that night, but most probably on the following afternoon; however, we of course took all possible precautions and visited the sentries constantly during the night. The moon rose about 9.30 P.M. and gave a good light for aiming at an attacking enemy. The next morning Trafford and myself walked to the north end of the island to look out for the steamer, which might now arrive at any time. About 7.30 A.M. we saw the smoke of a gun at the end of the long reach of river which stretched from Mernat to Wad-el-Habeshi. It was the enemy's fort firing at the steamer, which directly afterwards came in sight round a bend in the river, and immediately the firing on both sides became hot and furious. We at once returned to camp to inform Sir Charles, and I rowed out to the "Bordein" to hoist the Egyptian ensign to show we were still on the island; while doing this I happened to look down stream to see how the fight was going on, and saw a dense cloud of white steam rise from the steamer. I knew she must have been hit in a very bad place; our men also saw this, and immediately they considered that she was as good as lost. Orders were then given to break up the zereba, and place on board the nuggar all the baggage—and an extraordinary amount there was still left after the two previous shipwrecks. A scene of confusion followed; all discipline was at an end among the Soudanese, and the rebels from the west bank opened on us a hot rifle-fire, hitting several of our men, although we returned the fire whenever we saw an enemy. In about half an hour our four guns and all the native baggage was placed on the nuggar, and I received orders to take her down to the ferry-place at the north end of Mernat to assist in taking across all our people on to the east bank. There were, however, too many rocks, and the water was too shallow, to allow me to do this; so the nuggar was moored to the bank where we found the water was deep enough, quite a quarter of a mile below the ferry. I then landed with about thirty Bashi-Bazouks, all the soldiers that were with me, and occupied a small rocky hill which commanded all

the country round the ferry. It was at once evident that there was no rebel force then near enough to oppose the landing from the island; so leaving Major Ali Agha with some men to hold the hill, I rejoined the rest of our people who were being brought over from Mer-nat to the mainland. This was a long business, as we had but one small boat, which could only hold a few at a time. We could see the fight still hotly continued, the steamer either anchored or aground on a sunken bank about 300 yards from the enemy's fort; but after all our people had crossed, and when we began marching down the bank, the fire slackened considerably, and we were soon near enough to see the white ensign flying defiantly over her stern, and that she was anchored in the stream, evidently badly damaged.

By signals she informed us that a round shot had pierced her boiler, that the injury would be repaired by that evening, and that next morning she would pick us all up if we would march down the bank a couple of miles, to where the water was deep enough to allow her to approach near, and would zereba ourselves there for the night. As it was desirable to learn full particulars I obtained leave to go out to her in our boat; she lay about five hundred yards from our bank, and on going on board I met Lord Charles Beresford commanding, and from him received the same instructions which had been signalled to us. She had had a very hot engagement with the fort, but had succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire; and now, whenever they did fire at her it was without taking any aim. Lord Charles Beresford spoke very highly of the good practice his men had made with their 5-pounders and the Gardner guns, and of the good shooting of the small party of mounted infantry under Lieutenant Bower. The steamer had almost succeeded in running past the fort when she was hit. Lieutenant Van Koughnet had been shot through the thigh while serving the Gardner, one seaman was mortally wounded, and several more badly scalded by the steam from the boiler. Orders were given me to return to Sir Charles Wilson, and to ask him to continue up to dark the fire which we had at once begun from our side of the river on

our arrival opposite the fort. We had only, however, landed one gun from the nuggar, as we had very little ammunition left, so much having been lost when the steamers were wrecked. After returning and delivering my message (it was then about 3 P.M.) I took charge of the nuggar and tried to get her past the fort by the passage under our bank, for the middle of the river was very shallow and the true channel lay under the enemy's guns. The reis thought we might succeed, but we shortly grounded exactly opposite the enemy's central embrasure, from which fire was at once opened on us. As she remained firmly aground, I landed all the wounded, except the very badly hit and the native women, some five-and-twenty in number, who did the cooking for the Soudanese, and we were then able to slowly tow her up stream out of fire. While doing this an Arab sailor, acting under the orders of one of the native officers, sneaked off down stream, to where he knew the zereba would be, with the only boat, in which he had placed some of the women. Several messengers were sent after the boat, but they returned one after another, saying it was too late (it was then near sunset) and the zereba too far off to bring a clumsy boat so far up against a strong stream. These natives never really went as far as the zereba, but Sir Charles Wilson ordered the boat to return, and three attempts were made to do so; it was not, however, until the wind fell before dawn, that they were able to bring her back. We waited a couple of hours in hopes of the return of the boat, but as she never came I determined to float down the channel under the fort without her at once before the moon rose, rather than waste any more time. We succeeded in dropping quietly down stream almost past their guns before the enemy perceived us, and when they did open fire, the bad light prevented their hitting us. Just as we seemed in the semi-darkness to have passed these narrows, the nuggar humped heavily on a sunken rock, swung broadside on to the stream, and there remained hard and fast in spite of all our endeavors to move her. Four English soldiers and about ten native sailors were all the able men who were with me; we tried getting into the river upon the rock and so forcing the heavy

nuggar off, but as we were heavily handicapped in having no boat to lay out an anchor with, we were in a bad position. When the moon rose the fort fired a few more unsuccessful shots.

At daylight our boat arrived, and with difficulty we laid out an anchor upstream. Our first attempts to move her again failed, but at 9 A.M., after having jettisoned all the dhurra and heavy baggage, she at last hove off the rock, and on swinging clear we cut the cable and floated down stream. Previous to this, as soon as there was light enough to see the passage, Lord Charles Beresford in the "Safiyeh" had successfully steamed past the fort: had anchored some way below the nuggar, and had sent to my assistance a strong boat's crew under Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., with orders that, if I could not at once float the nuggar, everything valuable was to be taken out of her, and she was to be scuttled to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Fortunately, and owing chiefly to the great assistance which Lieutenant Keppel and his men gave me, it was not necessary to carry out this last order. The enemy since daylight had done their best to sink us, and the Arab riflemen on the bank, about 400 yards off, kept up a hot fire and occasionally hit the nuggar, but no one was wounded

except Lieutenant Keppel by a spent ball. Two miles lower down stream we stopped and took on board the "Safiyeh" and the nuggar Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Trafford, Khasm-el-Mous Bey, and all the Sussex men and Soudanese troops; and, the steamer towing the nuggar, we reached El Gubat at 5.30 P.M. the same evening.

The amount of ammunition used on board the "Safiyeh" during her engagement on the 3rd of February is well worthy of note; no less than 70 rounds for the big gun, about 5,500 Gardner, and about 4,300 rifle cartridges were fired. This shows how hot was the fight, which, it must be remembered, was at rather close quarters, our men's rifles carrying true with the sights set for 350 yards, thus showing the exact distance the steamer lay from the fort.

I have endeavored in a few pages to place before my readers an exact account of the voyage from Gubat to the junction of the two Niles, close to Omdurman, and of all the incidents which happened to us on the way; of the doings of the rest of the campaign many and full details have already been laid before the public, and these do not come within the scope of my article.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

A STUDY.

THOUGH it may be too soon to assign to Lord Beaconsfield the place which he will permanently occupy in the records of English statesmanship, it is not too soon to attempt an impartial estimate of his character and career, of the work which he actually accomplished, and of the still greater work, perhaps, which he was not allowed to perform; of the ideas which animated him, and of the extent to which he was enabled to carry those ideas into action.

At any rate, such an endeavor on the morrow of the defeat sustained by the Liberal party in Parliament, followed by the resignation of the Cabinet, which more than five years supplanted that of Lord Beaconsfield, and on the eve of

the possible, or probable, accession to power of a new Conservative Administration, cannot be unseasonable.

Many causes have been assigned for Lord Beaconsfield's failure at the General Election of 1880. One of them has, perhaps, been overlooked. In the famous letter addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, signifying his intention to appeal to the constituencies, Lord Beaconsfield clearly presented himself before the English public as the indispensable man of the hour—the saviour of his country from revolution and anarchy, endowed with an exclusive power of causing, what seven years previously he had described as "the moaning wind of Socialism," audible throughout

Europe, to subside. The attitude he thus assumed was not congenial to the English character. The inhabitants of these islands unconsciously resent the claim, on the part of any individual, however illustrious—who at the moment happens to be in the possession of power—to be accepted by them on his own terms.

Mr. Gladstone had previously advanced in 1874 the same pretensions. He had asked his countrymen to register a plébiscite in his favor, and they had refused to do so. Lord Beaconsfield made a similar request and met with an identical answer. Like Mr. Gladstone, the last eighteen months of his administration had been signalled by a series of errors and misfortunes. The instinct of the democracy, not an infallible instinct by any means, prompted it to judge of the pronunciamento rather by the sinister facts, fresh in its memory, than by the auspicious era which its author would have them to believe was about to dawn. It seems scarcely necessary, for a correct understanding of the causes of the Conservative collapse in 1880, to add to this the consideration that Mr. Gladstone had been making a series of oratorical progresses and electioneering campaigns throughout the United Kingdom, that he had brought into play the instrument which with the English public is the mightiest political power of all—that of his resonant, plausible, and indefatigable eloquence.

No reasonable person, not even the most enthusiastic Liberal or Radical, can suppose that if Lord Beaconsfield's life and strength had been prolonged, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would not long ere this have been ejected from office. The pendulum would probably have swung back some two years since. England is governed—and the more democratic it becomes, the more will this be the case—less by parties than by the leaders of parties, less by the leaders of parties than by those who have been called "too powerful" individuals. When Lord Beaconsfield passed away there was—and it may be even said there is—no single man except Mr. Gladstone to rival him in the imagination and affection of the English people. It is not Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship,

it is his personal eminence, his matchless qualities, the attributes which have raised him above all his contemporaries, that are responsible for the prolongation of his premiership from 1880 to 1885. During half a century England has been ruled by those who have been great Englishmen first and great statesmen afterwards. Whether this *régime* is now about to come to an end a little time will show. If it be true that the opinion of foreign countries is an anticipation of the judgment of our own posterity, the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone will be remembered as an event noticeable only, or chiefly, as matter for genuine congratulation. Lord Beaconsfield's death was an European event.

The resignation of Mr. Gladstone has been with few exceptions commented on by the European press as calculated to relieve England of some of the many difficulties which beset her. It may be that Lord Beaconsfield, if when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer he had not been charged with the leadership of the House of Commons, and practically of the whole Conservative party—if, that is, he had enjoyed as much leisure for official work, and as strong a body of Parliamentary support as Mr. Gladstone when that statesman won his laurels as a financier—would have elaborated a fiscal policy of the highest order. It is certain that Lord Beaconsfield triumphantly perpetuated the foreign policy of Palmerston and Canning, and by his management of our international affairs won for England abroad an amount of honor and distinction which she has been steadily losing ever since. A great deal is said about the *damnosa hereditas* bequeathed by Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Gladstone. It would be far truer to say that the legacy actually left by the dead to the living statesman was a carefully accumulated stock of prestige and power which the illustrious legatee has effectually dissipated.

Lord Beaconsfield has been called a visionary. The remark as applied to his foreign policy only holds true so far that he saw in his mental vision much which he was anxious but was also impotent to accomplish. The true doctrinaires in foreign politics are those who, for the sake of an idea, attempt the impracticable, and in their chimeri-

cal efforts to compass it, ignore facts, sacrifice interests, forfeit alliances. In the "Letters of Runnymede," admirably edited by Mr. Hitchman, there is a passage in the epistle addressed to Lord Melbourne, which may be advantageously quoted here: "In foreign affairs, you and your company have finally succeeded in destroying all our old alliances without substituting any new ones; after having sacrificed every principle of British policy to secure an intimate alliance with France, the Cabinet of the Tuileries has even had the airy audacity to refuse its co-operation in that very treaty in which its promises alone involved you; while the British Minister can, with extreme difficulty, obtain an audience at St. Petersburg, the Ambassador of France passes with a polite smile of gay recognition the luckless representative of William IV., who is lounging in an antechamber in the enjoyment of an indolence which even your lordship might envy."

This is almost a prophetic description of the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone. The Liberals came into power in April 1880, resolute upon cementing an imaginary friendship with France, in order to bring England into line with European Liberalism. For the same reason Mr. Gladstone had previously exclaimed "hands off" to Austria as the traditional representative of absolutism. Lord Beaconsfield throughout recognised the existing circumstances of the position, and in so doing showed himself more practical than the most utilitarian of Radicals. He saw that the great thing for England was not to bring her into line with European Liberalism or with any other ism, but with the mightiest diplomatic and military confederacy of the century, with the Austro-German alliance. He saw also that such an arrangement would not alienate from us, but would rather secure us the friendship of the most prosperous and powerful of the Latin races—namely, of the new-born Italy. In other words, he estimated the relative magnitude and tendencies of the forces at work in Continental Europe, and he regulated his action accordingly. To this task he brought not only a penetrating insight, but an unflinching will and an intrepid determination. The firmness with

which he comported himself at the Berlin Conference produced an impression on the minds of the Chancellor and sovereigns of Europe, which, it is no exaggeration to say, was a source of credit and profit to every subject of the English Crown. Even Mr. Gladstone, in his posthumous tribute in the House of Commons to Lord Beaconsfield, admitted this.

The reputation of England abroad has not, since the Crimean War, stood higher than in 1878, during and after the assemblage of the statesmen of Europe at the German capital. Lord Beaconsfield's arrival was heralded by anticipatory applause, showered not only on his position as a statesman, but on his genius as a writer and on the brilliant interest of his career. The expectations formed of him were more than confirmed by his presence, whether in the Council Chamber or in the streets of the capital. He won immediately the respect and friendship of Bismarck, who shortly afterwards told an English diplomatist that he had never been more impressed than by the visit he paid Lord Beaconsfield in his rooms at the Kaiserhof on a certain afternoon. The German Chancellor found the English Minister preparing to leave for England, because Russia denied the Porte the right to garrison the Balkans. "I cannot," he said to Prince Bismarck, "speak too highly of the civility of your railway officials. At considerable inconvenience they have provided me with a special train to-morrow morning." So astute a judge of character as the Man of Blood and Iron perceived at once that this was no piece of acting. On quitting Lord Beaconsfield, he saw Prince Gortchakoff, with the result that before nightfall Russia had withdrawn her opposition to a project which England would have regarded as a *casus belli*. To this day, visitors to Berlin are shown, in the room in which the members of the Bundsrath sit, the chair occupied by Lord Beaconsfield at the European areopagus of seven years ago. In all his dealings with foreign statesmen and chanceries, Lord Beaconsfield won the reputation of meaning what he said. He made the voice of England respected.

That Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy was executed on a scale often not

commensurate with his conception of it is unquestionable. For instance, instead of purchasing the Suez Canal shares in 1875, he would doubtless, had his opportunities been equal to his designs, have occupied Egypt. As it was, he supplemented the purchase of those shares with the occupation of Cyprus. What he did was thus only the shadow of what he meant to do. "The foreign policy of England," he said in his speech on the Danish Question in 1864, "must be dependent on the character of the House of Commons;" and there was little or nothing in the condition of public feeling, of which the Representative Chamber is the embodiment, to nerve him to heroic enterprise. Yet, though he labored under these difficulties and was compelled to recognise these impediments, Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy was, in comparison with that of the statesmen who succeeded to him—inspired, as they were, by the supreme idea of undoing all his work—a series of splendid successes; and this because, while discerning in imagination the lines of a course more ambitious than he dared to take, he subordinated the ideal to the practicable, and, having informed himself of the currents beneath the surface of affairs, took care not to place the craft of English statesmanship in opposition to them. Such was the statesmanship which commended itself to the imperial intellect of Burke, and the time is not far distant when it will be acknowledged that the leading principles of the latest and greatest actions of Lord Beaconsfield's life approached more nearly to the standard laid down by the first of English political philosophers than those of any other political leader who has lived in our democratic days. It may well seem strange that the statesman who ordered his doings by the strictest reference to the precepts of the most prosaic common sense, who subjected a soaring imagination to the sternest discipline of experience, should have been charged by his opponents with deliberately entertaining political projects of the most fantastically unconstitutional kind. The grotesque absurdity of the suspicion is shown by the rapidity and completeness with which the memory of it has disappeared. The letters of "Vindex," vigorous specimens as

they were of polemical English, are, one may safely say, forgotten.

The nonsense that was talked by Radicals on platforms and in the press about the sinister designs subversive of English freedom imputed to Lord Beaconsfield, would only to-day excite a smile. Yet it is the fact that many excellent if deluded people credited him then with being intent on reviving by some subterranean machinations the personal power of the Crown—with asserting for Queen Victoria more than the Stuarts ever claimed for themselves; with overawing Englishmen at home by Sepoys imported from India; by reviving in the person of the Duke of Edinburgh the Lord High Admiral of the Fleet; and finally with reducing the subjects of the British Monarchy to a state of Oriental despotism by proclaiming Her Gracious Majesty Empress of India.

The catalogue of these charges appears ridiculous to-day. Their absurdity is typical of many of the other nonsensical accusations with which Lord Beaconsfield was, on different grounds and at various periods of his career, assailed. It may be admitted that for some of these his writings and speeches in the earlier stages of his career were partially responsible. The absolute continuity of English history was with him somewhat too much of a dominating idea. He was too fond of tracing analogies between a past and a present state of things, and he was apt to exaggerate a partial or accidental resemblance into an unqualified identity. This tendency—one of the congenital defects of the literary mind—is particularly apparent in "The Spirit of Whiggism," also contained in Mr. Hitchman's volume. Profoundly convinced of the mischief done to English liberty by the Whig oligarchy, Lord Beaconsfield, in his political novels and in several parliamentary and extra parliamentary addresses delivered some forty years since, gave utterance to a conviction that the only method of resisting the "ignoble tyranny," as he calls it, was by rallying the masses round the throne. It was a picturesque notion, but it rested upon the assumption that the sovereign still had the power originally, and for centuries, inherent in the august office. There was an element of truth in the

æsthetic mummeries, the morris dances, the Christmas revels, and the general reproduction of feudal glories which formed an essential portion of the creed of young England. The young England school, that is to say, was a rebellion or protest—and in many respects a healthy one—against the dominating power conferred upon the moneyed and the middle classes by the Reform Act of 1832. The movement which culminated in the Factory Acts was not in its origin democratic or Liberal, still less Whig. It was distinctly aristocratic and Tory. Therefore Lord Beaconsfield asked, who are the friends of the people, if not the Tories? And, what is the Tory party, if not national? His domestic policy and his view of the functions of Conservatism remained to the last day of his life what they were when he wrote "Sybil" and "Coningsby," stripped of their fanciful trappings and grotesque artificialities. He believed in the generosity as in the enthusiasm of the English people, and he held that it was the business of Conservative statesmen to enlist popular sentiment on their side by remedying popular grievances, and so to convert revolutionary forces into forces making for law and order.

The line which he took in his first great speech in the House of Commons on the Chartist Riots contains the key to all his opinions on the relations between the different classes of which the English polity consists. The Chartists, he maintained, must have grievances. They were worthy of all censure for endeavoring to redress them by force. None the less those grievances demanded close inquiry into the wrongs of the working classes, and prompt reparation. The natural and the best government for a country with the traditions and population of England appeared to Lord Beaconsfield a monarchy and aristocracy, resting upon a theocratic sanction, ever mindful of the wants and in close sympathy with the feelings of the English masses. In this way, and in no other, he believed, would it be practicable to interpose an impassable barrier between the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and the selfish aspirations of the Whig oligarchy, ever ready to use the poor as their tools, and therefore consciously or unconsciously to play

into the hands of the revolutionary Radicals.

Such is a fair, though necessarily a very brief account of the ideas in the region both of foreign and domestic affairs with which Lord Beaconsfield started in life, and which, with tenacious and unswerving loyalty, he consistently endeavored to translate into practice. Let us now look at the specific means which in this enterprise he employed. It is perhaps not easy for the most appreciative of the many biographies of Disraeli which have been published, to comprehend the exact difficulties of his position at that remote period when he naively told Lord Melbourne that he wished to be Prime Minister, or of the obstacles raised by social and personal prejudice against him. Of these difficulties his defects were at once the creation and the measure. Placed in circumstances that would have overcome less aspiring and resolute natures, he had to forge the instruments with which to carve his way through them. It was necessary, in a word, for him to suit his weapons to his opponents and the character of the opposition he encountered.

English society, which is now rapidly becoming the most cosmopolitan and tolerant in the world, the most uniformly hospitable to the representatives of all nationalities—Turks, Medes, Elamites, Parthians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia—was, half a century since, fenced round by an impenetrable barrier of exclusiveness and triple girt with bigotry. Preeminently patrician in its bias, it had not done anything to encourage that levelling-up movement from the middle to the higher classes which has been the great feature in our latter-day history. Although the younger Disraeli was the son of a man respected for his learning and his writings, the race to which he belonged excited against him in his first attempt to embark upon a political career an amount of antagonism and bitterness which, in this age of Hebraic omnipotence and popularity, may well seem incredible. The letters of the father of the present Duke of Rutland to the grandfather of the late Lord Strangford, in which the friendship of their two sons with Mr. Disraeli is deplored, faithfully reflect the current feeling of the society of that

epoch on the subject. "Their admirable character," writes his Grace of Belvoir, "only makes them the more assailable by the arts of a designing Jew." Sir Robert Peel, to whom Disraeli first addressed himself, was thoroughly saturated with this irrational antipathy, and it is also tolerably clear that Disraeli's attacks upon Croker are to be explained by the manner in which "Mr. Rigby," anxious not to offend the sensitiveness of his patrons, repulsed the author of "Coningsby." Up to the very last there were some foolish persons of the highest consideration in the fashionable world who abstained as much as possible from all intercourse with Lord Beaconsfield, simply in deference to an obsolete and unreasoning prejudice, while a duchess, the wife of a duke who was a member of his own Cabinet, boasted that she had never held any conversation with him in her life. During 1845 and 1846, when Disraeli was preparing Lord George Bentinck for the part he took in the Free Trade struggle, it is the fact that he never enjoyed the social intimacy or regard of the family of his noble pupil.

The man who was thus pitted against forces so subtle and so widely disseminated as those which confronted Disraeli the younger, had no alternative but to succumb if he could not resort to tactics of his own which exactly met the exigencies of the occasion. There were two things that it was incumbent upon Disraeli to do. The first was to make his mark, the second to show that he was a person to be feared and therefore to be conciliated. *Forti nihil difficile* was the motto which he selected for his escutcheon. He might with equal propriety have added the legend *Nemo me impune lacessit*. Before he was five-and-twenty he had won his place among the celebrities of the period, and if he had not resolved to utilise literature as a stepping-stone to politics, his path would have been smooth, brilliant and untroubled. What the authorities in the world of statesmanship resented was the ambition of a young man—endowed doubtless with dazzling gifts, but of an alien race, and of a personal appearance which, if picturesque, was also aggressively eccentric, unequipped with any of the usual credentials, undisciplined by

the regular educational ordeal, who had never been at a public school or a university—to win a place and raise his voice in the councils of the nation. It is sometimes imputed to Mr. Gladstone as a supreme merit that, belonging essentially to the middle class, he should have acquired so unchallenged an ascendancy over the Whig aristocracy, traditionally the proudest in the world, of England. But it must be recollected that Mr. Gladstone was the son of an opulent baronet, and that if he was not exactly born into the governing classes, he was from the first educated amongst them, unconsciously contracted their modes of thought, and made his earliest and most enduring friendships amongst them. Eton and Oxford never turned out a Tory of a more orthodox and uncompromising kind than the young member for Newark, whose work on Church and State, Macaulay criticised so pitilessly in the "Edinburgh Review." Even now it is a disadvantage to a man entering the House of Commons, not to have passed through some portion of the conventional training of England, whether of the college or the regiment; half a century since it was a positive disqualification. There is no single difficulty which the nature of his antecedents entailed upon the young Disraeli from which the young Gladstone did not enjoy an absolute immunity.

If, in 1837, the newly elected member for Maidstone was not to merge himself in the lists of mediocrity, was not in fact to acquiesce in the doom of effacement, it was clearly obligatory upon him to adopt a line of his own, more or less startling, and to leave nothing undone which would impress the public mind with the image of his personality and with a sense of his power. The mere circumstance that he was the author of some unusually brilliant books had fixed attention upon him, had even placed him on a pedestal, but had also raised against him a sentiment of distrust, natural to an assembly largely composed of those squires, one of the most representative of whom, on a well known occasion, "thanked Heaven that he had always voted against that damned intellect," and added piously that "he always intended to do so."

Lord Beaconsfield has been reproached with being wholly given over to personal ambition. He was not, it is said, a patriot at all. He was simply a clever, uncrupulous promoter of his individual success. The censure is as meaningless as it is stereotyped. What is it which divides ambition from patriotism? Who can say at what point the former ceases to be indispensable to the latter? How is a man to place himself in the position of serving his country unless he first secures the ear of his country; and how is he to do this unless, as a preliminary, he advances himself and takes his stand on a commanding platform?

That the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, when he obtained the opportunity of moulding a policy and secured for it the approval of the English people, was eminently patriotic and was in conformity with the best traditions of English statesmanship, has already been shown. Ambition is a part of patriotism. The motives which are the *primum mobile* of the patriot must always be beyond the ken of the critic. It is by his external action only, and its results, that the patriot can be judged. It may be confidently predicted that the more calmly and impartially the career of Lord Beaconsfield is examined the more contemptuously will history reject the charge, often and mechanically brought against him, of being a political adventurer. He made politics his profession. He fought his way by dint of his intrepidity, his intellectual power, his knowledge of human nature, his eloquence, his wit, his literary skill. He must therefore be classed with such men as Chatham and his son, with Burke, Macaulay, and Mr. Gladstone himself. Nor will Lord Beaconsfield ever be recognised as an adventurer in the sense that he changed his principles with the times, that he deserted a falling cause just soon enough to pin his allegiance to the winning colors, that he subordinated principles to expediency. "The Letters of Runnymede," "The Spirit of Whiggism," "The Vindication of the British Constitution," and the novels of "Sybil," "Tancred," and "Coningsby" contain the articles of that political creed to which Lord Beaconsfield was true throughout his life. The very reasons which caused him to be dissatisfied with

the Reform Bill of 1832 were the conclusive arguments in favor of his own Reform Bill of thirty-five years later.

For Disraeli not to have commenced in 1842 the attack on Sir Robert Peel, which he brought to so memorable and dramatic an issue four years later, would have been equivalent to a refusal to interpret the dominant feeling of the party to which he had attached himself, and to have missed deliberately the great opportunity of his life. It is said that Disraeli only turned upon Peel after the latter had refused him a place in his Administration. There is positively no truth in this statement, and the explanation of it is that some years previously an application had been made to Sir Robert Peel on behalf of Disraeli for a foreign consulship. Peel's conversion to free trade may be vindicated on many grounds. Without it Ireland might have been desolated by famine, and England plunged in civil war. Nor had Peel himself abstained from giving many years later some indications of the direction in which his thoughts were setting. The truth is, that Sir Robert Peel was one of those statesmen who, Conservative by nature, are not stationary, cannot, so long as progress seems safe and seems also to be demanded by the spirit of the age, choose but be progressive. In this respect the resemblance between him and Mr. Gladstone is striking. The "Croker Papers," edited by Mr. Jennings, contain conclusive evidence that long before parliamentary reform was an accomplished fact or free trade thought of, Sir Robert Peel's mind was in a state which was distinctly prophetic of a great change soon about to come over his political views and his policy.

"Do not you think," he writes to Croker on March the 3rd, 1820, "that the tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy and newspaper paragraphs which is called public opinion—is more Liberal, to use an odious but intelligible phrase, than the policy of the Government? Do not you think that there is a feeling becoming daily more general and more confirmed in favor of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis when public opinion never had such influence on public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run (through, God knows it is very difficult to widen them exactly

in proportion to the size and the force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamt of various streams that are now struggling for a vent."

However great and however pathetic the interest of this passage, however distinctly it foreshadows the revolution through which Peel was in the course of the next quarter of a century to pass, it is no answer to the statement that when he threw Protection overboard he abandoned the principles which the Conservatives had placed him in power to support. In doing so he naturally broke up the Conservative party, and when Disraeli delivered his invectives against the then Prime Minister, he saw the whole Conservative connection in a state of solution, and he knew that the doom of Conservatism, of the Peelite kind, had sounded. His speeches therefore on this occasion must be regarded as something more than destructive. They were intended not only to convince the House of Commons that the man who made them was the natural leader of the party to which he appealed, a head and shoulders above all his rivals, but further to inspire both the House of Commons and the country with the conviction that when the time came he would not shrink from the effort to recreate Conservatism on a new and stable basis. His onslaughts were bitter and merciless, but a popular chamber is not the place for rose-water polemics. The great thing is that they were uttered with a full sense of responsibility, and that a few years later Disraeli shrunk from none of the obligations they had imposed. By this time Protection was dead, and the severest criticism which can be passed upon the erstwhile champion of Protection, is that, at the very moment when he was denouncing Peel, he foresaw, as clearly as did Peel himself, its imminent and inevitable dissolution.

The more closely and coolly Lord Beaconsfield's career is examined, the more manifest will it become that the levity with which he was reproached was due to two causes never thoroughly understood by the English people. There are no features more marked in his intellectual development than his devotion to ideas—as seen in his views of English politics and his interpretation

of English history, as well as in his mastery of humor, sarcasm and wit. Now to ideas the English mind is curiously impervious, while nothing is easier to convince it than that the public man who irradiates his wisdom with the play of a sparkling intellect is secretly laughing in his sleeve at those whom he instructs or flatters. Many passages might be cited from Lord Beaconsfield's writings, which would lend plausible confirmation to such a notion. His sense of the ridiculous was acute, and it was accompanied by a certain intellectual contempt for many things and many persons which he was not able and was perhaps not anxious always to suppress. These qualities were accompanied by some bizarreries of manner and of costume, which half amused and half perplexed the English people. Shortly after he accepted leadership of the Tory party in the House of Commons, he produced a remarkable effect by coming up to the Carlton Club one day from Hughenden in the dress of a country squire of the stage—a low hat, a velvet shooting jacket, breeches and boots. Lord Derby pointed out to him the incongruity of the costume to the place and the character of the wearer, and the incident is only noticeable as furnishing an instance of Lord Beaconsfield's innate whimsicality, which thousands of excellent Englishmen never knew precisely how to interpret.

Again Lord Beaconsfield,—who, so far from possessing the impassive temperament with which he was sometimes credited, was sensitive in an extraordinary degree, and conscious of a spirit of volcanic impetuosity, had schooled himself into a tranquillity and apathy of demeanor which it cost him a perpetual effort to preserve—could not always resist the temptation of giving vent to his real feelings on things and persons in language which was occasionally more witty and pungent than quite suited the prim instinct of British respectability. The same characteristics were noticeable in his conversation when he was one of a company specially formed for his delight. By an interesting coincidence the same kind of charge to which Lord Beaconsfield's manner lent itself was also alleged against the late Bishop Wilberforce. Because that eminent prelate

declined to be dull when he could be witty, because he recognised the ludicrous and laughable as well as the serious side of human affairs, because he could satirise as well as preach, therefore it was assumed he was for ever playing a part. Readers of the interesting biography of him recently published, now know the absurdity of this imputation. It is an imputation which, if equally incurred by, has been equally exploded in, the case of Lord Beaconsfield. The last few years of Lord Beaconsfield's life, and it must be re-

membered they were the first when he was in a position to give effect to his ideas and had a parliamentary majority which enabled him to formulate and execute a policy, supply us with the materials for anticipating the verdict of posterity on one who was a British statesman of the Imperial type, and whose ideas, if sometimes they were not appreciated, or were premature, were always characterised by consummate insight, and never lacked the stamp of grandeur.—*Temple Bar*.

THE PRIMITIVE GHOST AND HIS RELATIONS.*

BY JAMES G. FRAZER.

IN his *Roman Questions*, that delightful storehouse of old-world lore, Plutarch asks—"When a man who has been falsely reported to have died abroad, returns home alive, why is he not admitted by the door, but gets up on the tiles, and so lets himself down into the house?" The curious custom to which Plutarch here refers prevails in modern Persia, for we read in "*Hajji Baba*" (c. 18) of the man who went through "the ceremony of making his entrance over the roof, instead of through the door; for such is the custom, when a man who has been thought dead returns home alive." From a passage in Agathias (ii. 23) we may, perhaps, infer that the custom in Persia is at least as old as the sixth century of our era. A custom so remote from our modern ways must necessarily have its roots far back in the history of our race. Imagine a modern Englishman, whom his friends had given up for dead, rejoining the home circle by coming down the chimney instead of entering by the front door. In this paper I propose to show that the custom originated in certain primitive beliefs and observances touching the dead—beliefs and observances by no means confined to Greece and Rome, but occurring in similar if not identical forms in many parts of the world.

The importance attached by the Romans in common with most other nations to the due performance of burial rites is well known, and need not be insisted on. For the sake of my argument, however, it is necessary to point out that the attentions bestowed on the dead sprang not so much from the affections as from the fears of the survivors. For, as every one knows, ghosts of the unburied dead haunt the earth and make themselves exceedingly disagreeable, especially to their undutiful relatives. Instances would be superfluous; it is the way of ghosts all the world over, from Brittany to Samoa.* But burial by itself was by no means a sufficient safeguard against the return of the ghost; many other precautions were taken by primitive man for the purpose of excluding or barring the importunate dead. Some of these precautions I will now enumerate. They exhibit an ingenuity and fertility of resource worthy of a better cause.

In the first place, an appeal was made to the better feelings of the ghost. He was requested to go quietly to the grave, and at the grave he was requested to stay there.†

But to meet the possible case of hardened ghosts, upon whom moral persuasion would be thrown away, more energetic measures were resorted to. Thus among the South Slavonians and Bohe-

* For a fuller discussion of special points the reader is referred to the forthcoming number of the "*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*."

* Sebillot, "*Traditions et superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*," i. p. 238; Turner, "*Nineteen Years in Polynesia*," p. 233.
† Gray, "*China*," i. pp. 300, 304.

mians, the bereaved family, returning from the grave, pelted the ghost of their deceased relative with sticks, stones, and hot coals.* The Tschuwasche, a tribe in Finland, had not even the decency to wait till he was fairly in the grave, but opened fire on him as soon as the coffin was outside the house.†

Again, heavy stones were piled on his grave to keep him down, on the principle of "*sit tibi terra gravis*." This is the origin of funeral cairns and tombstones. As the ghosts of murderers and their victims are especially restless, every one who passes their graves in Arabia, in Germany, and in Spain is bound to add a stone to the pile. In Oldenburg (and no doubt elsewhere) if the grave is shallow the ghost will certainly walk.‡

One of the most striking ways of keeping down the dead man is to divert the course of a river, bury him in its bed, and then allow the river to resume its course. It was thus that Alaric was buried, and Commander Cameron found the same mode of burial still in vogue for chieftains amongst a tribe in Central Africa.§

The expedient of enclosing the grave with a fence too high for the ghost to "take" it, especially without a run, is common to Finland and the South Seas.||

Another simple but effectual plan was to nail the dead man to the coffin (the Tschuwasche again),¶ or to tie his feet together (among the Arabs), or his neck to his legs (among the Troglodytes, Damaras, and New Zealanders).** The Wallachians drive a long nail through the skull and lay the thorny stem of a wild rosebush on the corpse.†† The

Californians clinched matters by breaking his spine.* The corpses of suicides and vampires had stakes run through them.†

Other mutilations of the dead were intended not so much to keep the dead man in his grave as to render his ghost harmless. Thus the Australians cut off the right thumb of a slain enemy, that his ghost might not be able to draw the bow,‡ and Greek murderers used to hack off the extremities of their victims with a similar object.§

Again, various steps were taken to chase away the lingering ghost from the home he loved too well. Thus the New Zealanders thrash the corpse in order to hasten the departure of the soul;|| the Algonkins¶ beat the walls of the death chamber with sticks to drive out the ghost; the Chinese knock on the floor with a hammer;** and the Germans wave towels about, or sweep the ghost out with a besom,†† just as in old Rome the heir solemnly swept out the ghost of his predecessor with a broom made specially for the purpose.‡‡ In ancient Mexico professional "chuckers-out" were employed, who searched the house diligently till they found the lurking ghost of the late proprietor, whom they there and then summarily ejected.§§

The favorite "beat" of the ghost is usually the spot where he died. Hence, in order to keep him at least from the house, the Kaffirs carry a sick man out into the open air to die, and the Maoris used to remove the sick into sheds. If a Kaffir or Maori died before he could be carried out, the house was tabooed

* Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 319; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 329.

† Castren, "Finnische Mythologie," p. 120.

‡ Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 197; Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 309; Wuttke, "Deutsche Aberglaube," § 754, pp. 739, 748, 756, 758, 761; Klemm, "Culturgeschichte," ii. p. 225; Waitz, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," ii. pp. 195, 324, 325, 524; *Id.* iii. p. 202.

§ "Across Africa," i. p. 120.

|| Castren, *op. cit.* 121; Bastian, ii. p. 368.

¶ Bastian, ii. pp. 337, 365.

** Strabo, xvi. 17; Diodorus, iii. 33; Wood, "Natural History of Man," i. p. 348; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

†† H. F. Tozer, "Researches in the Highlands of Turkey," ii. p. 92.

* Bastian, ii. p. 331.

† Bastian, ii. p. 365; Ralston, p. 413; heads of vampires cut off (Wuttke, § 765; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 114; Tettau u. Temme, "Volkssagen," p. 275).

‡ Tylor, "Primitive Culture," i. p. 451.

§ Suidas s. *μασχαλίσθηναι*, *μασχαλίσματα*.

|| Klemm, iv. p. 325; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 136.

¶ Brinton, "Myths of the New World," p. 255.

** Gray, "China," i. p. 280.

†† Wuttke, §§ 725, 737; F. Schmidt, "Sitzen u. Gebräuche in Thüringen," p. 85; Köhler, "Volksbrauch," p. 254.

‡‡ Festus, s. *v. everriator*; cf. Gray, "China," i. p. 287.

§§ Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," i. p. 641.

and deserted.* There are traces in Greece, Rome, and China of this custom of carrying dying persons into the open air.†

But in case the ghost should, despite of all precautions, make his way back from the grave, steps were taken to barricade the house against him. Thus, in some parts of Russia and East Prussia an axe or a lock is laid on the threshold, or a knife is hung over the door,‡ and in Germany as soon as the coffin is carried out of the house all the doors and windows are shut, whereas, so long as the body is still in the house, the windows (and sometimes the doors) are left constantly open to allow the soul to escape.§ In some parts of England every bolt and lock in the house is unfastened, that the ghost of the dying man may fly freely away.||

But if primitive man knew how to bully, he also knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way by which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors, and they took their measures accordingly. The coffin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made for the purpose in the wall, and this hole was carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it; so that when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Samoieds, Ojibways, Algonkins, Laosians, Hindoos, Tibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Fijians. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," are still

to be seen in a village near Amsterdam, and they were common in some towns of central Italy, as Perugia and Assisi.* A trace of the same custom survives in Thuringen, where it is thought that the ghost of a man who has been hanged will return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead of the door.†

The Siamese, not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavor to make assurance doubly sure by hurrying him three times round the house at full speed—a proceeding well calculated to bewilder the poor soul in the coffin.‡

The Araucanians adopt the plan of strewing ashes behind the coffin as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his way back.§

The very general practice of closing the eyes of the dead appears to have originated with a similar object; it was a mode of blindfolding the dead, that he might not see the way by which he was carried to his last home. At the grave, where he was to rest forever, there was of course no motive for concealment; hence the Romans,|| and apparently the Siamese,¶ opened the eyes of the dead man at the funeral pyre, just as we should unbandage the eyes of an enemy after conducting him to his destination. The notion that, if the eyes of the dead

* Lichtenstein, "Travels in Southern Africa," i. pp. 258, 259; J. Campbell, "South Africa," p. 515, 517; Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 170; Yates, "New Zealand," p. 86.

† Euripides, "Alcestis," v. 234 sqq. cf. 205; Scholiast on Aristophanes, "Lysistrata," v. 611; Seneca, Epist. I. xii. 3; Gray, "China," i. p. 279. In modern Greece, as soon as the corpse is out of the house, the whole house is scoured (C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 120).

‡ Ralston, p. 318; Wuttke, §§ 736, 766.

§ Sonntag, p. 169; Wuttke, §§ 737, 725; Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 47; Lambert, "Volksmedezin," pp. 103, 105, 106.

|| Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 231.

* Yule on Marco Polo, i. p. 188; Crantz, "Greenland," i. p. 237; Tylor, "Prim. Cult.," ii. p. 26; Waitz, "Anthropologie," iii. p. 199; Williams and Calvert, "Fiji," p. 168; Sonntag, p. 51; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 322; Klemm, ii. p. 221, 225; *id.*, iii. p. 293; C. Bock, "Temples and Elephants," p. 262; Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222; Gubernatis, p. 52; C. J. Anderson, "Lake Ngami," p. 466. A dead Pope is carried out by a special door, which is then blocked up till the next Pope dies.

† Wuttke, § 756.

‡ Pallegoix, "Siam," i. p. 245; Bowring, "Siam," i. p. 222. In some parts of Scotland the body used to be carried three times round the church (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 167).

§ Klemm, v. p. 51; Wood, "Natural History of Man," ii. p. 565.

|| Pliny, N. H., xi. 150.

¶ C. Bock saw that the eyes of a dead man at the pyre were open (in Siam), and he says that in Lao it was the custom to close the eyes of the dead ("Temples and Elephants," pp. 58, 261).

be not closed, his ghost will return to fetch away another of the household, still exists in Germany, Bohemia, and England.* In some parts of Russia they place a coin on each of the dead man's eyes.†

With a similar object the corpse is carried out of the house feet foremost, for if he were carried out head foremost his eyes would be turned towards the door, and he might therefore find his way back. This custom is observed, and this reason is assigned for it, in many parts of Germany and amongst the Indians of Chile.‡ Conversely, in Persia, when a man is setting out on a journey, he steps out of the house with his face turned towards the door, hoping thereby to secure a safe return.§ In Thuringen and some parts of the north of England it used to be the custom to carry the body to the grave by a roundabout way.||

I venture to conjecture that the old Roman usage of burying by night¶ may have originally been intended, like the customs I have mentioned, to keep the way to the grave a secret from the dead, and it is possible that the same idea gave rise to the practice of masking the dead—a practice common to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece and to the Aleutian islanders.**

To a desire to deceive the dead man I would also refer the curious custom amongst the Bohemians of putting on masks and behaving in a strange way as they return from a burial.†† They hoped, in fact, so to disguise themselves that the dead man might not know and therefore might not follow them. Whether the widespread mourning cus-

toms of smearing the body with mud or paint, mutilating it by gashes, cutting off the hair or letting it grow, and putting on beggarly attire or clothes of an unusual color (black, white, or otherwise), may not have also originated in the desire to disguise and therefore to protect the living from the dead, I cannot here attempt to determine. This much is certain, that mourning customs are always as far as possible the *reverse* of those of ordinary life. Thus, at a Roman funeral, the sons of the deceased walked with their heads covered, the daughters with their heads uncovered, thus exactly reversing the ordinary usage, which was that women wore coverings on their heads, while men did not. Plutarch, who notes this, observes that in like manner in Greece men and women during a period of mourning exactly inverted their usual habits of wearing the hair—the ordinary practice of men being to cut it short, that of women to leave it long.*

The objection, deeply rooted in many races, to utter the names of deceased persons,† sprang no doubt from a fear that the dead might hear and answer to his name. In East Prussia, if the deceased is called thrice by his name, he appears.‡ This reluctance to mention the names of the dead has modified whole languages. Thus among the Australians, Tasmanians, and Abipones, if the name of the deceased person happened to be a common name—*e.g.*, the name of an animal or plant—this name was abolished, and a new one substituted for it.§ During the residence of the Jesuit missionary Dobritzhofer amongst the Abipones, the name for tiger was thus changed three times.|| Amongst the Indians of Columbia near relatives of a deceased person often change their names, under the impression that the ghost will return if he hears the familiar names.¶

I must pass lightly over the kindlier modes of barring the dead by providing for the personal comforts of the poor

* Wuttke, § 725; Dyer, "English Folklore," p. 230; Grohmann, "Aberglauben," p. 188.

† Gubernatis, "Usi funebri," p. 50.

‡ Wuttke, § 736; Klemm, ii. p. 101.

§ "Hajji Baba," c. i. *fn.*

|| F. Schmidt, p. 94.

¶ Servius on Virg. *Æn.*, i. 186. Night burial was sometimes practised in Scotland (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 161), and commonly in Thuringen (F. Schmidt, p. 96). Cf. Mungo Park, "Travels," p. 414.

** Schliemann, "Mycenæ," pp. 198, 219-223, 311 *sq.*; Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 93. The Aztecs masked their dead kings (Bancroft, ii. 606), and the Siamese do so still (Pallegoix, "Royaume de Siam," i. p. 247).

†† Bastian, ii. p. 328.

* Plutarch, "Rom. Quæst.," 14.

† Tylor, "Early History of Mankind," p. 142.

‡ Wuttke, § 754.

§ Tylor, *ibid.*, p. 144 *sqq.*

|| Klemm, ii. p. 99; Dobritzhofer, "The Abipones," ii. p. 208 *sqq.*

¶ Bancroft, "Native Races," i. p. 248.

ghost in his long home. One instance, however, of the minute care with which the survivors will provide for the wants of the dead, in order that he may have no possible excuse for returning, I cannot refrain from mentioning. In the German district of Voigtland,* with its inclement sky, they never forget to place in the coffin an umbrella and a pair of goloshes. Whether these utensils are intended for use in heaven, or elsewhere, is a question which I must leave to theologians.

A pathetic example is afforded by some Indian tribes of New Mexico, who drop milk from the mother's breast on the lips of her dead babe.†

The nearly universal practice of leaving food on the tomb or of actually passing it into the grave by means of an aperture or tube, is too well known to need illustration. Like the habit of dressing the dead or dying in his best clothes,‡ it probably originated in the selfish but not unkindly desire to induce the perturbed spirit to rest in the grave, and not come plaguing the survivors for food and raiment.

Merely mentioning the customs of building a little house for the accommodation of the soul either on the grave, or on the way to it,§ and of leaving straw on the road, in the hope that the weary ghost would sit down on it and never get as far as the house,|| I now come to two modes of barring the ghost, which from their importance I have reserved to the last—I mean the methods of barring the ghost by fire and water.

First, by fire. After a funeral certain heathen Siberians, who greatly fear the dead, seek to get rid of the ghost of the departed by leaping over a fire.¶ Similarly at Rome, mourners returning from a funeral stepped over fire,** and in China they sometimes do so to this day.††

Taken in connection with the Siberian custom, the original intention of this ceremony of stepping over fire at Rome and in China can hardly have been other than that of placing a barrier of fire between the living and the dead. But, as has been the case with so many other ceremonies, this particular ceremony may well have been practised long after its original intention was forgotten. For customs often live on for ages after the circumstances and modes of thought which gave rise to them have disappeared, and in their new environment new motives are invented to explain them. As might have been expected, the custom itself of stepping over fire often dwindled into a mere shadow of its former self. Thus the South Slavonians returning from a funeral are met by an old woman carrying a vessel of live coals. On these they pour water, or else they take a live coal from the hearth, and fling it over their heads.* The Brahmans contented themselves with simply touching fire,† and in Ruthenia the mourners merely look steadfastly at the stove or place their hands on it.‡

So much for the barrier by fire. Next for the barrier by water. "The Lusatian Wends," says Ralston,§ "still make a point of placing water between themselves and the dead as they return from a burial, even breaking ice for the purpose if necessary." In many parts of Germany, in modern Greece, and in Cyprus, water is poured out behind the corpse when it is carried from the house, in the belief that if the ghost returns, he will not be able to cross it.¶ Sometimes by night they pour holy water before the door; the ghost is then thought to stand and whimper on the further side.¶ The inability of spirits to cross water might be further illustrated from the Bagman's ghastly story

* Wuttke, § 734.

† Bancroft, i. p. 360.

‡ Gray, "China," i. pp. 278-280; Klemm, ii. pp. 104, 221, 225; *id.* iv. p. 38; Marshall, "Travels amongst the Todas," p. 171.

§ Klemm, ii. p. 297; Bastian, ii. p. 328; Marco Polo, i. c. 40; Waitz, "Anthropologie," ii. p. 195; *id.*, iii. p. 202; Chalmers and Gill, "New Guinea," p. 56.

|| Wuttke, § 739; Töppen, p. 109.

¶ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 303.

** Festus s. v. *aqua et igne*.

†† Gray, "China," i. pp. 287, 305.

* Ralston, "Songs," p. 319.

† Monier Williams, "Religious Life and Thought in India," pp. 283, 288.

‡ Ralston, *l. c.*

§ "Songs of the Russian People," p. 320.

|| Wuttke, § 737; A. Kuhn, "Märkische Sagen," p. 368; Temme, "Volkssagen der Altmark," p. 77; Lammert, p. 105; Panzer, "Beitrag," i. p. 257; "Folk-lore Journal," ii. p. 170; Töppen, "Aberglauben aus Masuren," p. 108; C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuen," p. 119.

¶ Wuttke, § 748.

in 'Apuleius,* from Paulus' "History of the Lombards,"† from Giraldus Cambrensis' "Topography of Ireland,"‡ and from other sources.§

Another way of enforcing the water barrier was for the mourners to plunge into a stream in the hope of drowning, or at least shaking off, the ghost. Thus among the Matamba negroes, a widow is bound hand and foot by the priest, who flings her into the water several times over, with the intention of drowning her husband's ghost who may be supposed to be clinging to his unfeeling spouse.¶ In Angola, for a similar purpose, widows adopt the less inconvenient practice of ducking their late husbands.¶ In New Zealand all who have attended a funeral betake themselves to the nearest stream and plunge several times, head under, in the water.** In Fiji the sextons always washed themselves after a burial.†† In Tahiti all who assisted at a burial fled precipitately and plunged into the sea, casting also into the sea the garments they had worn.‡‡ In some parts of West Africa, after the corpse has been deposited in the grave, "all the bearers rush to the water-side and undergo a thorough ablution before they are permitted to return to the town."§§

But the barrier by water, like the barrier by fire, often dwindled into a mere stunted survival. Thus after a Roman funeral it was enough to carry water three times round the persons who had been engaged in it and to sprinkle them with the water.¶¶ In China, on the fifth day after a death, the mourners merely wash their eyes and sprinkle

their faces three times with water.* In Cappadocia and Crete persons returning from a funeral wash their hands.† In Samoa they wash their faces and hands with hot water.‡ In ancient India it was enough merely to touch water.§ In Greece, so long as a dead body was in the house, a vessel of water stood before the street door that all who left the house might sprinkle themselves with it.¶ Note that in this case the water had to be fetched from another house—water taken from the house in which the corpse lay would not do. The significance of this fact I shall have occasion to point out presently.

When considered along with the facts I have mentioned, it can hardly be doubted that the original intention of this sprinkling with water was to wash off the ghost who might be following from the house of death; and in general I think we may lay down the rule that wherever we find a so-called purification by fire or water from pollution contracted by contact with the dead, we may assume with much probability that the original intention was to place a physical barrier of fire or water between the living and the dead, and that the conceptions of pollution and purification are merely the fictions of a later age, invented to explain the purpose of a ceremony of which the original intention was forgotten. Time forbids me to enter into the wider question whether *all* forms of so-called ceremonial purification may not admit of a similar explanation. I may say, however, that there is evidence that some at least of these forms are best explained on this hypothesis. To one of the most important of these forms of purification—that of mothers after childbirth—reference will be made in the course of this paper.

Such, then, are some of the modes adopted for the purpose of excluding or barring the ghost. Before quitting the subject, however, I wish to observe that as the essence of these proceedings was simply the erection of a barrier against

* "Metamorphoses," i. 19, cf. 13.

† iii. c. 34. ‡ Ch. 19.

§ Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. p. 434; Theocritus, 24. 92-3; Homer, "Odys." xi. 26 sqq; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; Brent, "The Cyclades," pp. 441, 442; Dennys, "Folklore of China," p. 24; Lammert, "Volkamedezin," p. 103.

¶ Sonntag, p. 113. ¶¶ *Id.* p. 115.

** Yates, "New Zealand," p. 137; Klemm, iv. p. 305.

†† Williams and Culvert, "Fiji," p. 163, ed. 1870.

‡‡ Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 403.

§§ Wilson, quoted by Gardner, "Faiths of the World," i. p. 938; cf. Brinton, "Myths of the New World," p. 133; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 238.

¶ Virg. "Æn." vi. 228, where Servius speaks of carrying fire round similarly.

* Gray, "China," i. p. 305.

† Wachsmuth, p. 120.

‡ Turner, "Polynesia," p. 228.

§ Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," pp. 283, 288.

¶ Pollux, viii. 65; Hesychius and Suidas s. v., ἀπόδανον. Cf. Wachsmuth, *ibid.* p. 109.

the disembodied spirit, they might be, and actually were, employed for barring spirits in other connections. Thus, for example, since to early man death means the departure of the soul out of the body, it is obvious that the very same proceedings which serve to exclude the soul after it has left the body—*i.e.*, to bar the ghost, may equally well be employed to bar the soul *in* the body—*i.e.*, to prevent it escaping; in other words, they may be employed to prevent a sick man from dying—in fact, they may be used as cures. Thus the Chinese attempt to frighten back the soul of a dying man into his body by the utterance of wild cries and the explosion of crackers, while they rush about with extended arms to arrest its progress.* The use of water as a means of intercepting the flying soul is perhaps best illustrated by the Circassian treatment of the sick. It is well known that according to primitive man the soul of a sleeper departs from his body to wander far away in dreamland; in fact, the only distinction which early man makes between sleep and death is that sleep is a temporary, while death is a permanent, absence of the soul. Obviously then, on this view, sleep is highly dangerous to a sick man, for if in sleep his soul departs, how can we be sure that it will come back again? Hence in order to ensure the recovery of a sick man, one of the first requisites is to keep him from sleeping. With this intention the Circassians will dance, sing, play, and tell stories to a sick man by the hour. Fifteen to twenty young fellows, naturally selected for the strength of their lungs, will seat themselves round his bed and make night hideous by singing in chorus at the top of their voices, while from time to time one of their number will create an agreeable variety by banging with a hammer on a ploughshare which has been thoughtfully placed for the purpose by the sick man's bed. But if, in spite of these unremitting attentions, the sick man should have the misfortune to fall asleep—mark what follows—they immediately dash water over his face.† The intention of this latter proceeding can hardly be doubtful

—it is a last effort to stop the soul about to take flight for ever. So among the Abipones, a dying man is surrounded by a crowd of old crones brandishing rattles, stamping and yelling, while every now and then one of them flings water over his face so long as there is breath left in his body.* The same practice of throwing water over the sick is observed also in China, Siam, Siberia, and Hungary.†

By analogy, the origin of the Kaffir custom of kindling a fire beside a sick person,‡ the Russian practice of fumi-gating him,§ and the Persian practice of lighting a fire on the roof of a house where any one is ill,|| may perhaps be found in the intention of interposing a barrier of fire to prevent the escape of the soul. For with regard to the custom of lighting a fire on the roof, it is a common belief that spirits pass out and in through a hole in the roof.¶ In the same way I would explain the extraordinary custom in Lao and Siam of surrounding a mother after childbirth with a blazing fire, within which she has regularly to stay for weeks after the birth of the child.** The object, I take it,

* Dobritzhoffer, "Account of the Abipones," ii. p. 266. Amongst the Indians of lower California, if a sick man falls asleep, they knock him about the head till he wakes, with the sincere intention of saving his life (Bancroft, i. p. 569). Similarly, Kaffirs when circumcised at the age of fourteen are not allowed to sleep till the wound has healed (Campbell, "Travels in South Africa," p. 514).

† Gray, i. p. 278; Pallegoix, i. p. 294; Bowring, i. p. 121; Klemm, x. 254; "Folklore Journal," ii. p. 102. In Tisee a wet shirt is put on the patient, *id.* i. p. 167.

‡ Lichtenstein, i. p. 258.

§ Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 380.

|| Klemm, vii. p. 142.

¶ Wutke, §§ 725, 755; Bastian, "Mensch," ii. pp. 319, 323; *id.*, "Die Seele," p. 15; Ralston, "Songs," p. 314; J. T. Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 437; Dennys, "Folklore of China," p. 22; Lammert, "Folkmedezin," p. 103.

** Carl Bock, "Temples and Elephants," p. 259; Bowring, i. p. 120; Pallegoix, i. p. 223. Cf. Forbes, "British Burma," p. 46; Darmestetter, "Zend-Avesta," i. p. xciii.; Ellis, "History of Madagascar," i. p. 151. A relic of this custom is seen in the old Scotch practice of whirling a fir-candle three times round the bed on which the mother and child lay (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 135.) Amongst the Albanians a fire is kept constantly burning in the room for forty days

* Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 241.

† Klemm, iv. p. 34.

is to hem in the fluttering soul at this critical period with an impassable girdle of fire. Conversely, among the Kaffirs a widow must stay by herself beside a blazing fire for a month after her husband's death—no doubt in order to get rid of his ghost.* If any confirmation of this interpretation of the Siamese practice were needed, it would seem to be found in the fact that, during her imprisonment, within the fiery circle, the woman washes herself daily for a week with a mixture of salt and water,† for salt and water, as we know from Theocritus,‡ is a regular specific against spirits.

Of course it is possible that these fiery barriers may also be intended to keep off evil spirits, and this is the *second* supplementary use to which the proceedings for barring ghosts may be turned. This would appear to have been the object with which, in Siberia, women after childbirth cleansed themselves by leaping several times over a fire, exactly as we saw that in Siberia mourners returning from a funeral leap over a fire for the express purpose of shaking off the spirit of the dead.§

In China, the streets along which a funeral is to pass are previously sprinkled with holy water, and even the houses and warehouses along the street come in for their share, in case some artful demon might be lurking in a shop, ready to pounce out on the dead man as he passed.|| Special precautions are also taken by the Chinese during the actual passage of the funeral; in addition to the usual banging of gongs and popping of crackers, an attempt is made to work on the cupidity of the demons. With this view, bank-notes are scattered, regardless of expense, all along the road to the grave. The notes, I need hardly

observe, are bad, but they serve the purpose, and while the ingenuous demons are engaged in the pursuit of these deceitful riches, the soul of the dead man, profiting by their distraction, pursues his way tranquilly behind the coffin to the grave.*

In the Hervey Islands, in the South Pacific, after a death the ghosts or demons are fought and soundly pummeled by bodies of armed men, just as the Samogitians and old Prussians used to repel the ghostly squadrons by sword-cuts in the air †

In Christian times bells have been used for a like purpose; this, of course, was the intention of the passing bell.‡ The idea that the sound of brass or iron had power to put spirits to flight prevailed also in classical antiquity,§ from which it was perhaps inherited by mediæval Christianity.

I have still one observation to make on the means employed to bar ghosts, and it is this. The very same proceedings which were resorted to *after* the burial for the purpose of barring the ghost, were *avoided* so long as the corpse was in the house, from fear no doubt of hurting and offending the ghost. Thus we saw that an axe laid on the threshold or a knife hung over the door after the coffin has been carried out, have power to exclude the ghost, who could not enter without cutting himself. Conversely, so long as the corpse is still in the house, the use of sharp-edged instruments should be avoided in case they might wound the ghost. Thus for seven days after a death, the corpse being still in the house, the Chinese refrain from the use of knives and needles and even of chopsticks, eating their food with their fingers.|| So at the memorial feasts to which they invited the dead,

after birth; the mother is not allowed to leave the house all this time, and at night she may not even leave the room; and any one during this time who enters the house by night is obliged to leap over a burning brand (Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 149). In the Cyclades, for many days after a birth, no one may enter the house by night. The mother does not go to church for forty days after the birth (Brent, pp. 180, 181).

* Lichtenstein, i. p. 259.

† Bock, *op. cit.* p. 260. ‡ xxiv. 95-96.

§ Meiners, "Geschichte der Religionen," ii. p. 107.

|| Gray, "China," i. p. 299.

* Huc, "L'Empire Chinois," ii. p. 249; Gray, *l. c.*; Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 153 (ed. Paxton Hood).

† Gill, "Myths and Songs from the South Pacific," p. 269; Bastian, ii. p. 341. Cf. Wood, "Nat. Hist. of Man," ii. p. 562.

‡ Brand, "Popular Antiquities," ii. p. 202; Forbes Leslie, "Early Races of Scotland," ii. p. 503.

§ Lucian, "Philopseudes," c. 15; Ovid, "Fasti," v. 441; cf. Prof. Robertson Smith in "Journal of Philology," vol. xlii. No. 26, p. 283, *note*.

|| Gray, "China," i. p. 288.

the Russians ate without using knives.* In Germany a knife should not be left edge-upward, lest it hurt the ghosts or the angels.† They even say that if you see a child in the fire and a knife on its back, you should run to the knife before the child.‡ Again, we saw that the Romans and the Germans swept the ghost, without more ado, out of his own house. On the other hand, the more considerate negroes on the Congo abstain for a whole year from sweeping the house where a man has died, lest the dust should annoy the ghost.§ Again, we have seen the repugnance of ghosts to water. Hence, when a death took place, the Jews used to empty all the water in the house into the street, lest the ghost should fall in and be drowned.|| In Burma, when the coffin is being carried out, every vessel in the house containing water is emptied.¶ In some parts of Bohemia, after a death, they turn the water-butt upside down, because if the ghost happened to bathe in it and any one drank of it afterwards, he would be a dead man within the year.** We can now appreciate the significance of the fact mentioned above, that in Greece the lustral water before the door of a house where a dead body lay, had always to be fetched from a neighboring house. For if the water had been taken from the house of death, who could tell but that the ghost might be disporting himself in it?†† In Pomerania, even *after* a burial, no washing is done in the house for some time, lest the dead man should be wet in his grave.‡‡ Amongst the old Iranians no moisture was allowed to rest on the bread offered to the dead, for of course

if the bread was damp, the ghost could not get at it.*

Once more, we saw that fire was a great stumbling-block to ghosts. Hence in the Highlands of Scotland and in Burma the fires in a house used always to be extinguished when a death took place, no doubt lest they should burn the ghost.† So in old Iran no fire was allowed to be used in the house for nine days after a death,‡ and in later times every fire in the Persian empire was extinguished in the interval between the death and burial of a king.§

It might perhaps be thought that the common practice of *fasting* after a death was a direct consequence of this disuse of fire; and there are facts which appear at first sight to show that it was so. Thus the Chinese, though they are not allowed to cook in the house for seven days after a death, are not prohibited from eating food which has been prepared elsewhere; indeed, during this period of mourning their wants are regularly supplied by their neighbors.|| From this it would appear that the prohibition only extends to food cooked in the house of mourning. But this explanation will not suit the German superstition, that while the passing bell is tolling no one within hearing should eat.¶ For here the prohibition evidently extends to all the food in the neighborhood. The key to the solution of this problem will perhaps be found in the Samoan usage.** We are told that in Samoa "while a dead body is in the

* Ralston, "Songs of the Russian People," p. 321.

† Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," iii. pp. 441, 454; Tettau u. Temme, p. 285; Grohmann, p. 198.

‡ Grimm, *ibid.* p. 469.

§ Bastian, "Mensch," ii. p. 323. On the day of the funeral the Albanians refrain from sweeping the place on which the corpse lay. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152.

|| Gardner, "Faints of the World," i. p. 676.

¶ Forbes, "British Burma," p. 95.

** Grohmann, § 193.

†† Hence among the Jews all *open* vessels in the chamber of death were "unclean" (Numbers xix. 15).

‡‡ Wuttke, § 737.

* Spiegel, "Eranische Alterthumskunde," iii. p. 705.

† Brand, ii. p. 235; James Logan, "The Scottish Gael," ii. p. 387; Forbes, "British Burma," p. 94.

‡ Spiegel, *ibid.* p. 706.

§ Diodorus, xvii. c. 114.

|| Gray, "China," i. pp. 287-9. Cf. Apuleius, "Metam.," ii. c. 24. Similarly amongst the Albanians there is no cooking in the house for three days after a death, and the family is supported by the food brought by friends. Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 151. So amongst the Cyclades, Brent, "The Cyclades," p. 221.

¶ W. Sonntag, "Todtenbestattung," p. 175. Similar superstition in New England "Folklore Journal," ii. p. 24.

** Turner, "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," p. 229; cf. Taylor, "New Zealand," p. 163; "Old New Zealand, by a Pakeha Maori," p. 124 *sqq.*; Ellis, "Polynesian Researches," i. p. 402.

house, no food is eaten under the same roof; the family have their meals outside or in another house. Those who attended the deceased were formerly most careful not to handle food, and for days were fed by others as if they were helpless infants." Observe here, firstly, that the objection is not to *all* eating, but only to eating under the same roof with the dead; and, secondly, that those who have been in contact with the dead may eat but may not touch their food. Now considering that the ghost could be cut, burned, drowned, bruised with stones, and squeezed in a door (for it is a rule in Germany not to slam a door on Saturday for fear of jamming a ghost),* it seems not unreasonable to suppose that a ghost could be eaten, and if we make this supposition I venture to think that we have a clue to the origin of fasting after a death. People in fact originally refrained from eating just in those circumstances in which they considered that they might possibly in eating have devoured a ghost. This supposition explains why, so long as the corpse is in the house, the mourners may eat outside of the house but not in it. Again, it explains why those who have been in contact with the dead and have not yet purified themselves (*i.e.*, have not yet placed a barrier between themselves and the ghost) are not allowed to touch the food they eat; obviously the ghost might be clinging to them and might be transferred from their person to the food, and so eaten.

This theory further explains the German superstition mentioned above, that no one within hearing must eat while the passing bell is tolling. For the passing bell is rung when a soul is issuing for the last time from its mortal tabernacle, and if any one in the neighborhood were at this moment to eat, who knows but that his teeth might close on the passing soul. This explanation is confirmed by the companion superstition that no one should sleep while the passing bell is tolling, else will his sleep be the sleep of death.† Put into primitive language,

* Wuttke, § 752.

† Sonntag, *ibid.*; cf. Wuttke, § 726. In Scotland it was an old custom not to allow any one to sleep in the house where a sick person was at the point of death (C. Rogers, "Social Life in Scotland," i. p. 152).

this means, that as the soul quits the body in sleep, if it chanced in this its temporary absence to fall in with a soul that was taking its eternal flight, it might, perhaps, be coaxed or bullied into accompanying it, and might thus convert what had been intended to be merely a ramble, into a journey to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

All this time, however, Plutarch has been waiting for his answer; but, perhaps, as he has already waited two thousand years, he will not object to be kept in suspense a very little longer. For the sake of brevity in what remains, I will omit all mention of the particular usages, upon a comparison of which my answer is based, and will confine myself to stating in the briefest way their general result.

We have seen the various devices which the ingenuity of early man struck out for the purpose of giving an "iron welcome to the dead." In all of them, however, it was presupposed that the body was in the hands of the survivors, and had been by them securely buried; that was the first and most essential condition, and if it was not fulfilled no amount of secondary precautions would avail to bar the ghost.

But what happened when the body could not be found, as when the man died at sea or abroad? Here the all-important question was, What could be done to lay the wandering ghost? For wander he would, till his body was safe under the sod, and by supposition his body was not to be found. The case was a difficult one, but early man was equal to it. He buried the missing man *in effigy*,* and according to all the laws of primitive logic, an effigy is every bit as good as its original.† Therefore,

* The practice of burial in effigy prevailed in ancient Greece, Mexico, and Samoa, and it prevails to this day in modern Greece, Albania, India, and China. See Chariton, iv. c. 1; Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific States," ii. p. 616; Turner, "Samoa," p. 150; C. Wachsmuth, "Das alte Griechenland im neuem," p. 113; Hahn, "Albanesische Studien," p. 152; Monier Williams, "Religious Thought and Life in India," p. 300; Gray, "China," i. p. 295. Compare Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 164; Apuleius, "Metam.," i. c. 6; Brent, "The Cyclades," pp. 223, 224; Servius on Virgil, "Æn.," vi. 366.

† For evidence, see Tylor's "Early History of Mankind," p. 116 *seq.*

when a man is buried in effigy with all due formality, that man is dead and buried beyond a doubt, and his ghost is as harmless as it is in the nature of ghosts to be.

But it occasionally happened that this burial by proxy was premature—that in fact the man was not really dead, and if he came home in person and positively declined to consider himself as dead, the question naturally arose, was he alive, or was he dead? It was a delicate question, and the solution was ingenious. The man was dead, certainly—that was past praying for. But then he might be born again—he might take

a new lease of life. And so it was: he was put out to nurse, he was dressed in long clothes—in short, he went through all the stages of a second childhood.* But before he was eligible even for this pleasing experience, he had to overcome the initial difficulty of getting into his own house. For the door was as ghost-proof as fire and water could make it, and *he* was a ghost. As such, he had to do as ghosts do: in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, he had to come down the chimney.† And down the chimney he came—and this is an English answer to a Roman question.—*Contemporary Magazine*.

BECKET.‡

LORD TENNYSON'S third historical drama is decidedly his best. As of old its wont, the third wave has reached a higher line than the two which went before it. His Henry II. is a more thoroughly living man than his Harold; his Rosamond interests us more than his Edith; if he has not altogether succeeded with his hero's many-sided character, he has at least produced an ideal portrait of Becket which must be contemplated with pleasure. The situations in his new tragedy are much more striking, its catastrophe more dramatic, than those of "Queen Mary," superior as that play is, in almost all respects, to its immediate successor. Few and feeble as they are compared with what they might have been, there are also in "Becket" more pathetic lines, more sayings worth remembering, more passages worth quoting, than in the two other dramas put together.

Yet to say this is, after all, to say but little, when we consider the vast superiority of the argument, which might well have enabled a genius inferior to Lord Tennyson's to rise to a very considerable height. Of the innumerable dramas sketched out for us in English history there is not a finer subject for a tragedy than the murder, with its causes, of the great Archbishop Thomas in his own cathedral, and there are few more touching among those presented to us by English legend than the tale of Fair Rosamond; therefore, while the poet who,

not adequately treating either theme, has yet skilfully combined the two, and given a measure of justice to each, must be held worthy of a prize, it is still a prize less magnificent and less lasting than those never-fading bays which the hand of Melpomene twines for her most favored votaries.

The very combination of history and legend which has here given the dramatist such splendid opportunities has proved a snare to him. He has suffered his underplot to encroach too much on his main plot. The true tragedy, the friends severed by stress of circumstances, and set to fight out till death the battle between Church and State—each, in the judgment of a contemporary, zealous for God, yet each at times doing what his own conscience condemns—is not, indeed, ever lost sight of; but it is interfered with by the perpetual intrusion of Rosamond Clifford. Considering the darker blots on Henry the Second's life, we need not, indeed, blame the poet who has materially deepened his guilt in relation to her by prolonging their mysterious connection and its consequent deceptions many years after the true date of the unacknowledged wife's retirement to the safe shelter of a convent: it is only thus that he can make the Archbishop's murder the result

* Plutarch, "Rom. Quest.," v.

† See the passages cited in note ¶ to p. 414.

‡ Becket. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet-Laureate. Macmillan & Co.

of the Queen's wrath, braved by him in order to save Rosamond's life in this world, and the King's in order to save it eternally. But Becket's right conduct in that last and critical moment only makes his previous tolerance the more inexplicable: even harder to understand in a medieval Churchman than it is to explain how the very modern-looking plan of the retreat at Woodstock, which Henry and his Prime Minister are first seen poring over, came into their hands. The King's earliest and latest confidences to him concern Rosamond; Rosamond's name is on Eleanor's lips alike in private and in public; Rosamond's bower, from the prologue to the conclusion, is the great attractive or repulsive force—the mark at which the Queen's coarse and base plots aim—the spot round which she prowls for long in an ineffectual way wholly inexplicable in so clever and so powerful a woman—the place, in a word, from which all the great interests of the kingdom, all other loves and hatreds, await the signal before they finally move. Lord Tennyson is as much bewitched by Rosamond as Henry himself, and her influence on his drama is not wholly beneficial. When he should have been depicting the anguish of a loyal heart forced to seem disloyal to his King through the paramount claims of loyalty to his God, his gaze is distracted by the sight of the fair Clifford fleeing the unwelcome pursuit of Fitzurse through the streets of London. When his utmost strength should have been put forth to enable Henry to not wholly forfeit the spectator's sympathies in spite of the ungrateful part which circumstances allot to him throughout the drama, his attention is called off by warblings (not altogether melodious) in the forest of Woodstock, and by his heroine's sometimes childish, as well as childlike, talk.

This being so, it is the more remarkable that of the two great opportunities which his conception of Rosamond's character and story afforded, Lord Tennyson has deliberately passed over one. Rosamond's ignorance of her supposed husband's prior union with the heiress of Guienne is enlightened (fourteen years or so later than in actual fact) by a garrulous attendant. What follows? A scene between her and Henry, in

which the outraged dignity of the high-born lady is kept in check by the tenderness of the woman? in which love for her child's father restrains the full expression of her sense of the wrong which that child has suffered? in which a broken heart is seen preparing to lay itself on a holier altar than the earthly one where its offering has been so vain? Or if not this, at least a soliloquy showing how love and duty strive in a noble breast? Neither the one nor the other—only two lines importing that little Geoffrey is to be henceforth his mother's sole comfort:—

"Nay, if I lost him, now
The folds have fallen from the mystery,
And left all naked, I were lost indeed;"

And her subsequent declaration to Eleanor—

"I am not so happy I could not die myself."

Here, as in several other places, the painter has veiled Agamemnon's face, in despair of being able to portray its changing lineaments. For not here only—though here most conspicuously—we seem in reading "Becket" to be reading a clever sketch of a play, but not the completed work, and feel inclined to ask for the omitted and deeply important scenes. What we have is more or less good; but to bring us into full acquaintance with the persons represented we need much more, to make room for which many things here bestowed on us might well have been swept away.

The second great opportunity has been used; but how far well? To what extent is the Queen Eleanor, who finds her way at last into the bower of Woodstock, armed with the traditional poison and dagger, the meet companion of the Lady Macbeths and Clytemnestras of the stage? The poet's delineation of her throughout the rest of the play is true to what history tells us of her. The child of the sunny South, the lover of the troubadour's strains, herself a poetess, grieved and amazed to find her once peerless beauty waning, and those charms which Christian and Saracen have alike found irresistible proving now powerless to retain her youthful husband's heart, the Eleanor of the Prologue's pretty song gives us the poetic aspect of her situation and character:—

"Over! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done;
Over and gone with the roses,
And over and gone with the sun.
Over! the sweet summer closes,
And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
And winter again and the snows."

The prose which follows the song,—in those bitter words which show her heart to be an extinct volcano, and by those evil and foul designs which reveal into what black and writhing shapes the hot lava of her Courts of Love, of her unholy crusade, and of the manifold disgraces through which she dragged her royal robes at Paris, has petrified,—sets before us a repulsive picture, but a correct one, as far as it goes, of the divorced wife of Louis of France. True, years of sorrow are to purify this hopelessly bad woman, as she now seems, into something which in advanced age shall not be wholly unvenerable; England shall bless as a regent her whom it scorned as a queen. But this lies in the far future. Her sons, Henry and Geoffrey,—concerning whom Eleanor is one day to pen to the Pope these pathetic words, "The young King and the Count of Brittany sleep in the dust, while their most unhappy mother is constrained to live on, tormented irremediably by the memory of her dead,"—are as yet children; and the repentance which their sad fate is to work in her is far distant. Nevertheless its possibilities should somehow have been foreshadowed; as it is not either in the Prologue or in any of the other scenes in which Eleanor is an actress. But the more refined and diabolical the malice which the dramatist, without historical foundation, attributes to her against Rosamond, the less are his readers prepared for her entrance in the fourth act in the character which the old ballad assigns her. His Eleanor is herself unprepared for it. She has long sought her rival's secret retreat, she has armed herself with the fatal bowl and dagger; but when she stands face to face with Rosamond she does not know what to do with them, and the reader feels instinctively that she is in a false position, in which the dramatist has placed a puppet rather than the real woman; whose Southern refinement would have shrunk from shedding blood with her

own hand—whose Provençal quick-wittedness would have committed the deed to some trusty follower, to be sacrificed, if needful, to the King's anger in her own place. In short, Lord Tennyson has been too faithful to history, as far as Eleanor's main outline is concerned, to play it false with impunity. He has prepared no mighty lioness to rush with a leap and a roar on his defenceless lamb; and when the hybrid he turns loose upon it misses its spring, the spectator feels neither relieved nor disappointed. How much more life there is in Schiller's meeting of Queen Elizabeth with Mary Stuart than in this meeting of Eleanor and Rosamond! There indeed they speak daggers, though they use none. But here Eleanor's dagger is a feint, and her tongue not sharp, though vile.

Rosamond's demeanor, on the other hand, is beautiful and natural—natural when, to save her life for her little son's sake, she kneels to the wicked Queen; noble as well as natural when, using her lately gained knowledge of that Queen's guilt, she appeals to heaven against her, while she rejects with horror the degrading terms on which she offers to spare her and her child:—

"I am a Clifford,
My son a Clifford and Plantagenet.
Both of us shall die,
And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven,
And shriek to all the saints among the stars:
'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England!
Murdered by that adulteress Eleanor,
Whose doings are a horror to the East,
A hissing in the West! Have we not heard
Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle—nay,
Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father—
Nay, even the accursed heathen Saladine—
Strike!
I challenge thee to meet me before God.
Answer me there."

Foiled by Becket's unexpected intervention, and restored quickly to her usual cool and sarcastic self, it is difficult to see why Eleanor's wrath should wax so hot against the man who has done her two most essential services—saved her from having to answer to the King for Rosamond's blood, and yet relieved her as effectually from her rival as death itself could have done, by taking the betrayed lady (to Godstowe, there to hide that rival in the safe re-

treat of a cloister. So it is, however. With as sudden a change of character as that exhibited by the ornament given by her to Henry in the Prologue,—which, a crucifix when he bestows it on Rosamond to assist her devotions, becomes once more a jewelled cross with its great central diamond when reclaimed by its former owner at Woodstock,—Eleanor forces her way into the presence of her suspicious and indignant spouse, holds up before him the tell-tale cross, and, at considerable personal risk, proclaims to him Rosamond's retirement to Godstowe, to which, she says, the Archbishop has constrained her; and so, making the already all but overflowing cup of his indignation run over, causes him to utter the fatal words, "Will no man free me from this pestilent priest?" The dramatist's not unhappy device of closely linking Rosamond's fortunes with Becket's, and making the deliverance of the one in the spiritual, cause the death of the other in the temporal sphere, might have been executed with less violence to probability. Fitzurse,—a wretchedly contemptible being in the pages before us, who slinks after Eleanor's heels like a mongrel cur, and crouches before Becket like a beaten hound,—might have been allowed to avenge his own wrongs, and to show fidelity after his kind to his royal mistress, by telling for her the tale which would have exposed him to none of her risks in the telling. It is characteristic of the ideal criminal, thoroughly clever if thoroughly conscienceless, never to expend crime uselessly; and it is hard on a woman who is nothing if not clever, for Lord Tennyson to bring her for the last time before his audience while engaged in the perpetration of such a blunder.

If Queen Eleanor's figure is painted in the darkest colors, with too little to relieve them, that of St. Thomas will seem to most beholders of this great historical picture as too uniformly bright, and requiring here and there a little shading. Lord Tennyson has not brought out into any strong relief the conflict in his case between the worldling and the saint, between the habits learned in the court and those to be suddenly acquired in the cloister. "What work to make a saint of a fine

lady!" is the scarcely just remark of one of the personages in Kingsley's "St. Elizabeth"; but "What work to make a saint out of a courtier?" must have been often Becket's own exclamation, as well as that of his new friends. It was only when the monks of Canterbury began to strip his corpse for burial, that they discovered "what a true monk" their sometime distrusted Archbishop had been. But nevertheless a fine portrait of Becket's nobler self is given us here; and his rapid growth up to the medieval standard of holiness is well indicated. Some of his gains are certainly at the expense of his great antagonist; for it is little but the worse and baser side of Henry's character that we are allowed to behold. The champion of the Christian laity's rights is too unchristian himself to defend them with any hope of success against the, at first unwilling, but, when once enlisted, most faithful maintainer of the opposite cause. Yet Tennyson's hero could have held his own against a nobler Henry,—against the lost friend implied in such lines as these:

"O Herbert, here
I gash myself asunder from the King,
Though leaving each, a wound; mine own, a
grief
To show the scar for ever—his, a hate
Not ever to be healed."

Or again, as Becket sees how impossible it is to be the Church's man and yet the King's:—

"O thou Great Seal of England,
Given me by my dear friend the King of Eng-
land—
We long have wrought together, thou and I—
Now must I send thee as a common friend
To tell the King, my friend, I am against him.
We are friends no more: he will say that, not I.
The worldly bond between us is dissolved,
Not yet the love: can I be under him
As Chancellor? as Archbishop over him?
Go therefore like a friend slighted by one
That hath climbed up to nobler company.
Not slighted—all but moaned for: thou must
go.
I have not dishonored thee—I trust I have
not;
Not mangled justice. May the hand that next
Inherits thee be but as true to thee
As mine hath been! O, my dear friend, the
King!
O brother! I may come to martyrdom.
I am martyr in myself already."

It is as martyr that Thomas is principally painted here. The third act closes

with his anticipations of martyrdom, as he is preparing to return from his exile in France to England after the King's hollow reconciliation with him :—

"The State will die, the Church can never die.
The King's not like to die for that which dies :
But I must die for that which never dies.
It will be so—my visions in the Lord :
It must be so, my friend ! the wolves of Eng-
land
Must murder her one shepherd, that the sheep
May feed in peace. False figure, Map would
say.
Earth's falses are heaven's truths. And
when my voice
Is martyred mute, and this man disappears,
That perfect trust may come again between us,
And there, there, not here I shall re-
joice
To find my stray sheep back within the fold."

In the fifth act, on the fatal Tuesday, after gently dismissing the disguised Rosamond, stolen from her nunnery to deprecate her late lord's excommunication, with the words—

"Daughter, my time is short, I shall not do it.
And, were it longer—well—I should not do
it,"

the tenderness for women and children, beast and bird, of the man "who withstood two kings to their faces for the honor of God," is beautifully sketched ; though readers who wish they had been spared some of the loathsome horrors of the beggars in the first act will regret here that a more poetic death than leprosy has not been found for the "little fair-haired Norman" love of Becket's childhood, who revisits his thoughts as—

"The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."

Lord Tennyson's version of the meeting of the King's four knights with the Archbishop is uniformly good. The gentleness of his preceding talk with his trusted friend throws into stronger relief the courage with which he defies his assassins :—

"No !

Though all the swords in England flashed
above me
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—
Though all the loud-lunged trumpets upon earth
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of
her kings,
Blowing the world against me, I would stand
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
Mailed in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files, who die
For God, to people heaven in the great day
When God makes up His jewels."

And it is every inch a mediæval saint and archbishop who puts on mitre and pall, and with the words—

"I go to meet my King !"

moves forward calmly amidst the terrified monks to fall a Christian and a hero before St. Benedict's altar in Canterbury Cathedral.

Rosamond's ineffectual interference—merely invented, as it should seem, that the curtain may fall on her form kneeling beside the great Archbishop's dead body, while his murderers fly from the storm which they have raised—may be defended on two grounds,—either as the suggestion of one flaw in so much strength, the too easy condonement of the King's light dealing with his marriage vow, visited in this world by a death, if glorious, yet violent and untimely ; or on the one diametrically opposite, that Rosamond's presence is meant to remind the spectator that Archbishop Thomas died, not merely for the Church, but for God, a sacrifice to Eleanor's wrath, provoked by his zeal for the Sixth Commandment, to Henry's, incurred by his reverence for the Seventh.

But it is very questionable whether in this case the saying holds true, that "a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." Where the actual fact is so grand as it is here, any tinsel additions to its pure gold seem impertinent ; and had the irrepressible Rosamond been suffered to disappear from sight, though not from memory, like many a heroine of the Greek drama, before the catastrophe of the play, its effect would have been the weightier and the more solemn.

There are but few historical plays which, however great their other merits, fulfil the idea of a perfect tragedy. This is as often the fault of the subject as of the dramatist. In several of Shakespeare's the climax occurs too early for the perfection of art ; in others the catastrophe is not sufficiently affecting, or the hero not sufficiently interesting. Both in Schiller's "Wallenstein" and in Goethe's "Egmont" the central figure is scarcely great enough for his large surroundings. To turn wholly from the real to the ideal, and where the facts do not readily lend themselves to artistic treatment boldly to invent

new ones, as Schiller did in his "Maid of Orleans," is to forfeit the character of a historical play—the profession of which is to present what actually occurred, although invested with ideal attributes, to the spectator—it is to evade instead of conquering the difficulty, and must have a displeasing effect upon the audience in proportion as the actual history so departed from is well known to them. When the historical dramatist is faithful to his vocation, he must often be so in spite of great temptations to a contrary course: often, not always; for, though even Shakespeare's genius could not make the end of his "Julius Cæsar" as interesting as its beginning, yet not even he could have more successfully arranged a complete tragedy, with a picturesque and affecting close, than those two bad people but good actors, Antony and Cleopatra, left ready to his hand.

Why, with his power of divining character and his amazing dramatic tact, Shakespeare left the story of Henry the Second untouched—perfect tragedy as it is according to all rules of art—and devoted his gifts instead to depicting that of his worthless son John, seems an astonishing oversight. No one can wish it rectified at the expense of "King John"; for who could bear to be deprived of the pleadings of Arthur and the sorrows of Constance? But what a splendid opportunity our great poet threw away when he deliberately passed over the checkered fortunes of the first Plantagenet king! His doing so is probably accounted for by the difficulty of speaking the truth concerning Becket while the throne of England was occupied by a queen whose father had uncanonised the saint, as well as plundered and destroyed his shrine. But whatever the cause, our loss in this is one of which it is impossible to think without deep regret.

Should a satisfactory "King Henry the Second" ever be written—and it is an object for the noblest ambition of a rising poet—it will fall into two parts: the first with its scenes mainly laid in England, the second principally in France. Its first part will traverse the same ground as the play before us, and end, as it does, with the death of Becket. In it the note of apprehension of the

evil doom that the witch-Countess of Anjou bequeathed to her descendants will be in some way early sounded, and Henry himself presented as one on whom the powers of ill who seek man's ruin have an especial claim. A powerful fascination, excusable in the case of one so young and inexperienced, will be seen attracting him to the still beautiful Queen of France; while a not wholly selfish ambition prompts him to covet the vast dominions which are her dowry, as a means of delivering England from anarchy and wretchedness. In spite of Becket's warnings, the first downward step is taken; his good genius, Rosamond, is forsaken for his evil genius, Eleanor; and Becket's decisive choice between the two masters, whom he for a time tries to serve together, is made in some way in connection with the resolve to leave the lover who has betrayed her trust, and to pray for him henceforth in the pious seclusion of Godstowe, formed by Rosamond Clifford; whom our desired poet is to make as lovable as Tennyson has made her, but a firmer-minded and more dignified woman,—one mated with whom Henry would have found in the partner of his throne a constant ally of his better against his worst self, and whose prayers might have disarmed the unseen adversary, whose deadliest weapon is about to be pointed against his breast. In this great poem of the future, Henry is to be seen struggling with some honesty of purpose to discern between the Church and the clergy, Christ and the Pope; but blindly and ineffectually, since he has himself put out the light which should have guided him, by acting against his conscience.

"Hate born of Love and blind as he,"

grows up in his soul against his early friend Becket, in proportion to the degree that, through tampering with his own sense of right and wrong, he loses his power to believe in the other's conscientiousness. Perhaps in his anxiety he once presents himself at the wicket of Godstowe, and receives wise counsel from a penitent sister there; and then allows himself to be scoffed out of it by his unscrupulous queen. At last, it may be, maddened by the discovery of Eleanor's infidelity to himself, and agonised

at the same moment by the tidings of Rosamond's holy death, Henry, in a temporary fit of insanity, speaks the frenzied words which his knights rashly accept as a command, and the first part closes, much as the drama before us, with the martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral.

Thus the destiny of the house of Anjou accomplishes itself as fearfully as does the fate of the house of Atreus, when Agamemnon falls by his own wife's hand. A crime more terrible than even hers, the murder of a father in God, lies at the King's door. The spectators feel that it cries for a greater punishment than that which befell the guilty Clytemnestra; and they await with awe and trembling the second part, in which it is to be expiated.

That second part will begin by exhibiting Henry's horror when he finds what he has almost unwittingly done. His penance at Canterbury will be a real expression of remorse, a sincere lamentation for the friend of his youth.

But the Furies who rise from the dark abyss as the avengers of parricide are not to be so appeased. They take possession of the minds of Henry's own sons, and set them in horrid, unnatural warfare against their own father. Then the wide dominions which the King's early ambition was content to pay so great a price for, prove the cause of perpetual conflict in his divided house. The wife whom he has wronged, and been wronged by, rouses his children against him. Victorious, but unhappy, he is summoned to the death-bed of his undutiful heir, and is persuaded not to put himself into the hands of one who may only be feigning sickness in order to make his father his prisoner. The often-described scene of his anguish when he hears that his son has died, craving vainly his injured sire's forgiveness, will be most pathetic in our hoped-for poet's hands. So likewise will be that in which Henry extends to Bertrand de Born the pardon which the man who, as Dante says, cleft him and his son asunder, had so little right to expect; when the troubadour, who had boasted that his wits were so good that half of them would be enough to extricate him from any peril, asked by his stern captor to see whether either half or the whole

can now avail him, replies, "Neither the whole nor the half is left me, O King; they all departed when your son died;" and, so saying, opens the fount of tears, and finds the hand so lately raised to slay him grasping his, in loving memory of the dead.

By what underplot the dramatist will, in some degree, relieve the gloom of these scenes, it is hard to say. The love of a daughter of Henry and Rosamond for Bertrand is a possible expedient; or that of Richard Cœur de Lion for some beautiful Provençal lady, who, from passionate hatred to the King, whom she deems the alien and heartless oppressor of her native land, stirs the son to revolt against his father. But the main theme of the play must be Henry's sufferings at the hands of his undutiful children,—the result and the punishment of his early contempt for the sanctities of married life.

At last the end comes. Two sons are dead; of the remaining two, one, in open arms against his father, has, with the help of the French king, constrained him to accept unfavorable terms of peace; the youngest and best loved is discovered to be secretly in league with his father's enemies. The name of Prince John, standing at the head of the list of rebellious vassals to be amnestied, breaks that father's heart, who turns his face to the wall after reading it, with a cry of uttermost distress.

Accompanied only, out of all his numerous children, by Rosamond's son Geoffrey, he retires to Chinon to die. Dark visions haunt the bed where he tosses in the delirium of fever. The unhappy spirits of his two dead sons seem writhing before him under the curse which he hoped he had retracted. The witch-Countess appears to his distempered vision, summoning her unhappy descendant into the gloom which is now her everlasting habitation. Geoffrey prays beside him, and earnestly invokes the intercession of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The delirium changes its character. The King's face lights up with unexpected joy. "Rosamond," he exclaims, as though he saw an angel beckoning to him. Then, with recovered consciousness, he addresses "Geoffrey, my true son," and bids him have him carried to the adjoining church, and

laid before its high altar. There, round their dying sovereign, barons and men-at-arms, attendant priests and bishops, foremost among whom is the dutiful Geoffrey, stand silent and amazed as Henry's voice in broken accents falters forth a confession,—mostly inaudible, but of which an occasional half-sentence reaches the audience. It is addressed to no one of the clergy present, but to some one, unseen by the rest, evidently supposed by the King to be standing close beside him. The shades of evening are falling, and in unison with their dimness a deeper and deeper awe falls on the assemblage. Suddenly the com-

plete silence of the last few moments is broken, as the latest beam of the setting sun pierces the clouds and falls full on the dying man, who, raising himself as if to meet it, with his eyes still fixed as before, says in a clear, distinct voice, "And now, my Lord Archbishop, your blessing." Audibly to all comes the answer, "Absolve te. Proficiscere in pace, anima Christiana;" and, as the King sinks back, smiling in death, and all present fall on their knees, one of the older barons whispers to his neighbor, "It is the voice of Becket."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SONG CELESTIAL ; OR, BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(From the Mahābhārata, Being a Discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being, under the form of Krishna. Translated from the Sanscrit Text. By Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," "Pearls of Faith," etc. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

The famous Sanscrit poem of the Mahābhārata has long been celebrated as one of the great poems of the world, at least since the efforts of Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and other German Orientalists first made the treasures of Indian literature an unsealed treasure-house to scholars. In India itself it is reckoned one of the fine jewels of Devanāgarī literature, and is cited by the Brahmins themselves with the greatest reverence as a sacred book. It unfolds in simple but elevated language, and with great power of imagination, the philosophical belief, which to-day even prevails among the Brahmins, blending as it does the doctrines of the Vedas with those of Kapila and Patanjali. The German critic and scholar, Wilhelm Schlegel, after completing his study of this poem, burst forth into the following passionate praise : "By the Brahmins, reverence of masters is considered the most sacred of duties. Thee, therefore, first, most holy prophet, interpreter of the Deity, by whatever name thou wast called among mortals, the author of this poem, by whose oracles the mind is wrapt with ineffable delight to doctrines lofty, ineffable, divine, thee first, I say, I hail and shall always worship at thy feet." This splendid tribute has been re-echoed by others, and so

striking are the moralities inculcated, so close the parallelism between its teachings and those of the New Testament, that a controversy arose between the Hindu Pandits and the Christian missionaries whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the writers of the New Testament from him. It is believed by the most competent scholars that this episode was set into the Mahābhārata at a period considerably later than the original epic, though some strong arguments have been presented to prove its priority to the Christian books ; but the weight of evidence seems to make it some three centuries after Christ. In any case, as Mr. Arnold very justly says, there is a very strong similarity between this Hindu poem and the lessons of the Galilean teachers.

The scene of it is in the level country between the Yumna and the Sarrooti rivers—now Kurnel and Thiend. The plot is mainly that of a dialogue between Prince Arjuna, brother of King Yudhishthira with Krishna, the Supreme Being, wearing the disguise of a char-loteer. A great battle is impending, and the conversation is held in a war-chariot drawn up between the two hostile hosts. The poem has been translated into many languages, and Mr. Arnold here attempts to give a poetic rendering, which shall not only be clear and faithful, but preserve the nobility and grace of the rhythm, though any exact transference of the rhythmical form into English is not easily possible. Mr. Arnold uses with great modesty the words of Schlegel himself in speaking of the poem : "In the more recondite mysteries I dare not affirm that I have always rightly

divined the poet's meaning," but he assures us that the sense of the original has been faithfully preserved.

This poem teaches the lesson of right-mindedness, self-devotion, faithfulness to the loftiest ideals, and of the purest abnegation of all selfish ends. Often, indeed, the reader finds the closest verbal similarity with the New Testament, as well as identity in spirit. Krishna, the Supreme Lord, teaches his princely disciple concerning the issues of life and duty in eloquent words, which will find an echo in Christian hearts, as indeed they but represent the loftiest sentiments of sages in all times. We can best give the spirit of these teachings in an extract :

ARJUNA.

Thou whom all mortals praise, Janârdana !
If meditation be a nobler thing
Than action, wherefore, then, great Kesava !
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight ?
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed !
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly ;
By what road shall I find the better end ?

KRISHNA.

I told thee, blameless Lord ! there be two paths
Shown to this world ; two schools of wisdom. First
The Sâukhya's, which doth save in way of works
Proscribed by reason ; next, the Yôg, which bids
Attain by meditation, spiritually :
Yet these are one ! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action ; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless ; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling, into act ;
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite :
But he who, with strong body serving mind,
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
Not seeking gain, Arjuna ! such an one
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task !
Work is more excellent than idleness ;
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
There is a task of holiness to do,
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
The faithful soul ; such earthly duty do
Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati—
In the beginning, when all men were made,
And, with mankind, the sacrifice—"Do this !
Work ! sacrifice ! Increase and multiply,
With sacrifice ! This shall be Kamadûk,
Your 'Cow of Plenty,' giving back her milk
Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby ;
The gods shall yield ye grace. Those meats ye crave
The gods will grant to Labor, when it pays
Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats
Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven
No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world."

of food after their sacrifice
fault, but they that spread a feast

All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin.
By food the living live ; food comes of rain,
And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,
And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil ;
Thus action is of Brahmâ, who is One,
The Only, All-pervading ; at all times
Present in sacrifice. He that abstains
To help the rolling wheels of this great world,
Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,
Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,
Self-concentrated, serving self alone,
No part hath he in aught ; nothing achieved,
Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him ; no
hope

Of help for all the living things of earth
Depends from him. Therefore, thy task prescribed
With spirit unattached gladly perform,
Since in performance of plain duty man
Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
Janak, and ancient saints reached blessedness !
Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose
The unwise people take ; what best men do
The multitude will follow. Look on me,
Thou Son of Prithâ ! in the three wide worlds
I am not bound to any toil, no height
Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
Yet I act here ! and, if I acted not—
Earnest and watchful—those that look to me
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
And I should break earth's order and commit
Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata !
Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,
So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss ;
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts
Seed of despair. Yea ! let each play his part
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought
In interaction of the qualities.
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did"
And "That I wrought ;" but—ah, thou strong-armed
Prince !—

A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play
Of visible things within the world of sense,
And how the qualities must qualify,
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light ;
But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,
With meditation centred inwardly,
Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,
Headless of issue—fight ! They who shall keep
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,
None quitance from all issue of their acts ;
But those who disregard my ordinance,
Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,
Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one
Doth of his kind, following what fits him most ;
And lower creatures of their kind ; in vain
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be
The objects of the sense will stir the sense
To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man
Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.
Finally, this is better, that one do
His own task as he may, even though he fail,
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.

To die performing duty is no ill;
But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

ARJUNA.

Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man
Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one
Pushed him that evil path?

KRISHNA.

Kama it is!

Passion it is! born of the Darknesses,
Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,
Sinful, and strong is this!—man's enemy!
As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust
Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds
The babe unborn, so is the world of things
Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.
The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe
It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,
Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.
Sense, mind, and reason—these, O Kunti's son!
Are booty for it; in its play with these
It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.
Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata!
Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense!
Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps
Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong,
But what discerns it stronger, and the mind
Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.
Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme,
Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul!
Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay
What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would betray!

Scattered throughout the poem, which is given, for the most part, in the free, flexible forms of English blank verse, are many striking and beautiful lyrics, which will warmly commend themselves to lovers of poetry.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON, of Bolton, have bought from Mrs. Fergus the MSS. of three unpublished short stories found amongst the papers of the late "Hugh Conway." The longest and most ambitious is entitled "The Story of a Sculptor." Some time prior to his death Mr. Fergus had agreed to write a serial for Messrs. Tillotson, to run for six months in newspapers published simultaneously at home and abroad; but this arrangement was broken by his sudden decease.

THE *Schwäbische Merkur* of Stuttgart will celebrate its centenary this year. Its first number appeared on October 3rd, 1785, and it has been in possession of the Eiben family from that date until the present time. On July 1st a history of the newspaper was commenced in its columns.

PROF. HERMANN PALM, late Prorektor of the Magdalenen-Gymnasium in Breslau, has

just died in that city. He is best known by his exhaustive researches in the literary history of Silesia, especially in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as in his work on Martin Opitz and Andreas Gryphius. He was also a foremost expert in the political history of Silesia.

A SUBSCRIPTION list is being formed in England with a view to presenting a free-will offering to the American poet, Walt Whitman. The poet is in his sixty-seventh year, and has since his enforced retirement some years ago from official work in Washington, owing to an attack of paralysis, maintained himself precariously by the sale of his works in poetry and prose, and by occasional contributions to magazines.

THE next number of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" (Aryan Series), which is ready for publication, contains the "Dharmasamgraha," a collection of Buddhist technical terms. The materials were collected by Kenyū Kasawara, one of the Buddhist priests who came from Japan to Oxford to study Sanskrit, and who died soon after his return to Japan. Prof. Max Müller has superintended the publication, assisted by Dr. Wenzel, the well-known Tibetan scholar, who has been resident at Oxford for several years. The book contains copious notes and indices.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is about to publish in this country the selection of American speeches, from the colonial period to the present time, which Prof. Alexander Johnston, of the College of New Jersey, has issued in the United States under the title "Illustrations of History and Examples of Oratory." The work will include speeches by Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Wendell Phillips, and General Garfield.

It seems that the practice of publishing novels as *feuilletons* in newspapers is becoming firmly established in both England and America, though still confined, for the most part, to the provincial press. Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton, England, who claim to be the originators of the practice, have certainly carried it to an extraordinary development. They have on their list some dozen novelists, including the names of Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Braddon, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. William Black, and Mr. Walter Besant, who have promised to supply them with stories for serial publication in newspapers for the next two years. We are assured, says the London *Academy*, that pub-

lication in this form does not injure the subsequent circulation of the book in the orthodox three volumes, which shows that an entirely new class of readers has thus been found for writers who are already popular.

A CURIOUS question concerning the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is reported from America, says the *Athenæum*. It is said that the proprietors—presumably the English proprietors—have sold the original plates to Messrs. Scribners, who intend to bring out a cheap edition for circulation in the United States and also in Canada. But when Messrs. Scribners sent to Canada a large consignment of unbound copies, the Customs authorities at Montreal demanded that the *ad valorem* import duty should be determined not by the price proposed to be asked for the cheap edition, but by the price charged in England.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have made arrangements for the publication of a history of English literature in four volumes, each the work of a writer who has devoted special attention to the period under review. The pre-Elizabethan literature will be dealt with by Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Saintsbury has undertaken the age of Elizabeth, Mr. Gosse will take the succeeding period, and Prof. Dowden, beginning probably with Cowper, will carry the narrative to a conclusion. The idea of such a joint history was originally due to a suggestion of the late Mr. J. R. Green, at that time the editor of the series for which Mr. Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" was written.

THE committee appointed some time ago to draw up a code for the transliteration of the Japanese characters into the Roman letters is reported to have concluded its task, and to have commenced the publication of a dictionary and various school-books in the newly adopted alphabet.

THE last issue of Mr. Quaritch's (the great London collector and bookseller) catalogues deals with the history, ethnology, and philology of America. Among the rarities included are several Aztec painted records; copies of Lord Kingsborough's *Antiquities of Mexico* and of Audubon's *Birds of America*; a large number of MSS., treating of the early Spanish settlements, from the collection of the late Don J. F. Ramirez; and a series of autograph letters of American statesmen between 1796 and 1821.

THE first part of an encyclopædic dictionary in Bengali, edited by two native scholars, has

just been published in India. It contains descriptive derivations of Sanskrit and Bengali words, with Sutras quoted from Panini the grammarian; Arabic, Persian, and Hindu words introduced into the Bengali language; notes on the ancient and modern religious beliefs of India, the Vedans, Purāns, Tantras, and other sacred books; besides short articles embracing the whole range of modern science.

DR. GEORGE MOBERLY, bishop of Salisbury and formerly headmaster of Winchester School, died on July 4th at the ripe age of eighty-two years. The period of his headmastership was in length just double the period of his episcopate; and it is by his connection with Winchester that his name will always be best known. He was a headmaster of a type now old-fashioned—a scholar, a gentleman, and an ecclesiastic, rather than an administrator. Himself a Winchester boy, and the father of Winchester boys, he helped to preserve the traditions of the school unimpaired through several generations. If he was not a great teacher, he exercised a permanent influence on his pupils by reason of his personal character and the wide range of his sympathies. Most of his published works are sermons, but while a tutor at Oxford he wrote an *Introduction to Logic*.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, of London, recently sold the large collection of literary autographs formed by the late F. Naylor. Among the chief rarities were a holograph letter of Catharine of Aragon to Cardinal Santa Cruz; a long letter of Queen Elizabeth to Henri IV., referring to recent attempts on his life and her own; several letters of Nelson to Lady Hamilton and others; and a letter of Oliver Goldsmith to Garrick, referring to the rejection of his play, "She Stoops to Conquer." The original MS. of Byron's "Siege of Corinth," belonging to another collection, was also sold at the same time.

PROF. LUDWIG GEIGER, of Berlin, has reprinted from the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* a paper describing the Goethe Society which it is proposed to found at Weimar. The Grand Duke has given his patronage to the scheme, and has promised to open to the society the Goethe Museum, which contains a large body of MSS. relating to the poet, including early drafts of some of his works, letters and diaries. It is intended to hold meetings at Weimar for the reading of papers and discussion, and to publish at some future time a critical edition of the complete works of Goethe.

MISCELLANY.

TRADE ON THE CONGO.—The constant activities of trade tend to develop the intellectual faculties of the people. Cute, long-headed men, with wonderful memories, having no account-books or invoices, they ask you sensible questions; and if you can speak their language, an hour's chat may be as pleasant with them as with some whiter and more civilised folk. If you have a bargain to drive with them you need all your wits and firmness, while if they are stronger than you, or have no reason to respect you, they will have their way. Clever in pottery and metal-work, making hoes and knives, casting bracelets, anklets, and even bells, from the brass rods of trade, beating out brass wire and ribbon, they strike you at once as being of a superior type. But there are districts where there seems to be no energy in the people. Take, for instance, the Majinga or the Lukunga Valley, as we knew them two years ago. Here the natives live in the midst of plenty, for the soil is not to be equalled in richness. The proceeds of a goat sold on one of the markets will find a large family in palm fibre cloth for a year, while a crate or two of fowls will provide salt, gunpowder, and an occasional hoe or plate. A boy grows up in this rich country, and for a while his intellect expands as he learns about the little world around him. As he grows older he may bestir himself to find means to buy a gun, and then a wife. That accomplished, he has practically nothing more to learn or live for. He sleeps or smokes all day, unless just about September the grass is burnt and there is a little hunting, though a war or a palaver may sometimes break the monotony. Otherwise his wife cultivates the ground and feeds him; he eats and sleeps. Living such an animal life his intellect stagnates, he becomes quarrelsome and stupid to a degree almost hopeless. Here lies all the difference between the degraded and the higher types of the African. The intellect of the one is stagnant, while the other has everything to quicken it.—*Sunday at Home.*

CORDOVA, SEVILLE, AND CADIZ.—Andalusia, the southernmost, is in many respects the most interesting province of Spain. Highly favored by Nature, dominant races from the earliest periods gladly made it their home. The Tarshish of Holy Writ, whence Solomon drew his supplies of the precious metals, the richness of the soil no less than its mineral wealth soon attracted those sharp men of business, the Phœnicians, who converted it into a centre of

commercial activity. Next the Romans colonised it. Under them Cordova was a crowded city, the favorite residence of patrician families; Italica, near modern Seville, a splendid place, where emperors and poets were born; Gades, the modern Cadiz, was a seaport full of merchant-princes and marble palaces, the mart and emporium of the then known world. To the Vandals, who by the right of conquest administered to the Roman inheritance, it owes the name it still bears; a single letter only is lacking to the "Vandalusia" of their time. Last of all came the Moors; and as the tide of their invasion was rolled back from the north they consolidated here a kingdom which for several centuries was pre-eminent in Europe for learning, opulence, and strength. The climate was congenial; the soil, naturally rich, became marvellously productive under the scientific system of irrigation which they introduced. The caliphs controlled vast revenues, derived no less from conquest than from the industry of their subjects, and had, therefore, the command of untold wealth, which they freely lavished to enrich the land of their adoption. They raised stately edifices—mosques second to none in splendor and sanctity, palaces such as that of Azzarah, which, if contemporary historians are to be believed, outshone the most highly colored pictures in the "Arabian Nights." Built as a tribute of affection from a fond husband to his wife, it contained thousands of marble pillars, fountains of quicksilver and of sweet waters falling into basins of porphyry and jasper, gardens filled with costly exotics, and vocal with singing birds; doors, ceilings, walls of precious wood inlaid with gems and solid gold; 10,000 skilled workmen, under the eye of architects from Bagdad, had labored in its construction; Constantinople supplied furniture rich and rare. When completed, 25,000 servants ministered to the wants of those who dwelt within its gorgeous precincts. Cordova, as the capital of this powerful and independent caliphate, the successful rival of Damascus and Bagdad, reached then to a height of prosperity nearly inconceivable when compared with the present poverty-stricken prostration of the place. It numbered then, say Arabic writers of the time, nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants, who dwelt in 200,000 houses, owned 80,000 palaces, worshipped Allah in 600 mosques, and obeyed the precepts of cleanliness and constant ablutions in 900 splendid baths. The suburbs of the city consisted of 12,000 villages. Well-filled libraries and innumerable schools provided for educa-

tion ; and the atmosphere of Cordova then, as in every age, seemed especially favorable to the development of learning and *belles lettres*. It has produced as many poets and philosophers, ripe scholars and men of science, as any city of its size and time. Among Romans, the two Senecas and Lucan were Cordovans by birth ; so were Gongora, Sepulveda, and Cespedes in the days when Spanish supremacy was restored. It was a focus and centre of literary talent under the beneficent rule of its cultured and enlightened caliphs. Scholars of world-wide renown filled its professorial chairs. One of these, Averroes, in a measure revealed Aristotle to the world ; others contributed largely to our knowledge of the stars ; hundreds were noted as historians, or as the authors of treatises on logic and metaphysics, many of which are still preserved in the Escorial.—*Picturesque Europe*.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.—The Russian navy had no real existence until the year 1581, when Ivan, the fourth Vassilievitch, invited some Dutch ship-builders to Archangel, in the White Sea, the only port then possessed by Russia. A century later, Alexis Mikhailovitch established an inland dockyard on the river Oka, near Moscow, and secured the services of a Dutchman, one David Butler, who constructed a ship of war and a small flotilla. The fate of this first beginning of the now powerful Russian navy was disastrous. The little squadron descended the Volga to the Caspian Sea, but was almost immediately destroyed by the revolt of Stianka Rasene, which broke out about the same time on that coast. All the crew perished, with the exception of the surgeon, and a Dutchman named Karsteen Brandt, destined by fate to second, at a subsequent period, the son of this Czar in his great work of creating a navy. This prince, known to history as Peter the Great, the most remarkable sovereign that ever reigned in Russia, when he was at Ismailof visited several edifices containing various objects of curiosity, collected by his grandfather, Nikita Ivanovitch Romanof, and discovered in a loft a sloop built by order of his father. Struck with its form and construction, the young prince asked his tutor, Zimmerman of Strasburg, if it were yet possible to make use of it. The tutor commissioned Brandt to repair it, and the young prince was impatient to make a trial of the little vessel. Shortly afterwards, Brandt built, by his orders, two small frigates and three yachts, and, in 1649, the young Czar re-

paired with his squadron to Archangel, where, to his inexpressible joy, he embarked, for the first time, on the open sea. His wars with the Turks first gave him the idea of establishing a dockyard at Voronej on the Don, and in 1696 he launched upon this river two ships, two galleots, twenty-three galleys, and four fire-ships. This squadron contributed powerfully to the capture of Azof, which opened to the Czar the navigation of the inland sea of that name, with which view he established the port of Taganrog. Under Anna Ivanovna and Elizabeth Petrovna the Russian marine was neglected until the reign of the great Catherine, who, constantly at war, either with the Turks or the Swedes, increased it rather too hastily to a prodigious force. This immense naval force was not suffered to remain idle, and all Europe was electrified when it achieved one of the most decisive and crushing victories recorded in naval history. This was the battle of Tchesmè. In the year 1770, the Russian Government, with a view of assisting the Greeks to throw off the Turkish yoke, sent a squadron of nine sail-of-the-line, and several frigates, with a large body of troops, to the Mediterranean, under the command of Count Orloff, who had under his orders Admirals Spiridoff, Greig, and Elphinstone, besides several other distinguished British officers. On Saturday, July 7, 1770, information was obtained from a Greek felucca that the Turkish squadron was at anchor off Scio. The Capitan Pacha's ship was about half a mile from the shore to windward of the rest, and near a very small, flat island, on which the Turks had neglected to throw up batteries, and so unskillfully was their line formed, that only five of their largest ships could bring their broadsides to bear upon an advancing enemy at one time, thus losing all advantage of their immense superiority of force. At 11 each Russian captain was on board his ship, and the signal was made for prayers. Every preparation for battle having been made, Captain Orloff at noon threw out the red flag, as a signal for attack ; upon which the whole fleet, ranged in order of battle, moved towards the enemy. Admiral Spiridoff led the van, and bore down on the headmost ship of the enemy, the *Capitana Ali Bey*, of 100 guns. Besides the fire of this ship, the Admiral received that of four others, by which 150 of his men were killed or wounded. The admiral endeavored to stand out of the fire to repair damages, but was prevented. The Turks leaped in crowds upon her deck with headlong fury, but the steady gallantry of the Russians repulsed them,

and, boarding in their turn, they struck the colors. On this occasion a troop of Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, who, on their embarkation at Kronstadt had excited the jests of the sailors, greatly distinguished themselves. The Turks, led on by the Capitan Pacha, who displayed great bravery, returned to the attack. The conflict between these two ships engaged the attention of both fleets. Grappled together, they fought hand to hand for fifteen minutes, when a column of flame and smoke burst from the Turkish admiral's starboard quarter-gallery. The fire increased every moment, and with irresistible fury communicated to the rigging and masts of Admiral Spiridoff's ship, on which the crews of both ships, exposed to the same calamity, forgot their animosity, suspended firing, and were only intent how to escape the impending destruction. The gallant and unfortunate Capitan Pacha was one of the last to quit his ship, and, though wounded, succeeded in reaching the shore by swimming. The Turkish ship was now in one general flame, and being to windward, some of their fleet were endangered by her. The whole Turkish fleet was overcome with panic, and, to avoid the same fate, they adopted the fatal measure of cutting their cables and running into the Bay of Tchesmè. The brilliant and crushing victory achieved at Tchesmè astonished the world, and revealed to Europe the fact that a naval power had arisen of the first magnitude, able to cope with and overcome the fleets of the Ottoman. The fruits of his policy indicated the prescient wisdom of the Czar Peter. The immediate results were the peace of Koutschom-Kainardji, securing for Russia the Crimea and the free navigation of the Black Sea. Subsequently Kherson, Odessa, and Sebastopol became the principal naval stations of Russia in the south.—*Army and Navy Magazine*.

VICTOR HUGO ON THE "UNITED STATES OF EUROPE."—If, four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities, and between provinces, if, I say, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Picardy, to Normandy, to Brittany, to Auvergne, to Provence, to Dauphiny, to Burgundy,—“A day shall come when you will no longer make wars, when you will no longer arm men one against the other, when it will no longer be said that the Normans are attacking the Picards, or that the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians—you will still have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know

what you will substitute instead of armed men, instead of cavalry and infantry, of cannon, of falconets, lances, pikes, and swords? You will select, instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from which shall issue—what?—an assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live—an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all—a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything—which shall make the sword fall from every hand, and excite the love of justice in every heart—which shall say to each, “Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms! Live in peace!” And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interest, as common destiny; you will recognise each other as children of the same blood, and of the same race; that day you will no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will no longer be Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, or Provence—you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilisation.” If, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, “What a dreamer! what a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! what an absurd chimera!” Yet time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity, has been realised! And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. Well, then, a day will also come when war will appear as absurd, and be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it would be now between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when France, Russia, Italy, England, Germany, will all, without losing their distinctive qualities and glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the suffrage, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when those two im-

mense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, the power of God and the fraternity of men.

PARIS MARKETS.—The Paris markets are probably the finest in the world. The Halles Centrales were built on the model of the Crystal Palace, and though the other markets in the various quarters of Paris are not so large and so fine they are all managed on the same principles, and are examples of what can be done when a people have an inkling that they are a real society and that the common good is the truest way of arriving at the individual good. This, however, cannot be said of the sewerage system as it is carried out in our neighborhood. It is stated that there is beneath the city a great network of sewers tunnelled over and kept in such a manner that through a portion of it visitors are conveyed in tramcars until they come to the great reservoir under the Rue Royale; but of this apparently perfect system we reaped no advantage. Instead, we were subjected for two or three nights every few months to the primitive and barbarous custom of pumping up the sewage into great cylinders, which were dragged away by a team of horses. In lying awake at night I always found that the only time out of the 24 hours in which there was absolute silence in Paris was about two o'clock in the morning. Shortly after this hour the market wagons began to pass on their road to the Halles Centrales, where they arrive about 3 A.M. They are there unloaded by a regiment of nearly 500 porters, called "les forts de la Halle," and who are only admitted after their physical capacity and moral character has been found satisfactory. The greatest care is taken to prevent bad goods from being sold. The inspectors weigh and test every pound of butter. The annual consumption of eggs in Paris is said to reach the fabulous number of 250,000,000. Those brought into the market are each inspected, and similar care is exercised over the meat; whatever is condemned is covered with quicklime and buried. The butchers' shops in Paris are models of cleanliness and good order, and instead of making difficulties about small joints you are readily served with any amount you require. There

are many reasons for this great superiority if compared with the same sort of shops in London—the markets, the supervision of the authorities, the great economy of French house-keeping, and the practice among Parisian housekeepers of doing their own marketing.—*Good Words.*

LUNACY LAWS IN BELGIUM.—It will be remembered that on August 14, 1884, Lord Granville wrote a circular letter to Her Majesty's representatives in Europe and the United States, asking for some account of the lunacy laws in the States to which they were severally accredited. A Parliamentary paper was issued a few weeks ago, and noticed in the *Times* at the time, containing the reports of several of the representatives abroad, and now a second paper is published containing a report on the lunacy laws in Belgium, prepared by Mr. W. J. G. Napier, second secretary attached to that Legation. The chief interest in these reports lies in the checks against improper admission or detention in asylums, and in the supervision of the latter. With regard to the checks, those provided by the Belgian law seem ample. No patient can be received into an establishment except at the written request of his proper guardian, backed by the *conseil de famille*, and the application must be indorsed by the Burgomaster of his commune, and tested in other ways. Notice must be given within twenty-four hours of admission to the governor of the province, to the local *Procureur de Roi*, to the *Juge de Paix*, to the Burgomaster, and to the Visiting Committee of the asylum. Upon each of the first five days after admission the patient must be visited by the medical officer of the asylum, an officer appointed by Government. The patient may at all times appear before the President of the Tribunal and demand an inquiry, and the President may discharge him at once. Lastly, the *Procureur de Roi* is bound to visit the asylums in his district every three months, and must have all patients who have been admitted since his last visit produced before him. With regard to supervision, every asylum is under Government inspection, and is visited by an inspector-general and his commissaries, and by commissions of inspection, all of whom are appointed by, and have to report to, the Government. The *Procureur de Roi* at Brussels can only recall one case in which the law has had to be appealed to to procure the investigation of a reported case of wrongful detention in a lunatic asylum.

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CHOLERA: ITS CAUSE AND PREVENTION.*

BY PROFESSOR J. BURDON SANDERSON.

THE interest excited in cholera by its presence in Europe during last summer and autumn was reawakened in the spring by the prospect of a war which might have brought us face to face with an enemy much more formidable than the armies of Russia. War is no longer in immediate prospect, so that for the present we need not think of cholera in connection with Asia Minor or the Black Sea. But the epidemic which is now raging with such pitiless fury in the Mediterranean provinces of Spain makes us all feel that the threat of 1884 may be fulfilled in 1885. There is probably no serious ground for apprehending that we shall have to do with cholera in England this year; the chance, however, is sufficiently near to make it reasonable to

inquire whether any useful information as to the causes of cholera, or the way in which it can best be guarded against, has been gained since the last time that the disease visited our shores.

In dealing with cholera, as in other matters in respect of which conduct must be guided by knowledge of some kind, the question what sort of knowledge is best and most valuable comes prominently to the front, and is one on which those who profess to follow the scientific method, and those who profess to be guided by what they are pleased to call common sense, are apt to entertain different opinions. The question is in reality not between two kinds of knowledge, but between two ways of acquiring the same kind of knowledge. Those of us who have studied cholera at home in the hospital ward or in the laboratory approach the subject on one side.

* The substance of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, May 15, 1885.

Those whose lives, like that of my friend Dr. J. M. Cuninghame, the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, have for the most part been spent in a prolonged encounter with cholera year after year, as it presents itself in prisons and armies and among the multitudinous populations of our Indian Empire, from another. But we are all seeking the same kind of knowledge, and what is more, we all tend to the same conclusions. If, for example, a comparison be made of the recent work published by Dr. Cuninghame, "Cholera: What can the State do to prevent it?" in which he professes to confine himself to considerations of common sense and deprecates the interference of science with practical questions, with the lecture given a few months ago to the people of Munich by Professor von Pettenkofer, who is acknowledged to be one of the highest scientific authorities on the etiology of cholera, it will be found that the German *Gelehrter* and the English administrator say practically the same thing.

As this paper is intended for the perusal of persons who do not specially concern themselves with pathology, I will enter as little as possible upon subjects of controversy, regarding it as of much more importance that those notions as to the cause and nature of cholera, about which there is no dispute, should be generally understood, than that the claims of rival investigators should be vindicated. In the slow process by which new knowledge is acquired, strife is a necessary and unquestionably a productive element. Burning questions arise wherever and whenever scientific investigation bears, or appears to bear, on practical action. Eventually they find their solution; but in the mean time it is almost impossible for those who are immediately concerned in discussing them to guard against the influence of personal antagonisms and predilections. As regards all recent questions of this kind, I think that I am myself in a position to look at them from a distance, for I have had no direct concern with cholera since 1866. I will therefore ask the reader to regard me neither as a contagionist nor as a localist, and to dismiss the "comma-bacillus" from his mind until we have

had time to take a general view of the tendencies which this great world plague has manifested in its dealings with mankind since it first found its way into Europe.

It is agreed by all authorities that cholera is native in India, and particularly in the district where it is now "endemic"—namely, in the district which corresponds roughly to the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra and the district of Cuttack. As, however, it for the most part confined its ravages to the native populations, with whom at that time our relations were much less direct and intimate than they are now, it excited no general interest, and was indeed so little known to medical men that when in 1817 the disease broke out at Jessore, near Calcutta, it was believed to be an entirely new malady. Even now there are some writers who speak of Jessore as the "cradle of cholera" and the year 1817 as the starting-point of its history, notwithstanding that the inquiries which were then initiated showed not only that in Bengal the disease was an annual visitor, but that in Calcutta itself it was fatally prevalent in the native town several weeks before Dr. Tytler was called to see the first case at Jessore.

The great epidemic of 1817 and 1818 was distinguished from previous ones by its extent and destructiveness, but chiefly by the circumstance that in this year it became for the first time a serious obstacle to English conquest. How or when it began it is probably impossible to determine, for evidence exists of its presence in July 1817 within a few weeks at places so distant from one another as Patna and Dacca. Two months later it was at Benares, Allahabad, and Mirzapore; and in October of the same year an event occurred which at once gave the disease a significance it had not before possessed. The Marquis of Hastings, with an army of over ten thousand Europeans and a much larger native force, was in the Bundelcund, not far from Allahabad, where cholera was then raging. Cholera had on several previous occasions interfered with military operations, but this time it attacked Hastings' European troops with a violence of which there had before been no example. The pestilence continued for

several weeks with unabated destructiveness, until early in November the army was withdrawn from the Bundelcund and moved westwards in its march towards Gwalior, on which the mortality at once subsided. Thousands of dead and dying were left behind, but cholera was left behind with them, and a lesson was learned which has since been often repeated in Indian experience — that when a military force is encountered by cholera, removal from the infected locality is the only effectual way of checking it.

In 1818 cholera overspread the whole Indian Peninsula. Westward it extended up the Ganges valley to Delhi and Agra, and eventually found its way across the Sutlej to Lahore. Southwards it flanked the line of the Vindhya, attacked Nagpore, and thence spread to other places in Central India. Along the east coast there were destructive epidemics at Vizagapatam, in the deltas of the Godavery and Kistnah, at Madras and Pondicherry, and various other places further south. In 1819 Ceylon, which had been similarly invaded in 1804 and probably often previously, suffered very severely. The spread of cholera in the island was naturally enough attributed to the commercial intercourse between Trincomalee and the infected ports on the coast of Coromandel. Whatever may be said for or against this belief as regards Ceylon, it is difficult to offer any other explanation of the outbreak which occurred the same year in Mauritius than the obvious one that it was carried over the sea by trading ships, for even though the evidence which exists that the Mauritius epidemic took its start from the arrival, with cholera on board, of the ship *Topaze*, were proved to be defective, it could scarcely be accounted for in any other way than as a result of commercial intercourse. From Mauritius cholera spread to Madagascar and the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa.

In the course of 1820 cholera seems to have spread over Asia. In that year it was at Canton and Nankin, and travelled up the Yang-tse-kiang into the interior of China, and finally reached the capital. In the same year it is said that 150,000 persons died of it in the island of Java. Celebes, the Moluccas, and

the Philippines were invaded at the same time. Burmah, Siam, and Singapore had been ravaged the previous year, and it was believed that the latter place, where so many streams of commercial movement meet, was the source whence the infection was distributed over China and the Malay Archipelago. The explanation was probably correct. By the universal infection of all the ports of our Indian dependencies in 1819 the channels of European commerce in the East were more thoroughly contaminated than they had ever been before. Modern experience teaches us that though cholera is very unapt to spread in this way, it may do so; and I confess it appears to me quite impossible to doubt that in those early years of its history it did so.

From 1820 onwards we have evidence that cholera has never been absent from Bengal, and has behaved throughout in the same way that it does now. The best general idea of the extent of its influence and of the differences which subsist between years of great epidemic prevalence and others, may be gained by an examination of the series of maps which have been published by the Indian Government. The conclusions which these maps suggest, and which are confirmed by the more minute and exhaustive study of cholera statistics which has been made by Dr. Bryden,* may be summarily stated as follows.

Within certain areas, the limits of which comprise the alluvial plains adjoining great rivers, and particularly in the deltas of such rivers, cholera is always present. Outside these so-called endemic areas some places are distinguished by their liability to the epidemic prevalence of the disease, others by their special immunity, and in general no relation can be traced between liability to epidemic prevalence and personal intercourse with infected districts; so that, however clear it may be that the infection of cholera is capable, under certain conditions, of being conveyed from place to place, Indian experience affords no ground for attributing any importance to such conveyance as a means of the spread of cholera in that country.

* See "Epidemic Cholera in the Bengal Presidency." By James L. Bryden, M.D. Calcutta. 1869.

Let me now try to give an account of the circumstances which led to the escape of cholera, if such an expression may be used, from its Indian home into Europe. As probably every reader knows, the first European country invaded by cholera was Russia, and the first European town of any importance was Orenburg, on the Ural, one of the great feeders of the Caspian. How did cholera find its way from the Indian Peninsula to the Caspian? The only answer that can be given is that the communication took place by way of Persia, and that Persia itself was invaded, not, as has been sometimes said, by Afghanistan, but by the Persian Gulf. In 1821—that is, a year after the epidemic of Zanzibar—there was a destructive outbreak of cholera at Muscat in Arabia and at the Persian port of Bushire, and a little later at Bagdad. From these littoral beginnings the epidemic spread during the next year (1822) over the whole of Persia and great part of Asia Minor. In 1823 it was in Damascus and Aleppo, having at the same time or previously existed in Iskenderoon and other places on the Mediterranean. It is usually stated that in 1822 cholera crossed the Caucasus for the first time, the only ground for the statement being that in that year it prevailed at about the same time at Tiflis and at Astrachan. In reality, cholera seems to have reached Astrachan, not over the Caucasus, but by creeping along the Caspian shores from Resht, which was the first place invaded. In the Caspian, as in India, it found a suitable soil in the deltas of the Terek and the Volga, and finally ascended the Ural, as has been already noted, to Orenburg. Beyond these limits cholera failed to penetrate further into Europe either by the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Caspian, its disappearance in Syria and in Astrachan being simultaneous. There seems good reason for believing that it was entirely absent for six years (1823 to 1829), but in August 1829 it reappeared in Orenburg without its being possible to ascertain with any certainty whence it came. All that can be asserted is, that it was at the same time widely scattered over Central Asia, in Afghanistan, at Teheran, at Khiva and Bokhara, as well as on the shores of the Caspian,

and that in consequence it was on this occasion believed to have rather come by Central Asia than from Persia.

In 1830, the year after the Orenburg epidemic, cholera made its first great advance into Europe. In August of that year there were destructive epidemics at Astrachan (where there is good reason for believing that the cholera had wintered), at Zaritzin, at Saratov, at Kasan, and finally at Penza—all, with the exception of the last, on the Volga. A few weeks later it was at Taganrog, Kertch, Sebastopol, Cherson and Odessa, and finally, in September 1830, began the epidemic of Moscow, which was rendered memorable by the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Russian Emperor. In 1831 cholera for the first time spread over Central Europe. Beyond the broad fact that Russia was first invaded, it is quite impossible to say how this momentous result was brought about, as the reader may at once satisfy himself by comparing the following dates, which are derived from Dr. Peters' "History of the Travels of Asiatic Cholera," published in the Reports of the United States War Department:—Moscow, September 1830 to March 1831; and in the latter year, Petersburg, June; Warsaw and Cracow, April; Dantzic, March; Berlin, August; Hamburg, October. In October 1831 cholera appeared at Sunderland and became epidemic there and in the neighboring towns, Newcastle, Gateshead, Shields; but it was not until a large number of persons had been attacked and died that it was admitted to be Asiatic. There is evidence that during the preceding summer the disease had been introduced into the port of London, and had even spread among the maritime population; but notwithstanding that no special precautions appear to have been taken, London itself remained exempt until early in the spring of 1832.

In the summer of that year it prevailed in most of the seaport towns of England and Ireland, and was carried across the Atlantic by Irish emigrants. For when, in June 1832, the disease broke out in a lodging-house in Quebec* which had received a number of these

* Dr. Peters, *loc. cit.* p. 564.

emigrants, destroyed fifty-six lives, and in the next fortnight spread everywhere in the town, it is impossible to doubt that these persons brought with them to their new homes the seeds of cholera. The history of the invasion of Montreal, which occurred about simultaneously, was but a repetition of the experience of Quebec. During the autumn of 1832 and the year following, cholera ascended the St. Lawrence to Chicago, and thence found its way to the Upper Mississippi, where it very seriously interfered with the military operations against the Indians. In 1833 it appeared in Cuba, whence it spread later in the same year to Mobile, New Orleans, Tampico, and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, and eventually to Mexico and Vera Cruz. Epidemics continued to occur in the Spanish-speaking countries of the New World until 1834-35, in the former of which years Spain itself was for the first time invaded. The great epidemics of Madrid and Barcelona were followed by a general extension along the Mediterranean coast—Cette, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, Genoa, and Naples being attacked in the order in which they have been mentioned. As there was an interval between the Mediterranean spread and the great wave which had affected England in 1832, it seemed as if the disease, which was communicated to the New World from the Old, had been returned back to it from the West Indies. Whether this was so or not is scarcely worth inquiry. It would be much more interesting if we could explain how it was that the Mediterranean, which was in 1832 exposed to every conceivable chance of infection, was not invaded until 1834; and why, having seized upon such ports as Marseilles and Genoa, it showed no tendency to travel northwards to the country it had previously invaded. Let me add that cholera did not leave Europe until 1837, after which the Western World was free from it for a decade.

Cholera reached the Caspian for the third time in April 1847, its arrival being the outcome of a general spread of the disease in Persia and Central Asia. It soon found its way into the interior of Russia and broke out for the second time in Moscow, two months after it had appeared, almost simultaneously, at

Astrachan and Constantinople. By the winter of 1847-8 it was at Riga, and spread, during the following summer, just as it had done before, along the Baltic coast, reaching Hamburg in September.

The conveyance of cholera into England, and from England to America, was but a repetition of what had happened in 1832; and the same sort of evidence existed at New Orleans and at New York, in which places the epidemic began simultaneously (December 1848) of importation by emigrants. From 1847 Western Europe was again free from cholera for six years, notwithstanding that it was always present somewhere in the East. 1853 was a cholera year: it was marked by a fearful epidemic in St. Petersburg, which again spread along the Baltic coast, reaching London and Liverpool in July, but not becoming epidemic until the following year.

After a dozen years of immunity, cholera again appeared in Europe in 1865. On this occasion it was generally believed that the pestilence reached Europe, not as before by the Caspian and Black Sea, but by the Mediterranean. There is no doubt that cholera was rife at Jedda and Mecca in the spring of 1865, also that it prevailed from the beginning of June in Alexandria, and appeared in Malta on the 20th of that month, and about the same time at Marseilles, and subsequently on the coast of Spain (Valencia). As was the case last summer, the seed was conveyed to Paris, and on that occasion bore fruit in the deaths of about 7,000 persons in five months. There was also, as many readers will remember, a small epidemic at Southampton, the origin of which was traced by Dr. Parkes to the arrival of ships with cholera on board from Alexandria; but with this exception Western Europe remained free until the following year. Nor in all probability would England have ever suffered as it did in 1866, had the sporadic spread of cholera from the Mecca pilgrims been our only risk. At the time that all these events were going on about the Mediterranean a new storm was brewing in the old quarter—in North Germany. The appearance of cholera on August 29, 1865, at Altenburg, a place situated in the very middle of Germany, was one of

the strangest events which is on record in relation to cholera in Europe. The epidemic in that district, which is exclusively watered by tributaries of the Elbe, lasted for four months (*i.e.*, until the very middle of winter), culminating in October, and destroying 500 people. All of these deaths occurred in some half-dozen towns lying to the southward of Leipsic. This was followed by a general dissemination of cholera in Germany. By July 1866 it was already at London and Liverpool. The Prussians in their march into Bohemia passed through the country that had been the seat of the epidemic in the previous year, and on their return from their short but victorious campaign encountered it in Halle and Leipsic, in which places by that time it had gained headway, and suffered so severely that more soldiers' lives were lost by cholera than by the weapons of the Austrians. Since 1866 we in England have again had a long period of immunity, notwithstanding that we have been repeatedly threatened. In Germany a succession of epidemics occurred between 1873 and 1875, none of which reached England. Although these, from the completeness with which they were investigated, afford materials for a very instructive study of the subject, I must for the present content myself with the sketch already given of the epidemics which have affected this country.* It may, perhaps, suffice to enable the reader to see that in these successive spreads of cholera over the civilized world it follows certain general laws—as, for example, that it loves great rivers, and particularly their deltas and estuaries, and that it is capable of being conveyed over sea and land, following for the most part the lines of commercial intercourse. On either side of this general view, which the unbiassed intelligent reader of cholera history finds himself compelled to take, range the opposite opinions of contagionists on the one hand, who believe that cholera came to Europe in 1830, because the *materies morbi* accidentally escaped from India; and, on the other, the believers in the spontaneous origin of cholera, who think

that they mean something when they say that the cause of cholera is "atmospheric" or "telluric."

Let us now see what can be learned by looking at the subject from the consideration of its pathological nature. With this view we will take as our starting-point the assumption that cholera is a "specific" disease, which means simply that it has a particular or proper cause—a cause which is peculiar to it, and without which it cannot come into existence. In each of the diseases known as smallpox, glanders, diphtheria, cattle-plague, the cause presents itself as a tangible material which can be obtained from the body of any human being or animal affected with it, and may thus be subjected to experimental investigation. In the case of the affection called wool-sorters' disease, or splenic fever, to which persons engaged in manipulating particular kinds of wool imported from the East are liable, we know that the material cause not only exists in the body of the sufferer, but also in the wool by which he is infected. Cholera we believe to have a similar material and tangible cause, but no one as yet has been able to seize upon it. It has been sought for both diligently and skilfully, but it has hitherto eluded investigation. It will therefore be convenient to speak of it as the unknown entity *x*.

In the search after the *x* of cholera which now occupies so many minds, the method which the pathologist ought to follow—the only one he can follow with reasonable prospect of success—is that of proceeding step by step from the known to the unknown. Conjecture must lead the way to discovery, but those conjectures only are likely to be productive which are founded on the comparison of unknown with known relations.

The fact which we have to explain is that cholera has spread from India all over the world, and is always spreading somewhere. The knowledge we have to guide us in seeking for an explanation is that in other spreading diseases the spread consists in the conveyance of a *something* tangible from the infected person or thing to a healthy person at a greater or less distance; and the legitimate guiding conjecture is, that whatever may be known as to the nature of the conveyable something in the cases

* See Günther, "Die indische Cholera in Sachsen im Jahre 1865, Leipzig, 1866;" and Pettenkofer, "Die Sächsischen Cholera-Epidemien des Jahres 1865." *Ztsch. f. Biol.* 1866.

in which it can be investigated, is likely also to be true in those cases in which, as in cholera, it is for the present beyond our reach.

In the current language of pathology, the conveyable something by which infectious diseases are propagated is called *contagium*, a word which may be conveniently used, provided that it is not allowed to carry any suggestion that the disease to which it is applied spreads by personal contact or intercourse. Like other scientific terms, its use is to serve as a label for certain knowledge. Under the heading *contagium*, the pathologist says (1) that all contagia consist of organized (not merely organic) matter; (2) that this matter must, in order to be disseminated, be in a state of fine division (particulate); (3) that the particles of which it consists are living; (4) that they derive their life (not as having been themselves bits of the living substance of the diseased man or animal, but) from parents like themselves. With reference to all of these propositions, excepting the last, there is agreement of opinion. It is now eighteen years since it was proved by the investigations of Chauveau that all the best known contagia (which are liquids of the character of vaccine lymph) owe their activity to the minute, almost ultra-microscopical, particles which float in them; and no one doubts that these particles are organized, and that their power of producing disease depends on their organization. Further, we know, with reference to one or two diseases—namely, wool-sorters' disease, or splenic fever, tuberculosis, leprosy, and one form of septicæmia, that the particles in question are not only organized, but themselves organisms—*i.e.*, living individuals deriving their life from parents like themselves. But from the moment that the pathologist begins to infer that because in these particular instances, which can be experimentally investigated, infection occurs by organisms, it must be so in the case, for example, of cholera, of which the behavior is very different indeed from that of any of the infectious diseases above enumerated, he leaves certainty behind him and passes into the region of more or less probable conjecture. With reference to the special question which now interests us, he has

to compare the mode of operation by which cholera spreads with the modes of operations of those diseases which are propagated by self-multiplying contagia—first, with a view to the estimation of the antecedent probability that they are essentially identical; and secondly, to the testing of the estimate arrived at by such experimental investigations as circumstances place within his reach.

The antecedent probabilities may be stated as follows:—If the reader will approach the subject with a mind freed for the moment from metaphysical considerations, he will see that the spread of cholera over the world must be due either to the dispersion of infected persons, or of things with which such persons have been in contact, or to the dissemination through the air of what may be called "cholera-dust." The question whether there is such a thing as cholera-dust rests on the teaching of experience as to whether cholera can or cannot jump from one place to another at a distance without the aid of personal intercourse. If this does occur it can only be by dust—*i.e.*, minute particles of infective material suspended in the air. If it is not so, it remains to be determined whether such events as the conveyance of cholera from Ceylon to Mauritius in 1819, from Astrachan up the Volga in 1830, from Hamburg to Sunderland in 1831, from Dublin to Montreal in 1832, and from Havre to Halifax in 1849, in all of which immigration from infected places of men with their belongings led to the appearance of cholera where it was before unknown, should be attributed exclusively to the introduction into these places of persons actually suffering from cholera, or to the circumstances that these persons, whether themselves infected or not, brought with them an infected environment. Experience all over the world is in favor of the latter alternative, for on the one hand it teaches that cholera is not "catching," so that attending on the sick is in itself unattended with any risk; and, on the other hand, that cholera has such a power of *haunting* localities, that a house, street, town, or district where cholera prevails to-day becomes thereby more liable to a second visitation next year than it would otherwise be. Now the only way in which

such a fact as this can be explained is by supposing that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing in human belongings for a length of time independently of the human body from which it sprang. But in addition it suggests something as to the nature of that cause. That the contagium of cholera is capable, after many months of quiescence, of recovering its activity whenever the conditions of that activity come into existence, is a fact which, while it is otherwise unintelligible, is very easily explained on the supposition that the contagium itself is endowed with life; for it is characteristic of living things that they have the power of sleeping and waking—of hibernating, and reviving under the influence of summer warmth. In addition to this, we are led in the same direction by the consideration, which applies to cholera in common with all other spreading diseases, that whatever the x may be, it certainly possesses another essential property of organisms—namely, that it is capable of self-multiplication; for however inconsiderable may be the weight of material which is wanted for the infection of a single individual, it is clear that when cholera invades a country for the first time, the increase of that material, in the body of the first case, then in the bodies of the thousands subsequently affected, must be enormous.

The conjecture therefore that cholera, like other epidemic diseases, owes its power of spreading to a living and self-multiplying organism is so well founded that we are justified in taking it as a starting-point from which we may at once proceed to inquire—first, where this self-multiplication takes place; and secondly, how it is brought about. The first question, I think, I can best answer by stating to you the view on the subject which has received the most general acceptance.

In splenic fever, as we have seen, there is no doubt whatever that the disease of which the human being or the animal affected with it dies, proceeds *pari passu* with the development of the disease-producing organism x ; for in the hours, be they few or many, which intervene between the sowing of the seed in the body of a living animal and the maturation of the harvest—that is, be-

tween inoculation and death—the whole of the living body of the affected animal becomes so thoroughly infested that in many instances no fragment of tissue, no single drop of circulating blood, can be found which does not contain thousands and tens of thousands of the characteristic rods (or bacilli), each of which individually is capable of communicating the disease if sown into the body of a healthy animal. So also in another well-investigated instance, that of relapsing fever, we have evidence that the multiplication of x takes place in the circulation, and that the presence there of the characteristic spirilla is so associated with the appearance of the fever itself, that the one never manifests itself without the other having preceded it.

But as regards cholera, nothing of the kind can be observed. As yet no one has been able to find the organism, either in the blood or in any living tissue, notwithstanding that the research has been conducted with every possible care. Nor has it been found either that the bodies of persons affected with cholera, or that any part of them, possessed the power of infecting other healthy persons. Consequently the opinion first arrived at and formulated by Professor Pettenkofer has come to be very generally adopted—that in cholera the multiplication of x takes place, not in the tissues of the sick person, but in his environment. Let us examine a little more closely what this means.

Under the term environment is included everything which is in relation with the external surface of the body, including the air we breathe and the water and other material which we use as food. And inasmuch as no multiplication can take place otherwise than in a suitable soil consisting of organic matter, and no such soil exists in the air, we may limit the possible seats of multiplication to the moist organic substances of various kinds which exist at or near the surface of the earth. Putting this into plainer language, it means that when the cholera x invades a previously uninfected locality in which it is about to become epidemic, the first thing it does is not to find a home for itself (as the x of smallpox, of cattle-plague, or of splenic fever would do) in

the body of some healthy person, but to sow itself in *whatever material at or near the surface is fit for its reception and vegetation*.

Now, in our study of the laws of diffusion of cholera we have seen that, although cholera may be repeatedly introduced by personal intercourse into an uninfected locality without result, it finally, after a shorter or longer latency, bears fruit; and this we explain on the hypothesis that, of the two conditions which are essential to the fructification of the germ—namely, the presence of the organism itself, and the presence of a soil suitable for its growth, the latter is of more importance than the former; that, in short, the reason why a given town or country remains exempt from cholera—is not that the seed of infection fails to reach it, but that those local conditions which are necessary for its vegetation are wanting. If we call the environment y , then the cause of cholera is not $x+y$, but xy , so that whatever value we assign to x , the product disappears as y vanishes.*

If the cholera organism multiplies in the soil, not in the individual, it must, in order to exercise its disease-producing function, attack the human body by one of two channels, either by air or food; it must be taken in either by breathing or swallowing, for the skin has so little power of absorption that it need not be considered. It seems to be extremely probable that in either case x enters the organism by the same portal—namely, by the process of intestinal absorption; that is, by the same channel by which the nutritious part of our food is assimilated—*i.e.*, that even if it were introduced by the breath, it would still act by localizing itself in the alimentary canal. Consequently, if we want to engage in the search for it, there are two places where we should expect and seek to find it—namely, first, in the soil; and secondly, in the intestine of infected persons. Hitherto attention has been exclusively given to the investigation of the absorbing apparatus of the alimentary canal as the spot in which

x would be likely to be caught as it were *flagrante delicto*.

In illustration of this, let me now refer to the efforts which have been made at various periods to carry out this inquiry. Without going back to the attempts made by Dr. Snow in the epidemic of 1854, I will content myself with a rapid survey of what has been done in more recent times, premising that there is no necessary connection between the notion which I am now advocating—namely, that the cholera x resides in the soil, and produces cholera by finding its way into the intestine, and the belief that the intestinal contents of persons suffering from cholera are directly pernicious and infecting.

In 1870 a morphologist of great distinction (Professor Hallier) published a remarkable series of observations, in which he endeavored to show, on purely morphological grounds, that the birth-place (or rather the nursery) of cholera is the rice-plant—that a parasite which grows on this plant, so essential to the populations of the endemic area of Bengal, becomes in the course of successive transformations the cholera fungus; that this fungus throws off spores which are the immediate producers of cholera; and that by means of the endurance and extreme levity of these spores, they serve as agents by which cholera is spread all over by the wind; and so on. Of Hallier it is sufficient to say that, however distinguished he might be as a botanist, he was a bad pathologist, and that his method was fundamentally wrong, inasmuch as he proceeded throughout on the assumption that the morphological characters of an organism supposed to be infective may be taken as evidence of its infective nature; whereas pathology admits nothing to be a contagium unless it can be observed in action as such. For one thing, at all events, we may be grateful to the Jena botanist. It was for the purpose of investigating his theory that those indefatigable cholera workers, Drs. Lewis and Cunningham, were sent to India, where, although they spent more time and labor in correcting Hallier's mistakes than it took Hallier himself to fall into them, they were thereby afforded opportunity of acquiring information of the highest practical and scientific value. It would

* In designating the seed, germ, contagium, or *materies morbi* of cholera x , and the soil or environment y , I follow Professor v. Pettenkofer.

take too long to refer to other efforts in the same direction, but it may be readily understood that the question of the material cause of cholera was too important to be neglected, and that as soon as cholera seemed once more to threaten Europe it again urgently claimed the attention of scientific pathologists. Accordingly, in 1883, Dr. Koch, who is the author of two of the greatest discoveries of modern times in relation to spreading diseases, was deputed by the German Imperial Government to proceed to Egypt, and then to India, to investigate cholera.

Stated in few words, the results of Dr. Koch's inquiries were—(1) That the *x* in cholera has the form of a curved rod, which Dr. Koch likens to a comma (as written, not as printed); and (2) That the disease (cholera) is caused by the presence, growth, and multiplication of this organism in the apparatus for absorption contained in the lower part of the small intestine, and by the consequent formation there of an animal poison which produces the collapse and the other fatal effects of cholera.

These statements, as soon as they became publicly known, assumed a very great importance, because they appeared to afford support to a doctrine with which they have no necessary connection—namely, that of the communicability of cholera by direct personal intercourse with the sick. The mere fact of the existence of countless myriads of organisms of a particular form in the intestinal liquid, although very interesting in itself, affords no evidence that they are the culprits, unless two other things can be proved respecting them—namely, that they possess the power of producing cholera wherever they exist, and that they are capable of maintaining their life, not merely within the intestine, but also in the soil; for, as we have seen, the evidence that the material cause of cholera is capable of existing outside of the body and of spreading over the world independently of the presence of persons affected with the disease, is so conclusive, that no explanation of cholera can be accepted which does not take this into account.

Now in India the question of the prevention of cholera is a very practical one. Here, cholera is chiefly a question

of preserving life; in India it is one of commerce, and consequently of national prosperity. If it were believed in India that the cholera patient is himself a source of infection, that each individual comma is a source of danger, India would be compelled to adopt prophylactics of the same kind as those which were adopted last year by the ignorant and short-sighted administrators of Italy and France. And it was, I believe, on this ground judged necessary by Her Majesty's Indian Government to send out a special Commission for the purpose of reporting generally on the practical bearing of the German investigations. The Commission was under the general guidance of Dr. Klein,* who was selected on the recommendation of the highest scientific authority in this country, as being the person who in England, by his previous researches, had shown himself *facile princeps* in inquiries of this nature. The finding of the Commission was, that although Dr. Koch was perfectly accurate in his statement of fact, he had gone too far in inference. In other words, that although the so-called cholera bacillus swarms in the intestine of every person affected with cholera, it does not there play the part which is attributed to it.

I shall, I think, most usefully conclude this paper by stating as clearly as I can in what way the knowledge and experience already obtained as regards the cause of the spread of cholera by the two methods of inquiry which are available for the purpose (and which for the moment I will call the epidemiological and the bacteriological) may be brought to bear on practical questions. And here I will ask the reader to note once more amid the apparent differences of opinion which exist at the present moment, as regards some questions which have lately come prominently to the front, between persons whose competency cannot be denied, that such persons are nevertheless in agreement, not only with respect to the sources of danger and the means of guarding

* The Commission consisted of Dr. Klein, F.R.S., and Dr. Heneage Gibbes. The Report has only just been published, but the scientific results of the inquiry were communicated by Dr. Klein to the Royal Society in February last.

against them, but also as to the most fundamental theoretical questions. Thus, for example, while we hesitate to admit that the particular organisms which Dr. Koch has so carefully investigated have anything to do with the causation of cholera, the conclusions arrived at nearly twenty years ago by the two leading authorities of that time—Simon in England and Pettenkofer in Germany—that cholera depends on an organism, and that its spread cannot be accounted for in any other way, are as certainly true now as they were then. But this certainty arises not from any direct evidence which has up to this time been offered with reference to a particular bacillus, but from the various facts which go to show that in places infected or haunted by cholera something else exists besides the infected persons. So that if we could imagine all the infected persons in such a locality to be removed by some act of absolute power, such an act would not stop the progress of the epidemic, for cholera would still be there.

Of the two methods of inquiry above referred to, the bacteriological applies to the nature of the contagium itself, and the epidemiological to the nature of the environing conditions which favor its development. Hitherto the investigation of the latter has been by far the most successful. But it would be a great mistake to allow the apparent failure of such researches as those of Dr. Koch in Egypt and in India to discourage the efforts which are now being made everywhere by earnest and devoted workers to accomplish what has baffled so able an investigator. Whenever the discovery is made, it will not only serve as a key to the understanding of cholera as a disease, and thereby tend to render its treatment a little less hopeless than it is at present, but it will serve as the necessary completion of the knowledge we have gained from the combined experience of the medical profession in India, in Europe, and in America, with reference to the behavior of cholera as an epidemic disease. To make this clear, all that is necessary is to summarize statements which have been already placed before the reader in the course of this article. What we have learned is that the liability of a locality to cholera depends, first, on the physi-

cal characters of the soil; and secondly, on certain changes which it undergoes in the course of the seasons. The peculiarity of the soil which favors cholera is unquestionably want of natural or artificial drainage, combined with the presence in the liquid with which it is soaked of such organized material, derived from the tissues of plants or animals, as render it a fit soil for the development and vegetation of microphytes. The seasonal change which favors cholera is that which expresses itself in the drying of such a soil under the influence of summer temperature. In Europe this takes place in July, August, and September, in which last month, as the following table* strikingly shows, cholera attains its maximum of destructiveness:—

MONTHLY MORTALITY.

April	112
May.....	446
June	4,392
July.....	8,480
August.....	33,640
September.....	56,561
October.....	35,271
November.....	17,630
December.....	7,254
January	2,317
February	842
March.....	214

But be it ever remembered that these two liabilities of time and place do not explain everything. No combination of soil and season, however favorable, will produce a harvest unless the seed has been sown. It holds as true now as it ever did, that "if we possessed the requisite knowledge, the disease could always be traced back in lineal descent to its origin in some poor Hindoo on the banks of the Ganges, as certainly as the pedigree of a horse or dog can be followed to his remote ancestors."

Notwithstanding the overwhelming evidence which now exists in proof of the harmlessness of the so-called "rice-water evacuations," it is not the less certain that the mechanism by which the infection of the soil takes place (*i.e.*, by which the disease from being epidemic becomes epichthonic) is its contamination by the discharges of sick persons. For there is no other possible way by

* The numbers express the mortality from cholera in Prussia during the thirteen years, 1843-1860.

which the soil can acquire the morbid property which facts compel us to attribute to it. Similarly, it may be regarded as absolutely certain that the influence of the soil on those who are infected by it is due to the penetration into their bodies of infective material, either by respiration or swallowing; that, in the absence of proof of "cholera-dust," it is a matter of urgent necessity to avoid the use of water which contains such material as from its chemical nature may be reasonably considered capable of harboring infective microphytes.

In this country and in our Indian possessions experience has led us to do the very things which science, were her opinion asked, would approve as of primary importance. In Calcutta, the measures of sanitary improvements, particularly drainage works, which have been carried out under the highly efficient sanitary administration there, have during the last dozen years led to a diminution of the cholera mortality to something like a third of its previous average, and similar good results have been obtained elsewhere in India, in so far as it has yet been possible to bring about the necessary reforms. In Lon-

don we have been lavish in our underground expenditure. Our water supply is good and abundant, and our subsoil is dry, so that dwellers in the west and north need not feel much apprehension even though cholera were again to fix itself in the east. But we may, I think, venture to anticipate that this year, at least, we shall not be tried. Cholera, had it intended to attack us this season, would already have been on the march. The eastern provinces of Spain are suffering severely, and it can scarcely be hoped that other parts of the Mediterranean will remain exempt; but Central Europe is free. Hitherto cholera has come to us from Holland or Germany, not from Southern Europe, so that until the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, or the Vistula are threatened we need be in no immediate apprehension as to the Thames or the Mersey. But in venturing on this favorable forecast, I would beg the reader to understand that I speak with no authority, and recognize his competence to judge as well as I can of its value. Neither science nor experience affords a key to the reasons why cholera now follows one course, now another, in its wanderings over the world.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE PARIS NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE newspaper business in Paris is at present far from prosperous. The influences of the disaster of the Union Générale in 1882 are still being felt; several papers have disappeared during the past few months, others have amalgamated, others are dragging their wings painfully. And yet every morning the Parisians have the choice of more than a score large four-page political prints and ten small ones. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon fifteen other large journals are published; between eight and nine o'clock in the evening two more appear. A Parisian will tell you that scarcely half-a-dozen out of these fifty daily newspapers are really profitable enterprises in themselves. The rest exist more or less laboriously, and the majority depend

upon various arrangements, combinations, and subventions which one cannot precisely analyse. The most profitable journals are *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Figaro*, *La Lanterne*, and *Le Gil Blas*. But many of the old-established papers, although having small circulations, continue to pay fair dividends; their expenses are slight, and they are able to make a profit on their sales. The *Journal des Débats*, for instance, has remained faithful to the traditions of the French press before cheap papers were introduced; a single number is sold for 20 centimes, and the yearly subscriptions for Paris and for the departments are respectively 72 and 80 francs. At present the *Journal des Débats* is rarely seen on the newspaper stalls, but it has 4,000 subscribers rep-

resenting a fixed revenue of, we will say, 300,000 francs; its advertisements bring in some 200,000 francs; add 100,000 francs for Bourse affairs. With an income like this and light editorial expenses a journal can end the year with a handsome balance of profit.

The material cost of a newspaper managed on the French system is very small. In the first place not more than half-a-dozen papers in Paris are printed from their own type and on their machines. The majority have editorial rooms in a modest quarter, and the paper is composed and printed in one of the great printing establishments in the neighborhood of the Rue Montmartre, which contract to deliver 20,000 copies of a large four-page journal for about 1,500 francs. The advertising space is farmed *en bloc* by one of the three great advertising agencies which negotiate all kinds of strange arrangements with financial companies, and bring the force of their monopoly to bear against any independent paper that attempts to break through the bonds of routine and to introduce our Anglo-Saxon system of cheap and direct advertising. But a paper which abides by the traditions finds no difficulty in coming into the world or in going out of the world; rarely a week passes without a new journal appearing or an old one disappearing; and all this mushroom growth does not imply the displacement of any great capital. With a few thousand francs you can publish a few numbers, which are sold with a discount of $2\frac{1}{2}$, 2, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ centimes to the vendor, who retails them at 15, 10, or 5 centimes. If the journal succeeds a little, all is well; if it does not succeed, the disaster is not great. Now in Paris you can always find a man ready to give 100,000 francs, which is quite sufficient, according to French notions, to start a new journal; and not only every political group, but every fraction of a group, and indeed almost every prominent senator and deputy, wishes to inspire a paper and to command an organ in which to carry on his own private political campaigns and intrigues. Hence the great number and variety of newspapers in Paris and in the provinces, some flourishing, most of them struggling, many of them moribund and

merely kept up as the mouthpieces of narrow political groups or to serve private interests and personal ambitions. In the case of the purely party and personal organs, the owners are delighted if at the end of the year the deficit does not exceed four or five thousand pounds. In France it costs no more to keep a daily "political, financial, and literary" newspaper than it does to keep a steam yacht, an elegant mistress, or a pack of deerhounds, and the newspaper has this immense advantage, that it may lead to all sorts of things, even to the Presidency of the Republic.

Le Figaro is one of the most wonderful productions of the century. Villemessant, its founder, who began his career in a mercery shop and ended it at the roulette table at the age of sixty-nine, was a prince of charlatans, a model of unscrupulous scepticism, who succeeded in making half-a-million francs a year by extending the patronage of his journal with even and impartial hand to the clergy and the comedians, to Notre-Dame and the Folies Bergère, to Lespès the barber and to the Comte de Chambord, "le Roy." *Le Figaro* never represented anything, either a political opinion, an artistic or literary school, or an intellectual movement; its mission has always been to provide its readers with news and banter; it was the first paper to introduce interviews and other features of reporting, and of the so-called *presse à informations*. As Villemessant left it at the time of his death in 1879, so the journal has, at least in appearance, remained. The inheritance of the Alexander of charlatanism was divided amongst his lieutenants, who warned the shareholders that if they altered the character of *Le Figaro* or changed the staff they would ruin the property; and so, at a general meeting of the shareholders, the editing and administration of the paper were intrusted to the triumvirate MM. Magnard, Périvier, and Rodays, and the rest of the staff, MM. Albert Wolff, Baron Platel (Ignotus), Philippe Gille (Masque de Fer), Jules Prével, &c., were nominated, so to speak, life-editors with fixed salaries and an interest in the profits. Thus *Le Figaro* became a kind of republic with M. Francis Magnard as president, but a president exercising

very little authority over his ministers and functionaries.

Now it is precisely out of this individual independence of the principal writers of *Le Figaro* that there sprung up within the past few years an abuse in connection with the Parisian theatres, and an explanation of that abuse will enable me to indicate in a few words how far certain organs of the Parisian press are open to the charge of corruption and venality. The abuse is that of the so-called theatrical syndicate. A number of journalists, notably MM. Wolff, Gille, Boucheron, Prével, Saint-Albin, Darcours, and Valabrègue, having no special gifts for writing for the stage, but seeing that large sums of money were to be gained by dramatic composition, began to combine pieces which they presented to theatrical managers. The managers would suggest to some veteran playwright that he should take So-and-so as a collaborator, "and then we shall have the *Figaro* in our favor." It was *Le Figaro* which first published accounts and criticisms of new pieces the morning after their production, and which first began to give an anecdotic history of the theatrical evening in the well-known "Soirées Parisiennes" of the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," while at the same time devoting every day considerable space to theatrical echoes. Naturally, if a *Figaro* man had a piece being played at such-and-such a theatre, he did not neglect the opportunities of gratuitous and persistent puffery which were offered him in the column headed "Courrier des Théâtres." The theatrical reporters of other journals, which, like *Le Figaro*, devoted great attention to the stage, gradually worked their way into the privileged band, and by the aid of the various influences of *camaraderie*, mutual interests, and personal interventions of all kinds, the boulevard theatres, such as the Variétés, the Renaissance, the Palais-Royal, the Gymnase, and the Nouveautés, became more or less the monopoly of a syndicate of journalists, to the detriment of young authors, as was recently clearly shown by M. Francisque Sarcey. But, except perhaps in the case of the Gymnase, one cannot say that there were sums of money paid. The existence of the syndicate itself has never been formulated; there has sim-

ply arisen a tacit understanding, as it were a kind of freemasonry, between the journalists themselves and between the journalists and the theatrical managers. In France, liberty of the press and liberty of the stage have developed almost simultaneously. The abolition of privilege at once enabled a soap-boiler to open a theatre and a candle-maker to start a newspaper. For both employments literary taste or ability were no longer necessary; the stage and the newspapers became purely commercial enterprises; and the traditions of courtesy which existed between the two institutions under the old *régime* continued, but at the same time they were transformed.

To deal adequately with the relations between the newspaper and the great financiers and money-makers would require the pen of a Balzac. Since the newspapers have become industrial enterprises, their proprietors or directors have become for the most part simply powerful business men, commanding all kinds of influences, and above all the sovereign influence and prestige of publicity. So-and-so, director of a boulevard journal, with a circulation of only 12,000 copies, has a mansion at Paris and a château in the southern department which he hopes one day to represent in Parliament. The director of the most important Republican journal in Paris, who began his career as an obscure lawyer at Toulouse, has the reputation of being one of the smartest financiers in Paris; but he has always managed to keep his hands clean, no one can say a word against his reputation, and his position of senator secures him the respect of his compatriots. The fact is that all these tacit understandings between the newspapers and the financiers are disguised under the cover of publicity and advertising. The Baron Nucingen's first care in commencing each new operation, whether a bubble company or a really serious enterprise, is to sign large advertising contracts with the newspapers, which contracts imply tacit agreements on the part of those newspapers to speak kindly of Baron Nucingen, or, if the worst comes to the worst, to hold their peace.

Before going further with this delicate

subject of the corruption of the Paris press, I would beg the reader to bear in mind, not only in this particular passage, but throughout the following pages, that we are considering the French press and not the English press. The admonition may seem puerile, but in dealing with French men and French things the Englishman seems to me to lay aside his national prejudices with so much difficulty, not to say reluctance, that I feel bound to request special impartiality. As a rule one may say that a nation has the press it merits; the freer the country the freer the press, and in such conditions the more flagrant the abuses the more readily will they get corrected by the mere force of things. In London and in Paris many other matters besides politics are looked at from different points of view. Those clever gentlemen of *Le Figaro* who benefit by the mysterious powers of the theatrical syndicate may, nevertheless, be excellent husbands and good fathers. In French journalism, as in politics and finance, there is a certain latitude allowed to shrewdness; the three powers are constantly playing into each other's hands; and the points are counted according to a special interpretation of the code of honor. The director of a Parisian newspaper is generally what is known as *un homme très-fort*, one of those characters such as Balzac loved to paint, who spring from nothing, arrive in Paris one morning from the provinces, and proceed to conquer influence, fortune, and fame. Every Frenchman knows that the Minister of the Interior, besides his annual salary of 60,000 francs, receives a supplementary credit of two millions of francs of which he has no account to render except to his own conscience, that is to say, that at the end of the year the minister addresses a document to the President of the Republic, in which he affirms that these two millions, constituting the famous *fonds secrets*, or secret fund, have been employed "in conformity with their destination." The minister has free and uncontrolled disposal of this money, and oddly enough at the end of each year it is invariably found that the two millions have been spent to the uttermost centime.

Not that the ministers spend this

money lightly or without thought. A gentleman who now holds a very high position in the administration of the Republic happened to be proprietor of a little paper published at Bordeaux some years ago; having one day made a successful application for an allowance of 10,000 francs from the secret fund, he had the misfortune to be robbed of the sum by his cashier. Thereupon he applied to the minister, M. Thiers, again, but M. Thiers replied, in his shrill and squeaky voice, "I know it is State money, but I cannot pay it twice over." From which it may be concluded that the Minister of the Interior does not always lavish money on the officious newspapers as some people suppose. The Budget Commission last June, after a warm discussion, struck 10,000 francs off the total of the secret fund, with the express understanding that this reduction was intended to establish the principle that no subventions should be given in future to newspapers or to political agents. The reduction is small indeed, and perhaps it will not greatly change the present condition of things, for I notice that M. Andrieux, in his *Souvenirs of a Prefect of Police*, even goes so far as to maintain that a minister can provide subventions for the official press without touching his two millions at all. He has either personally, or through his colleagues, other secret funds, in the shape of concessions, contracts, and especially the Legion of Honor. If a banker wishes to obtain that bit of red ribbon which plays so important a rôle in French life, he has only to undertake at his own expense the publication of the official journal of the minister. Arrangements such as these have the consecration of usage and almost of tradition. There is no especial secret about them any more than there is any especial honor attached to the red ribbon obtained in such conditions. In the same sheet you will find an article written by a man of faith and conviction; another article written to order to serve the purposes of some politician; a disguised puff, a delicate piece of literary criticism, a malicious bit of scandal, an ardent appeal for some meritorious charity, the panegyric of one artist beside the merciless condemnation of another. In short, put-

ting of course out of the question the lowest *chantage* journals, which are beneath our notice, the Parisian press strikes one as a strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, of loyalty and deceit, of sincerity and roguery, of irredeemable defects and brilliant qualities.

The Parisians, and still less the provincial Frenchmen, have not yet been smitten with our Anglo-Saxon mania for mere news because it is news. Two attempts are now being made to introduce this disastrous craze, one with American capital, *Le Matin*, and one with French capital, *Le Télégraphe*. Both these journals spend much money on telegrams and special wires and the like, but hitherto it cannot be said that their success has proved absolutely and beyond dispute that their creation has filled a want. There is an innate artistic sentiment in the Frenchman which indisposes him for the enjoyment of the bare laconism of the telegram. He does not live by the dry bread of politics alone, but also, and above all, by the honey that falls from the lips of his poets, his writers, his musicians, and of all those who drink at the sacred springs of art. No newspaper can find favor in the eyes of the French public if it neglects the national artistic sense. With all its shortcomings and frivolities and meannesses, *Le Figaro* has literary qualities, and within its limit it gives an amusing presentation of events. Its chief *chroniqueur*, M. Albert Wolff, has many peculiarities. He is the ugliest man in Paris; like Offenbach, he is a German, native of Cologne. He arrived in Paris in 1857, became secretary to the elder Dumas, and was first known on the boulevard as "Dumas' German," "l'Allemand de Dumas." Since then M. Wolff has developed in all respects; in the opinion of many he has become a personification of Parisian wit, and though the stylists consider his French to bear the stamp of the provincial *bel-esprit*, no one can deny that M. Wolff has always had an instinct for writing a *chronique* exactly on the subject which the public wanted to be talking about—in other words M. Wolff has in the highest degree *le flair de l'actualité*. But as a *chroniqueur*, great as his reputation is, he cannot be com-

pared with Rochefort, who alone writes a *chronique* which is a real article, holding together from beginning to end, droll, mordant, ferocious even, at times, but always witty and funny in the most original and unlabored fashion. M. Wolff exercised immense influence a few years ago as an art critic, but the impudence of his recent articles has deprived him of most of the authority which he arrogated to himself. The other leading *chroniqueurs* of *Le Figaro* are M. A. Claveau, who writes admirable literary essays under the pseudonym of "Quldam," M. Albert Delpit the novelist, M. Bergerat the poet, M. Léon Lavedan (Philippe de Grandlieu), and the Baron Platel (Ignotus). The two latter gentlemen make a specialty of high-flown conservative articles full of strange theories about divine right and Republican wrong expressed with the aid of an abundance of grotesque metaphors. The dramatic critic of *Le Figaro* is M. Auguste Vitu, a lean and dried-up old gentleman with a dyed moustache and a slight resemblance to the late Emperor, whose history he has written, and during whose reign he held a high position in the official press. M. Vitu is certainly the most erudite and accomplished living dramatic critic in France; the French stage and its history have no secret for him; Molière has had no more learned historian, and in the minutiae of old French M. Vitu could have given points to Littré.

Le Figaro is very proud of its two chief reporters, MM. Pierre Giffard and Chincholle, who are really the perfecters if not the creators of modern Parisian reporting, that is to say of *le grand reportage* as opposed to the small reporting which is done by a miserable army of three-sous-a-liners. *Le grand reportage*, which means generally an interview, was introduced into French journalism after 1870, and was ostensibly borrowed from the Americans. Thiers is looked upon by the French reporters as their patron saint, because he was the first who consented to be cross questioned by M. de Blowitz and certain of his own compatriots—a fact which allowed the wily statesman to communicate to the world a quantity of things which he was delighted to publish, and to which he gave added importance by seeming to

allow them to be wrenched out of him against his will. Gradually "reportage" has extended its domain to all classes of society, even to the demi-monde, whose heroines now have their dinner-parties reported in the *Gil Blas* between an exquisite "fantaisie" by Théodore de Banville, a profound and brilliant philosophical article by Henri Fouquier, and an artistically pornographic story by Catolle Mendès. The promiscuity of Parisian life under the third Republic is naturally reflected in the press. The Frenchman, too, was born to be interviewed; he likes it, and sends his card and compliments to the reporter, who on his side enjoys his task, and flatters himself that his articles, which he collects in a volume at the end of each year, have given the death-blow to those old-fashioned secret memoirs, which used to relate all sorts of trivial and amusing facts just fifty years after they had lost all interest. The first-class French reporter, *qui prend une conversation à l'homme du jour*, earns 15,000 to 25,000 francs a year, and even more, in his amusing business of receiving the confessions of kings, mountebanks, and other members of society. He is a skilled workman who deserves encouragement and admiration, for he contributes very largely to the amusement of his contemporaries, besides giving satisfaction to the vanity and self-love of the most eminent or notorious of them; furthermore, he is to a certain extent a writer, an artist, and a critic. He must know how to present his matter with a certain literary elegance; and, as in writing a piece for the stage, so in writing a reporting article there is, as M. Sarcey would say, always *la scène à faire*, the one great scene on which the effect of the whole piece depends. The very language, too, helps the reporter.

This conversational quality of the French tongue explains many features of the modern French newspaper. The French journalist naturally talks to his readers and excels above all things in the *causerie*, a form of literature which not only favors the manifestation of the writer's personality, but indeed owes its savor and piquancy to the free expression of that personality. Hence the aversion of the French to the editorial "we," and hence the prevalence of

signed and personal journalism. No first-class French journalist would accept the conditions imposed by our English anonymous newspapers. French journalism is a purely democratic career; the road is open for those who have talent, and the public is judge and paymaster. Personal, that is *onymous*, journalism gives the French press its vivacity, its variety, and its fertility in ideas. Thanks to personal journalism the French press, although it has become in the main since 1864 a purely commercial enterprise, has maintained those high literary qualities for which it is unique in the world. And, thanks to personal journalism, France and the civilised world at large have been able to give honor to whom honor is due in the persons of those eminent French journalists whose names are Ernest Renan, Taine, John Lemoine, Gabriel Charrier, J. J. Weiss, Francisque Sarcey, Clémenceau, Claretie, Banville, Fouquier, Henri Rochefort, Delpit, Paul de Cassagnac, Bergerat, Henry Maret, Jules Simon, Vacquerie, Paul Bourget, Ranc, Hervé, Scherer, Henry Céard, Paul Mantz, Scholl, Paul Bert, and a score other political writers, critics, sociologists, and essayists.

Here it may be objected that, excellent as the results of personal journalism may have been in France, the general and absolute superiority of the system is not therefore proved beyond question. I cannot enter into this interesting question in this place, but, as far as concerns the Parisian press, I can affirm that whenever French journalism is anonymous it tends to become dull and heavy. The first page of *Le Temps*, for instance, is often mediocre and tiresome, and the reason given to me by one of its most eminent contributors is that the director, M. Hébrard, insists upon keeping this first page anonymous, and the consequence is that he can get none but second-rate men to write it. The first page of the *République Française*, though excellently inspired, is also frequently dull and heavy for the same reason. But of the really important journals *Le Temps* is by far the best at the present time; after a long struggle it has succeeded in dethroning the *Journal des Débats*, and now it is the French journal which has most subscribers both

in France and in foreign countries, although its circulation has not yet gone beyond 35,000 a day. *Le Temps* is the type and model of the grave French journal in which politics and serious matters take the lion's share of space. Its political shade is moderate Republican; in the expression of opinion it is always clear, measured, and just, and, unlike most French party journals, it never loses its balance, or, as the French say, *il ne s'emballé jamais*. *Le Temps* packs its texts closely, and pays but little attention to elegance of make-up. On the other hand, the reading matter is generally excellent. Its dramatic critic, M. Sarcey, has a European reputation; its art critic, M. Paul Mantz, is one of the most learned and liberal of the many brilliant art critics of modern times; its chronicler of the Parisian movement is the novelist, dramatist, and polygraph, M. Jules Claretie, whom his less industrious rivals disparagingly call "a monster of fecundity;" its literary critic is M. Scherer; the academicians MM. Legouvé and Mezières are frequent contributors. The news department of *Le Temps*, which is the great Parisian evening journal, is admirably managed, and gives briefly all that an intelligent Frenchman cares to know about foreign politics and foreign countries. Its foreign correspondence is one of the great features of the journal, and a department in which it shows more enterprise than any other Parisian journal. *Le Temps*, it may be remembered, was the only French journal which had a correspondent to follow the Prince of Wales in his Indian journey in 1876; it published valuable letters from Francis Garnier long before the public knew that hardy pioneer's name. Recently its Tonkin correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, wrote a series of letters which have made a volume of remarkable literary excellence, and won their author the cross of the Legion of Honor and a handsome honorarium from the journal. *Le Temps* is one of the very few French papers which have a pronounced respect for unadulterated fact; in most of the other Parisian papers a very small amount of fact is mixed with a very large amount of criticism, anecdote, malice, and amusing dressing, which accessories often cause the writer to deviate widely

from the path of strict truth. *Le Temps* also on principle excludes "puffs" from the reading matter of the journal; it never indulges in jokes or scandal; its feuilleton novels, often translated from the English, are of such a perfectly proper and moral tone that the journal can be placed in the hands of the most austere Protestant families; it always makes a point of publishing *in extenso* the speeches of new academicians on the very afternoon of their reception, a fact which is very significant of the orthodox culture and robust literary appetites of its readers. In short, *Le Temps* is a thoroughly respectable newspaper.

The two very important Parisian journals above mentioned, both of which are sold at three sous a copy, may seem to have but a small circulation for so great a city as Paris and for so vast a country as France. The truth is, that the greatest French newspaper is the one sou *Petit Journal*, the circulation of which at the present moment exceeds 900,000, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalleled circulation of one million copies a day. According to the latest statistics, there are in France about six millions of persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of the *Petit Journal* is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that the *Petit Journal* is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of the *Petit Journal*, although it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of 200,000 copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halévy, Sardou, Dumas, Claretie, Daudet, &c. The results obtained by the *Petit Journal* are certainly marvelous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm) has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, unmilitant, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive in one direction, is enough to cause an immediate

decrease of thirty or forty thousand in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news—of a street accident, for instance—the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales. The choice of the *feuilletons* is equally delicate. Boisgobey, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montépin, Bouvier, and Emile Richebourg are the favorites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentleman in the *Petit Journal* suffices to attract a hundred thousand new readers, while a *feuilleton* by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of the *Petit Journal* may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted *coup d'état*, in 1877, the steady, calm, and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favor of the Republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionaries. At this moment, now that politics are dull, the *Petit Journal* owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks, and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction of two *romans feuilletons*. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of *Le Siècle* about 1840, no newspaper in France has been able to exist without a *feuilleton* novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American *Matin*, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women of France.

Le Matin, which was founded in February, 1884, by Mr. W. A. Hopkins, is one of the most interesting innovations that have been made in modern French journalism. This paper is being carried on entirely with American capital and on Anglo-Saxon principles, that is to say, it has its own premises, its own type and machinery, its special telegraph wires, which transmit genuine despatches; and it is free from all complicity with financiers or government subventions. *Le Matin* is a thoroughly independent enterprise, whose proprietors have imposed upon themselves the mission of educating the French to the

appreciation of news. The process, for reasons which I have already indicated, will probably be slow; nevertheless I am bound to state that, in spite of all kinds of difficulties both internal and external, *Le Matin* has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of French journalism. Thirteen months after its foundation it succeeded in covering expenses, and at the present moment it has perhaps as great a sale in Paris itself as any other large-size four-page paper. Going to press between five and six o'clock in the morning, *Le Matin* is able, thanks to its special wire, to skim its London contemporaries, while at the same time it can take advantage of all that is important in the Paris papers, the most enterprising of which does not go to press later than two o'clock. To any one familiar with the French public and with French journalists, this result will appear remarkable. The proprietors and editors of *Le Matin* must have experienced as much difficulty in training their French collaborators to rapid work as they have in convincing the French public of the importance of rapid news. As far as Paris is concerned, *Le Matin* is a success; business men have comprehended its usefulness, and it has now reached a circulation of from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand. Doubtless in course of time, and by dint of advertising and enterprise, *Le Matin* will make its way into the provinces also, but at present it is especially a Parisian journal. One of the original features of *Le Matin* is that it professes no particular political opinions. Finding it necessary to make some concession to the French reader who cannot live by news alone, the proprietors of *Le Matin* determined to publish leading articles of all shades of opinion, and to make the first column of their paper a free tribune, in which eminent representatives of opportunism, imperialism, monarchy, and republicanism, might alternately preach their doctrines.

From the point of view of circulation, the journal next in importance to *Le Petit Journal* is *La Lanterne*, founded in 1877 by M. Eugène Mayer, aided by M. Yves Guyot, who wrote the famous series of articles against the Prefecture of Police signed "Un Vieux Petit Em-

ployé." *La Lanterne* took advantage of this start, and gradually acquired a large number of readers by adopting a moderate Republican tone like the *Petit Journal*, but at the same time combating steadily the clerical party, and now *La Lanterne*, *Journal républicain anticlérical*, has a daily circulation of 120,000 copies. The circulation of these cheap popular newspapers is very significant, for it is by them that the workmen and the peasants are influenced and educated, and by them that the majority of French electors are guided. The influence of the three-sou journals like *Le Figaro* (70,000), *Le Gaulois* (18,000), *L'Événement* (12,000), *Journal des Débats* (6,000), *Le Pays* (3,500), *Le Constitutionnel* (2,000), is small compared with that of papers like *Le Petit Journal*, *La Lanterne*, M. Henri Maret's *Radical*, a large four-page one-sou journal which prints 50,000 a day, Rochefort's *Intransigeant* (35,000), or even M. Lissagaray's one-sou journal, *La Bataille*, which has a circulation approaching 20,000 copies, and is the principal organ of the workingmen's party. Then again, there are great popular provincial one-sou journals, like the *Petit Lyonnais* (70,000), the *Petit Marseillais* (60,000), the *Lyon Républicain* (50,000), all Republican in sentiment, circulating amongst the masses of the French nation, and all well written and well edited, always of course with a view to meeting the demands of a French public.

The tendency of the few Englishmen who ever think about the French Radical newspaper press, is to imagine that its writers are all ex-Communards, and that its object is merely to promote revolution and bloodshed. There are certainly several ex-members of the Commune who write in the Radical newspapers; but the English reader would do well to consult other historians of the Commune besides M. Maxime Du Camp, and not to trust for information about the French Radicals and revolutionaries exclusively to the sensational headlines of London sub-editors. There is another point also worth bearing in mind in connection with the French Radical press. We English, who detest phraseology and instinctively distrust our neighbor at dinner if he takes the

trouble to round off his phrases too nicely, can scarcely appreciate at its exact value the declamation of the French political journalists, many of whom are still suffering from a remnant of malarial fever caught in the swamps of Romanticism. The school of which Victor Hugo was the chief and last survivor had no foundation in truth and reality. The men of the Romantic school, who really lived the most commonplace of lives in the most commonplace of epochs, affected in their artistic production a systematic exaggeration, a violence of passion, a truculent excess, which formed the most grotesque contrast with the habits and practices of a period when daily life was peculiarly unromantic, and when material interests were the foremost concern of the country. There can be no doubt that the influence of the Romantic school on the French has been in many respects disastrous. The French mind, formerly so precise, so well balanced, and so logical, has grown accustomed to look at things in a false light, to substitute loud colors, mere effect, and cold-blooded brutality for the exercise of reason and the labor of analysis. The Romantic school gave to words an importance which they used not to have, and nowadays, both in politics, art, and letters, there is still a great tyranny of words in France; and, above all, amongst the political writers, whether of the extreme Conservative or of the extreme Radical shade, has the Romantic temperament survived, for, as I have above intimated, the political writers are, as a rule, the least literary of the French journalists, and therefore the least accessible to the influences of the living and energising reaction of the best contemporary literature. You detect their antiquated Romanticism in melodramatic tirades, in frantic appeals to violence, in clamorings for the blood of the oppressor, and in the most outrageous and mediæval insults, all uttered and written by men who, like M. Paul de Cassagnac or M. Henri Rochefort, are in every-day life excellent companions, and who in the privacy of the conjugal chamber bravely oppose the protection of a cotton nightcap to the intemperance of the midnight air. The diapason of political discussion is

not the same in France and in England.

But even in the narrowest party organs I find many redeeming qualities, and above all a comparative respect of language and of form, a sense of literary art, and a heedfulness about things artistic and literary which no amount of politics can crush, and which no newspaper director, be he an ex-tanner like M. Jourde, of *Le Siècle*, or a retired money-changer like others I could mention, can succeed in entirely suppressing. The industrial element is very highly developed in the directors of many Parisian journals, but these gentlemen generally have the good sense to leave their literary collaborators free, and then everything is for the best. On the other hand, we have many brilliant and intelligent directors like M. Hervé, for instance, who preaches Orleanism in *Le Soleil* with the elegance and correctness of a fellow-student of Taine and About at the *École Normale*. M. Auguste Vacquerie, director of the Hugophil organ, *Le Rappel*, is of that honorable school of men for whom journalism represented a mission, a priesthood, *un sacerdoce*. For more than fifteen years, M. Vacquerie has written his daily leader in *Le Rappel*, battling with unflinching vigor in favor of Republicanism, of truth, justice and liberty, advising and enlightening the masses, alternately trivial, grandiose, original, exaggerated, violent, but always sincere and always commanding respect, even when he knelt artlessly in the dazzling majesty of Hugo, his only god and lord. In the venerable *Gazette de France*, now in the two hundredth and fifty-fifth year of its existence, I read with pleasure and profit the literary articles of that accomplished gentleman Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, while I skip the political articles as being behind the age. *La Défense* and *L'Univers*, since Mgr. Dupanloup and Louis Veuillot died, have lost much of their old interest. *La France* is no longer what it used to be in Emile de Girardin's time. But how amusing and interesting it is to glance over the swarm of morning journals and the swarm of afternoon journals that are published daily in Paris! What vivacity! What abundance of ideas! What apparent conviction in

diametrically opposite views! What a brilliant and original comedy! And what a fine study Balzac would have given us of this modern world of journalists, politicians, duellists, financiers, paladins, and charlatans, knights and knaves, virtuosos of rhetoric and torch-bearers of progress! What an amusing character the author of *César Birotteau* would have made out of a man like the director of *Le Gaulois*, M. Arthur Meyer, that staunch upholder of the traditions of monarchy, church, and aristocracy, who now gives lessons in moral and physical deportment to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, after having begun life as a renegade Jew and a tailor, whence the witty M. Scholl has allotted to him for armorial bearings *galon d'or sur champ d'habits* ('*chand d'habits*!').

No account of the Parisian Press would be complete without a few words about the great dramatic potentate, M. Francisque Sarcey, who is one of the most respectable and interesting figures in French journalism. This short, thick, grey-haired and grey-bearded gentleman, with his exaggerated shortsightedness, his inflexible and unrefined features, and his imperturbable good-humor, is even more than a Parisian celebrity. Thanks to his long journalistic career, his name has become synonymous in France with common-sense. During his long collaboration with About in the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* M. Sarcey continuously showed so much common-sense that the belief became current that he had a monopoly of that quality. M. Sarcey's standing complaint against the present generation is that it is gloomy, pessimistic, and melancholy, whereas M. Sarcey finds life full of interest and amusement. He hates politics, which he considers to be a source of nothing but declamation, empty phrases, bad writing, and unjust passions, and, therefore, as he loves above all things clearness and precision, and as he is naturally a good-hearted man, he has created for himself a specialty of practical and familiar journalism. During the past thirty years M. Sarcey has written, with the rarest exceptions, a daily article on some practical question, and so he has become a great redresser of grievances, the accepted protector of small functionaries, the counsellor and

guide of primary schoolmasters, the terror of administrations and public companies, an indefatigable hygienist, and an ardent utilitarian. M. Sarcey is a dramatic critic only once a week, when he occupies the Monday feuilleton of *Le Temps*; but his most constant efforts have been devoted to dramatic criticism, and his work in this field constitutes his true title to fame.

The foreign correspondents ought in a way to be numbered amongst the Parisian journalists. They work in the same field; and in the legislative assemblies, at the theatres, and in all the events of Parisian life the representatives of the great European newspapers enjoy the same privileges as their French colleagues. At the present time the newspapers of Europe and America, and, I might add, Asia—for some East Indian papers indulge in the luxury of a Paris letter—support between forty and fifty regular and resident correspondents in Paris. The representatives of the great Anglo-Saxon papers have monopolised all the front seats at the comedy, and take the lion's share everywhere, and in every respect. The German correspondents are naturally under a cloud; the Viennese make no great show; the Italians are numerous, but their journals are not specially enterprising; and as for the gentlemen who write in tongues unfamiliar to western Europe, their correspondence, interesting as it may be to the quidnuncs of Stamboul or of Cracow, has no reflex interest for the Parisians, and still less for us English.

Within the last fifteen years the conditions of Paris correspondence have changed entirely. During the Empire, when the French press was gagged, the foreign press was the unique source of information for the French about their own affairs. It was then that the *Indépendance Belge* established its great reputation under the management of M. Berardi, who conceived that excellent and varied system of foreign correspondence which still renders the journal so valuable. It may be easily imagined how much more interesting, and at the same time how much more tiresome, were the duties of the Paris correspondent under the Empire than they are now. As the proceedings of the Cham-

ber were not published freely and immediately, as they are at the present day, it was only by intrigue that one could get the text of a speech. The man who had no "tap" in the official world was out of the running. And how much tact and patience and perspicacity it needed to work one's "tap" to the best advantage! And then, when by dint of the display of the most precious qualities of diplomacy a correspondent had obtained some news, he would have to sit up writing all night, so as to get his letter off by the morning mail, for the days of the "special wire" had not yet come.

Now all this is changed. Thanks to the "special wire," the Paris correspondents of the London papers live in clover; they are better paid than ever, they do less work, and they have agents toiling under them. Yet some of these gentlemen are not happy. If M. de Blowitz's position on *The Times* is one of which a journalist has every right to be proud, other correspondents may consider that they are less fortunate. It is a common complaint on the part of the representatives of the English press in Paris that their letters are mercilessly mutilated in the editorial room in London. Why, they ask, pay for the exclusive use of a special telegraphic wire four or five hours a night if the Paris matter is unceremoniously "burked"? It must, however, be remembered that the dispatches for the London daily papers from Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and other capitals are centralised in the Paris offices and forwarded to London by the special wire at a great saving of expense. Moreover, the value of having a special wire when events of exceptional interest take place in the French capital or provinces is self-evident. At such times as these the vivacious, amusing, and admirably written studies of the Paris correspondent, Mr. Heley Bowes, of the *Standard*, are seen to great advantage. Mr. Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the most zealous and ubiquitous of correspondents; no event of essentially Parisian interest, whether a first night at the theatre, a grand entertainment, or a funeral, fails to find him amongst the representatives of "tout Paris;" a melomaniac and a lover of

art, he has all kinds of useful relations in the artistic world as well as in that of politics. One year Mr. Clarke was, by some stratagem or other, enabled to get into the Salon before any of his colleagues, and telegraphed a careful article in time for the edition of May 1st, the date of the opening of the exhibition. I remember watching for the publication of this article for special reasons, and I watched until the middle of August! As for Mr. Crawford, the venerable syndic of the foreign press in Paris and correspondent of the *Daily News*, his great years enable him to look upon things calmly. Seated in a corner of the Café Véron, with his inseparable rush basket beside him, Mr. Crawford does his work conscientiously and resignedly in the old style, receiving occasionally a visit and a helping hand from his wife. The *Globe*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *World*, and other weeklies, all have their Parisian correspondents, whose talents and work I have not space enough to examine in detail.

The fault I am inclined to find with the Paris correspondence of the English newspapers in general, and of the great London papers in particular, is that it does not give an adequate idea of French life and thought. In the first place, the system of trusting mainly, if not exclusively, to one correspondent, who is, so to speak, chained to the end of a telegraph wire, is open to criticism. The correspondent in question has but little time or opportunity for wide and varied observation, and he naturally tends to fall into a groove. The system of the *Indépendance Belge*, with its dozen correspondents all working on their own account in different spheres, gives excellent results. It is difficult for one and the same man to deal satisfactorily with the many different subjects and events which present themselves in the course of the Parisian year. The correspondent, who may be very strong and well informed on politics or horse-racing, will be at a loss when he comes to write about the pictures in the Salon. Such, I presume, was the condition of that Paris correspondent of the *Times* who a few years ago spoke of Corot as a "historical painter," and had the good

sense not to correct his error. Furthermore, the Paris correspondent of the London papers is constantly forgetting that he is writing about Parisians—that is to say, about men of a different race, of different education, of different morality, of different aspirations, of differently constituted minds and bodies, from those of his own countrymen. He rarely gives his readers a reasoned and impartial presentation of events, set forth and explained in accordance with the national humor. He is fond of bringing into relief what he calls "the French character" of incidents or persons. There is, it seems to me, in the greater part of the Paris correspondence of the London papers a continuous, and of course unconscious, misrepresentation of the French. The study of French social life, of French popular thought, of the practical and intellectual life of the whole nation, are neglected, or touched upon only very rarely or inadequately. But unless one enters more or less into these matters, how can one intelligently study the great French Republican evolution whose centenary is approaching?

The answers to all these strictures are obvious. A newspaper, it will be said, is a commercial undertaking; you cannot force a quart of liquid into a pint bottle; advertisements are constantly crowding out reading matter; papers which appeal to an immense public do not need to aim at literary excellence; the general reader does not care about studying foreigners and their life; the great thing is news and telegrams. The Americans seem to me to take a more liberal and a more civilised view of journalism than this, and certainly in the matter of French life the American public is informed far more completely and variously than the English. I do not refer to the achievements of the *New York Herald*, which is proverbially the worst written paper in the world, and which spends immense sums of money in obtaining the very poor result of announcing some piece of news five minutes before any other paper, with the accompaniment of innumerable printers' errors, wrong punctuation, and mistakes in the proper names. On the other hand, papers like the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, and the *Evening Post*

of New York, to say nothing of the leading journals of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other great centres of the New World, devote much attention to French correspondence, and some of them publish most interesting and varied studies of French life and manners, and clever records of the French literary and artistic movements. The American has fewer prejudices against foreigners than we English; he "goes in for" progress and civilisation

in artless good earnest, and he is naturally curious to know all about the efforts and successes of other nations in the same direction. Provided it be admitted that progress and civilisation are desirable ends, the mental attitude of the Americans with regard to the French sister republic is one which some of our London editors might perhaps imitate, with advantage to themselves and profit to their readers.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE WORK OF VICTOR HUGO.

(Concluded.)

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THERE is not, it seems to me, in all this marvellous life, to which wellnigh every year brought its additional aureole of glory, a point more important, a date more memorable, than the publication of the *Châtiments*. Between the prologue *Night* and the epilogue *Light* the ninety-eight poems that roll and break and lighten and thunder like waves of a visible sea fulfil the choir of their crescent and reflux harmonies with hardly less depth and change and strength of music, with no less living force and with no less passionate unity, than the waters on whose shores they were written. Two poems, the third and the sixth, in the first of the seven books into which the collection is divided, may be taken as immediate and sufficient instances of the two different keys in which the entire book is written; of the two styles, one bitterly and keenly realistic, keeping scornfully close to shameful fact—one higher in flight and wider in range of outlook, soaring strongly to the very summits of lyric passion—which alternate in terrible and sublime antiphony throughout the living pages of this imperishable record. A second Juvenal might have drawn for us with not less of angry fidelity and superb disgust the ludicrous and loathsome inmates of the den infested by holy hirelings of the clerical press; no Roman satirist could have sung, no Roman lyricist could have thundered, such a poem as that which has blasted

forever the name and the memory of the prostitute archbishop Sibour. The poniard of the priest who struck him dead at the altar he had desecrated struck a blow less deep and deadly than had been dealt already on the renegade pander of a far more infamous assassin. The next poem is a notable and remarkable example of the fusion sometimes accomplished—or, if this be thought a phrase too strong for accuracy, of the middle note sometimes touched, of the middle way sometimes taken—between the purely lyric and the purely satiric style or method. But it would be necessary to dwell on every poem, to pause at every page, if adequate justice were to be done to this or indeed to any of the volumes of verse published from this time forth by Victor Hugo. I will therefore, not without serious diffidence, venture once more to indicate by selection such poems as seem to me most especially notable among the greatest even of these. In the first book, besides the three already mentioned, I take for examples the solemn utterance of indignant mourning addressed to the murdered dead of the fourth of December; the ringing song in praise of art which ends in a note of noble menace; the scornful song that follows it, with a burden so majestic in its variations; the fearful and faithful "map of Europe" in 1852, with its closing word of witness for prophetic hope and faith; and the simple perfection of pathos in the song of the little

forsaken birds and lambs and children. In the second book, the appeal "To the People," with a threefold cry for burden, calling on the buried Lazarus to rise again in words that seem to reverberate from stanza to stanza like peal upon peal of living thunder, prolonged in steadfast cadence from height to height across the hollows of a range of mountains, is one of the most wonderful symphonies of tragic and triumphant verse that ever shook the hearts of its hearers with rapture of rage and pity. The first and the two last stanzas seem to me absolutely unsurpassed and unsurpassable for pathetic majesty of music. If ever a more superb structure of lyric verse was devised by the brain of man, it must have been, I am very certain, in a language utterly unknown to me. Every line, every pause, every note of it should be studied and restudied by those who would thoroughly understand the lyrical capacity of Hugo's at its very highest point of power, in the fullest sweetness of its strength.

About the next poem—"Souvenir de la nuit du 4"—others may try, if they please, to write, if they can; I can only confess that I cannot. Nothing so intolerable in its pathos, I should think, was ever written.

The stately melody of the stanzas in which the exile salutes in a tone of severe content the sorrows that environ and the comforts that sustain him, the island of his refuge, the sea-birds and the sea-rocks and the sea, closes aptly with yet another thought of the mothers weeping for their children.

The close of the third poem in the fourth book is a nobler protest than ever has been uttered or ever can be uttered in prose against the servile sophism of a false democracy which affirms or allows that a people has the divine right of voting itself into bondage. There is nothing grander in Juvenal, and nothing more true. The sixth and seventh poems in this book are each a superb example of its kind; the verses on an interview between Abd-el-Kader and Bonaparte are worthy of a place among the earlier *Orientales* for simplicity and fulness of effect in lyric tone and color; and satire could hardly give a finer and completer little study than that of the worthy tradesman who for love of his

own strong-box would give his vote for a very Phalaris to reign over him, and put up with the brazen bull for love of the golden calf; an epigram which sums up an epoch. The indignant poem of *Joyeuse Vie*, with its terrible photographs of subterranean toil and want, is answered by the not less terrible though ringing and radiant song of *L'empereur s'amuse*; and this again by the four solemn stanzas in which a whole world of desolate suffering is condensed and realized. The verses of good counsel in which the imperial Macaire is admonished not to take himself too seriously, or trust in the duration of his fair and foul good fortune, are unsurpassed for concentration of contempt. The dialogue of the tyrannicide by the starlit sea with all visible and invisible things that impel or implore him to do justice, is so splendid and thrilling in its keen and ardent brevity that we can hardly feel as though a sufficient answer were given to the instinctive reasoning which finds inarticulate utterance in the cry of the human conscience for retribution by a human hand, even when we read the two poems, at once composed and passionate in their austerity, which bid men leave God to deal with the supreme criminal of humanity. *A Night's Lodging*, the last poem of the fourth book, is perhaps the very finest and most perfect example of imaginative and tragic satire that exists; if this rank be due to a poem at once the most vivid in presentation, the most sublime in scorn, the most intense and absolute in condensed expression of abhorrence and in assured expression of belief.

But in the fifth of these seven caskets of chiselled gold and tempered steel there is a pearl of greater price than in any of the four yet opened. The song dated from sea, which takes farewell of all good things and all gladness left behind—of house and home, of the flowers and the sky, of the betrothed bride with her maiden brow—the song which has in its burden the heavy plashing sound of the wave following on the wave that swells and breaks against the bulwarks—the song of darkening waters and darkened lives has in it a magic, for my own ear at least, incomparable in the whole wide world of human song. Even to the greatest poets of all time such a godsend

as this—such a breath of instant inspiration—can come but rarely and seem given as by miracle. "There is sorrow on the sea," as the prophet said of old ; but when was there sorrow on sea or land which found such piercing and such perfect utterance as this ?

The next poem is addressed to a disappointed accomplice of the crime still triumphant and imperial in the eyes of his fellow-scoundrels, who seems to have shown signs of a desire to break away from them and a suspicion that even then the ship of empire was beginning to leak—though, in fact, it had still seventeen years of more or less radiant rascality to float through before it foundered in the ineffable ignominy of Sedan. Full of ringing and stinging eloquence, of keen and sonorous lines or lashes of accumulating scorn, this poem is especially noteworthy for its tribute to the murdered republic of Rome. Certain passages in certain earlier works of Hugo, in *Cromwell* for instance and in *Marie Tudor*, had given rise to a natural and indeed inevitable suspicion of some prejudice or even antipathy on the writer's part which had not less unavoidably aroused a feeling among Italians that his disposition or tone of mind was anything but cordial or indeed amicable towards their country : a suspicion probably heightened, and a feeling probably sharpened, by his choice of such dramatic subjects from Italian history or tradition as the domestic eccentricities of the exceptional family of Borgia, and the inquisitorial misdirection of the degenerate commonwealth of Venice. To the sense that Hugo was hardly less than an enemy and that Byron had been something more than a well-wisher to Italy I have always attributed the unquestionable and otherwise inexplicable fact that Mazzini should have preferred the pinchbeck and tinsel of Byron to the gold and ivory of Hugo. But it was impossible that the master poet of the world should not live to make amends, if indeed amends were needed, to the country of Mazzini and of Dante.

If I have hardly time to mention the simple and vivid narrative of the martyrdom of Pauline Roland, I must pause at least to dwell for a moment on so famous and so great a poem as *L'Expiation* ; not to pronounce, or presume to

endeavor to decide, which of its several pictures is the most powerful, which of its epic or lyric variations the most impressive and triumphant in effect. The huge historic pageant of ruin, from Moscow to Waterloo, from Waterloo to St. Helena, with the posthumous interlude of apotheosis which the poet had loudly and proudly celebrated just twelve years earlier in an ode, turned suddenly into the peepshow of a murderous Mountebank, the tawdry triumph of buffoons besmeared with innocent blood, is so tremendous in its anti-climax that not the sublimest and most miraculous climax imaginable could make so tragic and sublime an impression so indelible from the mind. The slow agony of the great army under the snow ; its rout and dissolution in the supreme hour of panic ; the slower agony, the more gradual dissolution, of the prisoner with a gaoler's eye intent on him to the last ; who can say which of these three is done into verse with most faultless and sovereign power of hand, most pathetic or terrific force and skill ? And the hideous judicial dishonor of the crowning retribution after death, the parody of his empire and the prostitution of his name, is so much more than tragic by reason of the very farce in it that out of ignominy itself and uttermost degradation the poet has made something more august in moral impression than all pageants of battle or of death.

In the sixth book I can but rapidly remark the peculiar beauty and greatness of the lyric lines in which the sound of steady seas regularly breaking on the rocks at Rozel Tower is rendered with so solemn and severe an echo of majestic strength in sadness ; the verses addressed to the people on its likeness and unlikeness to the sea ; the scornful and fiery appeal to the spirit of Juvenal ; the perfect idyllic picture of spring, with all the fruitless exultation of its blossoms and its birds, made suddenly dark and dissonant by recollection of human crime and shame ; the heavenly hopefulness of comfort in the message of the morning star, conveyed into colors of speech and translated into cadences of sound which no painter or musician could achieve. The first poem of the seventh book, on the falling of the walls of Jericho before the seventh trum-

pet-blast, is equally great in description and in application; the third is one of the great lyric masterpieces of all time, the triumphant ballad of the Black Huntsman, unsurpassed in the world for ardor of music and fitful change of note from mystery and terror to rage and tempest and supreme serenity of exultation—"wind and storm fulfilling his word," we may literally say of this omnipotent sovereign of song.

The sewer of Rome, a final receptacle for dead dogs and rotting Cæsars, is painted line by line and detail by detail in verse which touches with almost frightful skill the very limit of the possible or permissible to poetry in the way of realistic loathsomeness or photographic horror; relieved here and there by a rare and exquisite image, a fresh breath or tender touch of loveliness from the open air of the daylight world above. The song on the two Napoleons is a masterpiece of skilful simplicity in contrast of tones and colors. But the song which follows, written to a tune of Beethoven's, has in it something more than the whole soul of music, the whole passion of self-devoted hope and self-transfiguring faith; it gives the final word of union between sound and spirit, the mutual coronation and consummation of them both.

The *Caravan*, a magnificent picture, is also a magnificent allegory and a magnificent hymn. The poem following sums up in twenty-six lines a whole world of terror and of tempest hurtling and wailing round the wreck of a boat by night. It is followed by a superb appeal against the infliction of death on rascals whose reptile blood would dishonor and defile the scaffold; and this again by an admonition to their chief not to put his trust in the chance of a high place of infamy among the more genuinely imperial hellhounds of historic record. The next poem gives us in perfect and exquisite summary the opinions of a contemporary conservative on a dangerous anarchist of extravagant opinions and disreputable character, whom for example's sake it was at length found necessary to crucify. There is no song more simply and nobly pitiful than that which tells us in its burden how a man may die for lack of his native country as naturally and inevitably as for lack of

his daily bread. Then, in the later editions of the book, came the great and terrible poem on the life and death of the miscreant marshal who gave the watchword of massacre in the streets of Paris, and died by the visitation of disease before the walls of Sebastopol.

There is hardly a more splendid passage of its kind in all the *Légende des Siècles* than the description of the departure of the fleet in order of battle from Constantinople for the Crimea; nor a loftier passage of more pathetic austerity in all this book of *Châtiments* than the final address of the poet to the miserable soul, disembodied at length after long and loathsome suffering, of the murderer and traitor who had earned no soldier's death.*

And then come those majestic "last words" which will ring forever in the ears of men till manhood as well as poetry has ceased to have honor among mankind. And then comes a poem so great that I hardly dare venture to attempt a word in its praise. We cannot choose but think, as we read or repeat it, that "such music was never made" since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. This epilogue of a book so bitterly and inflexibly tragic begins as with a peal of golden bells, or an outbreak of all April in one choir of sunbright song; proceeds in a graver note of deep and trustful exultation and yearning towards the future; subsides again into something of a more subdued key, while the poet pleads for his faith in a God of righteousness with the righteous who are ready to despair; and rises from that tone of awe-stricken and earnest pleading to such a height and rapture of inspiration as no Hebrew psalmist or prophet ever soared beyond in his divinest passion of aspiring trust and worship. It is simply impossible that a human tongue should utter, a human hand should write, anything of more supreme and transcendent beauty than the last ten stanzas of the fourth

* This poem on Saint-Arnaud is dated from Jersey, and must therefore have been written before the second of November, 1855—a date of disgrace for Jersey, if not indeed for England. It appears in the various later editions of the *Châtiments*, but has disappeared from the so-called "édition définitive." All readers have a right to ask why—and a right to be answered when they ask.

division of this poem. The passionate and fervent accumulation of sublimities, of marvellous images and of infinite appeal, leaves the sense too dazzled, the soul too entranced and exalted, to appreciate at first or in full the miraculous beauty of the language, the superhuman sweetness of the song. The reader impervious to such impressions may rest assured that what he admires in the prophecies or the psalm of Isaiah or of David is not the inspiration of the text, but the warrant and sign-manual of the councils and the churches which command him to admire them on trust.

Three years after the *Châtiments* Victor Hugo published the *Contemplations*; the book of which he said that if the title did not sound somewhat pretentious it might be called "the memoirs of a soul." No book had ever in it more infinite and exquisite variety; no concert ever diversified and united such inexhaustible melodies with such unsurpassable harmonies. The note of fatherhood was never touched more tenderly than in the opening verses of gentle counsel, whose cadence is fresher and softer than the lapse of rippling water or the sense of falling dew: the picture of the poet's two little daughters in the twilight garden might defy all painters to translate it: the spirit, force, and fun of the controversial poems, overflowing at once with good humor, with serious thought, and with kindly indignation, give life and charm to the obsolete questions of wrangling schools and pedants; and the last of them, on the divine and creative power of speech, is at once profound and sublime enough to grapple easily and thoroughly with so high and deep a subject. The songs of childish loves and boyish fancies are unequalled by any other poet's known to me for their union of purity and gentleness with a touch of dawning ardor and a hint of shy delight: *Lise*, *La Coccinelle*, *Vieille chanson du jeune temps*, are such sweet miracles of simple perfection as we hardly find except in the old songs of unknown great poets who died and left no name. The twenty-first poem, a lyric idyl of but sixteen lines, has something more than the highest qualities of Theocritus; in color and in melody it does but equal the Sicilian at his best, but

there are two lines at least in it beyond his reach for depth and majesty of beauty. *Childhood* and *Unity*, two poems of twelve and ten lines respectively, are a pair of such flawless jewels as lie now in no living poet's casket. Among the twenty-eight poems of the second book, if I venture to name with special regard the second and the fourth, two songs uniting the subtle tenderness of Shelley's with the frank simplicity of Shakespeare's; the large and living landscape in a letter dated from Tréport; the tenth and the thirteenth poems, two of the most perfect love-songs in the world, written (if the phrase be permissible) in a key of serene rapture; the "morning's note," with its vision of the sublime sweetness of life transfigured in a dream; *Twilight*, with its opening touches of magical and mystic beauty; above all, the mournful and tender magnificence of the closing poem, with a pathetic significance in the double date appended to the text: I am ready to confess that it is perhaps presumptuous to express a preference even for these over the others. In the third book, which brings us up to the great poet's forty-second year, the noble poem called *Melancholia* has in it a foretaste and a promise of all the passionate meditation, all the studious and indefatigable pity, all the forces of wisdom and of mercy which were to find their completer and supreme expression in *Les Misérables*. In *Saturn* we may trace the same note of earnest and thoughtful meditation on the mystery of evil, on the vision so long cherished by mankind of some purgatorial world, the shrine of expiation or the seat of retribution, which in the final volume of the *Légende des Siècles* was touched again with a yet more august effect: the poem there called *Inferi* resumes and expands the tragic thought here first admitted into speech and first clothed round with music. The four lines written beneath a crucifix may almost be said to sum up the whole soul and spirit of Christian faith or feeling in the brief hour of its early purity, revived in every age again for some rare and beautiful natures—and for these alone. *La Statue*, with its grim swift glance over the world-wide rottenness of imperial Rome, finds again an echo yet fuller and more sonorous

than the note which it repeats in the poem on Roman decadence which forms the eighth division of the revised and completed *Légende des Siècles*. The two delicately tender poems on the death of a little child are well relieved by the more terrible tenderness of the poem on a mother found dead of want among her four little children. In this and the next poem, a vivid and ghastly photograph of vicious poverty, we find again the same spirit of observant and vigilant compassion that inspires and informs the great prose epic of suffering which records the redemption of Jean Valjean : and in the next, suggested by the sight (a sorrowful sight always, except perhaps to very small children or adults yet more diminutive in mental or spiritual size) of a caged lion, we recognize the depth of noble pity which moved its author to write *Le Crapaud*—a poem redeemed in all rational men's eyes from the imminent imputation of repulsive realism by the profound and pathetic beauty of the closing lines—and we may recognize also the imaginative and childlike sympathy with the traditional king of beasts which inspired him long after to write *L'Épopée du Lion* for the benefit of his grandchildren. *Insomnie*, a record of the tribute exacted by the spirit from the body, when the impulse to work and to create will not let the weary workman take his rest, but enforces him, reluctant and recalcitrant, to rise and gird up his loins for labor in the field of imaginative thought, is itself a piece of work well worth the sacrifice even of the happiness of sleep. The verses on music, suggested by the figure of a flute-playing shepherd on a bas-relief ; the splendid and finished picture of spring, softened rather than shadowed by the quiet thought of death ; the deep and tender fancy of the dead child's return to its mother through the gateway of a second birth ; the grave sweetness and gentle fervor of the verses on the outcast and detested things of the animal and the vegetable world ; and, last, the nobly thoughtful and eloquent poem on the greatness of such little things as the fire on the shepherd's hearth confronting the star at sunset, which may be compared with the *Prayer for all men* in the *Feuilles d'Automne* ; these at least demand a rapid word of thankful recog-

nition before we close the first volume of the *Contemplations*.

The fourth book, as most readers will probably remember, contains the poems written in memory of Victor Hugo's daughter, drowned by the accidental capsizing of a pleasure-boat, just six months and seventeen days after her marriage with the young husband who chose rather to share her death than to save himself alone. These immortal songs of mourning are almost too sacred for critical appreciation of even the most reverent and subdued order. There are numberless touches in them of such thrilling beauty, so poignant in their simplicity and so piercing in their truth, that silence is perhaps the best or the only commentary on anything so "rarely sweet and bitter." The fifth book opens most fitly with an address to the noble poet who was the comrade of the author's exile and the brother of his self-devoted son-in-law. Even Hugo never wrote anything of more stately and superb simplicity than this tribute of fatherly love and praise, so well deserved and so royally bestowed. The second poem, addressed to the son of a poet who had the honor to receive the greatest of all his kind as a passing guest in the first days of his long exile, is as simple and noble as it is gentle and austere. The third, written in reply to the expostulations of an old friend and a distant kinsman, is that admirable vindication of a man's right to grow wiser, and of his duty to speak the truth as he comes to see it better, which must have imposed silence and impressed respect on all assailants if respect for integrity and genius were possible to the imbecile or the vile, and if silence or abstinence from insult were possible to the malignant or the fool. The epilogue, appended nine years later to this high-minded and brilliant poem, is as noble in imagination, in feeling, and in expression, as the finest page in the *Châtiments*. The verses addressed to friends whose love and reverence had not forsaken the exile—to Jules Janin, to Alexandre Dumas, above all to Paul Meurice—are models of stately grace in their utterance of serene and sublime resignation, of loyal and affectionate sincerity ; but those addressed to the sharers of his exile—to his wife, to his

children, to their friend—have yet a deeper spiritual music in the sweet and severe perfection of their solemn cadence. I have but time to name with a word of homage in passing the famous and faultless little poem *Aux Feuillantines*, fragrant with the memory and musical as the laugh of childhood; the memorial verses recurring here and there, with such infinite and subtle variations on the same deep theme of mourning or of sympathy; the great brief studies of lonely landscape, imbued with such grave radiance and such noble melancholy, or kindled with the motion and quickened by the music of the sea; but two poems at all events I must select for more especial tribute of more thankful recognition: the sublime and wonderful vision of the angel who was neither life nor death, but love, more strong than either; and the all but sublimer allegory couched in verse of such majestic resonance, which shows us the star of Venus in heaven above the ruin of her island on earth.

If nothing were left of Hugo but the sixth book of the *Contemplations*, it would yet be indisputable among those who know anything of poetry that he was among the foremost in the front rank of the greatest poets of all time. Here, did space allow, it would be necessary for criticism with any pretence to adequacy to say something of every poem in turn, to pause for observation of some beauty beyond reach of others at every successive page. In the first poem a sublime humility finds such expression as should make manifest to the dullest eye not clouded by malevolence and insolent conceit that when this greatest of modern poets asserts in his own person the high prerogative and assumes for his own spirit the high office of humanity, to confront the darkest problem and to challenge the utmost force of intangible and invisible injustice as of visible and tangible iniquity, of all imaginable as of all actual evil, of superhuman indifference as well as of human wrongdoing, it is no merely personal claim that he puts forward, no vainly egotistic arrogance that he displays; but the right of a reasonable conscience and the duty of a righteous faith, common to all men alike in whom intelligence of right and wrong, perception of duty or conception

of conscience, can be said to exist at all. If there be any truth in the notion of any difference between evil and good more serious than the conventional and convenient fabrications of doctrine and assumption, then assuredly the meanest of his creatures in whom the perception of this difference was not utterly extinct would have a right to denounce an omnipotent evil-doer as justly amenable to the sentence inflicted by the thunders of his own unrighteous judgment. How profound and intense was the disbelief of Victor Hugo in the rule or in the existence of any such superhuman malefactor could not be better shown than by the almost polemical passion of his prophetic testimony to that need for faith in a central conscience and a central will on which he has insisted again and again as the crowning and indispensable requisite for moral and spiritual life. From the sublime daring, the self-confidence born of self-devotion, which finds lyrical utterance in the majestic verses headed *Ibo*, through the humble and haughty earnestness of remonstrance and appeal—"humble to God, haughty to man"—which pervades the next three poems, the meditative and studious imagination of the poet passes into the fuller light and larger air of thought which imbues and informs with immortal life every line of the great religious poem called *Pleurs dans la nuit*. In this he touches the highest point of poetic meditation, as in the epilogue to the *Châtiments*, written four months earlier, he had touched the highest point of poetic rapture, possible to the most ardent of believers in his faith and the most unapproachable master of his art. Where all is so lofty in its coherence of construction, so perfect in its harmony of composition, it seems presumptuous to indicate any special miracle of inspired workmanship: yet, as Hugo in his various notes on mediæval architecture was wont to select for exceptional attention and peculiar eloquence of praise this or that part or point of some superb and harmonious building, so am I tempted to dwell for a moment on the sublime imagination, the pathetic passion, of the verses which render into music the idea of a terrene and material purgatory, with its dungeons of flint cells of clay wherein the spirit, in

oned and imbedded may envy the life and covet the suffering of the meanest animal that toils on earth; and to set beside this wonderful passage that other which even in a poem so thoroughly imbued with hope and faith finds place and voice for expression of the old mysterious and fantastic horror of the grave, more perfect than ever any mediæval painter or sculptor could achieve. Among all the poems which follow, some exquisite in their mystic tenderness as the elegiac stanzas on *Claire* and the appealing address to a friend unknown (*À celle qui est voilée*), others possessed with the same faith and wrestling with the same questions as beret and sustained the writer of the poem at which we have just rapidly and reverently glanced, there are three at least which demand from me at any rate one passing word of homage: the starry song of meditation "at the window by night," which renders in its first six lines the aspects and the sounds of sea and cloud and wind and trees and stars with an utterly incomparable magic of interpretation; the three stanzas, so full of infinite sweetness and awe, inscribed "to the angels who see us:" and the pathetic perfection of the verses in which just thirty years since, twelve years to a day after the loss of his daughter, and fifteen years to a day before the return of liberty which made possible the return of Victor Hugo to France, his claims to the rest into which he now has entered, and his reasons for desiring the attainment of that rest, found utterance unexcelled for divine and deep simplicity by any utterance of man on earth. Last comes the magnificent and rapturous hymn of universal redemption from suffering as from sin, the prophetic vision of evil absorbed by good, and the very worst of spirits transfigured into the likeness of the very best, in which the daring and indomitable faith of the seer finds dauntless and supreme expression in choral harmonies of unlimited and illimitable hope. The epilogue which dedicates the book to the daughter whose grave was now forbidden ground to her father—so long wont to keep there the autumnal anniversary of his mourning—is the very crown and flower of the immortal work which it inscribes, if we may say so, rather to the pres-

ence than to the memory of the dead.

Not till the thirtieth year from the publication of these two volumes was the inexhaustible labor of the spirit which inspired them to cease for a moment—and then, among us at least, forever. Three years afterwards appeared the first series of the *Légende des Siècles*, to be followed nineteen years later by the second, and by the final complementary volume six years after that; so that between the inception and the conclusion of the greatest single work accomplished in the course of our century a quarter of that century had elapsed—with stranger and more tragic evolution of events than any poet or any seer could have foretold or foreseen as possible. Three years again from this memorable date appeared the great epic and tragic poem of contemporary life and of eternal humanity which gave us all the slowly ripened fruit of the studies and emotions, the passions and the thoughts, the aspiration and the experience, brought finally to their full and perfect end in *Les Misérables*. As the key-note of *Notre-Dame de Paris* was doom—the human doom of suffering to be nobly or ignobly endured—so the key-note of its author's next romance was redemption by acceptance of suffering and discharge of duty in absolute and entire obedience to the utmost exaction of conscience when it calls for atonement, of love when it calls for sacrifice of all that makes life more endurable than death. It is obvious that no account can here be given of a book which if it required a sentence would require a volume to express the character of its quality or the variety of its excellence—the one unique, the latter infinite, as the unique and infinite spirit whose intelligence and whose goodness gave it life.

Two years after *Les Misérables* appeared the magnificent book of meditations on the mission of art in the world, on the duty of human thought towards humanity, inscribed by Victor Hugo with the name of William Shakespeare. To allow that it throws more light on the greatest genius of our own century than on the greatest genius of the age of Shakespeare is not to admit that it is not rich in valuable and noble contem-

plations or suggestions on the immediate subject of Shakespeare's work : witness the admirably thoughtful and earnest remarks on Macbeth, the admirably passionate and pathetic reflections on Lear. The splendid eloquence and the heroic enthusiasm of Victor Hugo never found more noble and sustained expression than in this volume—the spontaneous and inevitable expansion of a projected preface to his son's incomparable translation of Shakespeare. The preface actually prefixed to it is admirable for concision, for insight, and for grave historic humor. It appeared a year after the book which (so to speak) had grown out of it ; and in the same year appeared the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*. The miraculous dexterity of touch, the dazzling mastery of metre, the infinite fertility in variations on the same air of frolic and thoughtful fancy, would not apparently allow the judges of the moment to perceive or to appreciate the higher and deeper qualities displayed in this volume of lyric idyls. The prologue is a superb example of the power peculiar to its author above all other poets ; the power of seizing on some old symbol or image which may have been in poetic use ever since verse dawned upon the brain of man, and informing it again as with life, and transforming it anew as by fire. Among innumerable exercises and excursions of dainty but indefatigable fancy there are one or two touches of a somewhat deeper note than usual which would hardly be misplaced in the gravest and most ambitious works of imaginative genius. The twelve lines (of four syllables each) addressed *À la belle impérieuse* are such, for example, as none but a great poet of passion, a master of imaginative style, could by any stroke of chance or at any cost of toil have written. The sound of the songs of a whole woodland seems to ring like audible spring sunshine through the adorable song of love and youth rejoicing among the ruins of an abbey. The inexhaustible exuberance of fancies lavished on the study of the natural church, built by the hawthorn and the nettle in the depth of the living wood, with foliage and wind and flowers, leaves the reader not unfit for such reading actually daz-

zled with delight. In a far different key, the *Souvenir des vieilles guerres* is one of Hugo's most pathetic and characteristic studies of homely and heroic life. The dialogue which follows, between the irony of scepticism and the enthusiasm of reason, on the progressive ascension of mankind, is at once sublime and subdued in the fervent tranquillity of its final tone ; and the next poem, on the so-called "great age" and its dwarf of a Cæsar with the sun for a periwig, has in it a whole volume of history and of satire condensed into nine stanzas of four lines of five syllables apiece. The exquisite poem on the closure of the church already described for the winter is as radiant with humor as with tenderness : and the epilogue responds in cadences of august antiphony to the moral and imaginative passion which imbues with life and fire the magnificent music of the prologue.

In the course of the next four years Victor Hugo published the last two great works which were to be dated from the haven of his exile. It would be the very ineptitude of impertinence for any man's presumption to undertake the classification or registry of his five great romances in positive order of actual merit : but I may perhaps be permitted to say without fear of deserved rebuke that none is to me personally a treasure of greater price than *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. The splendid energy of the book makes the superhuman energy of the hero seem not only possible but natural, and his triumph over all physical impossibilities not only natural but inevitable. Indeed, when glancing at the animadversions of a certain sort of critics on certain points or passages in this and in the next romance of its author, I am perpetually inclined to address them in the spirit—were it worth while to address them in any wise at all—after the fashion if not after the very phrase of Mirabeau's reply to a less impertinent objector. Victor Hugo's acquaintance with navigation or other sciences may or may not have been as imperfect as Shakespeare's acquaintance with geography and natural history ; the knowledge of such a man's ignorance or inaccuracy in detail is in either case of exactly equal importance : and the im-

portance of such knowledge is for all men of sense and candor exactly equivalent to zero.

Between the tragedy of Gilliatt and the tragedy of Gwynplaine Victor Hugo published nothing but the glorious little poem on the slaughter of Mentana, called *La Voix de Guernesey*, and (in the same year) the eloquent and ardent effusion of splendid and pensive enthusiasm prefixed to the manual or guide-book which appeared on the occasion of the international exhibition at Paris three years before the collapse of the government which then kept out of France the Frenchmen most regardful of her honor and their own. In the year preceding that collapse he published *L'Homme qui Rit*, a book which those who read it aright have always ranked and will always rank among his masterpieces. A year and eight months after the fall of the putative Bonaparte he published the terrible register of *L'Année Terrible*. More sublime wisdom, more compassionate equity, more loyal self-devotion, never found expression in verse of more varied and impassioned and pathetic magnificence. The memorial poem in which Victor Hugo so royally repaid, with praise beyond all price couched in verse beyond all praise, the loyal and constant devotion of Théophile Gautier, bears the date of All Souls' Day in the autumn of 1872. For tenderness and nobility of mingling aspiration and recollection, recollection of combatant and triumphant youth, aspiration towards the serene and sovereign ascension out of age through death, these majestic lines are worthy not merely of eternal record, but far more than that—of a distinct and a distinguished place among the poems of Victor Hugo. They are not to be found in the *édition ne varietur*: which, I must needs repeat, will have to be altered or modified by more variations than one before it can be accepted as a sufficient or standard edition of the complete and final text.

Two years after the year of terror, the poet who had made its memory immortal by his record of its changes and its chances gave to the world his heroic and epic romance of *Quatrevingt treize*; instinct with all the passion of a deeper and wider chivalry than that of old, and

touched with a more than Homeric tenderness for motherhood and childhood. This book was written in the space of five months and twenty-seven days. The next year witnessed only the collection of the second series of his *Actes et Paroles (Pendant l'Exil)*, and the publication of two brief and memorable pamphlets: the one a simple and pathetic record of the two beloved sons taken from him in such rapid succession, the other a terse and earnest plea with the judges who had spared the life of a marshal condemned on a charge of high treason to spare likewise the life of a private soldier condemned for a transgression of military discipline. Most readers will be glad to remember that on this occasion at least the voice of the intercessor was not uplifted in vain. A year afterwards he published the third series of *Actes et Paroles (Depuis l'Exil)*, with a prefatory essay full of noble wisdom, of pungent and ardent scorn, of thoughtful and composed enthusiasm, on the eternal contrast and the everlasting battle between the spirit of clerical Rome and the spirit of republican Paris.

"Moi qu'un petit enfant rend tout à fait stupide," I do not purpose to undertake a review of *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. It must suffice here to register the fact that the most absolutely and adorably beautiful book ever written appeared a year after the volume just mentioned, and some months after the second series of the *Légende des Siècles*; that there is not a page in it which is not above all possible eulogy or thanksgiving; that nothing was ever conceived more perfect than such poems—to take but a small handful for samples—as *Un manque*, *La sieste*, *Choses du soir*, *Ce que dit le public* (at the Jardin des Plantes or at the Zoological Gardens; ages of public ranging from five, which is comparatively young, to seven, which is positively old), *Chant sur le berceau*, the song for a round dance of children, *Le pot cassé*, *La mise en liberté*, *Jeanne endormie*, the delicious *Chanson de grand-père*, the glorious *Chanson d'ancêtre*, or the third of the divine and triune poems on the sleep of a little child; that after reading these—to say nothing of the rest—it seems natural to feel as though no other poet had ever known so fully or enjoyed so wisely or spoken so

sweetly and so well the most precious of truths, the loveliest of loves, the sweetest and the best of doctrines.

Far different in the promise or the menace of its theme, the poet's next work, issued in the following year, was one in spirit with the inner spirit of this book. In sublime simplicity of conception and in sovereign accomplishment of its design, *Le Pape* is excelled by no poem of Hugo's or of man's. In the glory of pure pathos it is perhaps excelled, as in the divine long-suffering of all-merciful wisdom it can be but equalled, by the supreme utterance of *La Pitié Suprême*. In splendor of changeable music and imperial magnificence of illustration the two stand unsurpassed forever, side by side. A third poem, attacking at once the misbelief or rather the infidelity which studies and rehearses "the grammar of assent" to creeds and articles of religion, and the blank disbelief or denial which rejects all ideals and all ideas of spiritual life, is not so rich even in satire as in reason, so earnest even in rejection of false doctrine as in assertion of free belief. These three were respectively published in three successive years: but in the same year with *Religions et Religion* Victor Hugo published a fourth volume, *L'Ane*, in which the questions of human learning and of human training were handled with pathetic ardor and sympathetic irony. It would be superfluous if not insolent to add that the might of hand, the magic of utterance, the sovereign charm of sound, and the superb expression of sense, are equal and incomparable in all.

And next year Victor Hugo gave us *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*. In the first division, the book of satire, every page bears witness that the hand which wrote the *Châtiments* had neither lost its strength nor forgotten its cunning; it is full of keen sense, of wise wrath, of brilliant reason and of merciful equity. The double drama which follows is one of the deepest and sweetest and richest in various effect among the masterpieces of its author. In *Margarita* we breathe again the same fresh air of heroic mountain-ranges and woodlands inviolable, of winds and flowers and all fair things and thoughts, which blows through all the brighter and more gracious interludes of the *Légende des Siècles*: the

figures of Gallus, the libertine by philosophy, and Gunich, the philosopher of profligacy—the former a true man and true lover at heart, the latter a cynic and a courtier to the core—are as fresh in their novelty as the figures of noble old age and noble young love are fresh in their renewal and reimpression of types familiar to all hearts since the sunrise of *Hernani*. The tragedy which follows this little romantic comedy is but the more penetrative and piercing in its pathos and its terror for its bitter and burning vein of realism and of humor. The lyric book is a casket of jewels rich enough to outweigh the whole wealth of many a poet. After the smiling song of old times, the stately song of to-day with its other stars and its other roses, in sight of the shadow where grows the deathless flower of death, pale and haggard, with its shadowy perfume: the song of all sweet waking dreams and visions, and sweetest among them all the vision of a tyrant loyally slain: the song on hearing a princess sing, sweeter than all singing and simple as "the very virtue of compassion": the song of evening, and rest from trouble, and prayer in sorrow, and hope in death: the many-colored and sounding song of seaside winter nights: the song of three nests, the reed-warbler's and the martlet's made with moss and straw, in the wall or on the water, and love's with glances and smiles, in the lover's inmost heart: the song of the watcher by twilight on the cliff, which strikes a note afterwards repeated and prolonged in the last issue of the *Légende des Siècles*, full of mystery and mourning and fear and faith: the brief deep note of bewildered sorrow that succeeds it: the great wild vision of death and night, cast into words which have the very sound of wind and storm and water, the very shape and likeness of things actually touched or seen: the soft and sublime song of dawn, as it rises on the thinker deep sunk in meditation on death and on life to come: the strange dialogue underground, grim and sweet, between the corpse and the rosetree: the song of exile in May, sweet as flowers and bitter as tears: the lofty poem of suffering which rejects the old Roman refuge of stoic suicide: the light swift song of a lover's quarrel between the

earth and the sun in wintertime : the unspeakably sweet song of the daisy that smiles at coming winter, the star that smiles at coming night, the soul that smiles at coming death : the most pathetic and heroic song of all, the cry of exile towards the graves of the beloved over sea, that weeps and is not weary : the simple and sublime verses on the mountain desolation to which truth and conscience were the guides : the four magnificent studies of sea and land, *Promenades dans les rochers* : the admirable verses on that holy mystery of terror perceptible in the most glorious works alike of nature and of poetry : all these and more are fitly wound up by the noble hymn on planting the oak of the United States of Europe in the garden of the house of exile.

The epic book is the most tragic and terrible of all existing poems of its kind ; if indeed we may say that it properly belongs to any kind existing before its advent. The growing horror of the gradual vision of history, from Henri the Fourth to his bloody and gloomy son, from Louis the Thirteenth to the murderer and hangman of the Palatinate and the Cévennes, from Louis the Fourteenth to the inexpressible pollution of incarnate ignominy in his grandson, seems to heave and swell as a sea towards the coming thunder which was to break above the severed head of his miserable son.

And next year came *Torquemada* : one of the greatest masterpieces of the master poet of our century. The construction of this tragedy is absolutely original and unique : free and full of change as the wildest and loosest and roughest of dramatic structures ever flung together, and left to crumble or cohere at the pleasure of accident or of luck, by the rudest of primæval playwrights : but perfect in harmonious unity of spirit, in symmetry or symphony of part with part, as the most finished and flawless creation of Sophocles or of Phidias. Between some of the characters in this play and some of those in previous plays of Hugo's there is a certain resemblance as of kinship, but no touch or shadow of mere repetition or reproduction from types which had been used before ; Ferdinand the Catholic has something in his lineaments of

Louis the Just, and Gucho of L'Angely in *Marion de Lorme* : the marquis of Fuentel has a touch of Gunich in *Les deux trouvailles de Gallus*, redeemed by a better touch of human tenderness for his recovered grandson. The young lovers are two of the loveliest figures, Torquemada is one of the sublimest, in all the illimitable world of dramatic imagination. The intensity of interest, anxiety, and terror, which grows by such rapid and subtle stages of development up to the thunderstroke of royal decision at the close of the first act, is exchanged in the second for an even deeper and higher kind of emotion. The confrontation of the hermit with the inquisitor, magnificent enough already in its singleness of effect, is at once transfigured and completed by the apparition of the tremendous figure whose very name is tragedy, whose very shadow sufficed for the central and the crowning terror which darkened the stage of *Lucrece Borgia*. The third act revives again the more immediate and personal interest of the drama. Terror and pity never rose higher, never found utterance more sublime and piercing, in any work of any poet in the world, than here in the scene of the supplication of the Jews, and the ensuing scene of the triumph of Torquemada. The rapture of the terrible redeemer, whose faith is in salvation by fire, is rendered into words of such magical and magnificent inspiration that the conscience of our fancy is wellnigh conquered and convinced and converted for the moment as we read. The last act would indeed be too cruel for endurance if it were not too beautiful for blame. But not the Inquisition itself was more inevitably inexorable than is the spiritual law, the unalterable and immitigable instinct, of tragic poetry at its highest. Dante could not redeem Francesca, Shakespeare could not rescue Cordelia. To none of us, we must think, can the children of a great poet's divine imagination seem dearer or more deserving of mercy than they seemed to their creator : but when poetry demands their immolation, they must die, that they may live forever.

Once more, but now for the last time, the world was to receive yet another gift from the living hand of the greatest

man it had seen since Shakespeare. Towards the close of his eighty-second year he bestowed on us the crowning volume of his crowning work, the imperishable and inappreciable *Légende des Siècles*. And at the age of eighty-three years, two months, and twenty-six days, he entered into rest forever, and into glory which can perish only with the memory of all things memorable among all races and nations of mankind.

I have spoken here—and no man can know so well or feel so deeply as myself with what imperfection of utterance and inadequacy of insight I have spoken—of Victor Hugo as the whole world knew and as all honorable or intelligent men regarded and revered him. But there are those among his friends and mine who would have a right to wonder if no word were here to be said of the un-

solicited and unmerited kindness which first vouchsafed to take notice of a crude and puerile attempt to render some tribute of thanks for the gifts of his genius just twenty-three years ago; of the kindness which was always but too ready to recognize and requite a gratitude which had no claim on him but that of a very perfect loyalty; of the kindness which many years afterwards received me as a guest under his roof-tree with the welcome of a father to a son. Such matters, if touched on at all, unquestionably should not be dwelt on in public: but to give them no word whatever of acknowledgment at parting would show rather unthankfulness than reserve in one who was honored so far above all possible hope or merit by the paternal goodness of Victor Hugo.—*Nineteenth Century*.

REMINISCENCES OF AN "ATTACHÉ."

AN "ATTACHÉ," 1867.

I DON'T know how the case may be now, but when I was an *attaché* in 1867, I thought there was no more enviable being on earth. There might be ambassadors. They were such enormous guns, such big swells, such tremendously important personages, that between them and an *attaché* it seemed to me that there lay a whole life, and it was unnecessary to span such a bridge to consider whether they were personages to be envied or not.

There were secretaries of embassy and secretaries of legation; but these seemed to have outlived the gay time, and to be one and all given to the pleasurable occupation of cutting up the diplomatic list for the purpose of discovering how long they would have to wait for promotion, or pooh-poohing the services of their equals in rank, for the comfort of finding that in the race for merit they one and all distanced each other by the whole length of self-satisfaction and esteem.

There were also second and third secretaries; but while there were at best only numerical differences in the scale of salary, it was quite clear that there being two classes of secretaries, it was a body which, as a whole, was far

inferior to an *attaché*, who belonged to one class only, and that a unique class, since it enjoyed all the privileges of a diplomatist, and worked for no pay. The British tax-payer could owe them no grudge; they were unpaid. Society could expect nothing of them but amusement and a disposition to enjoy themselves; and they had no responsibilities, unless it was that of not misleading the chief by wrong deciphering or an incorrect translation.

Proud of the position, and hence delighted with myself, I had a rude awakening on a fine morning in the summer of 1867, when, being told that I was required in the ante-room, I presented myself before the benign countenance of a very portly and kind old gentleman, who begged my pardon for "disturbing a clerk at his work."

I thought I would faint. To be called a clerk was such a shock, when I had obtained so exalted a position, that I at once conceived a hatred for this old vestryman which I made no effort to conceal.

"Pray be seated."

"Thank you," he said, with a smile; "I dare say if we both stand we will relish the change, for, like you, I sit almost all day at a desk."

"What do you want?" This was said very roughly.

"Oh, I beg your ten thousand pardons. I am on my way to Russia, and wish for a passport."

I got the passport and filled it in.

"Thank you," he said; "and may I ask how much there is to pay?"

"Nothing, sir. At embassies we give passports gratis. At consulates they are allowed to charge."

All this was said with the most dignified air and look I could command. But it was of no good, for my old gentleman, quietly remarking, "Oh, yes; I understand," began thumbing at his waistcoat-pocket, and presently pulled out of it a silver coin, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as a British half-crown.

He clutched it, however, in his right hand, then placing the passport in his breast-pocket, and buttoning his coat very carefully, proceeded to the door, which I opened to let him out.

As the old man was just going through, he whispered in my ear—"Take this; it's for you, you know. I know what clerks are. Bless you, they do like an occasional *douceur*!"

I am sure I fainted. I felt disgraced, dishonored, outcast. Had I not fainted I must have kicked my—benefactor.

How times are changed! I would not at all object to meeting more natures as kind.

LÉON GAMBETTA.

Debating societies were numerous in Paris, and the difficulty was to select the best among them when pressed by friends to join La Tocqueville or La Molé.

I belonged for a while to the *Conférence de Tocqueville*, and still possess some of the printed annual reports of its proceedings, which are evidence of the conscientious work done by these young debaters, whose society I, however, did not long frequent, owing to an unsatisfactory tone of political bias as I imagined and believed they possessed; but really because most of my friends, young men of the *Conseil d'Etat*, with whom I often associated in their gay suppers at the *Café Voltaire* at the corner of the *Rue du Bac*, and where more fun, more genuine French wit, was

initiated in a night than an ordinary stranger might discover in France in a year, had pressed me to join the *Conférence Molé*.

This debating society, which bore the name of the Minister Molé, its supposed founder, and to which Thiers, Guizot, Berryer, and other eminent orators had belonged, and where they were said to have prepared themselves by fiery speeches for the legislative fights of their subsequent days, was in 1869, when I joined it, composed of equally fiery natures, whose names I have carefully sought for in the France of the present day, but only one of whom has deserved the place in history which has been assigned to the original members of the Conference.

The one I speak of was President of the *Conférence Molé* when I joined, and replied to the maiden speech which, according to custom, I had to deliver on the first occasion after my reception.

He was a broad-faced, tall, keen-eyed man, with a sonorous voice and a receding forehead.

His look denoted will, his manner energy. When he spoke it was impossible for attention not to be riveted; and what he said appeared always so earnest, that though to an English mind it seemed exaggerated, still it was enough to make one comprehend how among the barristers of the *Conférence Molé* he had won his way to the presidency.

He was a poor barrister himself, whose talents were everywhere recognized, and nowhere made use of. He led a Bohemian kind of existence, waiting by day for a brief in the several courts of justice, and spending his nights in the *cafés* of the Boulevards or of the Quartier Latin.

It was whispered about, but so loudly as to be known generally, that the President of our Conference, whose vigor, manliness, and power so much and so deservedly impressed us, was but "*un pauvre diable, qui doit sa tasse de café dans tous les restaurants des Boulevards, à qui l'occasion manque, et qui n'a pas même celle qui fait le larron.*"

The opportunity did come with a vengeance a very few weeks after I had heard these very remarks, and Léon Gambetta, the President of La *Confé-*

ence Molé, was launched into fame in that very year 1869.

On the 26th of February 1869, having taken for my text the relations of Church and State—a favorite subject with beginners, probably because of its difficulties—and having expressed how in principle I believed it would be in the interest of both to see them apart from one another, and how at the same time I could not vote for such a separation, considering the fearful strides which irreligion was making, and would continue to increase were the Church to lose the support of the State aid—Gambetta got up very quickly, and after a few words of encouragement to the new member, addressed me thus: "Monsieur, it is most interesting to us to hear the views of an English Liberal on these important questions. They at once show us how you English at every age are always stopped in your finest aspirations by considerations of a practical nature. When you will have been here some few times you will see that the most advanced English Liberal is but a very moderate French Conservative. You have in England the blessing of politics without the admixture of religious bias; and you may call yourselves politically what you please, without its offending the religious sense of the people.

"In France we cannot sever religion from politics; and the reason why Liberalism is so hated by the upper and well-to-do classes is that, for some reason or another, whether justifiable or not, it is supposed to be above all anti-clerical.

"But progressive ideas must have their way, although 'Dieu me préserve de vouloir leur succès aux dépens de la modération.'"

These were the sentiments expressed to me by the man who, in November that same year, leaped into notoriety through the mistakes of a silly Home Secretary, M. Pinard, and the whim of the people to see a tomb erected to Baudin; and who was calming down into a practical and moderate statesman when death overtook him in the honorable career of his latter days.

It is the only time I ever saw him to speak to; and I believe as firmly as I can believe in anything, that in Gambetta there were two natures—the im-

pulsive and the reflective—and that both were moved by a generous heart and a lofty disposition.

He was by no means the extreme man it pleased the Empire to make him out; but he disliked the Imperial rule so cordially, that all his impulses were thrown into the balance, so as to weigh down the tottering scale of Napoleon III.

Had the war of 1870 not come upon France as a hurricane, and swept from its face the Napoleonic institutions which had been planted on such poor soil, it is quite possible that a revolution would have taken the place of foreign bayonets and called forth the energies of new men; but Gambetta would have led that revolution, just as he would have steadied it after a while, when reflection took the upper hand, and his sound common-sense showed him that excitement was well for a while but not for always.

It may be that I am only speaking a the prejudiced admirer of our old Molé President; but to deal with Frenchmen, and excited Frenchmen, which is again another race, I know no one who could rise to the occasion as Gambetta did.

His violence in the Chambers only lasted till he had well established the fact that not even Rochefort could talk more loudly or more violently. His extreme views never militated against the day when he could see that in the short space of ten years he had jumped from the position of an actual chairman of a debating society of young men into a more than possible candidate for the presidency of a Conservative French Republic.

"ANTONY" OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
OCT. 1867.

The following letter from Alexandre Dumas "père" to M. Wolff, who was in 1867 editor of the newspaper "Le Figaro," came into my hands through a circumstance as singular as at one time it threatened to be distressing to myself.

Whether or not the great writer had caused a copy of this letter to be sent to M. Wolff, I know not; but the date on which it was written, and that on which I received it from the author himself, would point to this possibility.

On the other hand, the letter is en-

tirely in Dumas' handwriting, and covers six half-sheets of letter-paper—a proof that the writer intended it at first to be printed, an intention which he may not eventually have chosen to carry out.

It gives the history of the drama "Antony," which when first brought out in 1830 created a *furor*, and its moral teaching did not shock the public; while it is apologetic of the criticism its revival in 1867 at the Cluny Theatre, with Mdlle. Duverger in the principal part, had called forth from the "Figaro" and other social papers.

While in 1830 the famous cry, "Elle me résistait, je l'ai assassinée!" brought the house down with a thunder of applause, in 1867 the same cry produced no impression whatever; and among the playgoers of the day it was currently whispered that "Antony" was rather a play to shun than to go and see.

Among others, I had been recommended to avoid the Cluny Theatre, and I minded the recommendation.

On the 17th of October, however, I was one of the four who met at dinner at the hospitable board of Alexandre Dumas the elder. I had been introduced to him a few days before, at a dinner given in his honor at St. Germain by my friend Count Gorowski de Wezele, and had made such good use of my opportunity as to be invited "en famille" to "un pot au feu et une matelote, le tout de ma main."

Faithful to his promise that he would cook the dinner himself, I had an early opportunity of observing its fulfilment; for, as I rang the bell of the apartment at 107 Boulevard Malesherbes, Alexandre Dumas himself opened the door, and pleasantly greeting me, exclaimed—

"Vous voyez, je suis en manches de chemise: je suis cuisinier; et parbleu! si Monte Cristo m'a valu votre connaissance, ma matelote me procurera votre amitié."

He then led me into a small back drawing-room, where he left me to continue the "eel preparation" which was to make us "lasting friends."

Presently he emerged again without a coat, crossed the room not saying a word; but soon reappeared, accompanied by one of the most modest-looking, and if I may say so, with all due defer-

ence to the Spanish translator of Milton's poems, the most inexpressibly meaningless, specimens of humanity I had ever set eyes upon.

"Allons, mes enfants," said Dumas to us, "un peu de patience et le père Dumas vous récompensera;" then he rapidly added something about our making ourselves at home, and that his daughter would soon be with us.

My impression of the liveliness of the party was certainly damped by the entrance of this abashed young Spaniard; and by no means redeemed when Madame Marie Dumas introduced M. Galindo to me as the translator into Spanish verse of the "Paradise Lost."

After some delay our host appeared again at the door in a velvet jacket, and beckoning us into the dining-room, caused the Spanish literary gentleman to sit opposite to him, his daughter on his left, and myself on his right.

All passed well, and we discussed *hors-d'œuvres* and *pot au feu* with delightful appreciation of their excellency, heightened by the extraordinary powers of conversation of our host, who did all the talking.

Presently he gave a start, and with a cry, "Ma matelote!" he got up, darted into the kitchen, and with equal suddenness returned with a long dish containing eels swimming in brandy, to which fire had been set.

I never saw a face, and especially a fat face, beam with so much joy as that of Alexandre Dumas on depositing this dish on the table, and declaring to me that in England we might set fire to plum-puddings—the fire would not melt such mixtures; but in France, in his house, there was a man, a novelist, a writer, who could set eels on fire, and the eels were liquefied. "Croyez moi," he added, "j'ai beaucoup écrit; j'ai même écrit de belles choses, mais ce que je fais de mieux c'est une matelote d'anguille."

I was much amused and much interested, and we were all of us in a high state of hilarity, when in rushed Madame la Princesse Eugénie Narishkin, who, breathless with her ascent of some sixty steps, could scarcely utter a word; but going up to Dumas, who naturally embraced her, pleaded her inability to have come before, and a host of other

reasons why she had been prevented paying her "cher maître" her accustomed visit.

After a minute, however, and looking as despondent as could well be, she added—

"Mais ce qui me désole le plus c'est que je n'ai pas eu un instant pour aller admirer 'Antony.'"

Quick as lightning, and remembering only the caution given me by my friends, I thought I would gallantly rescue the poor Princess from her despondency, if the reason she gave was the whole cause of it, and exclaimed—

"Ah, Princesse, de grâce n'allez pas voir ça."

I had scarcely uttered the words when I thought the end of the world had come, and by the faces of all around, perceived I had somehow done something very wrong, though in what I had offended I most happily did not at that moment realise.

A deep rumbling grunt came forth from mine host. The Princess opened her eyes and gaped at me, as if I were some wild animal suddenly sprung upon a civilised household. Poor Marie Dumas stared, as if to say, "Good God! never has such a thing been said in the presence of my father." My Spanish friend was so dumfounded that he looked almost idiotic.

I took in all these facial expressions, and with the serenity of innocence boldly asked: "Permettez, Princesse, lisez la pièce cent mille fois, mais de grâce n'allez pas la voir si mal jouée."

Another transformation scene. Dumas' ponderous hand fell upon my arm, with the words, "Très bien, jeune homme." Madame Marie Dumas looked lovingly at me; the Princess, I felt sure, was about to cry with joy; and my Spaniard seemed to whisper to himself in Spanish the equivalent, though somewhat changed lines, to—

"The world is all before him, and Providence his guide."

The rest of the dinner passed off most brilliantly, and there was a deal of conversation carried on between the two ladies about *les charmes de l'à propos*, which I could not make out, being all along under the impression that the storm I had raised was caused, perhaps, by the author of "Antony" being a friend of

all present and not of mine, and that the gratitude which followed was due to my ruthlessly sacrificing Mademoiselle Duvenger and the other actors at the Cluny in order to save the author.

But my dream was a short one. As soon as I got into the drawing-room, Alexandre Dumas went to his study and brought out a letter which he said he had addressed to Wolff on the subject of "Antony;" and as I had asked him for his autograph, he would give me this letter, not only as a reminiscence of himself, but as a proof of his appreciation of the manner in which the poor author of "Antony" had been saved at dinner by *le jeune attaché Anglais*.

I felt but one desire—viz., to rush out of the house. I, however, kept myself sufficiently under control to talk for a little while on every possible subject of futility with the learned Spaniard and the artistic Marie Dumas, and then escaped, thoroughly ashamed of myself.

They must have felt that I would never dare to return; for a few days after I got from Dumas' daughter the picture of an angel, beautifully drawn by herself, with the following characteristic invitation:—

"Je vous envoie l'espérance que vous dinerez avec nous demain. Que cet ange vous suive partout c'est le vœu de, &c.,

"MARIE ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

This broke the ice: I could not send back the "angel" bearer of so kind a message. And so here is the letter in translation, which Dumas intended for Wolff, but which he gave me. It deserves perusal:—

"6th Oct. 1867.

"MY DEAR WOLFF,—Allow me to thank you for the past, the present, and the future.

"You are grateful to me, dear friend, for having been one of the first to shake hands with you on your arrival in France, and for having even then been one of the first to declare you were a man of intellect.

"You have no reason to thank me: your pen would have proclaimed it, and your writings would have proved it without my help.

"You are strange creatures, you Germans, to remember such trifles.

"Heine, with whom you have more than one characteristic in common, and of whom I even suspect you of being the avatar, thanked me on the eve of his death for having for ten years procured him distraction.

"He also could not forget. I know no memory except your own as obstinate as was that of Heine: and with less reason, he could

not forget that I by my 'Travelling Impressions' had made known his 'Reisebilder.'

"It is true, that had I not read the 'Reisebilder' of Heine, it is probable that I never would have written 'Les Impressions de Voyage.'

"I knew another German who had almost as much cleverness as Heine and yourself, taken separately, of course.

"He wrote me a long letter to know how many minutes it required for a French name to become popular in Vienna, and how many years it required a German name to be known in France.

"His name was Saphir.

"You and Heine both took the right way of making yourselves instantly known in France, and promptly so in Germany.

"You have written in French.

"But take care if you are going to write in French for the purpose of speaking in favor of my plays, and against the censors: you will be placing yourself in antagonism with half my colleagues, and getting into trouble with the Government.

"For after all there is a precedent to 'Antony,' mutilated after 450 representations: there is my play of 'La tour de Nesle,' which was stopped after 980 performances, and forbidden for seven years.

"It is true that the play was restored as it had been stopped, without the Administration taking the trouble of giving any reason.

"Another of my plays is in a still more whimsical position: it is neither permitted to be acted nor forbidden to be played. It is allowed in the provinces, and has just been played at Marseilles and at the Havre.

"But in Paris the play is not allowed to be performed. It is true that it lies with me to have it acted. I have but a small sacrifice to make. I have but to omit the chorus, 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

"I would like to know what the Emperor would say if he were told that a play rather Royalist than Republican was not allowed to be acted for the space of eighteen years during his reign, because in the play it was said that 'to die for fatherland is the happiest fate.'

"This is all the more disagreeable for us dramatists, that the three theatres where dramas used to be played—namely, the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, and the Gaîté—only produce fairy pieces now.

"And when I think that in writing 'Antony' I believed I was writing a moral piece!

"I had said to myself: The morality of a piece neither lies in the incidents nor in the style—witness the 'Mariage de Figaro'—but in the punishment or reward which the heroes of the drama meet with.

"I was one day walking leisurely on the Boulevard, and catching, or rather trying to catch, such ideas as flitted across me in the air which we breathe, when suddenly this notion fixed itself on my mind—a married woman surprised by her husband in the company of her lover, and who would prefer death to dishonor—a lover who could understand this greatness of soul in his mistress, and who, accomplishing her wish, should strike her,

exclaiming: 'I have killed her because she resisted me!'—it seemed to me that in all this there might be not only the elements of a great drama, but a great moral; for after all, the most passionate man would hesitate, I am sure, if he knew that, in embracing the wife of another man, he strides at once both his first and last step towards assassination and the scaffold.

"People may say what they like, but such is the idea which impresses itself as the curtain falls on 'Antony.'

"If the play be as Messieurs the Censors would have it believed, a school of immorality, the theatre of the Porte St. Martin must, on the occasion of its first representation, have contained a very immoral audience; for having recognized me, there was a desperate struggle as to who should possess something that belonged to me.

"My coat was sacrificed—a poor green coat, which was certainly not at fault; but green coats were worn then, and this one was torn to bits, and the people disputed the fragments.

"In truth, I have too good an opinion of my contemporaries and of myself to believe that I was a corrupter of morals, and that all these enthusiasts were corrupted people.

"The censure must be a very heavy burden to literature, and very unwholesome for society, since whenever there is a revolution in France the censure is the first public office to be abolished.

"And it must be likewise a very useless office, since two plays stopped by it in 1829 were played in 1830 without causing the slightest scandal, either on their first production or on any subsequent occasion.

"They were 'Antony' and 'Marion de Lorme.' The great evil of these administrative crimes is that the moral susceptibilities of the examiners are only known two or three days before the play is produced.

"The first impulse of an author who respects himself is to withdraw his work; but then come the theatre directors, who have reckoned upon it, and who, to produce it, have expended much money; the artists, who, to learn the piece, have given time and memory. Finally, ten different interests, which come to beg and implore, and which it is wellnigh impossible to say nay to.

"What is one to do? One goes to the Fontaine St. Michel, and one washes one's hands; so far as one is personally concerned, however.

"Alas! as a rule, only clean hands ever wash.—Once more, many thanks, my dear Wolff.

A. DUMAS.

A "BON VIVANT," 1868.

Among the kindest friends I had when an *attaché* in Paris—and indeed it is difficult to particularise in the host of truly generous and hospitable Frenchmen I had the honor of being intimate with during those wonderful last years of the Empire—was a certain Marquis de Caen, a regular type of the French

bon vivant, and a man to whom any mistake as to vintage on the part of a guest who was called upon to give an opinion as to such wonderful wine as the Marquis alone, I believe, could discover and produce on occasions, was infinitely more hurtful than a blow administered to him; for he could return the latter, but found no words to express his disgust in the former case.

He was somewhat a *sauvage*, according to his own definition of himself. He detested society; never went out; and, excepting at dinner time, never sought for company. But to him that sacred time was not hallowed, unless he had a friend or an acquaintance to whom he could impart some of his gastronomic experiences.

The Cercle Agricole was one of his favorite resorts: for punctually at seven there was a *table d'hôte* dinner served each day during the season, and it was always attended. Those who came later than seven were accommodated with a small table as at our clubs, but they were not privileged to sit at *la grande table*.

Owing to embassy duties and others, I was not always very punctual, and sat down at one of the little tables to discuss *solus* an excellent dinner and my usual pint of *ordinaire*. The Marquis had observed this, and was by no means pleased.

He asked the waiter why I was not at the big table.

"Parce que monsieur ne s'est pas inscrit."

"Does he know that he has to write his name down?"

"I believe so."

"Well, then, give him my compliments, and tell him that the Marquis de Caen hopes he will learn punctuality to-morrow, and will sit near him at dinner."

The message was duly delivered, and after dinner I had myself introduced to the old gentleman who had so pleasantly conveyed to me the intelligence that I had forgotten this mark of respect from a stranger to a native, and a young member to an old member of the club.

From that moment we became stanch friends. He was a constant source of amusement to me, and the following lesson which he gave is typical of the man,

while it is an exceedingly pleasant reminiscence.

Shortly after we had become acquainted, he considered it necessary to "have it out" with me in regard to a point which had sorely vexed him; so he, one evening, when we were alone smoking, turned restlessly in his chair, cleared his throat, and said—

"Monsieur, permit me to ask you how old you are?"

"Twenty five."

"And you drink *ordinaire*!! Comment à 25 ans, à cet âge d'or vous buvez de l'*ordinaire*! Cela me passe."

"But I cannot afford more costly wine."

"What does that matter? At twenty-five you are spoiling your taste; and is not a developed taste worth any money that can be spent in its education?"

"I cannot say."

"But I can; I tell you that if you cannot afford it, others must."

"That's very well, but others won't."

"Won't!"—with a shriek—"et allons donc un attaché d'ambassade, de l'ambassade d'Angleterre encore, qui me dit à la face qu'on ne lui paierait pas sa note de vin? C'est incroyable: cela n'est pas possible. Why, sir," he continued, much agitated, "to be in the country of claret and not to know it is a sin. And you are not going to tell me that you have as good in England; for I tell you, who have been fifty years at the pleasant task, no French wine can bear the sea. Le vin sent la mer à dix lieues et en a la nausée: c'est comme moi; j'adore les Anglais . . . en France: je ne me permettrais jamais de passer le détroit. Il y a la mer: le mal de cœur. Cela me fait mal rien que d'y penser—"

Finding that he was rapidly digressing, he cut himself short, and authoritatively delivered the opinion that foreign Governments should pay their young diplomats' wine bills, and oblige them to report upon the growth of the vine throughout France.

"How I wish that could be so!" I exclaimed; "but there is little chance of the English Government seeing it in so natural a light."

"Well," said my Marquis, having exhausted his final argument, "I see I must look to it myself." Google

He rang the bell, and ordering himself "un grog Américain," he settled down to his plan and its development.

"What are you doing next week?" he began.

"Nothing particular; everybody seems to be asleep or out of town."

"Tant mieux, nous dînerons ensemble tous les soirs."

"Nothing I shall like better."

"Each night we shall have different wines."

"At what price?"

"Never mind the price; I will for this week defray that cost."

"I cannot let you."

"I insist."

"On what conditions?"

"That you pay attention to what you drink."

"You may be sure of that."

"And that the week after next, when we again dine together, you will pay for every bottle the vintage of which you have not correctly guessed?"

"Most certainly; a very proper condition, I think. I accept the terms with jubilation. I am quite certain that I shall not be caught tripping."

"That's right," said my old friend, slyly, adding that he had too much regard for my ambassador, my country, and myself, to allow a friend of his to be ignorant of what France could best and most properly boast of.

"You know," he casually remarked, "that the gentlemen who are proprietors of this club are great agriculturists, and while their sons dissipate their fortunes at the Jockey Club, they console themselves here over an excellent cellar, and finish up by a mild *baccarat* in remembrance of *un jeu d'enfer* in their earlier days."

The very next day my apprenticeship began over a delicious *Cos d'Estournel* '57. The next night a *Brame Mouton* '58 was such as never to be forgotten.

The third night a *Château Lafitte* '48 was too exquisite not to dream of for days. On the fourth, a *Château Larose* was so delicate and so aromatic that I swore it never could be mistaken when once tasted.

On the fifth and sixth days other equally delicious wines were produced from the wonderful cellar of the club,

and the bottles were brought in triumph by the *sommelier*, who had ever a long talk with "Monsieur le Marquis" as to a thousand details which a *connoisseur* scrapes out of the dust and grime and appearance of a bottle of old claret.

These conversations in themselves were a source of great wonder to me; and by the time the week came round I was to pay for any mistakes, I was so certain that I had before me another week of gorgeous and cheap repasts, that I offered even to bet with my friend that I would make no mistake.

Horrible dictu! and indeed the story is too sad to relate. I was some pounds the poorer at the end of the week. I had not guessed right a single time.

But the lesson had been taken to heart for having been so dearly bought.

I was never once caught tripping ever after, in so far as the club wines were concerned, a result which my friend was immensely proud in having achieved; and I never again dined at the club on mere claret and water, a fact which my purse did not relish as much as my palate.

I cannot terminate this anecdote without relating briefly another of the old Marquis.

I had asked him to dinner at Durand's *Café de la Madeleine*—an excellent restaurant, by the way—and to meet some English friends of note.

I had taken great pains to have the bill of fare composed to his taste, and was awaiting him with some impatience, all the guests being already arrived, when his burly figure came tumbling through the restaurant, and his big voice uttering loudly a request to know where was his "jeune ami, Monsieur —"

The waiters showed him into our room, when he merely said—

"Je suis en retard, mon ami; je vous expliquerai cela plus tard."

"Je ferai également plus tard la connaissance de ces messieurs."

"Le diner avant tout. Voyons le menu."

He took up the bill of fare, frowned, and, calling a waiter, exclaimed familiarly, "Jean! ne saviez vous pas que monsieur était de mes amis?"

Waiter. "Oui, Monsieur le Marquis."

Marquis. "Si vous le saviez, pour-quoi diable lui servez vous un aussi mauvais dîner."

Waiter. "Mais, monsieur—"

Marquis. "Taisez-vous : donnez-moi un crayon."

The pencil was brought : the old gentleman wrote a fresh *menu*, placed against the various courses the several wines he wished to have served with them ; and when he had done, he turned to the waiter and said—

"Prenez cela : dans une demiheure ; nous serons ici."

Then addressing me, he begged to be introduced to each separately. This ceremony gone through, he expressed himself thus—

"Gentlemen, Mr. — has told me I was to have the honor of meeting distinguished Englishmen. The more distinguished they are, the more necessary is it to let them enjoy a good dinner. Our friend here," tapping me heavily on the shoulder, "wishes, I know, to do his best for us all. He shall have as good as what his wishes are. I have taken care of that for him ; and now let us walk on the Boulevard for half an hour."

I knew not whether to laugh or to cry, to be angry or put out ; but my friend was eccentric, and I thought the best way was to grin and bear.

We walked instead of dining ; but when we did dine, I may safely say it proved to be the best dinner I ever sat down to,—and the dearest.

MR. GLADSTONE'S OPINION OF MODERATE LIBERALS IN 1866.

If the well-considered Reform Bill of 1884 has passed into law by the help of a compromise, at least its thorough liberal character and the broad principle which it expounded precluded all possible dissent on the part of Liberals during its passage through the Lower House ; but in 1866 matters were different. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone offered a Bill of Reform which bore the mark, if not of hasty conception, at least of a want of thoroughness which at once rallied the doubtful voters on the side of the Opposition.

To reduce the county franchise from £50 to £14, and the borough franchise from £10 to £7, was on the face of all things a compromise between a sense of

duty and a fear of doing it. It was a half-hearted measure, which could not do anybody much good, while it was likely to be productive of considerable mischief.

There was thus some if not much excuse for the disaffection which at once manifested itself in the Liberal ranks, and it is little to be wondered at if, finding suddenly a leviathan orator to advocate their cause in Mr. Lowe, "the discontented and those in distress," answering to his call from the Cave of Adullam, as Mr. Bright had described the position, gave him their support, and enabled him, with the help of the regular Opposition, to defeat the Bill, and oblige the Government to resign that had introduced it.

No wonder, then, if the Adullamites or faint-hearted Liberals were anything but pleasant reminiscences to Mr. Gladstone.

With these facts in mind, the following deserves the interest which I have always attached to it.

While the Ministry were awaiting her Majesty's orders from Balmoral, Mr. Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave had invited a large party of political and other friends to Strawberry Hill from Saturday, June 23d, to the following Monday, and among others the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Villiers, the President of the Duchy of Lancaster and Mrs. Goschen, T.R.H. Count and Countess de Paris, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Lady Airlie, Lord and Lady Amberley, Lord Cowper, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Bernal Osborne and his daughter, Sir Henry and Lady Seymour, Mr. and Lady E. Burke, Dr. Quinn, Mr. Delane, and myself ; while on the next day Lady Molesworth and (late) Lord Stanley of Alderley added their presence to our number.

A kind of settled gloom hung over everybody—the gloom of discomfiture, increased by the intimate knowledge that the Ministry had courted their own defeat in a great measure.

Even Dr. Quinn and Bernal Osborne looked dispirited, and Hayward wore a more mysteriously confidential air than usual.

To make matters worse, Mr. Villiers fell from his chair at dinner, which was deemed a bad omen.

At this juncture, happening to be near Mr. Gladstone at breakfast on the Sunday morning, I ventured to ask whether he would so far honor me as to give me his autograph.

"Certainly," he said; "but you must put a question to me on paper, and I shall answer it."

I was twenty-three years of age, very proud of being in such interesting company at such a time, and therefore most anxious to justify my presence by some clever question.

I wrote down quickly the following; and, rather pleased with it, gave it to Mr. Gladstone. It ran thus:—

"What is Mr. Gladstone's opinion of the difference which exists in 1866 between a Liberal and a Moderate Conservative?"

Mr. Gladstone crumpled up the paper, and, apparently much annoyed, said—"He did not think he could answer such a question."

I was so concerned by his look of vexation, that I went up to one of the ladies and repeated my question to her, so as to gather from her in which way I had offended.

She nearly screamed, at least so far as that person could ever utter a sound, and asked how I could ever have been so bold.

The truth dawned upon me. The Moderate Liberals of 1866 had dissolved a powerful Liberal Ministry, and I had inquired what he thought of them, of the very statesmen who had put their moderate principles to the test.

I felt all manner of uncomfortable feelings, and rejoiced that a dinner in town obliged me to leave Strawberry Hill on that afternoon.

After luncheon Lord Cowper and I started for a walk to Ham House and to Richmond. On reaching the ferry at Twickenham, we had to wait a little while for the boat; but it came at last, and in it sat Mr. Gladstone, who was returning to Strawberry Hill from Pembroke Lodge.

I very modestly bade good bye to him without any allusion to my indiscretion of the morning; but with infinite kindness and charm of manner, he said, "I have not forgotten you," and pulled out of his pocket my original question and his characteristic answer to it.

"STRAWBERRY HILL,

June 24, 1866.

"The word Moderate, as far as my observation goes, does no great credit—according to the manner in which it is now used—either to the word Liberal or to the word Conservative. Every Liberal claims to be Conservative: every Conservative to be Liberal. I know of no solution of the question between them except the test of their works.—Yours very truly,
W. E. GLADSTONE."

My indiscreet effort at being clever had succeeded after all, for here was a letter which better described his own thoughts than a thousand oral explanations of them, and which to an outsider told nothing.

The delightful "now" before the word "used," and the contempt in "the test of their works," were gems to those who read it at the time, which have made me value this letter more than any I have received from the same source since.

QUEER FOLKS, 1867.

Among the people who daily called at the Embassy, many turned out to be types of the strongest marked character. Some came, as it would seem, from sheer desire of being able to say that they had called there on business, while their so-called business consisted in asking questions of the most futile character. Others would request favors which it was impossible to grant, and when informed of this, were excessively annoyed and more than enraged—often threatening to write to the "Times" newspaper and expose the unwillingness of the paid officials of the British Embassy to accede to any request lawfully made by a British tax-payer.

But the great mass who came were mostly applicants for presentation at Court, and with some of these I had singular experience.

It was a rule which was strictly adhered to, that no British subject who had not previously been presented at his own Court, should have a right to claim from his Embassy the privilege of being introduced at the Tuileries.

Many got to Court through other means; but during Lord Lyons's judicious rule, no one that I can remember ever infringed this regulation, and he always knew everything about the candidates for presentation whom he admitted on his limited list.

The knowledge that he was very particular on this point made his secretaries equally careful in their investigations on any such request being made to them.

Early in the spring of 1868, a card was handed to me from a gentleman, who wished to see one of "ces messieurs" in the ante-room; and as I came in I found a very well-dressed and apparently very aristocratic-looking Englishman, who, both in manner and voice, showed that he belonged, as indeed his name indicated, to our very best society, albeit he was not titled.

Having begged of him to sit down, I took a chair opposite to him, and still holding his card in my hand, began to twirl it between my fingers while he proceeded to inform me that his desire was to be placed on Lord Lyons's list for presentation to the Emperor at the next Tuileries ball.

He added that he was a magistrate and a gentleman, but that he had many troubles.

I thought while he was speaking that he showed signs of being somewhat unhinged in mind, and as he mentioned his troubles I was very much interested.

Still I twirled away at his card, listening attentively to what he had to say; and when he had finished, I promised him to mention his name to the ambassador, though I added, by way of caution, that as only a certain amount of presentations were allowed at each ball, I could not, of course, say how far the list was or was not complete for the next Tuileries festivity.

"I have your name and address," I said, "on this card."

"Yes," he remarked, somewhat sullenly, as I afterwards remembered, "if you can decipher it in its present state."

I duly reported my friend's wishes to the chief, adding that, in my opinion, I thought this most worthy Englishman was somewhat demented, though I had nothing in the world to go upon except the impression conveyed on me by his mournful conversation; and I could not help thinking that so sad a gentleman would be out of place in the gay assemblage of the Tuileries.

In the exercise of his judgment—and no man that I ever met throughout my life possessed or possesses that quality to so eminent a degree as Lord Lyons—

my candidate was not included in the list of presentations.

Whether this rebuff constituted a fresh trouble in the mind of the gentleman in question, or whether, like other English tax-payers, he was furious with the Embassy for not at once acceding to his request, I know not; but some little while after, a despatch arrived from the Foreign Office, which, written in Lord Clarendon's most genial style, inquired why I had twirled a gentleman's card while he was speaking, and drawing a moral for the future especially to avoid so incongruous a proceeding.

As the French say, "Je me le suis tenu pour dit;" but that the first time I should be mentioned in despatches was to inform me not to twirl a gentleman's card, was what I so little expected, that my astonishment got the better of my regret; and instead of pitying my friend, I made up my mind that first impressions are right, and that he was mad.

The applicants for the protection of the Embassy formed another class of curious people, who taxed our intelligence in discovering whether they had a *bond fide* claim or not, and our purse in the discharge of oftentimes very ill-placed charity.

One famous individual was wont to take his summer trips entirely at the expense of the several legations, embassies, or consulates he found on his way from Heligoland to Italy. He was well-known to us in Paris; and I well remember his astonishment when, some years later, he called at a Legation in Germany, where I was acting as *Chargé d'affaires*, and requested to see me.

He began his usual story, that he was a poor man called away from his home in the far north to a dying relative in the far south, and obliged to walk the whole distance and beg his living on the way.

"From Heligoland on your way to Florence," I said.

Involuntarily he looked up, and voluntarily made a rapid exit.

But the hero of this story was of a very different type.

I was very busy one afternoon, and rather anxious not to be disturbed, when the chancery servant apologised for intruding by exclaiming that there was a

species of maniac in the hall who insisted on seeing a member of the Embassy, late though it was, as his case brooked no delay, and he required protection against the villainy of the French authorities.

Sure enough, when I emerged into the hall I saw a man evidently suffering from rabies, or some frightful injury which it only required a last conversation at the Embassy to go and immediately avenge on some one or on many.

I could scarcely calm him, so excited was his manner, so violent his language; but at last I pointed out that unless he would moderate his feelings there was little chance either of my knowing his purpose or understanding his case, and he cooled down a little.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "I have been grossly insulted: I care not for that. My wife has been grossly insulted: I care not for that either; but I am a British subject—I pay taxes—and it is the duty of the Embassy to protect me, to see me righted."

I could not help remarking that if he cared not for the insults he and his wife had received, though he had not told me what they were, it seemed to me that there was no cause for interference.

"What, sir! not interfere? Not protect a British subject? What are you here for? Yes, sir; what are you here for? I repeat, what is the good of an embassy?"

"To see their countrymen righted, if there is fair reason to suppose that they have been wronged."

"Well, I have been wronged."

"Sir, my time is precious; and unless you can tell me more about your case than I have as yet heard, I must wish you good morning." And I rose to depart.

"Stay, sir," he said, "and listen, then, to my story. That I should be obliged to tell such a tissue of insults and injuries done to me and my unoffending wife; but I will have compensation, that I will: compensation from the railway company, from the customs officers, from the French Government. You see if I don't."

"Your case, sir, if you please."

"Me and the wife were travelling from Switzerland to Paris, and at Bel-

fort they told us to get down because they wished to examine us. I remonstrated, and told them that I wished to get on my way as soon as possible, as I had business in England to attend to.

'You can do that after we have seen to our business,' they said, and the signal was given to the train to start, leaving us and our luggage on the platform. Presently we were separated and searched, and at last I discovered that they believed us to have stolen a watch, and that we had this watch in our possession."

"May I ask," I said, "what is your profession?"

"I am a watchmaker by trade."

"Thank you."

"They did not find any watch, and then they let us go. But I ask you, sir, are we to be arrested, searched, and insulted like this, without compensation for loss of time, and for the injury done to our reputation?"

"Stop a bit," I said; "had you any friends with you?"

"No; but the whole of the passengers saw the arrest."

"But did any of them know you?"

"No."

"Of course you have done quite right to come here, for undoubtedly it would be our duty to see you righted could you place us in the position of doing so."

"But I have."

"I beg your pardon, you have done nothing of the kind; and allow me to say that, being accredited here to a foreign Court, we should naturally require to hear what the French authorities have to say in the matter, before we could ask for reparation of the insult."

"Never mind that, sir; compensation is what I want."

"Still more for compensation; let me, therefore, ask you a question or two. Can you bring us a witness of this sad occurrence?"

"No, sir."

"Not a single person who, having been in the same train, could speak to the incident as one which was not properly or legally conducted?"

"No."

"Nor any one who has known you in Switzerland, and was travelling with you?"

"Nobody."

"That is a pity. You are a watch-maker, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"And were improperly accused of stealing a watch?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is very unfortunate indeed, for, look at it yourself from a sensible point of view. Nothing was found on you, therefore nothing could be then proved against you; but your being interested generally in watches might cause further researches to be made which might prejudice you in England where you are known, whereas no one knowing you here, they can do you no harm. My advice to you therefore is, drop this business, which might, after investigation, prove to be a trumped-up story after all: pocket the affront, and go home as quickly as you can."

The man stood silent a minute, then taking his hat with both hands, said: "Thank you, sir; I never saw it in that light before," and departed.

On another occasion a young man, who represented himself as a medical student and a Peruvian, asked for me by name, and informed me that the mail which brought him his monthly remittances from his family in Lima had this time arrived without the usual letter for him, and that he was therefore destitute of all means. Alone and without friends he had bethought himself of a relative and namesake of mine, who was then British Minister in the Peruvian capital, and had ventured to ask me for assistance on the ground that his father was well known to the English envoy.

The appeal was made in so straightforward a manner that I was most anxious inwardly to believe in it, and if possible to answer it.

"How much do you require?"

"Five hundred francs."

The sum staggered my benevolent intentions, for I knew I had not that amount to spare; and if I had, its large figure suggested nearer inquiries into the legitimacy of the request thus suddenly made.

The young man must have read what was passing through my mind, for he at once proceeded to divest an album he had wrapped up in a newspaper, and to

remark that he had not come without a security, though he did not know how I would like its nature.

"This is," he said, "a collection of autographs, and contains all the signatures of the present members of Congress in the United States, besides a great many others which I have had some difficulty in obtaining."

I looked at the book with an interested eye, and asked him whether he considered the members of Congress to be worth £20.

"I have had the book valued," he said, "and that is the sum put upon it."

I relented again, and my thoughts were balancing between duty and extravagance, and they at last arrived at what I believed to be a happy compromise.

"I will not lend you any money."

The poor fellow seemed about to faint.

"But I will have this book valued on my own account."

He seemed quite pleased again, which was a proof to me that he had said true when he declared he had had it valued.

"If," I continued, "it is worth the money you say it is, I will then arrange with you as to its ultimate purchase; but if it is not, I am afraid my means will not allow of my being any great help to you. At any rate, I will not take a book you value as a security."

My Peruvian then asked whether I would, in consideration of the great distress he was in, owing to his rent falling due, lend him £10 now, and arrange for the rest after I had had the autographs valued.

The man seemed so honest in all his behavior that I at last consented, and told him that if the book were valued at £20, I should put £10 in an envelope addressed to him, and leave it with the porter of the Embassy until he called for it. Meanwhile, I lent him the sum he asked for, and he went away as happy a being as ever I beheld.

This was in 1867.

I had the book examined and valued by a professional expert, and it was estimated to be worth £20.

The remaining £10 was therefore duly deposited in an envelope addressed to the Peruvian student, and deposited where I had told him he might find it.

When I left Paris in March 1870 the envelope was still there ; and on my return from the East in 1872, I found that the envelope had successfully weathered the Prussian siege and the days of the Commune.

In 1873, on my way to England from Germany, I saw my envelope again ; but this time I took possession of it, and having the autograph book with me, took it to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, at whose auction-rooms the members of Congress obtained a very complimentary price set upon their signatures.

To this day I have never heard of my Peruvian friend ; but he cannot owe me a grudge for leaving a £10 note idle for more than six years, when he remembers that, although a total stranger, I spared him a whole month's trouble and anxiety, and stood to him indeed the friend in need he came to seek at the British Embassy.

We were not always so fortunate, and many a scoundrel worked upon our feelings with success, without even allowing us after the generosity was perpetrated to preserve the illusion that we had done what charity commanded.

I cannot, however, dismiss the subject of queer folks without mentioning a very touching little incident related to us by a member of the Austrian Embassy, at the head of which in those last days of the Empire was Prince Richard de Metternich and his clever Princess.

A Hungarian band had got into trouble, and their instruments had to be pawned. In their distress they appealed to their Embassy : produced the pawn-tickets for their instruments, and begged that they might be allowed to borrow the amount necessary to redeem these objects on which their daily bread depended.

A subscription was got up, and the money handed to the master of the band as a loan.

Some months elapsed, and like all such loans it was no longer thought of except as mistaken charity, when Prince and secretaries were suddenly visited with an avalanche of Hungarian sounds, played unmistakably by a band of veritable Hungarians, who were determined to give to their Czardacs the most inspiring effect.

In a moment Europe and its affairs were forgotten, and the Austrian Chancery were at the windows, when presently the bandmaster, in Hungarian costume, advanced and begged for an interview.

When he was let in, he produced a little purse, and with a respectful bow handed it to one of the secretaries as containing the sum which had been generously lent to redeem their instruments, and forthwith proceeded to play the Austrian National Anthem.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE PRINTING AND BINDING OF THE REVISED BIBLE.

IN the world of books the great event of the year 1885 has been the publication of the Revised Bible, the printing and binding of which must, we suppose, be allowed to have been the greatest feat of the kind performed in modern times. Of the two Universities, Oxford has taken the larger share of the work, and at the moment of writing the whole machinery of production there is in full activity. An enormous stock of Bibles was stored away at the London warehouse in the early part of the year in anticipation of a great rush on publishing day. But, great as the stock was, it was soon found that it would prove quite inadequate to the demand ;

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and Wolvercote paper-mill, the Clarendon Printing Press, and the Oxford Bindery in Aldersgate Street were again set going to the utmost of their powers ; and at the present moment the printing, at least, is going on by night and day, and all other departments of the work are proceeding under the greatest pressure. In America the demand has been very large, our Transatlantic cousins having apparently quite failed to obtain an early copy of the Revised Scriptures so as to get out editions of their own. They put reprints in hand as soon as the new Bible appeared in America, but the enterprise of the University Presses had been beforehand with them. With

great business sagacity, Oxford and Cambridge had sent over a large number of books to New York to be placed "in bond," and the moment the rival editions were announced these bonded Bibles were thrown upon the market, and quite took the wind out of the sails of the American speculation.

Practically the two University Presses are supplying the whole English-speaking world with Revised Bibles, and the work, it need hardly be said, has been a gigantic one. As regards Oxford, the manufacture of Bibles involves a great deal more than printing and binding. The Clarendon Press makes its own paper, casts its own type, does its own electrotyping, repairs its own machinery, makes its own ink, and even the materials of which the ink is made are manufactured on the premises. It has a large bookbinding establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; and at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, it does its own publishing.

The paper on which all the Oxford Bibles are printed is made at the University's own mill at Wolvercote. Oxford Bible paper is a specialty. There is a great deal of print in the Old and New Testaments, and unless great care were taken the volumes would be thick and "podgy." The thinnest paper that can possibly be made opaque is the desideratum, and rags only are used at Wolvercote. Old sailcloths, being made of linen, are in great request here, and they enter into the composition more or less of all the paper used in Oxford Bibles. There are huge piles of this old material gathered in here after battling with breezes in all the seas under heaven. They come in here to be torn into shreds, and beaten into pulp, and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on, wafted off again to all the ends of the earth—certainly rather a quaint and curious metamorphosis. The paper made here, as we shall presently see, is not exclusively used for Bibles, but for this year's issue up to the present time more than 300 tons of paper has been turned out, and of this no less than 120 tons of a specially thin description has been consumed in the printing of the smallest-sized edition. Altogether not less than about 450 tons of rags must have been

consumed in manufacturing the necessary paper for the new Bibles. It has been reckoned that the paper would cover about two and a half square miles. Laid out in a strip six inches wide it would more than go round the world. The sheets piled up in reams as they come from the mill would make a column ten or twelve times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral; and if they were stacked up after folding into books, but without binding, the pile would tower to more than a hundred times the height of the cathedral. The completed copies turned out by Oxford alone, if piled up flat, one upon another, would make a pillar some seventeen miles high, and if piled on end they would rise to the height of something over 2,000 times the height of the Monument.

The ink is made at the Clarendon Press, but there is nothing specially noteworthy in the manufacture here. The production of the lampblack from which it is made, however, is well worthy of a passing notice. This is done at a small factory a short distance from the Press, and standing in as open a position as could be secured, the manufacture in one or two respects being somewhat objectionable. The black is made by burning creosote in specially constructed ovens. The fluid is filled into a tank fixed up on the top of a row of such furnaces. A pipe runs from the creosote tank along the front of the ovens, and at intervals along this pipe the fluid is allowed to fall drop by drop into a row of funnels. The lower end of each funnel passes through the front of the oven, and these drops are thus conducted inside, where they fall into a small blaze of burning creosote, and of course perpetuate the blaze. The creosote burns with a flickering flame, giving off abundance of smoke, which it is necessary to secure as a deposit of soot. In order to do this as effectually as possible it is contrived that a slight draught shall be made to waft the smoke through a series of chambers hung round with blankets, and with blankets also here and there suspended across the current of air, which is thus ingeniously made to turn and twist round as many corners as possible, so that by the time any given volume of air reaches the

chimney at the end of the course as nearly as possible all the smoke shall have been deposited. From the oven to the final exit is a distance of perhaps some eighty feet, but the smoke is made to zigzag about so as to give it an actual course of somewhere about two hundred feet, and throughout the whole distance walls and roof and floor are muffled in thick flakes, to which the rough surfaces of the blankets impart a form singularly like that of snow, only of a dead black instead of white. One can get into these funereal chambers, and extremely curious places they are. The blankets across the draught having been hitched aside, the explorer may make his way through a great part of this horizontal smoke-shaft, and if he takes care to move with something of the delicacy of Agag, he may come out again with no more soot upon him than may easily be blown off. This soot-making is, it must be allowed, a very odd incidental feature of Bible printing.

The Oxford University Press, so far at least as its premises are regarded, is, we suppose, the finest in the kingdom. It is a quadrangular building with a handsome façade fronting one of the northern thoroughfares of Oxford, and enclosing a pleasant square adorned with grass and trees, and a great fountain basin. It has a fine entrance ornamented with Corinthian columns, and over this entrance is the "delegates' room"—what would be called the board-room of an ordinary commercial company—and the various offices of the establishment constitute the rest of the front. On the opposite side of the quadrangle are two ivy-clad dwelling houses, one occupied by the widow of a late manager, the other by the present controller and printer to the University, Mr. Horace Hart. The building on the right-hand side of the quadrangle is the "learned side," and the building on the left is the "Bible side." These are managed as two distinct businesses, but are under one direction.

We are just now chiefly concerned with the "Bible side" of the establishment; but it may be as well perhaps to explain that the Clarendon Press is to a certain extent a "general printing office." Within certain dignified limits

it does miscellaneous book printing for various London publishers and public societies. The establishment will not condescend to light literature, but it prints any works of a religious, scientific, or classical nature, and it is prepared to do this in an astonishing variety of ancient and modern languages, for all of which it casts its own type on the premises. It is on this "learned side" that most of the composing is done, the whole of the two upper floors being devoted to the compositors, who may at almost any time be found to be setting up type in languages of which few of us have any idea.

The printing-off is done on the Bible side of the establishment, in one great room on the ground floor of which there are thirty-nine machines running—powerful, rather slow and antiquated nearly all of them, but splendid machines nevertheless, and, as all the world knows, capable of turning out printing of the very highest class. It is a very noticeable peculiarity of this great machine-room that it has none of the revolving shafting and belting usually to be met with in rooms in which great numbers of machines are driven by one large engine. Instead of this driving gear being all overhead, as is usually the case, it is all in the vaults below. The whole place is built upon arches, the long vistas and complicated groups of which, seen in the dim glimmer of gas jets or hand lamps, and seemingly full of swiftly revolving machinery, constitutes one of the most curious spectacles of the kind imaginable. Their boilers here are over one-hundred-horse power, and the engine which drives the whole machinery is of about thirty-horse power.

It is in this wing of the building that they cast their type, both by hand and by machinery. They have also a stereotyping foundry, and a large array of batteries and baths for electrotyping. They have too a room here in which a man is regularly employed in "pulling proofs" of plates before they are sent on to the machines. They have departments also for photo-lithography, for copper-plate, and lithographic printing, and for what are known as the Woodbury and Collotype processes. They cast their own printing rollers, they have extensive shops for carpentry

and engineering, and this is perhaps the only printing-office in the kingdom which can boast a steam hammer for its own use. Everything that can possibly be done upon the premises is done here, and almost everything is done by steam power. Under its vigorous controller the University Press has the appearance of being decidedly a go-ahead place; yet with all its activity there is a spice of antiquity about it at many points. Its old-fashioned platen machines have just been alluded to. The wetting of the paper previous to printing is performed in quite an antiquated manner, and after the printing is done the sheets are dried by hanging up on lines after a method now at least a generation behind the times. Till recently also the printed sheets were rolled very slowly between steam rollers, or pressed in quite an old-fashioned method. The printing of the new Bibles, however, has compelled the introduction of newer methods. The slow but excellent old "platen" machines have been supplemented by some of the finest and swiftest of modern mechanism, and the pressing and rolling appliances have had added to them two of the newest forms of hot rolling machines.

The daily press recently recalled to mind the achievement of the Oxford and Aldersgate Street establishments on the occasion of the Caxton Quarcentenary, an achievement which at the time Mr. Gladstone pronounced to be "the climax and consummation of the art of printing." At two o'clock on the morning of the day on which a meeting in honor of the memory of Caxton was to be held at South Kensington, a hundred copies of the Bible were commenced. By two o'clock in the afternoon one of the copies was handed up on to the platform at the meeting. It was a volume of 1,052 pages, and it had been printed, dried, pressed, sent up to the bindery in London, collated, sewn, rolled, and bound. Its edges had been gilt, and the cover embossed with an inscription and the University arms, and there it was, a complete and handsome volume which had been entirely produced and had travelled some seventy miles in twelve hours. Certainly a remarkable feat. But affairs have since so advanced that if the establishment were called upon for a similar

performance now there would be plenty of time to make the paper as well as the book.

Of course there was no type to set up; that was all in "formes" ready to hand. Of these formes the Press has an enormous accumulation, and they comprise works of a most miscellaneous character.

The kind of books undertaken on the "learned" side we have spoken of. On the Bible side they do not only print Bibles, but prayer-books, hymn-books, and books of devotion generally. This Press a short time since was at work upon the third half-million of the "Penny Testament," which was being turned out at the rate of ten thousand copies a day. Large numbers of the devotional books of the United States Episcopal Church are printed here, and the Americans appear to have a very decided liking for Bibles emanating from Oxford or Cambridge.

It is very well known that any person discovering a printer's error in an Oxford Bible will be paid a guinea if he will take the trouble to point it out to the Controller of the Press—provided, of course, that it has not been discovered before. The editions of the Sacred Scriptures issued by the University are very numerous, and from one or another of them errors are now and again picked out, and several times during his term of office the present controller has been called upon for the guinea, and has paid it. When the Revised Bibles were about to be issued the question arose as to whether guineas should be paid for printers' errors in this enormous issue of entirely new print. Every edition, of course, is an independent work of the compositors and proof-readers, and in an undertaking of such magnitude it could hardly be doubted that mistakes would in the aggregate be numerous, and prudence seemed to suggest that no undertaking should be entered into until the work had for a time had the benefit of the gratuitous criticism of the public. Up to the moment of our writing, however, after running the gauntlet of public scrutiny for a good month, only three printer's errors have been discovered in all the editions. In the pearl 16mo edition there is an error in Ezekiel xviii. 26, where an "e" is left out of righteous and the word is printed

"righteous." In the parallel 8vo edition there are two mistakes. In Psalms vii. 13, "shatfs" appears instead of "shafts," and in Amos v. 24, in the margin, "overflowing" should be "ever-flowing." Of course there may be others to be found yet, but that for a whole month only these should have been brought to the notice of the authorities is astonishing, considering the magnitude of the enterprise.

We have alluded to a soupçon of antiquity belonging to the University Press. It seems only in the fitness of things that this should be so. Oxford was the second place in the kingdom to set up a printing press, if not the very first. There is a book bearing an imprint, "Oxford, MCCCCLXVIII," and if we could be sure that proof-readers were as keen of eye in those days as they are in these, and could rely upon this date, it would show that Oxford printed a book before Caxton set up his press at Westminster. It is believed, however, that an "x" was omitted by mistake, and that the correct date of this early book was 1478, which brings Oxford in second only to Westminster in point of antiquity as a printing centre. It was not, however, till 1585 that the press was permanently established here, when the Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, in his capacity as Chancellor of the University, contributed £100—a munificent sum in those days—towards the necessary expenses. It was not then, however, provided with a palatial-looking building with a frontage of 250 feet as it is now. It had to find accommodation where it could, and had several shifts, until Lord Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion"—a work of which the University owns the perpetual copyright—yielded a profit which enabled Oxford to set up the "Clarendon Press," now a venerable-looking building, with massive stone pillars before it, standing at the bottom of Broad Street, in the immediate vicinity of the "Schools," the Bodleian Library, and the Sheldonian Theatre. Some fifty years ago the business was transferred to the present building, which is therefore the representative of a press instituted three centuries ago, and which was itself a revival of nearly the oldest press in the kingdom. The type foundry

comprised in the establishment is quite the oldest in this country, and it may be partly due to this fact that the curious arrangement of two distinct businesses being carried on under the same proprietary and management has been perpetuated. For some reason or other the height of the type employed in the "learned press" is different from the height of the type on the Bible side; and this again is higher than the type of other foundries. What was the original cause of this discrepancy nobody knows, but one effect of it has been that each side has been compelled to have its own founts of type for its own work. One cannot borrow of the other, nor can either of them replenish its stores from outside foundries. Whatever may have been the cause, no doubt the peculiarity of the founts of the departments is a relic of times before the typographical world had agreed to a uniform height, and must in itself be regarded as an indication of antiquity. Indeed, in almost every part of the place there are to be met with just such little suggestions of olden times—suggestions which seem to be just about what one ought to expect in a venerable University, but which do not prevent one's fully realizing that the University Press is a splendid modern institution, directed by men of great learning and business ability, managed with consummate skill and energy, and supported by practically unlimited funds.

As regards the directorate, the management, and the capital, the same may be said of the Oxford Bindery, at 120, Aldersgate Street, and curiously enough there is here also just the same spice of antiquity, combined with many of the most modern features of modern manufacturing industry. Huge bales of printed sheets are despatched every day from the Clarendon up to Aldersgate Street for binding. In ordinary times the establishment here does all the best of its books—all that are done in the finer kinds of leather binding, and the cloth binding of the "learned" and classical books published by the University is done here. The Revised Bibles, however, have quite overrun the powers of the establishment, which has lately been obliged to give out its cloth binding and about half its leather books, reserving the other half for its own hands.

They do some of their inferior books here, but the bulk of the work is morocco binding. From the first folding of the sheets to the final gold-lettering and marking, almost everything is done by hand, machinery being employed only for the commoner kinds of books. This, indeed, is the case all over the world; it always has been so and probably always will be. The very best bookbinders are artists, and there are men—more particularly on the Continent—to whom bookbinding is a veritable fine art; men who, if they accept your commission to bind a valuable book, may very likely keep you waiting a twelvemonth for it, and will have their own price too. Any one who will examine the venerable and beautiful old tomes displayed in the cases of the British Museum will perceive that they are distinctly characterised by the individual taste of the binder. They are not the outcome of machinery; they every one of them bear the stamp of the man. This can hardly be said, perhaps, except in a limited sense, of the work of the Aldersgate Street Bindery, where, of course, they are turning out by the thousand books all of the same pattern of binding. But in a limited sense it is true that every one of the morocco-bound Bibles sent from this establishment presents the same individuality of the workman. They are all bound by hand, and the very simplest appliances—bone “folders,” needles and thread, hammers, gluepots, common knives, wooden screws, old-fashioned “ploughs”—all of which would have been found in the bookbinderies of the old monks centuries ago. They have for the best books only two machines here which are at all modern. One is the familiar hydraulic press by which every book is brought under a pressure of many tons, and the other is a tremendously powerful pair of steel rollers, by which the printed sheets are crushed extremely thin, so as to bring the completed volume into the smallest possible bulk. Another point of improvement in the best modern Bible binding is the great flexibility and strength of the back, which is attained in the first place by an ingenious process of sewing; in the next by the use of the smallest possible quantity of glue; and in the third place by the paring away of

the inside of the leather down the back of the book. The result is that the volume opens with the greatest freedom. It may be forcibly doubled back upon itself, and subjected to very rough treatment, without a leaf starting from its place or being loosened.

It is a very interesting place is this University bindery, under the control of Mr. Henry Frowde, and not the least curious feature of the operations here is the marvellous dexterity of the women and girls employed in sewing the sections of the books together. It takes from three to five years for this dexterity to be acquired, though the work itself might be learned by any young person of ordinary intelligence in half an hour. With many of them here the rapidity of hand is such that it is not easy for an onlooker to follow the movements of the needles they are plying. There is one department of the work particularly well worth a passing notice, and that is the preparation of the morocco leather in which the books are bound. There is a considerable warehouse for skins of various kinds on one of the floors here, and in this men are employed in bringing out the natural grain of the goatskins—of which, by the way, it has been computed that the best of the Revised Bibles have required no less than 28,000 for their coverings. They lay the skin down on a bench, face upwards, and fold a corner of it over face to face. The operator takes in his hand a small slab of cork, and by means of this he rubs the two faces of the skin gently together, and thus gradually works up the grain of the leather. Altogether they have here on the premises some 260 people at work, but it has been computed that directly or indirectly the binding of the Revised Bibles must have afforded employment for somewhere about 5,000 persons.

A word or two, perhaps, ought to be said upon the relation of the two great Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, in this stupendous undertaking. The Revisers gave their services gratuitously; but the Universities jointly contributed £20,000 towards the expenses of the two companies, and also, of course, found the capital for the subsequent printing, binding, and publishing. The setting up of the work in type was divided be-

tween the two, Cambridge taking two editions, and Oxford two, and the Parallel Bible being divided between them. Each University did its own electrotyping of the matter it had set up, and then they exchanged the plates thus produced. Each was thus enabled to produce the whole of the five editions, and each then did its own printing and publishing, Mr. Frowde being the official publisher for Oxford, and Messrs. C. J. Clay and Son publishing for Cambridge. The ultimate profit on the whole business will be divided between the two Universities.

As is generally known, an American Committee of Revision was formed for co-operation with the English Revisers, and a subscription list was opened for

the purpose of meeting the necessary expenses of the Committee over the All subscribers of a certain amount upwards should, it was arranged, receive a copy of the new Scriptures bound in morocco. Some 900 persons were entitled to these presentation copies, and a special Act of Congress was passed admit the books into the United States free of duty. They were presented the 21st of May. According to "Jewish Chronicle," the issue was the very day—the eve of the Feast of Pentecost—"on which the first edition was published," as it was then that revelation took place on Mount Sinai. "It is presumably only a coincidence but it is certainly a very remarkable one."—*Leisure Hour*.

THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.

BY H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

I WAS born in London in or about the year 1700; though, owing to the destruction of the books of the firm to which I owe my birth, I afterwards found it impossible to ascertain the exact date. The point is, however, of but little importance, since I was created not for a brief age, but for a considerable portion of all time. Queen Anne came to the throne in 1702, and Louis XIV. still ruled in France, while Leopold I. was emperor in Germany. Ah! I wish that I could succeed in picturing vividly to your imagination the manners and sentiments, both favorable to the sword, which obtained in old Europe during my early years! The story of a small-sword will, however, illustrate these manners and sentiments, at least to some extent, more particularly as regards the social life of the time; for I was far too delicate and fine for the rough work of war or the rude shock of battle. During the wars of Marlborough I was laid aside, and was comparatively neglected, in favor of a ruder, if stronger weapon. I am above jealousy, but still I must state unequivocally that my then owner's army sword was, when compared with me, coarse and clumsy. I was made by the first and best sword cutler in London, and was fabricated of carburetted

iron; that is to say, I was composed of steel produced from the purest and softest iron, kept red hot, stratified with coal dust and wood ashes, and subjected for hours to the intense heat of a charcoal furnace. I well remember the anxiety with which my maker watched the operation while my metal was being melted. The result was a triumphant success. My steel became susceptible of the greatest degree of hardness after it had become well-tempered; and I may assume with some complacency that, though my temper has been, often and long, sorely tried, it has ever been and still is flawless. Mine was, in truth, essentially equal to the renowned "ice-brook temper;" nor did I ever break or bend. I was of the last and finest fashion of the small-sword. Indeed, my specification reached to the ultimate perfection of a gentleman's walking and duelling sword, and as it was impossible to improve upon us, we became the last of the race, the cause, since man could devise nothing better, he gave up wearing and using the small-sword when we had culminated in unsurpassable beauty and efficiency. That, at least, is the way in which I prefer to try to account for the disappearance of those noble weapons which were, for so long a time, the distinctive symbols

gentlemen and the stainless types of honor.

Knights were knights then! God mend the age, say I!

After the rapier and the dagger, which Shakespeare uses in Hamlet, came the very long rapier used without the dagger; but the invention of the lunge rendered length unnecessary, and the rapier shrank to more moderate dimensions. Still, for duelling purposes, the rapier was open to the objection that, being a cut and thrust sword, it was superfluously heavy, and men found, as the science of fencing developed rapidly, that the thrust alone is the object to aim at in the duello. The thrust is much quicker than the cut can ever be. It requires more skill, but is much more rapid and effective.

The small-sword was carried in the time of Charles II.; but then, with a view of obtaining a fine balance, the blade, just below the hilt, was thickened, so that the whole weapon was unduly heavy. Then came the time in which I was created, and I am of the latest and most perfect form of the small-sword. I combine the lightness of Ariel with the deadly force of Hercules. Cutting with the sword is useful for cavalry, necessary in battle, and effective for hewing upon armor; but for the finest art of social swordsmanship, I am the flower and type, without a rival, without a peer. No superior weapon is possible. For delicate and skilful use by gentlemen in settling affairs of honor—alas! where is honor now?—I am the paragon of weapons. If I be a partisan, 'tis in a falling cause; if I speak indignantly, 'tis to a degenerate day. A man may be known by the company that he keeps, and, in my day, this was true of the relation between a gentleman and his sword. There is an unconscious sympathy between a cavalier and his familiar weapon; and a fine gentleman was always to be known by wearing a fine sword. They call us cold and hard; but they misjudge us. True steel has been so long and so intimately connected with the ways and works of man in time, that a mysterious sympathy and affinity has sprung up between the sword and its master. Swords are susceptible of strong affections, and they become deeply attached to an owner who is

worthy to wear and to use them. "As true as steel" is a proverb based upon our noble and half-human qualities.

What a fine horse is to a good rider, what a fine ship is to an able captain, that is a fine sword to a skilful swordsman. The instrument should always be worthy of the artist. Men in the present day are too ready to overlook the good which the sword has done in other days. Injuries may be redressed by law; but insults can only be avenged by the sword. In a day in which a keen sense of honor prevails there must always be the duel. The dread of the duel keeps manners fine, preserves courtesy intact, defends the honor of women, and maintains the dignity of man. The sword is, I own, apt sometimes to lay undue stress upon the skill and courage of its wielder, and takes an abstract joy in a scientific combat. We like being well used. *Le devoir d'une impératrice est de s'amuser à la mort.* Those whose doctrines are as thin and hard as egg-shells ascribe to us blood-thirstiness and want of conscience: they are wrong. We sympathise with the right in all duels, and, even though we may have a slight weakness for a man cunning of fence, we yet wish well to the man that hath his quarrel just. For instance, a great friend of mine became the favorite weapon of "bloody Dick Mohun," and this friend was engaged in the fatal affairs with Lord Castlewood and with the noble Hamilton. Often has this sword assured me that, though from a merely professional point of view he sympathised with the fierce expertness of the ruthless and accursed Mohun, he could yet never feel cordially towards his lordship; and that, if it had been possible, he would certainly have spared Castlewood.

In a parenthesis, I may point out that men would seem to have changed physically in connection with their power of resisting wounds. I believe that if to-day you were to run a man through the body you would seriously injure, or probably kill him outright, whereas, in my experience, I have known men run through who suffered only some temporary inconvenience. I have myself several times passed completely through the body of an antagonist, and yet some of these patients have entirely recovered. Were

the constitutions of men stronger? or were surgeons then more skilful in dealing with sword wounds? I know not. Perhaps evolution has something to do with it; but I am not fond of dogmatizing upon points which I have only imperfectly mastered. I prefer Sir Swordsman to Sir Surgeon, and I care not who knows it. I have only mentioned the point as a curious one in connection with duelling—I mean, of course, sword duelling. For a duel with pistols I have but scant respect. I am, I feel, only too apt to lose myself in general moral reflections, and to postpone the telling of my simple story. I was, I may say, so admirable a specimen of my kind, because I was fabricated regardless of expense, as a special commission for one of our splendid young nobles—Lord Starcross. Every care was taken with my blade, and chaste ornamentation was pushed to exhaustion in my elaborate hilt. My white scabbard was elegant, my general style and appearance were captivating, and, indeed, corresponded with my intrinsic virtue and value.

I was proud of myself, and was pleased with my young owner, under whom I looked forward to a life of honorable activity, and of social gaiety. He was handsome, and so, without vanity, was I. He was brave and skilful; I resolved never to disgrace or to fail him. He had learned fencing of Mr. Sanderson and of M. Jacques Lenoir, then two eminent teachers of the noble art; and he could well hold his own with any in the fencing schools. He was impetuous, and a little too fond of attacking when fighting with an adversary; but his parades were strong. He was remarkably rapid, and his lunges were long and well-directed. He was jealous on the point of honor; was of a quick, if generous, temper, and was always ready to fight his enemy. He was, too, frequently in love, and sometimes engaged in intrigue, so that there was every reason for me to reckon confidently upon a long and happy career with such a gay and brave young knight. I may here remark that the majority of the duels in which I have taken part have had a woman for their cause. Lord Starcross was my first wearer, and I look back upon him with an affection which com-

prises, it may be, a touch of tender sentimentalism.

He was a fair man, with a fine figure and bright blue eyes. Ladies looked upon him with favor, and men, generally, with good will. Life opened for him in splendor and in joy. Fortune had done nearly all that she could do for Lord Starcross, and she had certainly provided him with an entirely noble sword. I felt quite worthy of acting as his coadjutor, and, indeed, we had not been long together before an opportunity occurred of proving our metal and our mettle.

At length the ardently desired occasion for my first serious encounter arrived. Oh, how vividly I remember every detail of my first dear duel! The hour was early morning; the season was autumn; and the scene an open space of fairly level greensward in the chase of Northwood Park. The great trees already burned with the brilliant hues of sad decay, and a light mist rose from the chilly ground. There was no sun, no wind, and the air was rather cold. Through different alleys in the woods the two antagonists arrived on the *terrain*, which had been well chosen for the purpose. The seconds, cheerful, but yet serious, conversed apart, and then each one spoke earnestly with his principal. Another figure, which I afterwards found to be that of a surgeon, stood a little apart, and was covered with a cloak. I gathered that there had been, on the previous night, at a ball at Northwood Hall, a quarrel between the two gentlemen, who were rivals in the good graces of Lady Betty Mandeville. She was an exquisite creature, though she was, I fear, a terrible flirt. Love and jealousy were the causes of the duel, and the opponents were fiercely embittered the one against the other. Both were young, both were good swordsmen, and each was angry. My owner was frank, handsome, gay, and joyously eager for the fight. His antagonist was dark and spare, a little taller than my client, and he wore a look of quiet malice and cool resolution. He was a grave, reserved man, and seemed very much in earnest. The duellists lifted their hats to each other with stately and ceremonious courtesy. My length was measured

against that of the inimical blade, which, indeed, very much resembled me—nor was that at all wonderful, for we were near relatives, and came from the same maker. The principals took off their coats and waistcoats, and I contemplated for the first time my bright, hard, thin point, opposed to the fairy breastplate of a fine lawn shirt.

It was my first affair, and I felt, I must admit, a certain natural anxiety, though I was not really nervous. I dreaded no consequences to myself—though I have known a small-sword to be snapped in two in an encounter—but I was then young and careless of danger, and eager for the bubble, reputation. I have found, in my later experience, that nervousness on the part of my client communicated itself to me, but, on the present occasion, my combatant was so elated and so ardent that he kept up my spirits. I was jocund, and anticipated victory.

The two gentlemen were placed in position, and the seconds (both standing by with drawn swords) gave the word for beginning. The rivals engaged by touching blades, and then each retreated a step. They were, however, thoroughly in earnest, and I found my rapid point darting in tempting proximity to the breast of our opponent, who, equally determined, was cooler and more wary and was not so impetuous in attack.

Mr. Pierrepont fought chiefly on the high lines, and seemed anxious to try a *coupé*, or cut over my blade. I essayed to whisper a caution to my dear master, but he was too absorbed to listen to me. For my own part, my blood was up, and I was fiercely ardent for our success. The other sword was (as he afterwards told me) equally excited.

The duellists had now almost forgotten caution, and were fiercely engaged, well within distance. The assault was furious, but skilful. Each man knew his danger, and neither dared to throw away a chance. I tingled from fierce collision and clashing with the other blade; the excitement grew violent. A terrible lunge in *carte* on the part of my master was well parried, with a *contre opposé* by Mr. P., who then tried a return in *seconde*. This attack failed, and I grew too dizzy to count the phrases.

Mr. P. feinted cleverly, but my lord was remarkably rapid in his *ripostes*. At length my master, after a brilliant parry in *carte*, succeeded in a fierce *flanconade*, and I felt myself passing triumphantly through the ribs of Mr. Pierrepont. He fell to the ground, bleeding copiously, and the seconds stopped the duel. Enough had been done for honor, and the surgeon began his work. My master put on hat, coat, and waistcoat, and bowed gravely to his wounded opponent, who feebly returned the salute, and then fainted. My lord was flushed and excited, and as he carefully wiped me and sheathed me he said—and I thrilled with pride as he spoke—"Well, old boy, you have served me like true steel, and I shall always trust you in future." We walked away together, and that night my client danced with Lady Betty.

I have, of course, changed owners many times in the course of my long career. It is the hard fate of swords, to which length of days is granted, to do so; but my first dear lord always has my warm heart. I can scarcely tell you how many times I have been "out." After a time the thing became mechanical, and, unless the circumstances were very striking, I ceased to pay very much attention to an affair. I had my own sense of comfort in the feeling that I often rendered a moral service to society. What can daunt a bully, or deter a villain, like the dread of having to meet me when I was righteously indignant, and wielded by a fine swordsman? I always thought it a duty to inform myself exactly of the causes of a duel in which I might be engaged, and, if I felt that my wearer was in the right, I was actively helpful, whereas, if I thought him in the wrong, I was often merely passive. I was invariably attentive to *la courtoisie de l'épée*, and was ever particular to give and to exact from adversaries the fine conventions of the noble duel. I would never allow to the rapiers their claim to be of a higher school of manners than the small-sword. If the rapier be the type of the days of Elizabeth, the small-sword is the emblem of the time of Queen Anne. Mixing nearly always in the best society, I have met the gentle Addison, the genial Steele, the truculent Swift; and I have been highly admired by the malignant

and deformed Mr. Pope, who did not naturally love the sword. Never shall I forget the splendid presence of the magnificent Marlborough, in his day of glory and of triumph. I always held Sir Charles Grandison to be somewhat of a prig, and I cordially disliked many of those of our then dandies, who were at once effeminate and vicious. Hogarth drew me in one of his pictures—I forget which one—but then I now forget much. I was once used in a disgraceful brawl in a tavern, over cards, when my then wearer, a desperate gambler, drew me upon an army gentleman, one Captain Norris, who was inebriated, and who, when the candles were knocked over, was run through and killed before he was properly on guard. A trial was the result, and I appeared in evidence, at the Old Bailey. I excited, I may say, the greatest admiration by my appearance and conduct, and was complimented by the court. The verdict was “chance medley,” and my scoundrel got off; but I gave him notice, and at once left his service. In 1712 I was instrumental in defeating a gang of Mohocks (several of whom I severely wounded) who had stopped a lady’s chair, and were about to insult her grievously, when I appeared upon the scene. I have also done serious hurt and damage to footpads. In the ’45 I was, for a time, in Edinburgh, wearing the white cockade, and so doing violence to my political convictions; but a sword, however high-principled, cannot always choose its party. It is in that respect too dependent upon man. A sword of noble race is, however, always at home among wits, poets, fine gentlemen, soldiers,—and, of course, among high-bred beauties.

But I must be brief; the present day might grow weary of too many of my old-world stories. Still, one duel in which I was engaged made an indelible impression upon me, and I must narrate it. It occurred so long ago, that it would be mere affectation now to hide names, and I admit that I allude to the then notorious case of Lady Claridge. Men of fashion were, in my young days sometimes rakes, and Mr. Conyers had the reputation of many *bonnes fortunes*. Lady Claridge was young, lovely, vivacious, and fond of pleasure. Her husband was cold, stern, and haughty.

The wedded pair were unsuited to each other. Lady Claridge was a musician, and she sang divinely—a then uncommon accomplishment among fine ladies. Gradually Mr. Conyers “found her kisses sweeter than her song;” and the proud husband became aware that he was dishonored. He at once forced on a duel. When the adversaries met I could feel that I trembled in the hand of my wielder; nor was that wonderful, for the wronged husband was an embodied fate, and an incarnate revenge. The face was pale and haggard; his lips were firmly set, and his eyes glittered strangely with a baleful expression. He knew no ruth; and, risking his own life in fair fight, he came there to kill his foe. He spoke no word; he gave no greeting. In a white heat of divine wrath, cool, concentrated, implacable, he began the duel which was an irresistible doom of vengeance. Conyers was cowed by conscience, and by the almost infra-human aspect of his terrible antagonist. The duel did not last long. Simple parries and thrusts alone were employed. I felt the blade of the injured husband pass through my guard, and Conyers, run through the heart, fell heavily on the sword. Help there was none. No surgeon could save. I was detached from the stiffening hand of the adulterer, and the husband left the ground without a word. I saw the white face of Conyers as it looked up ghastily, through closing eyes, to the dull sky.

I should perhaps mention that I was at one time very fond of the theatre, and that Mr. Garrick has worn me when playing Hamlet. This is one of my proudest recollections.

I was cursed with prescience, and very early I foresaw the change of manners, the decline of honor, and the coarsening of courtesy. I felt that the day of artificial comedy was over. Towards the end of the last century the vulgar duel with pistols became fashionable, and the small-sword ceased to be used, or even worn, by gentlemen. I omit much. I hurry willingly over a long but melancholy time. I was neglected; even my scabbard grew ragged, and slowly fell into holes. Like a ruined castle, I still remain a monument of the ways of men, in by-past days; but my active life is lived, and I

am but a symbol and a memorial. I once fell so low as to be in the hands of a broker, but I was purchased as a perfect specimen of my kind for the great Meynell collection; and when that was broken up, and sold off, I gladly came into the hands of my present owner.

Ay de mi! You have my story, or as much of it as I can, or will, tell. The old order changeth, giving place to new. A life of excitement has sunk into a slough of lethargy. To this complexion must the small-sword come at last!

And now, after so many adventures, after so long a life of honor and dignity, I have found a not wholly unworthy haven of refuge. I have become the property of an author who has been a good and an enthusiastic swordsman, and who respects and cherishes me almost as well as I deserve. True—and this is a melancholy reflection—I am no longer worn or used; I hang idly upon the wall, and feel that rust is a little affecting my iron constitution, which is, however—Heaven be thanked for it!—still vigorous and sound. I am as capable as ever I was of deadly use, nor are my fair proportions curtailed. I still, at times, glance with a certain complacent rapture down my triangular blade, tapering exquisitely till it ceases at my yet fine and insidious point. With me it is a time for thinking, for dreaming, and for musing. I cannot easily get at books, though there are plenty of them in my guardian's lonely rooms. He has a few other swords—three fine Elizabethan rapiers, for instance, which hang near me. I speak frankly and impartially; I have no bashful cunning, no affected reticence, and I am constrained to avow that, much as I esteem the romantic beauty of the rapier, I yet hold him to be a weapon *im Werden*, growing, and one which had not quite attained to my ideal combination of lightness, strength, grace, efficiency. One contemporary of my own—and we are naturally very intimate—is the last sword waved in the front of battle by an English king, that is, the sword which George II. wore and brandished on the day of Dettingen. He—I mean that sword—is heavier than I am; he has a touch of the regimental. On his blade are graven effigies of the twelve Apostles, done after the manner of that day, and

the fine steel bears likewise the device of a crown, and the name of its royal owner. Years ago we had met in society, and had then become good friends. I have leant against the wall, close to that sword, at a card party given by Madame de Walmoden, at which our owners were engaged at play.

Sometimes our present owner, in some idle mood, takes down from the wall me, or the Dettingen blade, and, in conflict with some imaginary opponent, lunges, parries, and passes, with a swordsman's ecstasy. Ah! if he could only know the pleasure that he gives us. I wish that he would do it oftener. To feel myself held once more in a swordsman's grip, and engaged, even in idle play, in the noble exercise which was the delight of my active day of glorious fighting—why, it

Sends the old blood bounding free
Through pulse and heart and vein.

I throw off the load of years; of later years, joyless and supine, with rust eating into my vitals and lethargy enfeebling my vigor, and I am young and strong once more; I feel the olden thrill of the morning of the duel, of the night of the chance medley, and I glow with half-forgotten ardor, revived in faithful remembrance; I fancy the touch of a vanished hand, the crossings of the angry blades, and the successful lunge which drove me with impulse through the foeman's breast!

Yes, mine is now a death in life, and yet I do not, would not, wholly die. Sappho sings: "Death is evil; the gods have so judged: had it been good, they would die"; and I would not pass away before my time. I have lived through much, and I am still a type and record of a time that has passed and gone for ever. I have yet one great delight. I live in memories, in memories that can never fade while I exist. In quiet, long, and lonely hours, as I hang upon the blank, unconscious wall, I think of the brave and of the fair, of the royal and noble, of the handsome and witty, of the generous and knightly, that I have known so well in the olden day. I have seen the court, and Parliament, society, the playhouse, the card-room, the tavern; I have often been in the *boudoir* of beauty, and my (scabbarded) point has been entangled in the ample robes

of the best and loveliest of a vanished time. I have been intimate with honor, love, pleasure, splendor, and I was ever welcome where cavalier and lady met. White hands have twined ribands (*her* colors) round my happy hilt, and bright eyes have looked with admiration, tempered with a little dread, upon my glittering blade, from which the blood had been wiped off. I have been drawn in many an honorable, if sometimes fantastic, quarrel, and I have seldom been sheathed again without honor. My blade no longer glitters; it is dull now, and the brightness has vanished from my life. What will be my fate if my

present owner should separate from me? I know not, and I dare not think. But, torpid and sorrowful as, in this degraded day, and in my lonely age, I am, there is still some life—the fond life of memory—in my tough old steel; and I thus seek to speak to men, even of a generation that I hold in scorn. I have found means of communicating with my most sympathetic owner (who is a person of singular intelligence), and I have conveyed to him all that he could understand of this imperfect and too brief hint and glimpse of THE STORY OF A SMALL-SWORD.
—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"NOW LITHE AND LISTEN, GENTLEMEN!"

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

CHAPTER I.

LAMBERT ET FILS.

THERE used to be a shop on the ground floor and over it in dim, gilt letters—

LAMBERT ET FILS.

Nothing more.

I am speaking of the right-hand corner house in La Cité in Geneva—the right-hand corner as you come up from the Corraterie. You can hardly mistake the house. There is an old fountain right in front of it.

That the signboard bearing the name of Lambert et Fils should have nothing further on it is, perhaps, best accounted for by the fact that it would have been hard to put in one word what Lambert et Fils were. Only a few of their callings are named when it is said that they were vendors of books, ancient and modern, of pictures, of music; that they were stationers, wine-merchants, pianoforte-hirers, tuners, printers, and general agents. These facts they managed to indicate by the mere arrangement of their shop-window; and considering that the latter was not of that class presenting to view one vast sheet of plate-glass, but was the very smallest of possibly small, many-paned casements, one cannot help thinking that the tribute of warm admiration is due to Lambert et Fils. Placed lowest here was a row of bottles, dim and sawdusty enough to

guarantee more than respectable old age. Gaining fine relief from them were the newest things in visiting cards, congratulatory cards, condolence cards—cards to suit life in all its phases; some leaning against, some stuck in between, some peering from behind the bottles. Add a large assortment of pens and pencils and rubbers; add combination affairs consisting of pens and pencils and rubbers in one, arranged in rows on cardboard and looking thus arranged like so many notes of exclamation at their own wondrousness. Add paper of every species, laid about in packets and loose; add copy-books of every size and tint; add puzzle-boxes and a few sober toys (Lambert et Fils's provision for Jack); add tier upon tier of books, most of them rather dilapidated, but a few brand-new, notably some in gleaming Tauchnitz costume; add music in cheap and costly editions, and notice the card laid against a bulky volume of Beethoven: "Music lessons from a German. For terms inquire within of Lambert et Fils."

A similar card is laid against a volume of Dickens—"English lessons from a Lady. For particulars ask within of Lambert et Fils."

A third notice, the affair of Lambert et Fils themselves, is laid against a bottle in the lowest scale, and intimates that this firm has bought up the entire wine-cellar of a certain nobleman, &c. &c.

Let no one think, however, that all the placards in the window of Lambert et Fils are of a petitionary, alias pathetic, nature. One notice states, with a certain flourish in the handwriting, that they have here at their disposal a number of lucrative posts. For instance: "A young man, good linguist, with experience as commercial traveller, will find occupation" (salary not specified) "through Lambert et Fils." "A young lady, well acquainted with English, French, and German, half the sciences and all the arts" (Lambert et Fils give a full enumeration) "will find an engagement" (salary, twenty pounds a year) through Lambert et Fils.

A lucrative post, indeed!

The really remarkable circumstance, meanwhile, in connection with the shop at the corner of La Cité has yet to be mentioned; to wit, that while the sign-board over it implied joint ownership by a father and son, neither father nor son ever appeared in it. Lambert Fils had departed this life a year before the time of which I write, and Lambert Père, as a man of business, might be said to have expired with his son. In a little room behind the dingy shop sits a bowed old man, Lambert Père; more than a year has passed since Lambert Fils was carried out of that room to his last-resting place. Lambert Père still says to any one entering it:—

"What do you want? *Leave my son with me.*"

It had been what we call "death by accident"—sudden, terrible. The boat had gone down before the eyes of Lambert Père. The lake had closed over his son with him standing beside it; and its waters, with him standing beside it, had tumbled over and past each other and played at lap-lap as before. . . .

Folks touched their foreheads when they spoke of Lambert Père.

He rarely entered the shop after that first of May. In all but name the business was carried on by another.

CHAPTER II.

NATALIE LAMBERT.

STEP into the shop of Lambert et Fils and look well about you. When your eyes have got used to the half-dusk, you will see where the shadow is heaviest the

figure of a woman. As she sits in the gloom were I to tell you that she is sixty, you would say, "A pretty old dame, and how young she looks for her age!" and were she to come out into the half-light (it is nowhere wholly light in the shop of Lambert et Fils), you would add, "Why yes, how remarkably young; something quite girlish about her."

And then, mayhap, you would fall to thinking how pretty she must have been in days gone by, this charming little old dame.

It would make one smile were it not so sad. The old dame, one year ago, was a young bright girl; the old dame has seen only twenty-two summers. Look at her twice—look at her well. It is never wholly light in the shop of Lambert et Fils; but the shadow round Natalie Lambert—the little quiet girl—is more than mere absence of daylight.

A tap at a private door leading into the shop and a gentleman enters.

"You, Doctor? Here is your book."

"Thank you." He seats himself at a desk which in better days was in daily use by Lambert Père, but is now half-hidden behind a screen.

He begins to read.

"About that second volume; I wanted to ask you—ah" (peering through the gloom), "he has gone."

The Doctor has not gone, but is intent on his book. A tinkle of the bell over the door first rouses him.

A subscriber to the library wants the newest novel.

Another tinkle. A lady, this time, and English, to judge from the fact that the seasons are boldly blended in her costume; summer and winter going hand in hand, if one may so say, in a tulle bonnet worn with a fur pelerine.

"There have been no applications," says Natalie, reading the question in her eyes. "The town, alas! is full of Englishwomen ready to give lessons."

There is pain in the smile of the nervous lips as the Englishwoman bends over the counter.

"H'm! yes, I suppose so. This little pencil is very ingenious. Will you wrap it up for me? Only ten centimes? How very cheap! Thank you. Quite a pleasant change in the weather, is it not? I may be passing again to-morrow."

And the tulle bonnet and fur pelerine and face with the pain in its smile pass out of the shop-door.

Another tinkle, and—heaven help us! another would-be Croesus in the teaching profession. A different type, this. With a swing the door flies open, and a tall, fair young man enters. He seems to bring sunlight and joy with him, and looks curiously out of place amid the gloom of the little shop.

"No offers? I see it in your face, Mademoiselle," he says in a rich, pleasant voice. "It's just my luck. Why, this is something new" (taking up a book of songs). "A pretty air" (whistling it softly).

The girl's face changes. Something in the sunlight and the joy he brings with him; something in the music of his voice is inexpressibly pleasant.

"Go on, please," she says simply, as he stops.

"I cannot." He closes the book abruptly. His voice and face have changed.

CHAPTER III.

BUSINESS.

THE Doctor thinks it time to discover himself to the one who has not seen him.

"Natalie," he says.

"What! you here, Henri?"

"Yes. I'm glad you sometimes slip into calling me by my Christian name."

"I can but do so, if you call me by mine; though after what has passed—"

"Forget the past. Strange girl that you are, Natalie!"

"Never mind my strangeness. Did you notice that young German? He came in like a sunbeam and went out like a thunderbolt. I fancy he thought it presuming in me to ask him to go on whistling. I could not help myself."

"Indeed?"

The Doctor's voice is rather dry.

"I hope he will come again."

"Do you?"

"Yes; I should like to let him know of an opening of which I have heard at Berne for a young musician. Geneva is overstocked with teachers."

"Have you told him so?"

"More than once. He says he has made up his mind not to leave the town, if possible. *Ma foi!* young men are hopeful."

The Doctor smiles despite himself. "You seem to take a sort of grandmotherly interest in the youth's success," he says. "I happen to know him personally, and shall be happy to bring to his knowledge all the particulars concerning that opening in Berne."

"Would you? Here is the letter I received on the subject" (handing it). "Wait, Henri: business. In case he decides to apply for the post and obtains it, the fee to us—Lambert et Fils—will be two per cent. on his first year's salary. We would have him make up his mind without delay; as, in case he does not care for the appointment, some one else might."

"You would urge him to accept it, then?"

"H'm!—yes. It would be something, and might lead to better things. I fancy if he gains a footing anywhere he will make a career. Have you heard him on our pianos? He plays superbly—nay, more than that, there is music in his voice, his laugh, his whistle. I sometimes hear him when he is not here at all. Stay! somebody ringing again."

The Doctor watches her attend to the new-comer; then take out a file of accounts and busy herself over them. He returns the letter.

"Your musician will, I fancy, reappear. Perhaps you had better transact the matter yourself."

"Makes one hundred and five exactly. Well, yes; he has come every day for a month past. What an unreliable thing teaching is, to be sure. Did I say one hundred and five or one hundred and six just now?"

"One hundred and five."

This time the Doctor laughs outright.

"Hush!" The girl turns round with a frightened look. Lambert Père cannot endure the sound of laughter.

The Doctor's face darkens. "Really your life is made a second death, Sister Natalie."

As he speaks he carries her hand to his lips.

Another figure draws near.

"It is I, your only sister, Henri," says the new-comer, significantly. "Can you leave us?"

He goes, and the two women are left alone. The Doctor's sister is the first to speak.

"Natalie, what makes you look so happy? You make me tremble. Oh, how wicked men are!" impulsively. "His sister, indeed! I will speak to him myself." And she is gone almost as quickly as come.

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

ANTOINETTE goes straight to the point.

"How dare you trifle with Natalie Lambert, Henri? She is my friend."

The Doctor answers with provoking calm: "What makes you think I trifle with her?"

"I have my eyes. If you are not in love, Natalie is. It is cruel to play at being her brother. You do not know but you are breaking her heart."

"Nay, dear," changing his tone, "I do. I know her to be in love, and loved. What would you say to hear that Natalie Lambert had changed her name to Natalie, Countess Glachen? Compose yourself a little; be seated," placing a chair with rather elaborate politeness. "I know there are two great mysteries to every girl with a brother: the first, how her particular friend can fall in love with any one else but her brother; the second, how her brother can fall in love with any one else but her particular friend. You married us years ago, that goes without saying. Now we avail ourselves of a Protestant privilege, and simultaneously sue for a divorce—the parties not agreeing."

"You mean to say—"

"I mean to say that Natalie Lambert feels towards me very much as she feels towards you, excepting, perhaps, that you come first in her liking: and that I feel towards Natalie Lambert very much as I feel towards you, save and excepting," smiling, "that you certainly come first in my liking. And now to the Glachen romance. You have heard me speak of a Count Glachen and his sister whom I met in Wiesbaden. I rather admired the Countess, a little woman with wonderful eyes—hard-headed, I fancy."

"Strange combination—wonderful eyes and hard head. But never mind your Countess. What about the Count and Natalie?"

"All in good time. To begin with, let me describe the young man. Very tall, very handsome, very talented, very eccentric, and—very music-mad."

"You have omitted *very rich*."

"Advisedly. I fancy, Antoinette, the family Glachen is anything but rich; but that has no special bearing on my story. Some months ago, Count Glachen came to Geneva, and seeing the various notices in the window of Lambert et Fils, conceived the highly original idea of adding one of his own to them. He called himself Herr Galhen. Natalie to this hour believes him to be a struggling music-master. You must have seen the notice: 'Music lessons from a German.'"

Antoinette nods.

"Well, for four weeks past our Count, as Herr Galhen, has himself daily 'inquired within' of Natalie, as Lambert et Fils, how matters stand with offers; and Natalie, as Lambert et Fils, has for that length of time daily broken to him, with more or less delicacy, the fact that the public want none of his music-lessons."

"Poor fellow!—I mean what a blessing! Why, this is simply delicious."

"Don't interrupt me, please," pedantically, "and—would you mind leaving my papers alone?" (Antoinette has been weaving initials—N. G., standing for Natalie Glachen—with a coronet above, and a castle suggestively looming in the distance.) "Haven't you got a bit of crochet or something about you that you could busy your hands with?"

"A bit of crochet, indeed!" with indignant scorn, and ruling a frame round the castle. "When will men cease to think that women are walking work-bags? Go on with your story, there's a dear old fellow, and don't be too ridiculous."

"Where was I? Well, he got no pupils, and now Natalie recommends him to try his fortune at Berne, where she has heard of an opening for a musician."

"Oh!" in a disappointed tone. "I thought we were going to have a romance."

"So we are. The Count is over head and ears in love with Natalie, and—"

"Natalie sends him off to Berne. Now listen to me, Henri. In novels the course of true love never runs

smooth. Folks dart about from place to place and from feeling to feeling, because it fills up so many chapters, and all comes right in the end, because the author has made up his mind that it shall be so; or else the thing ends miserably, but picturesquely, and you call it artistic. All very well in books; but I will never believe that real life can be handled like a novel. We must keep the Count in Geneva."

"We, as it happens, you wretched match-maker, have nothing to do in the matter. Not only does Natalie send the musician to Berne, but she lays stress on the fact that the fee due to her for recommending to him the aforesaid post is, if he obtain it, two per cent on his first year's salary. Commend me to your business women, Antoinette."

"Really, Henri," with a dismayed expression, "I have not common patience with you. Fancy seeing the humorous side to Natalie's throwing away her happiness like that! I can only account for her conduct on my old supposition that she is in love with you; and—"

"Nay, dear; no more of that. She is in love with the *soi-disant* musician, if ever a woman was in love."

"Pooh!—and that two per cent."

"You forget that she represents a firm; that she may not choose to lay her heart bare to one with whom, after all, she has only met on a business footing. Why; supposing even this act of hers causes the young man to declare himself, I am not at all sure that Natalie will give him an unconditional Yes."

"Yet you think she loves him."

"I know she does. But she only knows him as Herr Galhen, a man of talent, engaging in manner, good-looking, in fine—well, all that most women care for in men."

"And that most men," says Antoinette quietly, and gazing studiously into vacancy, "set no store by at all in women; having, 'in fine,' a soul above —. What have I said?"

This with an air of startled innocence, and catching a packet of envelopes which her brother tosses at her. "Proceed, lofty being."

"Do be sensible, Antoinette! Natalie only knows the German as Herr Galhen; however attractive, poor; and about to enter a profession in which

men seldom rise to affluence. She herself as the daughter of miser Lambert is, we know, heiress to a considerable fortune; in fact, one of the richest girls in Geneva. Will she so far act against the traditions of her family as to give herself and her very handsome fortune to a penniless young music-master? I almost fancy her father is not so changed but he would oppose the union."

"But your music-master is a nobleman. She would be a countess. If I know Lambert Père at all, he will not object to his daughter's marrying a count."

"Our German has not yet revealed himself as such. The romance, so far, is a game of hide-and-seek; and to tell you the truth I do not believe that ever answers in real life. I may be wrong, of course, but, as matters stand, I fancy Count Glachen's suit will meet with—No."

"Then I shall believe, as I always have believed, that Natalie, far from loving any other, loves—you."

The Doctor rises.

"Talk of the conceit of men," he exclaims, pacing the room, "the conceit of men's sisters is simply appalling. Do try, Antoinette, to grasp with both hands the fact that, incredible though it seem, Natalie has *rejected* me."

"Then you proposed to her?"

"Yes," flushing. "Some four weeks ago, swayed by your firm conviction that she was in love with me, against all my own heart told me to the contrary—and I never believed that she cared for me other than as I care for her—I was fool enough to propose to her. You, dear, had been in your tragic vein, and had accused me of trifling with one whom I value far too highly ever to trifle with her. Now you know all. I proposed to her. She was pained and surprised, and—"

"I am so sorry, Henri," with quivering lips.

"Never mind; it all sprang from your foolish sister's love. To continue with Natalie's story." So he lightly dismisses the subject, and Antoinette is herself again.

"Don't speak to me, Henri, for a while," she says. "I'm thinking."

The Doctor smiles. His sister "thinking" is an edifying spectacle.

She is leaning forward with both arms on his desk, and the evening sun which is streaming in at the window, streams over her fair bowed head. Being only a brother, the prettiness of the picture is somewhat thrown away on him. He takes out his watch.

"I will bind myself to be silent as the tomb for five minutes. After that no human power shall prevent my speaking."

Antoinette takes no notice of this. Only four minutes have passed when she herself renews the conversation, rather grandiloquently, as follows:

"It comes to this, Henri, that life is a wretched artist."

"I knew you were going to start some world-upsetting theory. A woman always does when she has had on her thinking-cap for two minutes. Be more explicit, my sister."

"In other words, we have in this corner house the elements of romance after romance and nothing comes of them."

"Of the elements?"

"Yes, dear. Try to be serious for once in your life. If there's one thing incenses me in men it is that on occasions of no importance whatever they assume an air of depressing seriousness, and at times really momentous aggravate one by their womanish frivolity."

"Bravo! Much as Sterne said of the gayest nation in the world, that it disappointed him only in being so solemn; so you say of the male sex that it disappoints you only in being so—womanish."

"No doubt Sterne," with indignation, "whose name I never heard before, was a great light; and of course you, Henri, are witty in the extreme; but that is neither here nor there. To return to the point from which I started." A woman worth calling such when she sees herself getting the worst of an argument, always votes for return to the starting-point. "What I call the elements of romance are: first, an uncommonly beautiful girl. You may look as you will; Natalie was never precisely your style; still she is uncommonly beautiful, with a beauty that women acknowledge. Men don't know what beauty is."

The Doctor begins to hum the only air he knows, a rather dismal one. Then he says meekly:

"If it would give you any particular

pleasure, I will admit that I regard you as especially plain-looking. You are remarkably unlike Natalie."

"Re-mark-ably," with emphasis. "But no—not plain-looking; there's your extreme again. It would be affectation for me to say that I do not know I am good-looking—pretty, in fact; though there is nothing in my face that a woman would look at beside Natalie's—no soul, no poetry; nothing that any one but a man would consider beauty. In fact, it's just the sort of face I should myself pooh-pooh."

"And do so," laughs the Doctor, vastly amused at these scathing remarks by a woman on her own specially pretty face.

"To keep to Natalie, however," says Antoinette. "As I have said, an uncommonly beautiful girl in the gloom of an old bookshop; father bowed down with grief (one might make much of that in a book), and up in the third story a young doctor, with a sister who is not a dragon—what more do you want for romance? Well, all this material is thrown away. The uncommonly beautiful girl chooses to view in the doctor an estimable young man and pleasant friend, absolutely nothing more. The young doctor, in the same prosy fashion, comes to regard the beautiful girl—"

"Uncommonly beautiful, please!"

"As—don't trip me up, Henri—in her way an admirable young person, much on a par with his good-looking but essentially commonplace sister. The latter in vain pulls every string; nothing comes of the acquaintanceship. So much for romance number one. Take number two: The girl, beautiful as ever, old bookshop, gloom and sad interest of every kind." Antoinette enumerates these features as though she were verily putting up the story for auction. "A discriminating count, posing as music-master, falls in love with her. She, acting on Heaven only knows what unhappy inspiration, sends him off to teach the piano at Berne, while she herself figures as a second Shylock—a pound of flesh or her two per cent."

"The pound of flesh is the outcome of your vivid imagination, Antoinette; otherwise the *résumé* is fairly correct. I confess I too am afraid that romance number two is about to collapse; un-

less, of course," laughing, "that doctor's sister, the good-looking but essentially commonplace young woman, of whom you spoke, can pull the strings a second time and with more success."

Antoinette contemplates her brother pensively. "If you could, Henri," she says, "for one moment restrain your burning desire to be witty, you really would, I think, be passable, as men go. Now listen to what I have to say, and try to follow me."

The Doctor with difficulty keeps from laughing outright. "Medusa, Sibyl, Oracle, Sphinx!" he exclaims with an oratorical wave; "whatever your name be, proceed. I will tax my weak brain to the uttermost to catch your meaning."

"How you do put one out with your childish nonsense," says Antoinette. "Not to go into details, let us take a survey of the case as it stands. Leading personages, a count in love with a girl socially his inferior and of whose wealth he has not the slightest conception. A girl in love with a man who appears in struggling circumstances and of whose rank no suspicion dawns on her mind. Minor personage:—"

"Allow me to continue, Antoinette. Minor personage, a commonplace but essentially good-looking—I beg your pardon—good-looking but essentially commonplace young woman, born match-maker, who knows the betweens and betwixts of the case and, in the critical moment—what more simple?—enlightens the count as to the state of the girl's finances, the girl as to the state of the struggling music-teacher's genealogical tree, this setting matters right in a twinkling."

Antoinette looks at her brother as though he presented some new and interesting psychological problem to her mind. Then she says, bursting into abstract matter in the style peculiar to herself: "It has always been a marvel in my eyes how men dare take up their pens as novelists."

"Yet a few have done so rather successfully," remarks the Doctor.

This again Antoinette treats as "neither here nor there," proceeding calmly:

"To me there is a clumsiness in their mode of dealing with delicate subjects; a sort of mental lumpishness about even

those who pass for cultivated among them" (the Doctor pretends to wince) "that makes it more than astonishing that they should try to vie with women in a species of literature which must, above all, need subtle handling. What do you say?"

"'Mental lumpishness,' dear, was good; but 'vie with women' was better," repeats the Doctor, by this time fairly shaking with laughter. "What would you think of returning to the starting-point? The ingrained coarseness of my nature made me fancy that it might be well to make known to the two leading personages in the romance what alone would make their union in the eyes of most rational beings, and certainly in the eyes of their respective relatives, not a *mésalliance*—the rank on the one side, the wealth on the other."

"You are not altogether wrong there," admits Antoinette, looking at the Doctor, much as a small girl sometimes looks at a big boy—in his way no doubt a fine production of nature's, but heavy; decidedly heavy. "In your groping, mannish way, dear, you are stumbling upon the right track. Would 'Countess Glachen, Wiesbaden,' find your hard-headed little countess, do you think? I, for my part, believe in nothing like the general post. Ah, I know" (translating literally her brother's directions), "'to the highly well-born Countess of Glachen, Wiesbaden,' exquisite German pompousness. Now when I have decided that this Count is in love with Natalie and she with him, which I have not done yet, I will write to the Countess as Natalie's friend, and—"

"Come in!" This very emphatic, but, it may seem, rather irrelevant exclamation on the part of the Doctor, is caused by a repeated knocking at the door.

"You, Count, how odd! We were just talking of you."

CHAPTER V.

THREE QUESTIONS.

SOMETHING in the Count's face made Antoinette feel that it was not the most suitable moment for them to be introduced. She passed into an inner room. The Count came forward.

"Excuse the question, Doctor—think

me a boor, think me a madman, think what you will—do you love Natalie Lambert? You don't! God bless you!" taking the Doctor's hand with German effusiveness; though, certes, the latter had not specially suited the tenor of his feelings to convenience him. "Another question—does Natalie Lambert love you? No! What a fool have I been then!"

The Doctor smiles. "Have you nothing further to ask?"

"Why, yes, if I may. Does Natalie Lambert to your knowledge—love any one?"

"I fancy she does; nay, I will dare to maintain that she loves with all a woman's love—you, Count Glachen."

Now, English reader, prepare to smile. Count Glachen is a German. Putting one hand on each of the Doctor's shoulders, to the considerable astonishment of that gentleman he—kisses him.

"A brother's salute. You have made me happy. I shall win her."

So saying, he is about to leave the room, but stops before an open photograph-case.

"Insatiable that you are," says the Doctor, laughing. "Are you not yet content? Here is the picture; you can have it on one condition; that" (earnestly) "if Natalie Lambert be not Countess Glachen by this day year you will return it to me."

"Agreed! *Ein Mann, ein Wort.*"

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LETTERS.

His letter (rather disjointed):—

"Natalie; I dare not face you. I am not Ernst Galhen, the music-master, but Count Glachen. Your friend the Doctor knows my sister and me.

"You will hate the lie that I have been acting. My darling, did you but know how I have learnt to love you! Dare I ask you to be my wife? Give me a little hope.

"ERNST GLACHEN."

Natalie's answer (very concise):—

"You have won my heart under false pretences, Count Glachen. I will be your wife when your sister intercedes for you. No sooner.

"NATALIE LAMBERT."

"My sister?" The Count bit his lips. Then he looked out writing materials, and wrote a letter to this, it would seem, formidable personage. Having covered three pages, he stopped.

"Too long, too long! and I don't seem to get to the point somehow. Not at all the style for Agnes."

He tore the letter and dashed off another. "Too short! Why, it sounds like a cannon-shot. The way to madden Agnes."

Perhaps the reader, from these rather conflicting remarks, can patch together the character of Agnes. One recalls the doctor's description: "a little woman with wonderful eyes—hard-headed, I fancy."

The Count began a third letter: "Pooh! too humble!" A fourth: "Too sentimental!" A fifth: "Absurdly arrogant!" this with parenthetical ejaculations to the effect that Agnes detested humility, would sicken at sentimentality, and bristle all over at arrogance; all of which features, however strange in themselves, are, when you come to think on the matter, perhaps just what might be expected from a little woman with wonderful eyes, but hard-headed. And that is the type of woman that goes to form the backbone of humanity.

"Yes, quite absurdly arrogant," groaned the Count, as he contemplated the opening sentence of his last letter; and, truth to say, besides being rather obscure, it was not of the most conciliatory nature. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Agnes,—To come to the point at once; you may as well put a good face on the matter, and do the thing peaceably, for I won't be thwarted, mind."

"The simplest plan, after all, will be for me to go to her. Stay! I forget; she's at that — Frankfort!" (It seems unnecessary to give the qualifying word used by the Count. It had no special appositeness applied to the good old city of bankers, and merely reflected the mood of the gentleman speaking; a mood of the type by Professor Bain called "explosive.") "Let me see! She will not be back till Thursday, this day week. Time to start on Tuesday."

Two hours later Count Glachen was on his way to Bâle. From Bâle he jour-

neyed to Paris, and from Paris on the Thursday following returned to Wiesbaden. Why he chose the above peculiar route I cannot say.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEWS IS BROKEN TO AGNES.

A LOW-CEILED, small, square room, with gray-blue paper, gray-blue window sash, gray-blue window-curtains, gray-blue furniture. The owner of it likes things light. The very books on the book-shelves are most of them in light bindings; the pictures, consisting of much hanging-material, much frame, much setting, and (truth to say) very little picture, are light. *Æstheticism* reigns supreme here. We are in Wiesbaden. Where we have no pictures we have plaques; where we have no plaques we have vases; where we have no vases we have figures, miniature figures most of them, not of gods and goddesses (their day has past); not of men famed for mind nor of women for grace; not works of art telling of a world of heroism, of intellect; not things of beauty. Their day has past. Here you may see a misshapen horse with monstrous legs (Egyptian); a cow with a canine head and general appearance anything but bovine (Japanese). Shepherds and shepherdesses abound. Add a Noahsarkian collection of birds, notably those of the owl and parrot family. *En passant* notice one or two miniature tables, a couch, and one or two chairs. Not a surplus of the useful, certainly. One tries to think with Michelet: "*Le sublime, c'est l'inutile.*"

"Well, *mon ami*," says the Countess, entering. Yes, we are in Wiesbaden, where ladies of rank speak a mixture of French and German. As she sits down we may as well take a look at the Count's sister. She has eyes like the sea, neither green nor blue, nor grey. She herself maintains that in this respect they harmonize with her window-curtains and the general tone of her room; green-grey-blue. This is a point which might be disputed; they are darkly-fringed, and suggest a few ideas that the window-curtains and general tone of the room do not. The rest of her face may

be quickly summarised:—a truthful forehead, a small firm mouth (perhaps a trifle too small and firm), little white teeth and a piquant nose. Her hair is some shade of brown, tightly braided behind (*die englische Frisur*, they call this in Germany), but cut in front and brushed back—a fringe in disguise. She has small feet and a perfect figure; she dresses with studied taste.

So much for the little woman of the Doctor's description.

As she sits facing her brother, she slides a ring up and down her finger (a trick she has) and her color comes and goes; facts hard to reconcile with the firmness of her mouth, the steady gaze of her eyes.

The Count draws a photograph from his pocket.

"That is she," he says, as though he had been talking to his sister on the subject of Natalie for an hour past.

The Countess smiles.

"You are specially lucid; but never mind. Which do you mean? The blonde? Is it possible, Ernst, you have not noticed that there are two girls on the picture?"

"Why, yes." The Count looks rather foolish. "But she is of course the dark one; the one with the finer face; the one with the eyes."

"Thank you. I may as well say in passing that they have both of them eyes. Still you are right; the dark one has the finer face; nay, her face is more than fine, it is lovely. So this is my sister-in-law that is to be."

So far all goes well. The Count thinks of the corner shop and groans.

Neither speak for a while.

"What is her name?" asks the Countess at last.

"Lambert."

"I mean her Christian name."

"Natalie." The Count begins to doubt that he is in his right mind. "I cannot understand that you do not ask *what* she is," he exclaims at last.

"Well, *what* is she?" lightly. "Not a—a dressmaker, I hope."

"No! not a—a dressmaker," with considerable emphasis.

"A governess?"

"No, indeed!" vehemently; then the irrationality of this tone (perhaps striking

himself, more meekly, "at least, no—not a governess."

"I give it up."

"Well, the fact is, there's no good mincing matters; as far as I can make out, she's a little of everything: wine-merchant, book-seller, lending-librarian, pianoforte-hirer, tuner, stationer, printer, agent. Don't look so bewildered, Agnes."

That lady has carried her hand to the seat of reason and looks as mystified as ever mortal woman looked.

"You mean all these callings are pursued by her family, I suppose," she says at last, "and you want to bring on us the wine-merchant, the bookseller, the pianoforte-tuner, the printer and—the rest," this with the spasmodic grimace which boys call gulp.

"No, no" (the Count visibly writhes).

"She is all these things herself, dear; at least her father is, and he, as well as I know, is mad, and—it does sound dreadful, certainly—but if you could only see the girl. As it is, you're taking it better than I fancied you would."

The Countess tries to suppress a smile. He speaks as though "it" were a dose of cod-liver oil at the least.

"The simplest plan, I fancy," she says, "will be for me to go back to Geneva with you. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Only—what have you been doing yourself, Agnes, while I have been away?"

"At this question the Countess bursts into such a peal of laughter, that one all but marvels at its not upsetting the gravity of the Japanese cow and the Egyptian horse, not to mention the various other melancholy-looking bipeds and quadrupeds with which she has surrounded herself.

"I?" she says. "Well, I, in your absence, have become engaged to a man in my own walk of life, and with just enough money for us, I fancy, to vegetate together in orthodox style to the end of our days."

"Count Reichen?"

"Yes. There's a certain lack of poetry about the thing, I admit. If he represented some half-dozen trades at once——"

"Spare me, Agnes," says the Count, almost shuddering at this picture. "How illogical you women are!"

CHAPTER VIII.

END.

Two days later Count and Countess Glachen are in Geneva, and a note is brought to the corner house of La Cité. It is from Countess Glachen to Natalie, and runs as follows:—

"In the eyes of the world, Mademoiselle Lambert, you might act more wisely than to ally yourself to a nobleman of no fortune whatever. I fail to see on what grounds I could, in my brother's interest, oppose your union with him. Believe me ready at any moment to greet you as a sister.

"AGNES GLACHEN."

What need to tell the rest?

"I never regret," says Antoinette, some months afterwards when Count and Countess Natalie Glachen are on their honeymoon, "I never regret that I wrote that letter to Countess Agnes, mentioning all the sad and strange interest in the life of our friend Natalie, the beautiful, motherless heiress. Did she ever tell you, Henri, the way her brother broke the news to her? Oh, you men!"

Henri takes no notice of this apostrophe to the sex.

"The best of the story to me is," he says thoughtfully, "that the Count never gained an inkling of Natalie's wealth till quite the last thing. I am sure the news of her money came on him quite like a shock."

"Yes, I think it did. But that, you know, is a kind of shock I feel certain a man lives down."

"If you are not the veriest cynic, Antoinette! One never knows what sarcasm may be coming."

"Nay;" Antoinette lays her hand on his arm. "Yet it does indeed sound cynical; so many true things do. If you knew, dear, how happy I am for Natalie! How you can say she is not the loveliest woman in the world I cannot conceive. Now did she not look a beautiful bride?"

"Somebody whispered to me that one of the bridesmaids looked quite as beautiful."

"Bah!—you need not speak a word in that 'somebody's' favor. If I've told him once, I've told him twenty

times that I am not going to marry till I'm forty."

"Then you must go to England." With Henri, as with most Frenchmen, it is an ineradicable conviction that it is more common than not for ladies in England to marry between forty and sixty; women in their fifth and sixth decade being, among us, regarded as in the pride of girlhood.

One more peep at Count Ernst and Countess Natalie. A year has passed and Lambert Père has been gathered to his fathers. The young couple have built a villa in the Sonnenberg Strasse in Wiesbaden. No one knows what the Countess's fortune is; but no Glachen of the generation has lived, or lives, in such style as Count Ernst. The world of Wiesbaden found a good many spiteful things to say in the Franco-German

tongue, in which the "world" there speaks, while the villa in the Sonnenberg Strasse was in the process of building, but when the Count appeared on the scene with the Countess, its remarks dwindled down into this: that the introduction among them of a Countess, *née* Lambert—especially one so young, so lovely (so "apart" said a certain serene highness, using the favorite Wiesbaden word) was not so "compromettirend," so "blamirend," and divers other curious things ending in "irend," but that, with the exception of some individuals themselves only lately ennobled, and consequently "penibel," the grandees of the gay little *Cur-Stadt* might cordially welcome among them Natalie, Countess Glachen.

Do you happen to know the Sonnenberg Strasse in Wiesbaden? The Villa is called "Villa Natalie."—*Belgravia*.

THE BIRTH OF MOUNTAINS.

PRETENDERS to longevity usually turn out upon strict inquiry to be hoary impostors: they are not half so aged in reality as they make themselves out to be. Mountains themselves, for all their show of antiquity, form no exception to this almost universal rule of evidence. The eternal hills have no proper claim to the honors of eternity; some of them, indeed, which now hold their heads very high in the world, and go in for coronets of snow or diadems of ice, and so forth (for particulars of which see the poets), are really of very modern origin, and cannot show half so good a pedigree after all as many an unobtrusive little granite knoll, upon which they now look down with sublime scorn from the proud height of their *parvenu* complacency. "As old as the hills" seems to most of us the extreme limit of possible age; and yet, since all created things must needs at some time have had a beginning, it is immediately obvious to the meanest capacity—and much more, then, to the courteous reader—that even the eternal hills themselves must in their own time have slowly passed through the various stages of infancy, childhood, adolescence, and full maturity. Old as they are, they have yet once been young and

foolish; grey as they are, they have yet once been green and grassy; solemn as they are, they have yet once indulged in a boisterous, noisy, and even skittish youth, before settling down by slow degrees into the sober respectability of middle age. Every dog has his day, and the eternal hills have had theirs. As little hills they have skipped audaciously; they have grown and grown by slow increment; they have passed gradually from a state of youthful activity and mobility and life to a state of discreet and immovable senile solidity. Yet many of them are young at heart even now, and some of them, that look demure enough on ordinary occasions, are still distracted by fiery passions within, which rend and tear them from time to time with fierce convulsions in their inmost bowels.

Yes, the eternal hills have had a beginning, and the beginning was often far more modern than most people usually imagine. There are small hillocks in these islands of Britain that were already great mountains while the Alps and the Himalayas still lay slumbering sweetly beneath half-a-mile of superincumbent ocean. Indeed, as a general rule, it may be said that the biggest mountains

are very new, and that the oldest mountains are very small. Size is here no criterion of age; for when once a mountain has ceased growing and attained maturity, it begins to grow down again, by mere wear and tear, until at last wind and weather, rain and river, have slowly beaten it back to the level of the plain from which it sprang. Let us look briefly at the whole life-history of an adult mountain, thus regarded as an organic unity, from the time when it first begins to raise its young head timidly from the mother ocean, to the time when, decrepit and worn-out, a broken remnant, it loses individuality altogether in the broad expanse of the surrounding lowlands.

Everybody in these days knows, of course, that every mountain worth speaking of (bar the inevitable exceptions that "prove the rule") has once been a portion of the sea-bottom. Unless it be a volcano or self-made mountain, the rocks and stones of which it is composed have been laid down, some time or other, on the bed of some forgotten and primæval ocean. So much all the world has long known, ever since geology as a science first fought its way against severe odds into general recognition; but, strange to say, it has only been in very recent years indeed that any real progress has been made in the comprehension of the life-history of mountains. They had once lain *perdu* at the bottom of the sea; they now soar away among the moist, cold, and uncomfortable clouds:—that was all that science could tell us about them; but how they got there or what pushed them up was for many years an insoluble mystery.

Your volcano, indeed, may at once be put out of court in this respect, because every one can see at a glance the *modus operandi* of the common volcano. Like a clumsy conjuror it does the trick openly before your eyes; it lets you see it in the very act of tossing out great showers of stones and ashes, which fall symmetrically on every side, and produce the well-known regular cone that one sees exemplified in the sugar-loaf outline of Etna or Fusi Yama, or in the topmost summit of Vesuvius itself. Or again, in some other cases, your volcano works by squirting up a

mass of viscid lava through a fissure in the earth, and allowing it to cool slowly into dome-shaped mountains like the Puys of Auvergne, or the odd-looking Mamelors of the African islands. Either of these cheap and easy ways of forming a mountain is simple enough to understand; but then, they only explain themselves; they cast no light at all upon that other and vastly larger group of mountains which have been slowly raised by secular action from the bottom of deep and ancient oceans. We don't, most of us, come across many active or even extinct volcanoes in the course of a lifetime. I could count, myself, on the fingers of one hand, the total number of confirmed smokers of this description that I have ever met with in all my wanderings. Teneriffe and Pico, Hecla and Cotopaxi do not fall in everybody's way casually during the average spell of a summer holiday. The mountain with whose personal peculiarities we are most of us most familiar—the average Swiss, or Scotch, or Welsh specimen—consists mainly or entirely of sedimentary material from the sea-bottom, and is only very remotely connected in any way with volcanic action. How did such an eternal hill as this begin to be, and what power raised it from abysmal degradation to its present proud and lofty position in the world of mountains?

I don't suppose that, to answer this question, we could possibly do better than take the life-history of the Alps themselves, as expounded for us in very choice geological English by Professor Judd and other observers, whose remarks I shall humbly endeavor to the best of my ability to translate here into the vernacular dialect.

Once upon a time there were no Alps—indeed, during the whole vast primary period of geology (embracing in all probability four-fifths of the duration of life upon this planet) there is every reason to believe that central Europe lay consistently and persistently beneath the depths of the sea. The German Ocean was then really conterminous with the whole of Germany, and the Sea of Rome embraced the greater part of Catholic Europe. It was only at the opening of the secondary period—the age of the great marine lizards—that the first faint embryo of the baby Alps began

to be formed. Now, the origin of a mountain chain is not really due, as most people used once to imagine, to a direct vertical up-thrust from below, as when you push a handkerchief up with a pencil—the old lecture illustration; its causes and conditions are far more complex and varied than that; it is, in fact, strange as it may sound to say so, a result of subsidence rather than of upheaval—a symptom rather of general shrinkage than of local eruption. For nothing can shrink without wrinkling and corrugating its surface; a result which one commonly sees alike in a withered apple, an old man's hand, and a dry pond cracked and fissured all over by the hot sun. The Alps are thus ultimately due to the shrinkage of the earth upon its own centre; they are dislocations of the crust at a weak point, where it finally collapsed, and threw up in collapsing a huge heap of tangled and contorted rubbish.

The beginning of the Alps, in fact, was due to the development in Permian times—everybody is, of course, quite familiarly acquainted with the Permian period—of a line of weakness in the earth's crust, right along the very centre of what is now Switzerland, but what was then probably nowhere in particular. The line of weakness thus produced showed itself overtly by the opening of a number of fissures in the solid crust, like cracks in a ceiling—not, indeed, visible to the naked eye of any inquiring saurian who may have chanced to investigate the phenomena in person, but manifesting their existence none the less by the outburst along their line of volcanic vents, hot springs, geysers, and all the other outer and visible signs of direct communication with the heated regions beneath the earth. From these fissures masses of lava, tuff, and other volcanic materials rapidly poured forth, some of which still form the core of the Alpine system, though most of them are buried at the present day under other layers of later deposition.

"Aha," you say, "so after all, in spite of promises to the contrary, the Alps themselves turn out to be at bottom of volcanic origin." Not a bit of it: let us suspend judgment for the present. The actual Alps as we know them to-day are of far later and more modern

date. The very next thing the volcanoes did after bursting out frantically into action was to disappear bodily beneath the bed of the ocean. This is a very common and natural proceeding on the part of extensive volcanic ranges. First they pop up and then they pop down again. You see, the line of weakness had resulted in the pouring out of immense quantities of molten lava, in some places twelve or fifteen thousand feet thick; and that necessarily left a hole below, besides piling up a lot of very heavy matter on top of the hole thus occasioned. The natural consequence was a general collapse; the age of great volcanic outbursts was followed by an age of gradual subsidence. Of course the young Alps, already a very sturdy infant range, didn't sink all in a moment beneath the engulfing waters of the Triassic sea. All through the Triassic period—the age of the English salt beds—smaller volcanoes went on pushing themselves up more or less feebly from time to time, and doing their level best to frighten the big lizards with their molten ejections; but still the support was steadily removed from below this portion of the earth's crust, and the weight above made it sink slowly, slowly, slowly beneath the waters of the sea, just as southern Sweden is now sinking, an inch at a time, under the brackish waves of the encroaching Baltic. Streets in Swedish towns, originally built, no doubt (like most other streets), above high-water mark, now lie below the tide (which must be very uncomfortable for their owners), with other earlier and still lower streets beneath and beyond them. The whole peninsula, in fact, is gradually disappearing beneath the waters of the Baltic, as regardless as Mr. George himself of the vested interests of the landed proprietors. Just so, in all probability, by very slow degrees the Triassic volcanoes sank and sank, till at last the blue Triassic sea flowed uninterruptedly over the whole of Switzerland. During all the Triassic time, indeed, the igneous forces were getting gradually exhausted, and by the close of that long period they had fallen into a pitiable state of complete extinction.

Year after year and age after age the buried core of the future Alps went on sinking further and yet further under

the deepening waters of an ever profounder and profounder ocean. One kind of sediment after another was deposited on top of it, and these sediments, of very diverse hardnesses and thicknesses, form the mass of the rocks of which the existing Alps are now composed. The line of weakness occupied most probably the centre of the great Mediterranean thus produced; for the sediments lie far thicker in the Alps themselves than round the shallow edges of the sea, in whose midst they were laid down. In fact, many of the strata which, away from the Alpine axis, measure only hundreds of feet thick, increase along that central line till their thickness may rather be measured by thousands. The united depth of all the sediments accumulated along the sinking line during the whole secondary age amounts to about ten miles. In other words, the core of the Alps must have sunk from fifteen thousand feet above the sea to at least ten miles below it. Not, of course, that the sea itself was ever ten miles deep, for the sediment went on accumulating all the time, and sinking and sinking as fast as it accumulated; but the volcanic core, which was once perhaps nearly a mile above sea level, must at last have sunk far beneath it, with not less than ten miles of accumulated rubbish lying on its top.

With the setting in of the tertiary period—the age of the great extinct mammals—opens the third chapter in the history of the origin and rise of the Alps. The troughlike hollow, filled with thick layers of sediment, which then covered the line of weakness in the earth's surface, began to be pressed, and crushed, and pushed sideways by the lateral strain of the subsiding crust. Naturally, as the crust falls in slowly by its own weight upon the cooling centre, it thrusts from either side against the weakest points, and in so doing it twists, contorts, and crumples the layers of rock about the lines of weakness in the most extraordinary and almost incredible fashion. To put it quite simply, if a solid shell big enough to cover a globe of so many miles in diameter is compelled to fall in, so as to accommodate itself to the shrunken circumference of a globe so many miles less in diameter, it must necessarily form folds

every here and there, in which the various layers of which it is composed will be doubled over one another in picturesque confusion. Such a fold or doubling of the layers are the Alps and the Jura. Our world is growing old and growing cold; and as it waxes older and colder it shrinks and shrinks, and shakes and quivers, so that its coat is perpetually getting a little too big for it, and has to be taken in at the seams from time to time. The taking in is done by the simple and primitive method of making a bulging tuck. The Alps are situated just above a seam, and are themselves one of the huge bulging tucks in question.

The inner hot nucleus of the globe (which is not liquid, as the old-fashioned geologists did vainly hold, but solid and rigid) contracts faster than the cooler outside. The cold upper shell therefore falls in upon it more or less continually, and thus, occupying less horizontal space, must necessarily cause great lateral pressure. Imagine for a moment a solid weight of millions upon millions and millions of tons all falling in towards a common centre, and all squeezing sideways the parts about the crack at which the crust of the earth is weakest. The present structure of the Alps shows us admirably how enormous is the force thus exerted. The solid rocks which compose their surface are twisted and contorted in the most extraordinary way, great groups of strata, once horizontal, being folded over and over each other, exactly as one might fold a carpet in several layers. Professor Heim, of Zurich, has shown by careful measurements that the strata of rock which now go to make up the northern half of the central Alps alone once occupied just twice as much horizontal space as they do at present. The crushing and folding due to the lateral pressure has been powerful enough to wrinkle up the different layers, and throw them back upon one another like a blanket doubled over and over, in huge folds, that often reach from base to summit of lofty mountains, and stretch over whole square miles of the surface of Switzerland. According to Professor Heim, the folding of the crust has been so enormous, that points originally far apart have been brought seventy-four

miles nearer one another than they were at the beginning of the movement of pressure. In fact, Switzerland must have been originally quite a large country, with some natural pretensions to be regarded in the light of a first-rate European power; but its outside has been folded over and over so often that there is now very little of it left upon the surface. What it once possessed in area it has nowadays to take out in elevation only.

Of course, if you make such colossal folds as these in solid rocks and other comparatively incompressible materials, you must necessarily raise them a great deal above the original level. You must put the extra material somewhere, and to heap it up in huge folds is the simplest and easiest thing to do with it. At the same time the compression is so immense that it succeeds in hardening and altering the composition of the rocks themselves, so much so that even if you pick out a single small piece of the stone you will find it puckered and crumpled in the most intricate manner by the enormous side-thrust of half a continent. Masses of soft clay, like that sticky stuff thrown up in laying down London gas-pipes, have been pressed close into the condition of hard roofing slates by the lateral pressure. Soft muds have been hardened and thickened into crystalline rock, and sands converted into solid masses as dense as granite. The whole great fold of crumpled, hardened, and distorted strata, thus piled confusedly one on top of the other, is the modern Alps, and the minor folds that lead up to it compose the lesser parallel ranges, like the Jura, that run quietly along their foot. In some parts of the Jura these folds follow one another in regular undulations, exactly like so many thicknesses of cloth, puckered up into ridges and hollows by side pressure.

That, put briefly, is just how the Alps came to be raised visibly above the earth's surface. They are there, not because they were pushed up from below, but because they were crushed up sideways by the collapsing earth-crust: they represent not vertical thrust, but lateral pressure. How terrific, says everybody, must have been the grand convulsion of nature to which so enormous a mass of

mountains was originally due! Not a bit of it. The convulsion of nature was probably not in the least terrific. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that it continues its slow, quiet, and unobtrusive action uninterruptedly even down to the present day. The Alps are still being built up yet higher by the selfsame side-thrust, and the occasional earthquakes to which they have always been subject are good evidence that the work of mountain-making still proceeds slowly within them. What a comfort to reflect, when one's hotel is rudely shaken on the Lake of Geneva or at Interlaken, that the shake has probably added half an inch to the stature of Mont Blanc or the Bernese Oberland! For aught we mortals know to the contrary, the Matterhorn itself may still be regarded in cosmical circles as a rising mountain. To be sure, during the period of greatest movement there may have been from time to time occasional paroxysms far more violent than any that have occurred in Switzerland during historical ages—terrific pangs of Mother Earth in labor—but on the other hand there may not. Slow and steady pressure long exerted would amply suffice to account for all the twists and folds, the distortions and dislocations, of the Swiss Alps as we see them at present.

But the existing contour of the various chains is not, of course, the contour due to the original upheaval or folding process. Nature is a very perverse goddess: the first thing she does is to heave up a mountain-range, and the very next thing she tries to do is to knock it down again as fast as possible. No sooner is a ridge raised to an appreciable height above the surrounding plain than wind and rainfall, torrent and glacier, do their best to wear it down once more to indistinguishable uniformity with the neighboring country. Water, as we all know, is the great leveller, the most democratic among the forces of nature; it brings down the mountain from its lofty height, and fills up lake and valley and estuary and ocean with the powdered detritus it has slowly worn from the disintegrated summit. As rain, it washes away soil and crumbles rocks; as river or torrent, it cuts itself deep ravines and precipitous gorges; as ice,

it grinds down hills, and wears profound glens among the solid strata; as snow, it equalizes all the rugged surfaces with its deceptive covering of virgin white. So, even while the upward movement of the Alps was still in active and constant progress, the reverse process of disintegration must have been steadily going on, side by side with it, in a thousand unobtrusive minor ways. The whole existing contour of dome and *aiguille*, peak and valley, gorge and scarp, chasm and corrie, is due to the continuous close interaction of these two forces—the upheaving and the disintegrating, the building and the unbuilding.

If the force which raised the mountains had acted all at once, and no disintegrating action had afterwards taken place, the Alps would have consisted on the whole of one great folded mass, led up to by a number of lesser undulations, and rising at the centre into a huge boss or elongated hog's back, which might, perhaps, be more or less broken here and there by an occasional dislocation. They would have formed, not a varied range of mountains, but a continuous ridge. From the picturesque point of view, such an Alp as this would be practically worthless; it would be nothing more than one gigantic down, without any variety, romance, or mystery—a mere dome of swelling rock, covered on the summit by a curved sheet of monotonous, dull, and uninteresting snow. Fortunately for the British tourist and the canny Swiss hotel-keeper, nature managed the thing in a different way. Frost and rain scarped out the range, as fast as it rose, into jagged peaks like those of Chamouni, or precipitous cliffs like those of Grindelwald. Rivers carved out for themselves deep glens like that of the Valais, and glaciers wore themselves profound beds like that of the Mer de Glace, or round lake basins like those of the Grimsel. The softer parts were cut away by this ceaseless action of wind and rain and frost and ice-sheet; the harder and more crystalline portions alone were left behind, scarred and weathered into fantastic shapes as jagged peak or craggy summit. The final outcome of the whole process is the modern Alps, as we actually see them—rising here into snow-clad bosses, jutting out there in naked

needles; traversed at one spot by deeply-cut torrents, sculptured at another into beautiful valleys. "They remain," says Professor Geikie, "a marvellous monument of stupendous earth-throes, followed by a prolonged gigantic denudation." The whole mass is not, in short, nearly so high as it would have been had erosion never kept pace with elevation; but it is a thousand times more picturesque, more varied, more wonderful, and more dangerous. I add the last epithet advisedly, out of compliment to the genius of the Alpine Club.

Professor Judd has well shown how great is the amount of wear and tear to which mountains are thus subjected, and how enormous is the loss of material they undergo, in the case of the extinct volcano of Mull, which rose during the not very remote Miocene period to a height of some ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea level. It had a diameter of thirty miles at its base, and its great cone rose gigantic like that of Etna, or of Fusi on a Japanese fan, far into the sky, unseen by any eye save that of the half-human, ape-like creatures whose rude fire-marked flint flakes the Abbé Bourgeois has disinterred from contemporary strata in the north of France. Since the Miocene days, rain and frost and wind and weather have wreaked their will unchecked upon the poor old broken-down, ruined volcano, till now, in its feeble old age, its youthful fires long since extinguished, it stands a mere worn stump, consisting of a few scattered hills, none of which exceeds three thousand feet in height above sea level. All the rest—cone and ashes, lava and débris—has been washed away by the pitiless rain, or split and destroyed by the powerful ice-wedges, leaving only the central core of harder matter, with a few outlying weather-beaten patches of solid basalt and volcanic conglomerate.

All the other great mountain chains of the earth have been produced in the same way as the Alps, and have passed through exactly parallel phases. But many isolated mountains and lesser hills have a somewhat different and simpler origin, being really nothing more than harder masses of a once continuous upland plain, which have resisted the disintegrating action of rain and wind far

longer than the softer and more friable surrounding portions. It should be remembered, too, that all the great existing chains are of very recent origin indeed. There do exist in Europe many very ancient mountain ranges ; but these consist for the most part of worn-down and degraded relics of far higher original masses—the central core of now disintegrated Alps and Himalayas. The older a range, the lower it must be ; the higher a range, the newer its origin.

I cannot better close this brief *résumé* of the life-history of an eternal hill than by quoting the lucid summing-up of Professor Judd on the origin and progress of a young mountain. "It will be seen," he says, "that mountain chains may be regarded as cicatrised wounds in the earth's solid crust. A line of weakness first betrays itself at a certain part of the earth's surface by fissures, from which volcanic outbursts take

place ; and thus the position of the future mountain chain is determined. Next, subsidence during many millions of years permits of the accumulation of the raw materials out of which the mountain range is to be formed ; subsequent earth-movements cause these raw materials to be elaborated into the hardest and most crystalline rock-masses, and place them in elevated and favorable positions ; and, lastly, denudation sculpts from these hardened rock-masses all the varied mountain forms. Thus the work of mountain-making is not, as was formerly supposed by geologists, the result of a simple upheaving force, but is the outcome of a long and complicated series of operations." That is the last word of modern science on the birth, the babyhood, and the maturity of mountains.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE THRUSH IN FEBRUARY.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I KNOW him, February's thrush,
And loud at eve he valentines
On sprays that paw the naked bush
Where soon will sprout the thorns and bines.

Now ere the foreign singer thrills
Our vale his plain-song pipe he pours,
A herald of the million bills ;
And heed him not, the loss is yours.

My study, flanked with ivied fir
And budded beech with dry leaves curled,
Perched over yew and juniper,
He neighbors, piping to his world :

The wooded pathways dank on brown,
The branches on grey cloud a web,
The long green roller of the down,
An image of the deluge-ebb :

And farther, they may hear along
The stream beneath the poplar row.
By fits, like welling rocks, the song
Spouts of a blushful Spring in flow.

But most he loves to front the vale
When waves of warm South-western rains
Have left our heavens clear in pale,
With faintest beck of moist red vanes :

Vermilion wings, by distance held
To pause aflight while fleeting swift :
And high aloft the pearl inshelled
Her lucid glow in glow will lift :

A little south of colored sky ;
Directing, gravely amorous,
The human of a tender eye
Through pure celestial on us.

Remote, not alien ; still, not cold ;
Unraying yet, more pearl than star ;
She seems a while the vale to hold
In trance, and homelier makes the far.

Then Earth her sweet unscented breathes ;
An orb of lustre quits the height ;
And like broad iris-flags, in wreaths
The sky takes darkness, long ere quite.

His Island voice then shall you hear,
Nor ever after separate
From such a twilight of the year
Advancing to the vernal gate.

He sings me, out of Winter's throat,
The young time with the life ahead ;
And my young time his leaping note
Recalls to spirit-mirth from dead.

Imbedded in a land of greed,
Of mammon-quakings dire as Earth's,
My care was but to soothe my need ;
At peace among the littleworths.

To light and song my yearning aimed ;
To that deep breast of song and light
Which men have barrenest proclaimed ;
As 'tis to senses pricked with fright.

So mine are these new fruitings rich
The simple to the common brings ;
I keep the youth of souls who pitch
Their joy in this old heart of things :

Who feel the Coming young as aye,
Thrice hopeful on the ground we plough ;
Alive for life, awake to die ;
One voice to cheer the seedling Now.

Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes : lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.

With that I bear my senses fraught
Till what I am fast shoreward drives.
They are the vessel of the Thought.
The vessel splits, the Thought survives.

Naught else are we when sailing brave
Save husks to raise and bid it burn.
Glimpse of its livingness will wave
A light the senses can discern.

Across the river of the death,
Their close. Meanwhile, O twilight bird
Of promise ! bird of happy breath !
I hear, I would the City heard.

The City of the smoky fray ;
A prodded ox, it drags and moans :
Its Morrow no man's child ; its Day
A vulture's morsel beaked to bones.

It strives without a mark for strife ;
It feasts beside a famished host :
The loose restraint of wanton life,
That threatened penance in the ghost !

Yet there our battle urges ; there
Spring heroes many : issuing thence,
Names that should leave no vacant air
For fresh delight in confidence.

Life was to them the bag of grain,
And Death the weedy harrow's tooth.
Those warriors of the sighting brain
Give worn Humanity new youth.

Our song and star are they to lead
The tidal multitude and blind
From bestial to the higher breed
By fighting souls of love divined.

They scorned the ventral dream of peace,
Unknown in nature. This they knew :
That life begets with fair increase
Beyond the flesh, if life be true.

Just reason based on valiant blood
The instinct bred afield would match
To pipe thereof a swelling flood,
Were men of Earth made wise in watch.

Though now the numbers count as drons
An urn might bear, they father Time.
She shapes anew her dusty crops ;
Her quick in their own likeness climb.

Of their own force do they create ;
They climb to light, in her their root.
Your brutish cry at muffled fate
She smites with pangs of worse than brute.

She, judged of shrinking nerves, appears
A Mother whom no cry can melt ;
But read her past desires and fears,
The letters on her breast are spelt.

A slayer, yea, as when she pressed
Her savage to the slaughter-heaps,
To sacrifice she prompts her best :
She reaps them as the sower reaps.

But read her thought to speed the race,
And stars rush forth of blackest night :
You chill not at a cold embrace
To come, nor dread a dubious night.

Her double visage, double voice,
In oneness rise to quench the doubt.
This breath, her gift, has only choice
Of service, breathe we in or out.

Since Pain and Pleasure on each hand
Led our wild steps from slimy rock
To yonder sweeps of gardenland,
We breathe but to be sword or block.

The sighting brain her good decree
Accepts ; obeys these guides, in faith,
By reason hourly fed, that she,
To some the clod, to some the wraith,

Is more, no mask ; a flame, a stream.
Flame, stream, are we, in mid career
From torrent source, delirious dream,
To heaven-reflecting currents clear.

And why the sons of Strength have been
Her cherished offspring ever ; how
The Spirit served by her is seen
Through Law ; perusing love will show.

Love born of knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as Earth it mates,
The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates.

For love we Earth, then serve we all ;
Her mystic secret then is ours :
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers.

Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

BY MATTHEW M. TRUMBULL.

THE recent controversy between the House of Lords and the House of Commons has invaded the Capitol at Washington, and is echoed back to England in some jealous threatenings made by the American House of Representatives against the Senate. The inflammation of Parliament has extended by sympathy to Congress, and the contest between the "Two Houses," which is almost at an end in England, is just beginning in the United States. It is a continuation of the same old English quarrel, an outburst of the same old spirit, the ineradicable jealousy of aristocracy, prerogative, and caste.

The forms and manners of the social aristocracy in the old country are closely imitated in the new, even to the cockades on the hats of liveried servants. Social aristocracy is a little more nervous and sensitive in America than in England, because it lacks the quality of ancient possession and hereditary right. American aristocracy, being necessarily of the upstart, mushroom kind, and theoretically illegal, is never quite at ease; it has not that graceful, easy confidence that centuries of practice gives. It is always afraid that it is not doing things just exactly as they are done in England. An awkward boor of low rank might tread on the toes of the Duke of Somerset without insulting him, because the aristocracy of the Duke is of such ancient lineage, and so thoroughly established, that he can decline to be insulted by people of small heraldry; while Mr. Plutus, of New York, although a richer man than the Duke of Somerset, would be compelled to resent the treading on his toes, because his grandfather was a pedlar.

It is commonly believed by many Americans that, because they have no titled nobility, nor any hereditary privileged orders, that therefore they have no aristocracy; this is a mistake. Aristocracy is not only legal in the United States, but it has been deliberately established in the Constitution. A social aristocracy will develop itself in any country where wealth is unequally

distributed. It springs out of the freedom that belongs to us all to form ourselves into exclusive sets if we choose to do so. Perhaps no great crimes can be charged against it. In excess it may produce vanity, false pretension, and show; but it does not work oppression until it obtains a political foundation on which to rest. Such a foundation is provided for it in the Constitution of the United States. The kingly powers of the President, the equal representation of unequal States in the American Senate, the small number of Senators, the select persons who appoint them, the mode of their election, their long tenure of office, and the greatness of their prerogatives, make a broad and strong foundation for an American aristocracy.

The word aristocracy is used here, not in its technical or dictionary meaning, but according to the sense in which it is generally understood by the people of the United States—not as the old Greeks used it, to express the class composed of the best people; not as the European nations use it, to express the titled classes; but as the Americans use it, to describe a class of pretenders who would be titled people if they could, and a class who assume superior importance on account of money. So the word democracy is not used here in its partisan meaning, but to express, first, the great body of the American people, and, secondly, their *form* of government. It is not easy to treat this subject intelligently without comparing the Constitution of the United States with the Constitution of England, because, as one is founded on the other, we can study its operations better by contrasting them with the parallel history of its prototype and model.

It is worthy the deep thought of the student of history that, during the ninety-five years of the American Constitution, the English Constitution on which it is founded has been radically changed, until now the Government of Great Britain, while preserving its monarchical and aristocratic form, has become in practice a representative democracy, while the

Government of the United States, preserving all this time its republican form, has become in practice what might be called a constitutional monarchy. The reasons for this apparent anomaly are not hard to find.

The men who framed the American Constitution were lawyers. They knew nothing practically of any law except the English law; they had no practical knowledge of the workings of any constitution except the English Constitution, and they were afraid to trust themselves too far away from the ancient landmarks with which they were familiar. They therefore proposed for the new nation in the western world the English trinity of government—kings, lords, and commons. They made the king elective for four years, not by the people at large, but by a select body of citizens called Electors; they made the House of Lords elective for six years, also by a select body called the State Legislatures; the House of Commons they adopted nearly in the shape they found it in the English Constitution. The king they called the President; the House of Lords they called the Senate; the House of Commons they called the House of Representatives. In this way they transplanted to the fertile political soil of the new Continent a part of the feudal system of Europe, curiously enough, just at the very time when that system was about to be overthrown by a violent revolution in France, and by a peaceful revolution in England.

A few years before the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia, Blackstone gave to the world his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. A careful reading of the Constitution and the *Commentaries* will show that the Constitution is greatly indebted to Blackstone both for its form and substance. It will also be seen that the eloquent praises of the Constitution which are continually on the lips of American orators and statesmen, praises of its admirable system of checks and balances, its equal distribution of powers, its blending of diverse and conflicting interests into one harmonious whole, and all the rest of it, are borrowed from Blackstone's eulogies on the Constitution of England. Following their pattern closely, the framers of the Constitution gave

to the three branches of the new government, as nearly as circumstances would permit, the powers and prerogatives of the corresponding branches in the English Government. They made the President, like the king, the fountain of honor, whence flowed the offices and dignities of the Government; they made him, like the king, the fountain of justice, and gave him the appointment of all the judges; they made him, like the king, the fountain of mercy, and clothed him with the power to pardon; they made him, like the king, commander-in-chief of the army and the navy; and they gave him the royal veto when, in practice, that power had utterly ceased in England. When the framers of the Constitution invested the President with the power to veto Acts of Congress, no King of England had exercised it against Parliament for ninety-seven years; it has never been exercised in England since, and under the reformed constitution of Britain it can never be exercised again.

Not satisfied with depriving the king of the veto power, the Commons of England did not stop until they had deprived him of all political power whatsoever, until now the Queen "reigns, but does not govern." The government is carried on in her name, and her signature is necessary to give validity to Acts of Parliament, but her political action is directed by the advice of ministers who are responsible to the House of Commons. The impression of the Great Seal is necessary to give validity to certain documents, but the Great Seal itself is only a piece of brass. Its acts are mechanical, and so are the governmental acts of the Queen.

The king being shorn of political power, the House of Lords was at last brought into subjection to the House of Commons. The struggle between the two Houses for supremacy had lasted for centuries, but it ended in 1832 by the unconditional surrender of the House of Lords. For fifty years it has been little more than a debating society, a revising Committee for the House of Commons. In theory it has the same legislative prerogatives that it ever had; but as an independent branch of the legislature its authority is at an end. It can obstruct the measures of the House of Commons

for a month or two, or perhaps for a session, but recent experience demonstrates that, if the House of Commons insists upon its will, the House of Lords must yield.

Sir Erskine May, in his *Constitutional History of England*, expresses the belief that if the House of Lords had stood firmly by its prerogatives in 1832, and had compelled Lord Grey to carry out his threat of creating peers enough to carry the Reform Bill, although beaten on that measure, it would still have preserved its power and independence, but Earl Russell was of a different opinion. He says in his *Recollections* that, no matter what the House of Lords might have done, it could not have averted its fate. The Commons had become supreme, the paramount authority in Parliament. A contest which had continued with varying fortune for about 600 years has ended in the victory of the English democracy over the aristocracy and the king. Great Britain is practically a republic with a machinery of government instantly responsive and obedient to the will of the voters expressed at the polls.

In striking contrast to the past ninety-five years of the history of the English monarchy, is the ninety-five years' history of the American republic. During that time, the United States has, by the vast increase of its territory, its population, and its wealth, multiplied the influence of the Senate, relatively decreased that of the House of Representatives, and by investing the President with the character of a party leader, armed with the veto, has made him a real political power equal to two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. Thus, while preserving the republican form, it has reached in practice very nearly the shape and character of the English monarchy of old time. Since the English people cut off the head of King Charles, and dethroned his son, they have not had a king who possessed or exercised one half the royal prerogatives and powers that are enjoyed by the President of the United States to-day.

Next to monarchy, the most offensive political institution to Americans is hereditary aristocracy. But if they have an aristocracy, it is of little consequence with what adjectives they qualify it. It may be ill-mannered and offensive, but

it is only injurious to the people in proportion to its political power, and its distance from popular control. An elective aristocracy may be as expensive and mischievous as any other. A senator in the American Congress has twenty times more political power than a peer of England. The House of Lords cannot obstruct measures of Legislation for more than a single session, the American Senate may stand for years an immovable obstacle in the way of popular advancement and reform.

A social democracy cannot flourish in any country that recognizes and maintains a political aristocracy. The American Senate is the most important political aristocracy that has existed in the modern world. A Roman senator never possessed as much political authority and social influence as an American Senator has to-day. Although Rome was as large in territory as the United States, and had a larger population subject to her dominion, she never had under her control so much wealth for power to act upon. Other aristocracies have existed with larger personal privileges than the American Senators have, but none with so much legislative power. An American Senator may by a single vote give away a million acres of land. He may by another vote bestow a franchise worth a million dollars, a franchise too that the Supreme Court will decide no other Congress may reclaim or take away. Think of the vast interests of the United States under the legislative control of seventy-six men, not one of them elected by the people. Imagine the partnership of Illinois in the National Government represented in one branch of the legislature by only two men, responsible to nobody. Let it be borne in mind that the members of the United States Senate will in personal wealth average the ownership of more than a million dollars each, and it becomes at once apparent that such an important aristocracy was never known before.

The main source of American aristocracy is in the Senate, and there it gets its chief support. The tree of aristocracy has its roots in the Senate; and the great trunk of it, and the branches of it, grow and flourish from unlimited taxation. Social reformers fire themselves

out, lopping off a leave here and a twig there, but never until they cut the roots of it will the tree wither and die. They must abolish the Senate, or make it democratic, before any important political reforms will be achieved in America. If the Senate cannot be abolished, it can be reformed. It can be made elective by the people; its term of office can be reduced to two years, and it can be made to represent the States in proportion to their population. If it is protected by the Constitution from any changes not made by its own consent, then, in that case, the House of Representatives will be compelled to assert its power, and, by virtue of its pre-eminent right to control the revenues of the nation, establish the supremacy of the people. Then will the Americans have a government not only democratic in form, but in substance also.

All the branches of the American Government, except one, are jealously guarded by the Constitution against the democratic element. Not only the prerogatives of those branches but also the manner of their appointment show this. The framers of the Constitution were careful to protect the great office of President from the profane touch of the people. They provided that the President should be elected by an intermediate aristocracy consisting of a few men from each State, chosen in such manner as the States might themselves provide. This exclusion of the democracy from any direct agency in the choice of the President has been evaded by an ingenious device known as a nominating convention. This, however, is but a precarious substitute, and the democracy is not quite satisfied with it. From time to time it makes an angry demand that the Presidency shall be its property, and awarded by its ballot without the intervention of any middlemen whatever.

The judicial branch of the American Government was made exclusively aristocratic beyond any taint of popular control. The English plan of appointing judges was adopted by the fathers, and embalmed in the Constitution, without any change or amendment. The judges must be appointed by the President, and their term runs during good behavior as in England. The theory is that the people are not wise enough nor

virtuous enough to be entrusted with the selection of the judges, and therefore they must be appointed by the President. He is, *ex officio*, both wise and virtuous too. In this way the judges are supposed to be raised above party influences and the clamor of the mob. The life tenure is attached to the judicial office that the judges may be independent of executive interference and dictation. The result has been to create a caste, sitting in black cassocks at Washington; luxurious men, deciding by the precedents, except on political questions, and then always according to party lines. The Supreme Court of the United States has itself decided that the American judiciary is not a subordinate but a co-ordinate branch of the government.

The "omnipotence of Parliament" is a phrase never heard in America. The tremendous quality of omnipotence has been appropriated by the Supreme Court, and by force of this extravagant claim of right it scrutinises Acts of Congress, construes them, amends them, and repeals them. How long would the people of England permit nine judges to pass sentence upon Acts of Parliament, and declare them null? Not an hour; and yet this is the constant practice of the American Supreme Court. The people patiently endure it under the belief that such is the prerogative of the Court. Very frequently, trade, commerce, manufactures, and all kinds of business, are kept in a nervous and excited condition for months, and even years, waiting for the decision of the Supreme Court as to the validity of some important Act of Congress. In the reign of President Grant, the Supreme Court, by a majority of one vote only, declared the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional and void. The Legal Tender Act had been in operation for many years, and all the business of the country had adapted itself to the conditions of paper money. The decision therefore affected every living contract in the country, and in order to avert the consequences of it two new members were appointed to the Supreme Court by President Grant, with the understanding that they would make a majority of one the other way, and reverse the decision.

The Court being thus "reconstruct-

ed," the Attorney-General moved for a re-hearing of the Legal Tender case. The re-hearing was granted, and the former decision was reversed. At the former trial the Court consisted of seven judges, and they held the Act to be unconstitutional by four to three. At the rehearing the Court consisted of nine judges, and they decided by five to four that the Act was valid. The Legal Tender Act was part of the financial policy devised and carried out by Mr. Chase when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been transferred from that office to the position of Chief Justice of the United States, and in his capacity of Chief Justice he actually decided that his own acts and policy as Chancellor of the Exchequer, although solemnly made into laws by Act of Congress, were unconstitutional and void.

The Toryism of the American Supreme Court would comfort the soul of Lord Eldon. Its conservative jealousy of political changes, and its denial of the power of Congress to interfere with "vested rights," have drawn praises from Lord Salisbury, as, indeed, they naturally would, for his lordship knows very well that such a body sitting in Westminster Hall would paralyse Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party. It would make waste paper of Land Acts and Acts of Disestablishment. It would declare the Irish Church Bill unconstitutional for encroaching upon "vested rights," and the Irish Land Act void for impairing the obligation of contracts. It once decided that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislatures had any power to abolish slavery in the territories of the United States. It parodied the dictum of Lord Mansfield that no slave can breathe the air of England, by almost deciding that no free man could breathe the air of the United States.

The American Legislature is well protected by the Constitution against the people. The Senate is made the aristocratic branch of Congress by a term of office three times as long as that of the House of Representatives, and the Senators are chosen by an intermediate body that stands between them and the citizens. In addition to their legislative authority, they have the sole power to try impeachments, they have the treaty-

making power, and they possess a veto on all the appointments of the President. There were men in the Convention that framed the Constitution who thought that the Senators in Congress ought to be a wealthy aristocracy holding their offices for life. Mr. Gouverneur Morris, a delegate from New York, said, "He wished to make the Senate a permanent body." He said, "It must have great personal property; it must have the aristocratic spirit; and therefore its tenure of office should be for life."

The House of Representatives is the only branch of the American Government conceded to the democracy by the Constitution. Among all the national officers only representatives in Congress are elected by the people. Even the independence of the House of Representatives itself has been surrendered to the President and the Senate in return for official patronage. The power to appoint and remove all the Federal officers in his district is the chief reliance of the representative for a re-nomination, and as he must obtain that power from the President, he cannot be independent of executive influence and ambition. Only those members of the House of Representatives who are opposed to the President in politics can possibly be independent, so long as party machinery in America remains as it is now. Only twice in the past thirty years has the House of Representatives even threatened to exercise its prerogative of stopping the supplies, and in both cases the President was of the opposite political party to the majority in that House.

Is there any power short of a violent revolution by which the people of the United States can arrest the prerogative of the President, curb the encroachments of the Senate, and give to the House of Representatives a controlling influence in the Government like that possessed by the English democracy in the House of Commons? The Senate is firmly entrenched in the citadel of the Constitution; it cannot be swamped, like the House of Lords, by the creation of new Senators, nor can the Constitution be amended except three-fourths of the Senate agree thereto. As a small minority of the people choose a large majority of the Senate, it is vain

to expect that three-fourths of that body will voluntarily consent to diminish their own privileges and power. One course remains within the Constitution, and that is the withholding the supplies. Anticipating the same necessity, the founders of the American Government borrowed the English principle, and embodied it in the Constitution in the following words, "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills."

It is worthy of special note that this invincible weapon of the House of Commons was transplanted and set in the Constitution of the United States, not by accident, nor even by common consent, but by compromise. The Tory element in the Convention opposed it, but the Liberal element, anticipating the usurpations of the Senate, resisted the creation of an Upper House with aristocratic prerogatives, nor would that element agree to be a Senate unless accompanied by the English antidote, the surrender to the House of Representatives of the exclusive power to impose taxes, and the right to stop the supplies. By virtue of that compromise the crea-

tion of an aristocratic Chamber was agreed to.

There, quietly slumbering in the Constitution, and occupying but three lines of it, lies the power that will some day revolutionise the American Government without bloodshed, that will blunt the edge of the President's prerogative, that will make the House of Representatives the chief power in the government, and reduce the Senate to a secondary and inferior position. What has been done in England will be done in America; the conditions are the same, the people are alike, with a common lineage and a common history, the motive powers are the same, and the results will be the same. The real conflict between the antagonistic forces of the American Government is hardly yet begun. It will burst into a storm when the President and the Senate, banded together in defence of the prerogative, shall resist a resolute House of Representatives fresh from the people, and bearing from the people a message of reform. In that contest the stopping of the supplies will be the conquering weapon, and prerogative must yield, as it had to yield in England.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE RIEL REBELLION IN NORTHWEST CANADA.

BY R. MACHRAY, C.

DURING the winter of 1869-70, there took place in the upper valley of the Red River, which lies north of the International Boundary between the United States and Canada, that rising of the Métis or French Half-breeds against the Dominion Government which is known as the Red River Rebellion. The scene of that episode now forms the most important and populous portion of Manitoba, which was subsequently organised as a province of the Dominion upon the collapse of the rebellion. The flourishing city of Winnipeg now extends for a considerable distance on all sides from what were the rebel headquarters, Fort Garry, at one time the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the general prosperity of that part of Canada, the whole affair had well-nigh passed

away from the public memory, but the events which have recently occurred in the district of Saskatchewan bring it back vividly. It is hardly possible to understand the rebellion which has just been suppressed by General Middleton, without a glance at the former rising of the Métis.

In 1869, Louis Riel appeared at the head of an armed band of the Métis to compel the Dominion to give them what they considered their just rights. After a lapse of fifteen years, and five hundred miles from the scene of the former disturbance, this is exactly what has taken place again. The only absolutely new feature of the recent rebellion, and one that is not without a dark hint of terrible possibilities, was the fact that it was aided by Indians from reserves in the

vicinity of the disaffected district. It is also the case that various tribes, mainly belonging to the Cree family, throughout the north-west territories, have been stirred up to an ominous restlessness unknown before. One band of Indians, under a turbulent chief called Pound-maker, who had already given trouble to the authorities, actually broke out and went on the warpath. It was the terror felt in presence of a threatened Indian war, far more than any fear inspired by the movement under Riel, which roused Canada from Halifax to Winnipeg.

To understand the position of the Half-breed and the nature of his claims, it is necessary to go back. By the British North America Act, the Dominion of Canada, whose western frontier was then Lake Superior, acquired from the Imperial Government the enormous area of territory generally known at that time as Rupert's Land, or the Hudson Bay Company's territories. This vast region, lying between the province of Ontario on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, which will probably in time come to be known by the appropriate name of Central Canada, has been divided off into the province of Manitoba, and the districts of Keewatin, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca. With the exception of Keewatin, they are wholly or partially situated in what is sometimes designated the "Fertile Belt." The soil is, for the most part, rich and capable of supporting an immense population; and though the country labors under the great disadvantage of a severe winter climate, there can be no reasonable doubt but that Canada gains enormously by the possession of this splendid territory.

When the Dominion entered upon its occupation, there were sundry prior claims which had to be considered. There was first of all the Hudson's Bay Company, which held certain ill defined rights over the whole region. What these rights exactly were was a matter of dispute, but an agreement was made by which they were handed over to the Canadian Government on the payment of 300,000*l.* sterling to the company, which at the same time received a large and valuable grant of lands.

Then came the claims of the Indian

population; and it was proposed to deal fairly and generously with them. Various treaties have from time to time been made with the different tribes, and until recently it was believed that the Indians were satisfied with the treatment they had received. This illusion has been rudely dispelled by the occurrences of the past few months. It has been the custom of Canadians to point with a pride which took a keener edge as they looked southwards across the "Line," to the loyalty and contentment of their Indians. Loyal most of them still are, but whether they will remain so must be regarded as uncertain. Discontented many of them certainly are.

But in addition to the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians, there had to be taken into account the fact that some parts of the newly acquired country were settled; and the settlers desired to be confirmed in the possession of their lands. These settlers, for the most part, were to be found along the banks of the Red River and its chief tributary, the Assiniboine. At the time of the transfer, as the cession of Rupert's Land to the Dominion is usually called, there were upwards of 12,000 people in the Red River Settlement, of which Fort Garry was the centre both of government and trade. Half this number were French Half-breeds or Métis, and a majority of the other half were English or Scotch Half-breeds. There was only a sprinkling of pure whites, mostly retired officers and *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company. At Kildonan, three or four miles from Fort Garry, there existed and still exists a considerable settlement, which was originally established by the Earl of Selkirk some seventy years ago, and which consisted of Scotch families of pure descent. The people lived together quietly and peacefully a life of almost patriarchal simplicity. Many of them were intelligent and educated; every parish had its church and school. The government was in the hands of a council of local magnates, the nominees of the Hudson's Bay Company, but who fairly represented the population.

In 1869 it looked as if the Dominion were going to ignore the existence of the settlement by the precipitate action it took. Without any reference to the

wishes of the settlers, it drew up a scheme of government from which they appeared to be excluded. Before the country had actually come into its possession, surveyors were sent to examine the land, and it can hardly be a matter of surprise that their presence excited suspicion. By the manner in which they dealt with the unoccupied lands close to the existing holdings it seemed not only as if they were about to allot them according to their pleasure, but as if they intended to deny the old settlers any room for growth and expansion in the future.

The Half-breed advanced a double claim upon the Dominion. Not only did he ask that the land upon which he had squatted should be made over to him, but he demanded also that the title which came to him from his Indian ancestry should be acknowledged and an adequate compensation made for it. At first it appeared as if this claim were going to be completely passed over; and the rebellion of 1869 was the result. Another, though secondary, cause was the desire for a local representative legislature, which it was feared was to be withheld. The situation was further complicated by differences of race and religion. The English Half-breed, though sympathising to some degree with the French, did not go so far as to join in the rebellion.

The insurgents held possession of Fort Garry, where were the central depot and warehouses of the Hudson's Bay Company during the winter. In the following spring an expedition, composed of a British battalion, some artillery, and two regiments of Canadian militia, was equipped and sent to suppress the rebellion. When Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley, who was in command, marched into Fort Garry, he found that it had been abandoned. The insurrection had melted away, but the victory lay with the rebels, as all their demands were conceded. It has even been maintained that a general amnesty was promised them, but this the Canadian Government denied, and Riel and the other leaders were subsequently condemned to various punishments. Riel was outlawed from the Dominion, and has since become a citizen of the United States. The claims of the Métis and of other Half-breeds, however, were satisfied by

grants of land or its equivalent. Every head of family received so much land for himself and each of his children; and patents were issued for such lands as were already occupied.

With a little forethought all the difficulties might have been arranged before Canada had taken possession of the north-west territories. It was afterwards contended by the Dominion that all claims upon it made by residents in the territories would have been satisfied had there been no rebellion in '69, but with what has just passed before our eyes in the Saskatchewan it is idle to say that all such matters would have been equitably adjusted "in due course." It is impossible to imagine that the Dominion desired them to withhold justice from any of its citizens any more than it desires to withhold it now; but the wheels of government move but slowly unless there is some extraordinary force brought to bear upon them. The arguments which appeal to governments have various degrees of influence; and the Métis were not likely to forget what kind of argument had greatest weight on the former occasion. Whether their grievances were such as to justify their rising in open rebellion then is another thing, but its result was so favorable to them that they could not regret it. The genuine success which attended it no doubt contributed greatly to encourage that rebellion which has just been crushed.

The district of Saskatchewan, which has been the theatre of the rebellion, lies nearly in the middle of Central Canada. Its boundaries have been made by lines drawn by the surveyor and are not marked out by any great natural features. On the south it touches Assiniboia and Manitoba, on the west Alberta, and on the east Keewatin—names, with the exception of Manitoba, little known to the world. It takes its name from the Saskatchewan River, the two main branches of which, known as the North and South Saskatchewan, meet at a point within the district a little above the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Fort à la Corne. The sources of the two rivers lie at no great distance from each other in the Rocky Mountains; but, on leaving the mountains the North Saskatchewan curves

away with a grand sweep in a northerly direction, while the South Saskatchewan, a rapid-running stream, bends southwards for several hundred miles, and then, after a sharp turn at a point known as The Elbow, flows almost due north till it joins the other stream. When united they form a broad and sometimes splendid river, which ultimately empties itself into Lake Winnipeg. For the greater part of their course both of the Saskatchewans flow through a prairie country of which the soil is described as excellent. Both rivers are navigable by steamers of the usual Western type—flat-bottomed stern-propellers, but navigation is rendered difficult by shifting sand-bars. Where yesterday a steamer found a clear channel may today be choked up with sand. Although several places of interest connected with the Riel rebellion, such as Prince Albert, Battleford and Edmonton, are on the North River, the scene of the recent military movements was chiefly laid in the small wedged-shaped piece of land lying between the forks—at the junction of the two streams. The Métis settlement, where the insurgents met and were defeated and dispersed by the Dominion troops, is on the south river.

The part of the district of Saskatchewan more immediately affected by the recent disturbances is, roughly speaking, about 500 miles north-west of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. The nearest railway station, Qu'Appelle, 325 miles west of Winnipeg on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is about 200 miles south-east of Fort Carlton, which lay—it was destroyed during the rebellion—about the centre of the scene of the troubles. A stage road runs across the prairies from the railway to the settlements on the Saskatchewan. The journey from Qu'Appelle to Carlton is in the spring of the year difficult and tedious, but in summer it is a pleasant enough trip across the plains. Leaving the station the trail goes northward to a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company called Fort Qu'Appelle, at the head of a region famous for its beautiful lakes. Here there is a considerable settlement, with a mixed population of whites and Half-breeds, but beyond it, with the exception of a few homesteads thinly scattered over the

Touchwood Hills, some thirty miles from Fort Qu'Appelle, the long lines of the prairie are only broken at wide intervals by the solitary shanties at which the Saskatchewan stages stop on their way northwards. The country is, for the most part, a rich rolling prairie, with wavelike undulations, interspersed here and there with bluffs of poplar. There are very few streams of any size, but there are numerous lakes and pools which in spring and autumn are alive with great quantities of water-fowl of all kinds. The prairie chicken (pinnated grouse) is found in abundance. The soil is a uniform black loam, not so deep as that of Manitoba, but fertile and well suited for the growth of cereals, until the Salt Plains lying between Touchwood Hills' district and the stage stopping-place at Humboldt are reached. These plains are an alkaline desert about thirty miles across from north to south, and of varying width. They are covered with grass, but no trees are to be seen—only a few stunted bushes. They are the home of innumerable pelicans, swans, geese and cranes, and other wild fowl. Humboldt, which is some seventy miles from Carlton, is the point on the road from which the different trails going to various crossings of the South Saskatchewan diverge. That called Clark's Crossing, which General Middleton made the basis of his operations against the rebels under Riel, lies some miles south of the Métis settlement. The two principal crossings "Batoche's" (a half-breed nickname), where the insurgents made their final stand and were dispersed, and "Gabrielle's" are in the midst of the disaffected district.

The Métis settlement consists of a long, continuous row of farms lying on both sides of the South Saskatchewan, and the most important part of it is called the parish of St. Laurent. It is entirely settled by French Half-breeds to the numbers of 2,000, many of whom have been in the country for a long time, others have more recently come from Manitoba and elsewhere. It is difficult to say how many men were in arms belonging to the Métis proper, as there is an Indian reserve close by, most of whose braves under their chief Beardy aided the rebels. But it is doubtful if more than 700 or 800 men bore arms on

the insurgent side ; and the whole Riel rebellion, properly speaking—for the attitude of the Indians elsewhere should be viewed separately, was made by this comparatively insignificant body of men. The settlement of St. Laurent is of the same general character as other Métis settlements in the United States and Canada. The Métis occupy long narrow belts of land having what they consider an essential, some frontage on the river bank. All the older settlements along the Red River and the Assiniboine in Manitoba are of similar description. These holdings are in their shape quite contrary to the plan pursued by the Government surveyors in laying out new lands, and consequently are not regarded with favor. The cottage of the Métis, usually an unpretending white-washed log-hut of two compartments, stands on the edge of the river ; and generally one or two small fields near the house are cultivated. But the Métis is no farmer. His habits and traditions are alike against it. So he is not very desirable as a settler in an agricultural country, if the likelihood of his adding to its wealth be considered. In St. Laurent some very simple farming was done. Formerly its inhabitants were buffalo-hunters, but the buffalo has forever disappeared from these regions. Now they depend almost entirely for their subsistence on "freighting" merchandise across the plains for the Hudson's Bay Company or other traders. The goods are drawn by native ponies in "Red River carts"—light wagons on a single pair of heavy wheels entirely made of wood, held together by *shagganappi*, i.e. deerskin, and without any iron being used in their construction. In the earlier pioneer days of Minnesota, Dakota, and Manitoba a procession of these carts was a familiar sight, but, of course, they have been replaced by superior wagons. A specimen of the Red River cart is preserved in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. But in the north-western plains of Canada, where there is no steamboat transportation available, they are still used. They carry from six to eight hundred pounds, and the usual charge for "freightage" is a cent per mile for a hundred pounds. The wealth of the Métis really consisted

in the number of ponies and carts he possessed.

Twelve miles north of St. Laurent stood the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Fort Carlton, formerly an important distributing depot for a great extent of country. It lay in a hollow on the South Bank of the South Saskatchewan, and immediately behind it there rises a thickly wooded hill 200 feet in height. Here the mounted police concentrated at the beginning of the rebellion, but it was occupied by them for a short time only. Upon their withdrawal the fort was burned. The police retired northwards to Prince Albert, by far the most important settlement in the district of Saskatchewan. This settlement is at the extreme north of the disturbed country, and though its people to some extent sympathised with the rebels it remained loyal. One reason for that was that the settlers are chiefly English or English Half-breeds ; the antipathy of race came in to separate them from their French brethren. Prince Albert is situated on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and consists of a succession of farms extending for about ten miles along the south bank of the river. The Hudson's Bay Company have one of their chief trading-posts at the eastern extremity of the settlement. There are, besides, numerous stores, several churches, Emmanuel College of the Church of England Diocese of Saskatchewan, and several schools. In this settlement the valley of the Saskatchewan is very picturesque and beautiful. The river is about 300 yards wide, with its northern side high and thickly wooded ; on the south side the country is open and rises away with a gradual slope from the river. Prince Albert, from its centre, is about forty miles from Fort Carlton, and thirty-five miles from the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan. This settlement has been in existence for many years, but recently it has grown very considerably.

For twelve or thirteen years back the settlers in the district of Saskatchewan have urged upon the Dominion Government the consideration of certain grievances. Deputations were sent to the heads of Departments, and various representations were made, but without suc-

cess. The distance from the seat of the Federal Government, the imperfect information possessed by it, and the comparative insignificance in number of those pressing their claims upon it, perhaps account for the extraordinary and fatal dilatoriness there was in the investigation of the demands made. However good a case the Dominion may make out, the result of its conduct—policy is not the word—in regard to the Saskatchewan, can hardly be said, even by its friends, to be other than unfortunate. Proceeding upon the basis furnished by the unsettled land questions, the restless character of the Métis was worked upon until the rebellion was brought about. Then not only will the cost of its suppression be a heavy tax upon the resources of Canada—already somewhat tried by the expenditure which it has incurred in the construction of its great national and necessary undertaking, the Canadian Pacific Railway—but the attitude of the Indians will henceforth have to be closely watched, and always will give some ground for uneasiness.

The grievances of the settlers may be classified under two heads—those of the old settlers, and those of the Métis. The former complained that patents for the holdings on which they have squatted had not been issued to them; the latter made certain demands for land *quâ* Half-breeds.

In the case of the old settlers, who are not Half-breeds, some patents had been granted prior to the rebellion. And no one can doubt for a moment but that patents would have been given eventually to all who were in actual occupation of the lands they claimed. But the delay has been fatally, ruinously long, resulting in bad feeling, and in some instances in a heavy loss in money. Two or three years ago there was a violent “boom” in land and property throughout the whole north-west of Canada. Farms at Prince Albert and elsewhere in the Saskatchewan were sold and transferred, but no sales were valid unless a clear title to the property—such as the patents of course give—existed. The absence of such indisputable titles clouded the transactions and led to serious losses. It appears that many of these unsettled claims are of very old date—that is, old, when the newness of

the country is considered. Some of the holdings were taken up twenty years ago—five years before Canada acquired the north-west. Last year a commission was sent from Ottawa to investigate the claims advanced, and in the report made by the head of that commission it was stated that nothing could have been done earlier in regard to giving patents for lands, as only a few of the holdings had been surveyed. There is nothing said as to why surveys were not made long before; nor does any notice appear to have been taken of the exasperated feeling there was in the settlement on account of the tardy working of the land department. Though the old settlers did not actually aid the rebels, and even supplied volunteers to fight against them, they participated in the agitation which immediately preceded the armed rising.

The demands made by the Half-breeds, *quâ* Half-breeds, were precisely similar to those advanced by the Half-breeds of Manitoba in 1869.

About the beginning of last winter a petition was forwarded to the Governor-General of Canada setting forth the grievances of the whole settlement. The following is the pith of it. It begins by noticing a point to which we shall return later, viz., that the Indians are so destitute in many localities that settlers are compelled to furnish them with food to keep them from starving, and to preserve the settlements from the acts of men made desperate by famine. Then comes one of the chief demands—that the Half-breeds of the district of Saskatchewan receive 240 acres of land each, as did the Manitoba Half-breeds after the Red River rebellion. Next it is stated that the Half-breeds in possession of tracts of land have not been given patents for their holdings, nor have the old settlers of the north-west territories received the same treatment as the old settlers in Manitoba. Some of the other grievances are that settlers are charged dues on timber, rails, and firewood required for home use, and that customs are levied on the necessities of life. It is complained that contracts for the public supplies and works, and positions in the public service, are not given as far as possible to residents in the district. Voting by ballot at elections i

also demanded. Then it is asked that the district of Saskatchewan be organised as a province, with its own local representative legislature. At present the control of affairs in the territories is vested in a lieutenant-governor, assisted by a council, some of the members of which are elected by the people, and the rest are officials of the Government. This council, styled the North-West Council, meets at Regina, in the district of Assiniboia, and, with the exception of Manitoba and Keewatin, has the administration of the whole of Central Canada, that is, as far as the Dominion Government has delegated it the powers of administration. With all questions relating to land settlement the North-West Council has nothing to do, as the public lands are managed entirely from Ottawa by a cabinet minister. It is a far cry from Prince Albert in the Saskatchewan to Ottawa in Ontario; and it may be doubted if this system of centralisation works smoothly and efficiently. Still it may be fairly urged that the district of Saskatchewan is not ripe for local government. It is not yet thickly settled, and could ill bear the expense of supporting the necessary machinery of government.

With the exception of the demand for a local parliament, it is evident that the claims and grievances advanced by the Half-breeds were all connected with land questions. Claims and grievances almost identical led to the Red River rebellion; and after that episode, and as a result of it, the demands of the Métis were granted. The policy pursued then by the Dominion Government of the day in satisfying these demands gave a good basis for pressing similar claims upon its attention and for expecting similar compensation. Prior to the recent rebellion the Dominion Government were not prepared to give the Métis of the Saskatchewan the same treatment as was given to the Métis of Manitoba, if the following statement made in the Canadian House of Commons by Sir John A. Macdonald, the premier, and who until a short time ago was himself minister of the interior, is accurately reported:—

"The Half-breeds," he said, "have been told that if they desire to be considered as Indians, a most liberal reserve

will be set apart for them. If they desire to be considered white men, they can get 160 acres of land as homesteads. But they are not satisfied with that. They want to get upwards of 200 acres and then get their homesteads as well." In other words, the Métis did not regard their being treated as Indians, or simply being confirmed in their holdings, as sufficient compensation for the title they claim to the lands of the territories which comes to them both by right of descent and by right of possession. But it should be said, in justice to the Dominion Government, that its action was embarrassed by the fact that many of the Métis of the Saskatchewan had already been treated with when resident in Manitoba. Of course the Half-breed who had eaten his cake in Red River could not expect to have it to eat over again in the Saskatchewan. The sense of the injustice, however, of any arrangement which did not fully compensate those who had received no acknowledgment of their claims, was worked upon by Riel and others until the rebellion was brought about. When the gravity of the situation was at length grasped by the Canadian authorities, a commission was at once appointed and sent in hot haste to the various settlements of the Métis. The main business of this commission has been to grant what the Métis asked—the same compensation that the Métis of Manitoba obtained fifteen years ago. But promptly as the commission went about its work, the mischief had already been done. The Métis of St. Laurent were in open insurrection, had organised a provisional government, and had even met and defeated a force of police. It then became necessary to put down the rebellion by force of arms.

The Métis of the Saskatchewan were led in their revolt by Louis Riel, who was at the head of the Red River rebellion in 1869. For the part he played in that episode the Métis regard him as their patriot leader. Sir John Macdonald referred to him in the Canadian Commons as the "Mahdi of the Métis." Riel is a man of some education, and he has been described as the equal in ability of the average public man of Canada. In his own language he is a fluent and powerful orator, and his speeches

have a great effect upon his countrymen. By some he is regarded as a mere mischief-maker, and an adventurer whose business is insurrection and disturbance; by others he is considered something of a "crank," who believes that his mission is to procure for the Métis their full rights, as he understands them. He is now about forty years of age; is in person short and stout; he is energetic and has plenty of pluck, but his mind is wanting in balance. Since his capture by the Dominion troops he has played the rôle of a religious enthusiast. His manner in ordinary conversation is pleasant, but during the time of the Red River rebellion, when he was in power, he assumed an air of great importance. He has a good deal of restless vanity, which in the old Red River days showed itself in his fine black *capote* and the brilliant colors of his L'Assomption belt—characteristic features of the Métis costume. Riel is a man who thinks he has a personal grievance against the Dominion. He maintains that he was outlawed, notwithstanding that a solemn pledge had been made him that he would share in the general amnesty to be granted to those who took part in the Red River Rebellion. This may or may not be the case, as there is a conflict of testimony on the subject, but such is the contention of the rebel leader.

Some time ago Riel became a citizen of the United States, and settled in Montana. While residing there he states that a delegation of the Métis of the Saskatchewan came to him last summer to invite him to take part in pressing their claims on the Dominion Government. He went to St. Laurent, where he found several of those who had been concerned with him in the rising of 1869. Many meetings were held throughout the settlements in the district, and the Métis were inflamed by his speeches. At the outset he disclaimed any intention of inciting the people to rebel, and this secured the sympathy of the "whites" who, as already stated, had grievances against the Government. All winter the agitation went on, until about the middle of March rumors reached Winnipeg that an armed rising was imminent. Winnipeg, as the nearest large town, has always had a considerable intercourse with the settlements

in the Saskatchewan; and to those acquainted with the country and the agitation which had been developing, the rebellion occasioned little surprise; but upon the people of Eastern Canada, to whom the Saskatchewan was a far-off, little-known district, marked only on the newer maps of the Dominion, it came with a sudden shock. Nor was the fact that there was a rebellion at all grasped until blood had been shed.

So far as can be gathered from the imperfect information at present open to the public, the following are the chief occurrences of the rebellion.

About the beginning of last March a great meeting of the Métis was held in the parish church of St. Laurent; and a Bill of Rights, drawn up by Riel, was read and adopted. (This Bill of Rights simply recapitulates the statements made in the petition addressed to the Governor-General, which is mentioned above, so it need not be given here.) It was thereupon resolved that a provisional government should be formed, based upon the principles enunciated in the Bill of Rights. Riel, on being nominated president of the Saskatchewan, announced that no hostile movement would be made unless the Dominion Government persisted in refusing to grant the demands of the Métis. It was even stated that if reasonable guarantees were given that their grievances would be immediately investigated, the provisional government would be forthwith dissolved. In the mean time, however, the authority of the Dominion was repudiated, some of its officials and others were made prisoners, and supplies were collected, *i.e.* seized, from the stores of traders in the vicinity, to provide against the emergency of war. A band of Cree Indians, under their chief, Beardy, many of whom were kinsmen of the insurgents, joined Riel.

The administration of most of the civil and criminal affairs of ordinary recurrence in the territories is in the hands of local magistrates, whose authority is maintained by the North-West mounted police, a semi-military force. At the time of the outbreak there were five hundred of these police stationed at various important centres, and two detachments, amounting in all to seventy-five men, were in the disturbed district.

As soon as it was seen that there was to be serious trouble, an additional force with artillery was despatched from Regina, the head-quarters of the police, to Carlton, under their chief commissioner, an officer who had been with General Wolseley in the Red River expedition in 1869. Immediately before this force reached Carlton, an encounter took place between the rebels and the police at Duck Lake, in which the latter were worsted and compelled to retire, with a loss of twenty-four killed and wounded. A day or two later the mounted police retreated from Fort Carlton northward to Prince Albert. Immediately on their withdrawal the fort was burned, but whether by accident or design is uncertain.

The news of these events created the wildest excitement in Canada. And when intelligence was received that bands of Indians at Battleford, Fort Pitt, and elsewhere on the north branch of the Saskatchewan had risen in revolt, this excitement became a fever. In addition, the spectre which haunts the thoughts of Canada, a Fenian invasion, was conjured up by an alarmed people. Rumors flew about that Riel had been in communication with well-known Fenian leaders in the United States, and that they had promised him men, arms and money. It was even said that preparations had been made by them in Chicago and St. Paul in aid of the rebellion. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government acted with the greatest promptness. Two batteries of artillery—almost the only "regular" force at the disposal of the Dominion—were sent on by the Canadian Pacific Railway *via* the north shore of Lake Superior to Winnipeg. General Middleton, an experienced officer, who had seen active service in the British army, and who held the chief command of the Canadian militia, was hurriedly despatched to that city to organise an expedition to suppress the rising. Various militia regiments were called out, and the call to go to the "front" was everywhere throughout Canada responded to with the utmost enthusiasm. All parties combined in presence of a common danger. Whoever was to blame, all agreed that now one thing was to be done. When Mrs. Blake, the wife of

the leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, presented the Toronto regiment, the "Queen's Own," on its departure with a flag, the act was typical of the universal Canadian sentiment. The rebellion had to be put down, and put down thoroughly.

In less than a month the Canadian Government had put upwards of 4,000 citizen soldiers into the field. The main division under General Middleton, after a terrible march amid snow and frost and mud, from Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing of the South Saskatchewan, was in the district which was the chief scene of the Métis rebellion by the third week in April. A second division relieved Battleford, which had been closely invested by the Cree chief, Poundmaker, about the end of the same month. A third division proceeded to the extreme west, and overawed the Indians of Calgary, and then going north to the Saskatchewan river, occupied the important Métis settlement of St. Albert (not to be confounded with Prince Albert) near Fort Edmonton. The speed with which all this was done—considering how entirely unprepared Canada was for anything of the kind—is simply wonderful. Some of the troops had to be sent a distance of 2,000 miles; they were for the most part local volunteer regiments, whose members were in business; the transport service had to be organised from the beginning; and it must be said that the whole North-West field force proved splendidly efficient.

The main interest centres around the movements of General Middleton's command. Advancing from Clark's Crossing, the general met the rebel forces under Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, an able and determined man, on the 24th of April, at Fish Creek. Though the Dominion forces were victorious, and compelled the Métis to retire, their success was somewhat dearly purchased with a loss of fifty killed and wounded. The rebel leader had placed his men with great skill in an almost impregnable position—a deep, thickly-wooded ravine, a natural rifle pit; and the nature of the ground made it difficult for the troops to use their artillery to much advantage. The fight lasted for several hours, and was hotly contested throughout. Both in this en-

counter and at Batoche the rebels fought well, taking advantage of every inch of cover. The Dominion troops, most of them raw soldiers, behaved splendidly, and received the warm praise of the general.

After the battle of Fish Creek, the rebels withdrew to Batoche's Crossing, where they had determined to make their final stand. Meanwhile General Middleton halted for a few days to await supplies of men and ammunition which were being sent to him by steamboat down the South Saskatchewan now open for navigation.

The expected reinforcements having arrived, General Middleton advanced upon Batoche on the 9th of May. The rebels held a strongly entrenched position and made a determined resistance. The fighting went on for four days. In the afternoon of the 12th, the rebel position was, in a magnificent charge, captured at the point of the bayonet. The loss of the Dominion troops was slight compared with that of the rebels, who had many killed and wounded. Riel surrendered a day later with some of his prominent supporters, and the rebellion was practically at an end.

The prisoners he had made at the beginning of the rising were set free by the troops, and everywhere the Métis hastened in to make their peace with the general. Riel was sent to Regina to be tried for treason, but his lieutenant, Dumont, succeeded in making his escape into American territory.

Meanwhile another division of Canadian troops had met and beaten Poundmaker and his braves. However, this engagement would not have been decisive, but the news of the fall of Batoche and the surrender of Riel disheartened the Indians. So when General Middleton, after a hurried visit to Prince Albert, went down the North Saskatchewan to Battleford, Poundmaker and his band about the end of May gave themselves up to him unconditionally. Another chief, Big Bear, who took Fort Pitt, and who had committed some horrible outrages in the usual style of Indian warfare, is the only Indian at present in arms against the Government, and the reckoning with him will no doubt be short and severe.

This paper may now be fitly closed

with some remarks on the position of the Indians in the Dominion.

The Indians are the "wards" of the Government, and as such have received special treatment. In the past, the title of the Indians to the lands they hunted over has been "extinguished" by the payment of a trifling perpetual annuity, usually five dollars per head. The different bands have been located on reserves set apart for them, which are poor and insignificant compared with the magnificent area of their ancestral hunting grounds. On these reserves 160 acres are allotted to a family of four. Some attempts have been made to instruct the Indians in the cultivation of their reserves, and farm-implements, cattle and seed have been furnished them. Men have been sent to teach them how to farm, but their efforts have not been particularly successful. It is hardly to be expected that they would be. The Indian is by his instincts and traditions a hunter and not a tiller of the soil. Since the time that the red man has been known to the white his main subsistence has been the buffalo—and the buffalo, alas for the Indian! will soon be as extinct as the dodo. At one time, indeed, vast herds of buffalo were to be found as far south as the lower valley of the Mississippi. But the advance of settlement in the West, and the construction of the Union and Northern Pacific Railways confined them between the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. When Canada acquired the north-west territories fifteen years ago, the larger part of the herds were found north of the international frontier. Now the buffalo is hardly to be seen south of the "line," and they are rapidly disappearing in Canada. Soon, fatally soon for the Indian, will the western prairies no more resound with the thunderous tread of the mighty herds. Then, not only is the buffalo failing, but other kinds of game are getting scarce. On many of the reserves in North-West Canada the misery of the Indians is said to be pitiable. There seems to be little doubt but that the recent outrages at Battleford, Frog Lake, and Fort Pitt, perpetrated during the last few months, are the desperate deeds of men maddened by famine. That they were incited to rebel by Riel is no doubt true,

but their chief grievance is the want of food. There does not seem any reason for suspecting the Indian agents of cheating the Indians, whose cry against the paternal government is that they are not able to live on the allowance made them, and that their reserves are insufficient, not that they do not receive what was promised them. When the Dominion took over the north-west from the Hudson's Bay Company the Indians everywhere were contented, loyal, happy. But the situation now is entirely changed. Then the whites lived in

an Indian country, now the Indians are in a white country; and it is more than possible in these circumstances that the Indian is being ungenerously dealt with. One effect of the recent troubles will be a thorough examination of the whole Indian question. It may be hoped that a more liberal policy will be inaugurated, otherwise the Indian may suspect that it is the intention of the white to starve him out, and his suspicions once thoroughly roused will be hard to set at rest.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

IN passing through the gallery of the Royal Palace at Turin, one's attention is arrested by the portrait of a young girl, whose face wears an expression half-arch, half-wistful. Her long fair hair, drawn high off her forehead, is crowned by a diadem, from beneath which it flows down over either shoulder in a sunny stream. This is a likeness of Marie Louise Thérèse de Savoie-Carignan, afterwards Princesse de Lamballe, the most interesting among the many victims of French revolutionary fury.

She was a daughter of Prince Louis Victor Joseph de Savoie-Carignan, fourth in descent from Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy; she was also first cousin, on her mother's side, of Victor Amadeus III., King of Sardinia. It may be further stated, for the benefit of those who dislike the fatigue of climbing genealogical trees, that she was great-grandaunt of *Il Re Galantuomo*, Victor Emmanuel II., first King of United Italy. Born in September 1749, she received, as she grew up, a careful education. Before she had completed her seventeenth year, it had been arranged between the Courts of Versailles and Turin that she should marry the Prince de Lamballe, a great-grandson of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan.

The Duc de Penthièvre, father of the Prince de Lamballe, was the richest subject in France, his yearly income amounting to five millions of francs. He was now a widower with two children, a son and a daughter. His disposition

was grave almost to melancholy. The pleasures of the world were distasteful to him, and though holding the office of Great Admiral of France, he seldom appeared at Court. His time seems to have been spent in attending to his religious duties, and assisting the needy on his numerous estates, which he visited in regular succession. A more confirmed rake than his son was not to be found; it was with a view to steadying him, if possible, that he persuaded him to marry. The monotony of domestic life, however, soon wearied the Prince de Lamballe, and he returned to his old habits. The vicious example of his relative, the Duc de Chartres, encouraged him in this course, until death cut short his disreputable career.

After a short time spent in retirement at the Abbaye de Saint Antoine, the young widow joined her father-in-law, and his daughter, at the Château de Rambouillet. Here she threw herself with zest into the simple amusements of country life, gardening with Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, reading with the poet Florian (a member of the household), and seconding the Duke in his deeds of benevolence. She contributed all the life and gaiety to the party, for Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, though younger, was more thoughtful.* The Duke used to address his Italian daughter-in-law, sometimes, as *Marie-la-folle*, so exuberant were her spirits.

* In 1769, Mademoiselle de Penthièvre married the Duc de Chartres, who, on the death of his father, became Duc d'Orléans.

The marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., with the Austrian Archduchess Marie Antoinette, took place in May, 1770. The Dauphine was frank, lively, and affectionate. Her beauty and charm of manner appeared at first to win all hearts, yet her position was not enviable. A mere girl in years, a foreigner, conscious of prejudice surrounding her, she sought sympathy and friendship. She found both in the Princesse de Lamballe. It was a welcome surprise to meet this good, sweet-tempered, sprightly companion, in a society at once formal and corrupt. On becoming Queen she revived, in favor of the Princess, the lucrative office of *Surintendante de la Maison de la Reine*. This post had, as a piece of State economy, been abolished some years before. Its revival was the cause of much grumbling amongst envious courtiers.

Madame Campan gives a pleasing description of the sledge-driving, which was the mania at Versailles one exceptionally hard winter, when deep snow lay for weeks on the ground, and shrub and tree were hung with sparkling icicles. A brilliant sight it must have been to see a number of these equipages dashing along beneath the rays of a winter sun. They varied in size and shape, but were all carved and gilt; while the prancing horses that drew them were decked with white head-plumes, and had their harness covered with merry bells. In the most splendid sat the Queen with her invariable companion the Princesse de Lamballe, who used to appear, says Madame Campan, "in all the radiant freshness of her twenty years. Wrapped as she was in heavy furs, one might have taken her for Spring itself, peeping from beneath sable and ermine." When too, in the long summer evenings, the Queen betook herself to Petit Trianon, there to enjoy some freedom and repose, it was with the same friend that she rambled through the grounds, or fed the swans that glided toward her over the placid lake. There arose, at one time, a coolness between the Queen and Madame de Lamballe; but it never amounted to a serious misunderstanding, far less to a quarrel. The cause of this was the sudden fancy which her Majesty conceived for the Comtesse Jules de Polignac, a lady who, till then,

had been living in needy obscurity. Singularly attractive in appearance and manner, the new favorite was not long in turning her influence to account. She obtained for herself the important post of *Gouvernante des Enfants de France*; her husband was created a Duke, and appointed *Directeur Général des Postes*; other members of her family were given places and pensions for no merits of their own. Supplanted in some degree by Madame de Polignac, and afflicted by the death of both her parents within a short time of each other, the Princesse de Lamballe retired from Court, and for three years lived entirely with her father-in-law, in the country—at Rambouillet, Vernon, Sceaux, or Crécy. She appeared though with the Queen, whenever her duties as *surintendante* obliged her. When, in 1782, the Imperial Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia (with the travelling titles of Comte and Comtesse du Nord) came to Versailles, we find her bearing her share in their entertainment. In the memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch, a lady-in-waiting on the Comtesse du Nord, there is a description, which we take to be a true one, of the subject of this sketch:—

"The Princesse de Lamballe is very pretty, although her features are not regular. She is lively and playful; but without, I should say, much wit. She avoids discussions, and agrees with you at once rather than embark on an argument. She is a sweet, kind, obliging woman, incapable of an evil thought. The shaft of calumny has always failed to reach her. A widow at nineteen, she has since devoted herself entirely to her father-in-law and the Queen. She gives immensely in charity, more than she can afford, often depriving herself of many things that she may the more effectually assist the poor. She is called the 'good angel' by the people on the different estates of the Duc de Penthièvre."

In the summer of 1787, Madame de Lamballe came over to England. The following rather pompous record of her doings, taken from the "Gentleman's Magazine," shows what marked attention she received:—

"July 21st.—The Princesse de Lamballe with her suite, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Duncannon, and other ladies of distinction, conducted by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the principal officers of the Artillery and others of high rank, and attended by Sir Peter Burrell, and other gentlemen of fortune known to her Highness abroad, visited the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and was

present at a field day of the Royal Artillery. After seeing manœuvres with guns, small arms, mortars, &c., they visited the *Prince*, 90 guns, a new man-of-war, just completed, and ready to launch. Her Highness expressed the utmost admiration at everything shown her on that magnificent ship."

She also dined with the Duke of Queensberry at his villa at Richmond, inspected the Herschel telescope at Slough, drank the waters of Bath, and took sea-baths at Brighton, where she was often seen on the Steyne in company with the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

But all this time the Revolution was approaching. The mutterings of the coming storm, long heard in the distance, were now sounding louder and nearer. The convocation of the States-General, in May 1789, gave the first blow to the Royal authority. In July there were fearful disturbances in the capital, ending in the overthrow of the Bastille; and on this followed the events of the 5th and 6th October, when an armed mob invaded the palace of Versailles, attempted to murder the Queen, and insisted on the removal of the Court to Paris. Emigration had already begun; the Comte d'Artois, in spite of his blustering, found it prudent to decamp. Other Princes of the Blood followed his example. The Polignacs escaped to the frontier under a feigned name.

Looking around them at the Tuileries, the King and Queen beheld a diminished Court indeed; yet they still had devoted adherents prepared to stand by them to the last. First among these was Madame de Lamballe, who at once hastened to the Queen's side. Related closely as she was to the Duke of Orleans—the bitterest enemy of the Court—she did her best to promote a reconciliation in that quarter. Her effort proved fruitless. That it had been made, though, was no secret. On the same evening that Louis XVI. attempted to escape with his family to Montmédy, she set out for Aumâle, where the Duc de Penthièvre and his daughter then were.* Quickly explaining what had taken place, she urged them to accompany her in her flight; but as they were

not to be persuaded, she was off again as soon as her horses had been changed. She reached Boulogne the following morning, and finding an English ship about to sail for Dover, embarked immediately.

There was published at Paris, in 1801, a work entitled, "*Mémoires historiques de la Princesse de Lamballe, par Madame Guénard.*" In this mendacious and altogether worthless production, it is asserted that the Princess now proceeded to London, and had several interviews with George III. and Pitt, with the view of securing their assistance in stemming the torrent of the Revolution. That she did nothing of the kind is proved by the letters of Madame de Lâge, her lady-in-waiting and companion on this journey. She really remained but two days at Dover; and then sailed for Ostend, whence she travelled via Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was at Brussels that she received from Count Fersen, whom she found there, the distressing intelligence of the King's capture at Varennes.* Her first impulse was to go back to France without delay; but those about her recommended her remaining at a distance and watching events.

Coblentz was the point to which the *émigrés* were all hurrying. The Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) was established at Schloss Schönborn-lust. Crowds of nobles, escaped from France, poured in incessantly. Plots for the invasion of their country were here laid, and applications made to the various European Powers for assistance in their cause. Many of the great French ladies assembled at Coblentz tried to persuade Madame de Lamballe to leave Aix and join them, but she decided on not doing so. She knew, and possibly shared, the distrust which the Queen had always felt in the Comte de Provence, who already aspired to the dignity of Regent of France. She knew, too, that the intrigues of the *émigrés* only irritated the Revolutionists, and added to the difficulties of the King, now little better than a prisoner at the Tuileries. A more tempting proposal

* The Duchess of Orleans had at this time obtained a divorce from her husband, and returned to live with her father.

* It will be remembered that Count Fersen, who planned the flight, had himself driven the fugitives from Paris to Bondy, where, at the King's express desire, he left them.

reached her from her nephew, the Prince de Carignan. He urged her to come and stay with him at Turin; but this offer was also declined.

As time went on, the news from Paris grew blacker and blacker, the tone of the Queen's letters more hopeless. Her Majesty continued to adjure her friend to remain out of harm's way, yet occasionally a cry escaped her which proved that she yearned for her presence. There is the ring of real despair in the following lines which the Princess received on the 13th of October:—

"I am broken-hearted at what I see passing around me, and can only entreat you not to come back. The present moment is too terrible. Although I have courage enough on my own account, I cannot help feeling uneasy for my friends, more especially for one so precious as you. I do not, therefore, wish you to expose yourself uselessly to danger. It is already as much as I can do to face circumstances calmly at the side of the King and my children. Farewell, then, dear heart! Give me your pity, since, from the very love I bear you, your absence is perhaps a greater trial to me than it is to you."*

If Madame de Lamballe had hesitated before, hesitation was now at an end. On the 15th she made her will; on the 16th she set out for France. Four months had elapsed since she and the Queen had parted, and in that brief space what a change had come over Marie Antoinette! She looked ten years older; her bright color had fled; her hair was gray. She had prepared a gift for the Princess, which she presented to her on their meeting. It was a ring containing some of her hair, with the inscription, *Blanchis par le malheur*.

Recently arrived from Germany (where it was erroneously supposed that she had been in close communication with the *émigrés*), Madame de Lamballe at once became an object of suspicion to the Republican party. Everything she did was watched and misrepresented. Newspaper attacks on her were frequent. In one of these it was asserted that, while absent from France, she had made her servants sport the white cockade, the "badge of the tyrant." Another denounced her as an instigator and leader in a plot to "assassinate all the patriots in the Assembly, and set up a British Constitution with two Chambers." A

rumor got about, too, that a mysterious "Austrian Committee," pledged to oppose the march of liberty, met in her rooms in the Pavillon de Flore at the Tuileries. She was able to pay but two short visits to the Duc de Penthièvre after her return to France, the first lasting four days, the second six. The Duke was naturally averse to her continuing in Paris; but there, she conceived, was her proper post, and thither she returned. When she had left him for the last time, he observed to one of his attendants, "My daughter's devotion to the Queen is most praiseworthy; but in going back to her, she is making a great sacrifice. *Je tremble qu'elle n'en soit victime.*"

In all the humiliations and dangers, to which the King and Queen were henceforth exposed, she shared. When, on the 20th of June 1792, a rabble army of men and women carrying pikes, hatchets and knives, broke into the palace, we find her at the Queen's side, enduring for two long hours their threats and insults. Throughout the anxious night of the 9th of August, when an attack on the Tuileries was hourly expected, she remained with the Queen and Madame Élisabeth in the cabinet adjoining the council-chamber. With them she listened, as there broke forth from the church-towers, far and near, the sound of the tocsin—the death-knell of the Monarchy. After watching the sun rise in a sky ominously red, she repaired to her own rooms, where her attendants were collected, awaiting events. She stood a moment at a window overlooking the Pont Royal, and gazed at the excited crowds hurrying along the quays. One of her ladies now, for the first time, observed a cloud on the Princess's usually cheerful face, and, thinking to encourage her, said, "Let us hope that the day of our deliverance has at last come; the King's adherents are more numerous than you think"—and she pointed to the soldiers guarding the bridge, picked men from the loyal Bataillon des Filles Saint Thomas. But the other's eyes were filled with tears as she answered, "No, no; nothing can save us now. I feel that we are lost."*

* From letter in collection of M. Feuillet de Conches.

* "Souvenirs d'Émigration," by Madame de Lâge.

As daylight increased, the beating of drums and rumble of cannon announced the approach of the insurgents. About seven o'clock, Louis XVI. yielded to the advice of those around him, and quitted the palace with his family, to seek the treacherous protection of the Assembly. Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel* were the only two ladies permitted to go with them. On entering the Assembly, the King took his seat beside the President. The Queen and Princesses were conducted to the benches reserved for foreign Ministers. But one of the deputies objecting to the presence of the Sovereign during a debate, they were all removed to the *loge du logographe*, or reporter's box—a sort of cage, ten feet square, railed off from the hall. Hardly had this change been made, when the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry proved that the conflict at the palace had begun. The din increased each moment. The walls and roof of the Assembly were struck by bullets; the doors were assailed with violence; there was a panic among the deputies, many of whom sprang from their seats in alarm. Presently, cries of victory were heard from without. A messenger burst in to announce that the palace was in the hands of the people, and that the Swiss Guards were flying. Thereupon from the hall itself and from the galleries, closely packed with rabid Revolutionists, arose shouts of "Vive la liberté! Vive la nation!"

The heat in the *loge du logographe* was suffocating; the space so confined that its occupants could scarcely move. They remained there for sixteen hours, during which the decree was passed suspending the King from his authority. It was not till one o'clock on the morning of the 11th that they were taken to an adjacent building, where four small rooms had been prepared for them. Here they passed a restless interval. Madame de Tourzel was in the greatest anxiety about her daughter Pauline,† a girl of seventeen, whom she had been obliged to leave behind at the Tuileries. But she soon had the joy of hearing that her child was safe; and later on, Pauline herself appeared, having obtained leave

to join and remain with her mother. By nine o'clock, they were all back again in the *loge du logographe*. Three hours later, Dr. John Moore, a Scotch physician and author, who happened to be in Paris at this eventful period, obtained a seat in the House. We seem to see with his eyes, as we read the following sentences in his journal:—

"My attention was naturally directed to the box in which the Royal Family were. From the place in which I sat I could not see the King, but I had a full view of the Queen. Her beauty is gone! No wonder. She seemed to listen with an undisturbed air to the speakers. Sometimes she whispered to her sister-in-law, or to the Princesse de Lamballe; once or twice she stood up, and, leaning forward, surveyed every part of the hall. A person near me remarked that her face indicated rage and the most provoking arrogance. I perceived nothing of that nature, although the turn of the debate, as well as the remarks made by some of the members, must have appeared to her highly insolent. On the whole, her behavior in this trying situation was full of propriety and dignified composure."*

The following day (Sunday) they spent in like manner. On Monday, the 13th, it was decided that they should be transferred to the Temple.† A heavy Court carriage conveyed them. In it were the Royal party, eight in number: Pétion the Mayor, Manuel the Procureur de la Commune, and a municipal officer named Colonges, got in as well. The King, Queen, and their children, occupied the back seat; opposite them were Madame Élisabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Pétion: on one *banquette de portière* were Madame de Tourzel and her daughter, on the other Manuel and Colonges. The streets were densely thronged. The carriage, preceded by a number of pikemen, and surrounded by an escort of mounted National Guards, advanced at a foot's pace till it reached the Place Vendôme, where it was stopped for a time, that those inside might see the overthrown statue of Louis XIV. At dusk they reached the Temple which, prison though it was, seemed

* "Moore's Journal in France during August and September 1792."

† We learn from the *Memoirs of Madame de Tourzel* (published in 1883) that the Queen, on hearing this decision, earnestly implored Madame de Lamballe to leave her, and seek an asylum from existing troubles either with the Duc de Penthièvre, or in England; but that the other, consistent in her devotion, refused.

* She had succeeded the Duchesse de Polignac as *gouvernante* of the King's children.

† Afterwards Comtesse de Béarn.

to them a welcome refuge from the storm outside.

Shortly before midnight on the 19th, while at rest in the Temple tower, the prisoners were aroused by a great commotion below. This was caused by the arrival of some municipal officers, commissioned to remove all except the actual members of the Royal Family, and bring them to the Hôtel de Ville, to undergo an examination respecting a "secret correspondence," which they were suspected of carrying on. In vain did the Queen oppose the départure of Madame de Lamballe, on the score of her being a relation. The moment of separation had arrived. Marie Antoinette and Madame Élisabeth stood locked in the embrace of the friends who had shared alike their prosperity and adversity. "They clung together," says Hue (a valet of the King's, who witnessed this painful scene) "with arms intertwined, uttering *de tendres et déchirants adieux*."

The Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and Pauline, were then driven to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were interrogated in turn in the principal hall. The Princess answered briefly and guardedly the string of petty questions asked her. Madame de Tourzel was next examined; then Pauline, who informs us with refreshing candor, "I took care to tell them nothing but what I chose they should know, for I was not the least frightened." She adds, "I felt as though supported by an invisible hand."* From the Hôtel de Ville they were taken to the prison of La Force. This prison, the last traces of which have long since been swept away, consisted of two separate buildings in one inclosure, called respectively Grande and Petite Force. In the former were confined prisoners of both sexes; in the latter only women, principally debtors and thieves. It was in Petite Force that the Princess and her companions were incarcerated. They were placed in different cells at first; but next day, on Manuel's visiting the prison, he yielded to their joint entreaties, and reunited them in one good-sized room. Here they passed ten days together.

* "Souvenirs de quarante ans," by Madame de Béarn.

On the 26th of the month, news of the surrender of Longwy to the Allied Armies reached Paris. This intelligence produced indescribable consternation. A few days at most, it was supposed, would bring the Duke of Brunswick and his hosts to the very gates of the capital—and what Revolutionists might expect when that happened, the Duke's violent Manifesto, bristling with menaces, had already shown. While the Assembly was decreeing the formation of a fresh army to oppose the invaders, Danton, Marat, and other leading members of the Commune, seized the opportunity to effect the destruction of all Royalists within reach. A story was therefore circulated that, as soon as the army now forming had left, the prisons were to be thrown open by "certain concealed traitors," the prisoners armed, and the friends of liberty, together with the wives and children of those who had marched against the enemy, put to death *en masse*. This monstrous invention, placarded everywhere, duly roused the passions of the mob. Ingress and egress, to and from Paris, were suspended for two days and two nights, during which domiciliary visits were made and arms seized. All those suspected, or related to those suspected, of Royalist tendencies, were arrested. The prisons were filled to overflowing. The Assembly, silenced by the very audacity of the Commune, neither objected nor remonstrated.

The last letter which the Duc de Penthièvre had received from his daughter-in-law was written in pencil from the *loge du logographe* in the Assembly. He next heard of her having been taken to the Temple with the Royal Family. Later on came the account of her removal to La Force. He had been, from the first, in perpetual alarm about her. Immediate action was now imperative. He despatched a messenger to Manuel, offering him any sum he chose to name for her release. Manuel did promise to procure her release, and is said to have accepted, in return, one hundred and fifty thousand francs (£6000). Overtures of a like nature, in favor of the two Tourzels, are believed to have been made by members of their family.

At midnight on Saturday the 1st September, as the prisoners were asleep, the

door of their room was opened, and a voice said, "Mademoiselle de Tourzel, get up at once and follow me." It was no time to ask questions. Pauline rose and, having dressed with all speed, went out. She found a member of the Commune, named Hardy, awaiting her. He took her to a room below, gave her a peasant's costume, which she slipped over her own clothes, and led her away.

"You may imagine whether I slept again, or not, after Pauline had gone," writes Madame de Tourzel, in a letter describing these events.* "I anxiously awaited the hour when our breakfast was usually brought to us. When it came, we were told that Paris had been in a state of commotion since the previous evening, that massacres were expected, that the prisons were threatened, indeed that many had been broken into already. I then felt sure it must have been in order to save Pauline that they had removed her, and my only remaining regret was at not knowing whether she had been taken. I saw plainly enough the fate in store for the Princesse de Lamballe and myself. I will not say that I saw it without dread; but I was able to endure the idea at least with resignation. It seemed to me that presence of mind alone would enable me to surmount the dangers before me, and I ceased to think of anything except how to preserve it. This was by no means easy, for the extreme agitation of my unhappy companion, the questions she kept asking me, the terrible conjectures she formed, almost deprived me of what heart I had. I strove to reassure and calm her; but finding that impossible, I proposed that we should cease talking, since we only increased our fears by exchanging them."

Toward evening the two were suddenly summoned and taken down into a courtyard where, says Madame de Tourzel, "were many other prisoners, and a multitude of shabbily-clad, savage-looking people, most of them drunk." As they stood there bewildered, a man with a more respectable air than the rest approached Madame de Tourzel, and let drop the words, "Your daughter is saved." The speaker was none other than Hardy, who had rescued Pauline the night before. In replying to questions from him and other bystanders, Madame de Tourzel had her attention occupied for some time. When at last she was able to look around, the Princess had disappeared! . . . The courtyard was getting emptier by degrees. The prisoners, she was told, were being taken one by one to undergo a trial, after which

they were either let off, or killed by the people stationed outside. At length she was herself called, and led before the judges. The knowledge that Pauline was safe, and that her own rescue was intended (for so Hardy had informed her) gave her courage. Her interrogation over, Hardy and ten others surrounded her, and conducted her into the street, where the ruffians employed to butcher the defenceless prisoners were collected. A cry was raised that an aristocrat was being allowed to escape; but thanks to the boldness of her escort, she was dragged unharmed through the mob, and hurried forward till a *fiacre* was obtained. Into this she was pushed, her deliverers mounting after her, some inside, some out. They were then driven, at full speed, to the house in which Pauline had taken refuge. On the way there, Madame de Tourzel made eager inquiries as to what had become of the Princesse de Lamballe; but at mention of that name, Hardy shook his head and was silent—adding, after a moment, that he would have saved her too, "if it had lain in his power."

By night, the prison of Petite Force stood empty. Of those shut up there, many had been slain, many liberated, and a few transferred to Grande Force, to be dealt with later. Among these was the Princess, who, when Madame de Tourzel lost sight of her in the courtyard, was already on the way to her new cell. Her removal from one part of the building to another, just when many of her fellow-captives were set free, shows that the Council of the Commune had determined to sacrifice her. That Manuel himself wished to save her, seems not unlikely; yet to have pleaded with his ferocious colleagues for the life of this particular prisoner—this friend of Marie Antoinette, branded with the odious name of Bourbon—might have brought suspicion and ruin on himself. He was therefore content with directing some of the hired assassins to assist in her rescue, if occasion offered.

On this same Sunday night, in this same prison of La Force, there was an elderly lawyer named Maton, who survived to write an account of the hours he passed there. He, and several companions confined in the same ward,

* Addressed to an elder daughter, Madame de Sainte Aldegonde, then at Brussels.

could hear the cries of those being assassinated in the street. Not only the turnkeys, but at times the murderers themselves, burst into the ward. One of them, whose arm and coat-sleeve up to the very shoulder, as well as his sabre, were covered with blood, was heard to say that "for two hours he had been despatching right and left, and was wearier than a hodman who had been beating plaster for two days."

"One prisoner after another," continues Maton, "was torn from my part of the prison to meet his fate. At every opening of the grate, I expected to hear them call my name. At length all the chambers on our corridor had been emptied except our own. We were four together, and seemed to have been forgotten. We addressed our prayers in common to the Eternal to be delivered from this great peril. Our situation was a thousand times more horrible than death."*

An agony still more intense than Maton's must have been that of the Princesse de Lamballe in her solitary cell. The commotion within and without the prison, the hurrying of feet along the corridor, the grating of locks and muttering of hoarse voices, must have been heard by her with such acuteness as terror alone can impart.

Soon after six o'clock on Monday morning—about which time Maton was led before the tribunal and acquitted—there came a lull. The slaughterers had gone to refresh themselves with wine, and receive payment at the Commune for their night's work.

Worn out with fatigue, and already half dead from fright, the Princess flung herself on her pallet, and possibly yielded to a hope that the worst was over. But she had not long lain there awake and trembling, when the door of her cell was thrown open, and two rough-looking men, in the uniform of the National Guard, entered. They told her to get up and come with them directly, as it was intended to remove her to the Abbaye. She replied that, as all prisons were alike to her, she was as ready to remain in her present one as go to another; she entreated them, therefore, to leave her where she was. Upon this they departed, but only to reappear, after a short absence, and inform her that obey she must, for her life depend-

ed on it. At the same moment, the noise outside the prison recommenced, and loud cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" reached her ears.

Leaning on the arm of one of the guards—she was too weak to walk alone—she descended to the prison-hall, where the men acting as judges were seated, with the jail-register open before them.* The hall was filled with armed executioners, whose hands, faces, and clothes were stained with blood, while from the gateway came the roars of the mob calling for a fresh victim. On entering this scene of horror, the Princess fainted away, and remained in that state several minutes, upheld by her two conductors. She regained her senses presently, but the awful reality to which she woke made her swoon afresh. At length she seemed to have revived sufficiently to undergo her interrogation. The following, according to Peltier (who obtained the particulars from an eye-witness), were the questions asked her and the answers she gave—

"Your name?"

"Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy."

"Your condition?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies at Court on the 10th of August?"

"If there were any conspiracies on the 10th of August, I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the King, Queen, and Royalty."

"I will take the first oath, but not the last. It is not in my heart."

Here somebody standing by—probably one of Manuel's emissaries—muttered in her ear, "Swear then, or you're a dead woman!"

The prisoner made no reply; but raising both her hands, pressed them against her eyes, as though to shut out some hateful vision. At the same time, one of the judges gave the usual signal of dismissal, saying, "Let Madame be set at liberty." This sentence, like "Take her to the Abbaye," meant that she was condemned. The Princess, no

* "Ma résurrection," by P. A. Maton, reprinted in "Histoire Parlementaire."

* It is not known for certain who these wretches were. The statement that Hébert (Père Duchêne) was one of them has been satisfactorily disproved.

doubt, interpreted the words literally, for, on hearing them, she turned and made a step toward the gate. Thereupon two of the murderers caught hold of her by either arm and led her out between them, with the intention, it may be, of saving her if they could. But on getting outside among the tigers in human form surging around her, on seeing the ground strewn with corpses, on hearing the savage yells that greeted her appearance, her senses again forsook her, and she fell backwards between the men, who continued to bear her along. Instantly she received on the head a blow from a bludgeon; this was followed by a stroke from a sabre, and then a rain of pike-thrusts brought her stunned and bleeding to the ground. But her martyrdom was not yet complete. Before death came to her release, she had undergone tortures and indignities from which we willingly avert our eyes.

After the removal of the Princess and Madame de Tourzel from the Temple, the Dauphin had been taught by his mother a prayer for each, which he repeated nightly at her knee. The first question the King and Queen always put to Manuel when he came, as he often did, to visit the Temple, was how it fared with the prisoners at La Force, his answer being usually that they were "*en sureté*," or else "*tranquilles*." The latter was his report at eleven o'clock on this third day of September, at which time the Princess had ceased to breathe, as he well knew. Perhaps he had not the heart to say what had really happened.

The King's personal attendant, Cléry, vividly describes what took place in the afternoon :

"While the King and Queen were at dinner, the beating of drums and cries of the populace were distinctly heard. The Royal Family quitted the dining-room in considerable alarm, and assembled in the Queen's room, while I went down to dine with Tison and his wife, who were in service at the Temple. We had hardly taken our seats when a head, on the point of a pike, was held up to the window. Tison's wife gave a loud scream. The barbarians outside evidently thought it was the Queen's voice, for we heard them laughing immoderately. Imagining that her Majesty must be still at table, they held their trophy in such a position that, had she been in the room, she could not

have helped seeing it : it was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe. Although marked with blood, it was not disfigured ; her fair hair, still in curl, waved around the end of the pike. I rushed off at once to the King. Terror had so altered my expression that the Queen observed it ; but it was important to hide from her the cause. All I wanted was to warn the King or Madame Elisabeth. However, there were two municipal officers in the room. The Queen inquired why I was not at dinner. I told her I was not feeling well. Just then, another municipal officer entered, and began conferring mysteriously with his colleagues. The King begged of them to let him know if the lives of his family were in danger. 'The report has got about,' replied they, 'that you and your family are no longer in the Temple, and therefore the people are calling for you to show yourselves at the window. But this we are not going to allow. Good citizens should display more confidence in their officers.' All this time, the uproar without went on increasing, and we could hear a volley of abusive language levelled at the Queen. Another municipal officer then walked in, followed by four men deputed by the people to certify to the presence of the prisoners. One of these last, who wore the uniform of a National Guard, with epaulettes on his shoulders, and a long sabre in his hand, insisted that their Majesties should appear at the window. The municipal officers, however, still objecting, he thus brutally addressed the Queen : 'They only want to prevent your seeing Lamballe's head, which has been brought you to let you see how the people revenge themselves on their tyrants. I advise you to appear then, unless you wish the people to come up here.' On hearing these words, the Queen sank down in a fainting-fit. I flew to her assistance, and with the aid of Madame Elisabeth placed her in a chair, while her children, bursting into tears, strove by their caresses to bring her to herself. As the man who had spoken seemed disposed to linger in the room, the King said to him sternly, 'We are prepared for anything, sir ; but you might have spared the Queen the knowledge of this terrible calamity.' The fellow then departed with his comrades. Their object in coming was accomplished."*

There were other hearts to be wrung besides those of the captives at the Temple. Intelligence of the crime committed at La Force reached Vernon at midnight on the 3d ; but the Duc de Penthièvre was not told of it. It was broken very gently to the Duchess of Orleans next morning ; and she, stifling her own anguish as best she could, had to decide how the cruel truth should be conveyed to her father, his state of health being such that it was thought dangerous to cause him too sudden a shock. The following plan was at last agreed upon and adopted. It was early

* "Journal de Cléry," pp. 41-43.

—not seven o'clock—and the Duke still slept. On awaking, he found his daughter, his chaplain, physician, and secretary, with others of his household, seated in his bedroom. He looked inquiringly from face to face, but no one smiled, no one spoke. There was a deep, significant silence, broken at length by the sobs of the Duchess, who had hidden her face in her hands. Then the truth dawned on him. His

worst fears had been realized ; his cherished daughter-in-law was no more ! Raising his clasped hands heavenwards, he exclaimed, " Mon Dieu ! vous le savez—je crois n'avoir rien à me reprocher ! "

His first emotion over, he became calm ; but from that day he drooped and declined. Six months afterwards, he was carried to his grave.—*Temple Bar.*

PESSIMISM ON THE STAGE.

HAMLET.

BY EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

FROM Schlegel's Commentaries to Professor Dowden's, J. Feis's, and George Macdonald's recent studies, what multitudes of explanations and analyses have been given of the tragedy of " Hamlet " ! It has been said that a fresh one is published almost yearly. I hope, therefore, I shall not be considered presumptuous in attempting a little sketch in which I shall endeavor to explain Hamlet's character from a sociologic standpoint. I know this will be by no means an easy task ; I recollect reading in a book of Mr. Frank Marshall's, who had devoted fourteen years to the study of " Hamlet," that he had found out how little he knew about it.

I was studying " Hamlet " at the time of the " Coup d'État " of 1852. This event dismayed me. Before the year 1848 I looked forward with confidence to a general disarmament, to peaceful progress, and to the coming triumph of liberty in the world ; and, a little later, when Lamartine addressed words of affection and friendship, in the name of Republican France, to all other nations, he seemed to me to be realizing the Utopia of poets and prophets. A new era was commencing ; as Beranger writes :—

" La paix descendait sur la terre
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis ; "

and the swords would be turned into ploughshares. Democracy would become established without violence or bloodshed, as the result of a regular and apparently irresistible movement. The

sovereignty of the people seemed to be assured, and St. Simon's programme of the moral, intellectual, and material amelioration of the masses appeared likely to be set on foot. But alas ! these bright dreams were visionary ! The days of June partly marred their splendor, and soon afterwards, on a dark winter's night, an adventurer, armed only with the power borrowed from the memory of an odious despot, drives out the people's representatives, shoots those who resist, stifles liberty, and reinstates absolute and autocratic government. This unexpected triumph of evil was a great blow to me, and a cause of deep anguish.

I could not help questioning whether justice was to be found at all in the world. I said to myself : A perverse man rules supreme. The just and the true friends of the people and of liberty are exiled and imprisoned. How can God permit such violation of His equitable laws ?

In reading " Hamlet " I found the expression of similar sentiments. It seemed to me that his mind was troubled by sight of the triumph of evil over good, by the distressing, enigma ever meeting us in human societies where, as in Nature, happiness is not reserved to the deserving, and trouble to sinners. I found Louis Napoleon marching to the Tuileries, through the pools of blood of December, in Hamlet's imprecation, when speaking to his mother of his father's assassin, her husband, he says :—

"A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!"—Act. iii. sc. 4.

Under the empire of these feelings of indignation and despair I attained a better conception of Shakespeare's drama.

Hamlet is an accomplished prince, to whom all the pleasures of life are apparently reserved. He is young and handsome, and a throne awaits him. He is a philosopher and a poet, and well versed in sword-craft. He has studied at the Wittenberg University, and his thoughtful and reflective mind penetrates to the depths of the great problem of human life. As becomes his age, the young philosopher loves a maiden whose charm and whose very name are poetry personified. As Ophelia says, he has a noble mind:—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye,
tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers."—Act. iii. sc. 1.

When the ghost of his father appears to him and reveals the abominable crime committed by his uncle, his mother's husband, the usurper of the throne, the spectacle of triumphant and unpunished crime so overwhelms him that his mental faculties are in danger. Suffering not only affects Hamlet, like most men, in his sentiments, but it completely upsets his metaphysical theories, and attacks his reason.

"Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records;
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven!
Oh! most pernicious woman!
Oh, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a
villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark."—
Act i. sc. 5.

Crime smiling and remorseless—this is what disturbs and confuses all his notions of justice. Agony, doubt, and despair take hold on Hamlet, and he is haunted by the idea of suicide. His faith in the universal order of things is attacked more severely than his love for his father. Henceforth, buried in the

bitterest reflections, he must commence a fresh existence. Good-by, dear studies; good-by, pleasure; good-by, love; good-by, Ophelia. He bursts all the bands which bind him to life, and buries himself completely in his one dominant thought; and how admirably Shakespeare describes the effect of this on the young prince:—

Ophelia.

"My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loos'd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

* * * * *
He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shelter all his bulk,
And end his being."—Act ii. sc. 1.

He very soon reaches a despairing state of pessimism. In his sight the most beautiful aspects of Nature are darkened by evil. All is going wrong:—

"I have of late lost all my mirth, foregone
all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so
heavily with my disposition that this goodly
frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promon-
tory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look
you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this
majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,—why
it appears no other thing to me than a foul and
pestilential congregation of vapors. What a
piece of work is a man! how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving
how express and admirable! in action, how like
an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!
the beauty of the world! the paragon of ani-
mals! And yet, to me, what is this quintes-
sence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor
woman either."—Act ii. sc. 2.

One of the most eloquent singers of modern pessimism, Madame Ackermann, designates man as "that summary of all miseries," and uses terms so bitter that Hamlet would not have disowned them. The poetess thus addresses Nature:—

"Oui, je souffre, et c'est toi, Mère, qui m'ex-
termine,
Tantôt frappant mes flancs, tantôt blessant
mon cœur.
Mon être tout entier, par toutes ses racines,
Plonge sans fond dans la douleur."

J'offre sous la ciel un lugubre spectacle,
Ne naissant, ne vivant, que pour agoniser.
L'abîme s'ouvre ici, là se dresse l'obstacle ;
Ou m'engloutir, ou me briser.
Mais jusque sous le coup du désastre suprême,
Moi, l'homme, je t'accuse à la face des cieux.
Créatrice, en plein front reçois donc l'anathème
De cet atôme audacieux.

* * * * *

Qu'envahissant les cieux, l'immobilité morne
Sous un voile funèbre éteint tout flambeau,
Puisque d'un univers magnifique et sans borne
Tu n'as su faire qu'un tombeau."

In Leopardi we find the same state of absolute and complete despair, but there it is resigned and without revolt. In Hamlet's case it is more thrilling from the fact of its being more human, more life-like, more varied in its expression.

It has always been a subject of astonishment that Hamlet was so long before avenging the death of his father. The reason for this is apparent. The creed of the philosopher, who believed in the triumph of the good and the punishment of the wicked, has received a more severe shock than the filial affection of the son. These general thoughts and reflections trouble him and weigh on his mind far more than the mere personal desire for revenge. Will the death of the murderer re-establish an order of justice in society? "The world's a goodly prison, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst" (act ii. sc. 2). "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand" (act ii. sc. 2). "How very stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world" (act i. sc. 2). "Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right" (act i. sc. 5). "For in the fatness of these pury times, virtue itself of vice must pardon beg" (act iii. sc. 4). Does not this last quotation resume the whole moral situation under the Second Empire in France? How well Hamlet paints the perversity which has invaded everything when he says to Ophelia, "If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." "To a nunnery, and quickly too." "What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery." "Why shouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?"

I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me" (act iii. sc. 1).

Here Shakespeare expresses exactly the sentiments of the early Christians, of the millennarians, and of the ascetic school. The corruptions of the world by which they were surrounded filled them with horror. They longed for the kingdom of God, for justice to reign universally, and for the perfect happiness of the faithful ; but how is this to be established? By the end of the world—that is to say, by a cosmic revolution, when fire from heaven is to descend and purify all things. As these eschatological hopes failed to be realized, and the world continued as perverted as heretofore, but one course was left open to those persons who longed for purity and holiness, to flee to the desert and cry out with Hamlet, "To a nunnery, to a nunnery." This was the feeling which peopled the Thebaides in the first centuries after Christ, and later on, the convents and monasteries, especially as the year 1,000 approached, which was considered to be the date of the long-expected end of the world.

The nothingness of human life was the dominant idea of Middle-age Christian asceticism. The art of this period often depicted the horrible realities of death and the grave, in the most striking and powerful manner ; for instance, the death's head in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, on the Piazza del Popolo at Rome, says to the living : *Hodie mihi cras tibi*. At the Campo Santo at Pisa, Orcagna's frescoes show us brilliant cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen, whose horses suddenly stop, startled at the sight of putrefying corpses ! Hamlet's dark thoughts call up similar imageries :—

"The King.—Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?"

Hamlet.—At supper.

King.—At supper ! Where?

Hamlet.—Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet : we eat all creatures else to eat us, and we eat ourselves for maggots : your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service—two dishes, but to one table : that's the end."—Act iv. sc. 3.

Longfellow's "Grave," from the

Anglo-Saxon, dwells on the same morbid idea :—

"Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death has the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee."

At the cemetery, Hamlet is interested in handling the skulls dug up by the grave-diggers and in indulging in reflections as to the persons to whom they belonged—"Alas ! poor Yorick ;" and, addressing the skull of a courtier, he says—"This might be my lord such-a-one . . . and now my lady worms" (act v. sc. 1). In what admirable language he depicts the nothingness of man : "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?"

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
Oh that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's
flaw !"—Act v. sc. 1.

In Holy Writ, Ecclesiastes offers another type of pessimism. He also bears witness that this world is given up to evil ; but, instead of despairing about it until his mind wanders, he draws the conclusion that he had best take life as it is and rejoice, while it lasts, as there is no to-morrow. "There is a vanity which is done upon the earth ; that there be just men, unto whom it happeneth according to the work of the wicked ; again, there be wicked men, to whom it happeneth according to the work of the righteous. I said that this also is vanity. Then I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry" (Ecclesiastes viii. 14, 15). Hamlet, also, is in a state of despair, but he would disdain to take refuge in epicurism, which he considers degrading : "What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed ? A beast ; no more" (act iv. sc. 5).

Occasionally he reproaches himself for not having revenged the death of his father. This thought takes possession of him when he sees the army of Fortinbras marching to battle and death, without motive, while he does not act,

though he have "cause, and will, and strength, and means, to do't" (act iv. sc. 5). But his horror of iniquity, his disgust of the world tempt him rather to suicide than to ideas of vengeance. His pessimism and his despair might be called impersonal :—

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !
Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."—Act i. sc. 2.

And again after his interview with Polonius :—

"Polonius. My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

"Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life."—Act ii. sc. 2.

Thus, almost decided to have done with life, hanging, as it were, at the verge of the abyss, he pronounces the famous monologue, "To be, or not to be," so full of bitter meaning and pessimist views :—

"By a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."—
Act iii. sc. 1.

It has been questioned whether Hamlet had really lost his reason, or whether he acted madness to be able the better to prepare his vengeance. Neither of these suppositions is correct, in my opinion. The words of the king, his uncle, are, I think, a true indication as to the state of mind of the disconsolate philosopher :—

"What he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something
in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."—
Act iii. sc. 2.

This problem which so disturbs Hamlet's reason is none other than the one which troubled Job. How is it, if God

be just, that the wicked triumph, while the righteous suffer? As Renan explains, the old-world theory that each one here below is treated according to his merits was all very well in patriarchal times, when nobility, virtue, and riches went generally hand-in-hand. In the extreme simplicity of a wandering existence, the only really miserable ones were those who deserved such a lot, by refusing to work or otherwise grossly misconducting themselves! But as soon as the Shemites became acquainted with the resources of trade and commerce, the accumulation of capital, and the monopolization of the soil, the whole state of society became completely transformed. Scoundrels and villains lived in comfort and plenty, tyrants were rewarded, and brigands borne with honors to the grave, while the deserving were but too often despoiled and reduced to beg their bread. Job, the primitive wanderer, faithful to the customs of his fathers, complained bitterly of this cruel injustice introduced by a complicated civilization, of which he could understand neither the aim nor the extent. "The cry of the poor, hitherto unknown—for the poor existed only in the inferior races, scarcely worthy of the name of men—began to make itself heard, and spoke in accents full of passion and eloquence." The sight of the existing social iniquities, of men's miseries, of that inexplicable injustice of death which strikes indiscriminately the just and the unjust; in a word, the spectacle of society and of Nature as they are, filled Job with despair. Like Hamlet, life and the world were most distasteful to him. "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me, I would despise my life. There is one thing, therefore, I said it, He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked. The earth is given into the hand of the wicked" (Job ix. 20, 21, 22, 24). "My soul is weary of my life" (x. 7). "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them" (Job xxi 7, 17, 18)! For the Christian, the solution of this agonizing enigma is to be found in the life to come, when all will be as it should be, and when each will receive reward

or punishment according to his deserts, but the primitive Shemite possessed but a very vague idea of any such future existence; we read, therefore, that amends are made to Job in this world; that he again becomes rich and powerful, and lives in peace and comfort to a good old age. "After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons' sons, even four generations" (Job xlii. 16).

In Shakespeare, on the contrary, Hamlet and Ophelia die as miserably as the King and Queen. Implacable destiny smites alike the innocent and the guilty, and our feelings of justice are unsatisfied.

The debate between pessimism and optimism, so eloquently commenced by Job, and continued in Greece, between Heraclitus and Democritus, is again reopened by Voltaire and Rousseau, in two celebrated writings, which are well worth reperusal. Voltaire, deeply moved by the terrible disasters resulting from the earthquake of Lisbon in 1755, writes some verses which are a sort of indictment of Nature and Providence, showing how wretched is man's condition:—

"*Eléments, animaux, humains, tout est en guerre ;*

Il le faut avouer, le mal est sur la terre."

And of man he says :

"*Il rampe, il souffre, il meurt ; tout ce qui naît expire.*

De la destruction la nature est l'empire."

"*Ainsi du monde entier tous les membres gémissent ;*

Nés tous pour les tourments, l'un par l'autre ils périssent ;

Et vous composerez, dans ce chaos fatal,

Des malheurs de chaque être un bonheur général !

Leibnitz ne m'apprend point par quels noeuds invisibles,

Dans le mieux ordonné des univers possibles,

Un désordre éternel, un chaos de malheurs,

Mêle à nos vains plaisirs de réelles douleurs,

Ni pourquoi l'Innocent, ainsi que le coupable,

Subit également ce mal inévitable.

Je ne conçois pas plus comment tout serait bien :

Je suis comme un docteur ; hélas ! je ne sais rien."

Voltaire further illustrates the same idea in his well-known novel, "Candide."

On August 17, 1756, Rousseau replied to Voltaire justifying optimism. His letter is a little vague and declamatory ;

but it contains an excellent maxim and a touching passage which I will quote. The maxim is borrowed from Cato, and is as follows: *Nec me vixisse pœnitet, quoniam ita vixi ut frustra me natum non existem*—"I do not regret to have lived, because I have so lived as to be persuaded that my life has not been in vain." The passage is as follows:—

"Rassasié de gloire et désabusé des vaines grandeurs, vous vivez libre au sein de l'abondance; bien sûr de votre immortalité, vous philosophez paisiblement sur la nature de l'âme et si le corps ou le cœur souffre. Vous avez Tronchin pour médecin et pour ami. Vous ne trouvez pourtant que mal sur la terre. Et moi, homme obscur, pauvre et tourmenté d'un mal sans remède, je médite avec plaisir dans ma retraite et trouve que tout est bien. D'où viennent ces contradictions apparentes? Vous l'avez vous-même expliqué: vous jouissez, moi, j'espère et l'espérance embellit tout."

In order firmly to become convinced that Shakespeare intended to paint in Hamlet a man in despair about the iniquities of the world, and not merely a son avenging the death of his father, one need but study in ancient drama a precisely similar subject, but where mere vengeance is depicted as it was understood in primitive ages. Egisthus has killed Agamemnon with the assistance of Clytemnestra, whom he has married. They are reigning in Argos, happy and powerful, like the King and Gertrude in Denmark, when Orestes is urged by the oracle of Apollo to avenge the death of his father. This drama has been treated by the three great tragic writers. In Æschylus and Sophocles the thirst for revenge stifles every other feeling; in Euripides, pity has a voice also in the heart of the avenger. In Æschylus, Orestes, after having slain Egisthus, advances towards his mother, and, addressing Pylades, says:—

"Dare I to shrink and spare? Speak, Pylades.
Pylad. Where then would fall the heat at Delphi, given yet unfulfilled?
Where then thine oath sworn true?
Choose thou the hate of all men, not of gods.
Orest. Thou dost prevail; I hold thy counsel good. (*To Clytemnestra.*)
Follow; I will slay thee at his side,
With him whom in his life thou loved'st more
Than Agamemnon. Sleep the sleep of death,
Be that thy doom,
For hate when love, and love where hate was due!"

Clytemnestra implores his clemency, but

he is inflexible, and exclaims, as he drives her out before him—

"My father's fate ordains this doom for thee."

In Sophocles' "Electra" the vengeance is no less summary, but at least we do not see on the stage a mother slain by her own son, in spite of her prayers and supplications. Electra shows forth, with even more savage energy than Orestes, that it was the general opinion in ancient Greece that to slay the guilty is a sacred duty. Electra, like Judith, is the instrument of justice, and this is why the Greeks admire her when she is planning her mother's assassination. "Let us perish if needs be," she says to her sister, "but we will avenge our father's death." As at the present day, in Corsica, or among the Albanians, vengeance was considered in the time of Sophocles as the most glorious of duties. The words of the chorus in "Electra" are—

"Justice straight shall come,
Thy sovereign seer, by whom I see,
Crowned with the might of a righteous deed—
Shall come, my child, and make no tarrying;
So is my heart grown strong
Since this fair dream made
Music in mine ears."

Electra is ready to die, when she has assured her vengeance; she says to her sister—

"Bethink thee too what honorable report
For thee and me, consenting thou shalt win,
Who countryman or stranger seeing us,
Shall not with such like praises honor us:
'Behold ye these two sisters, O my friends,
Who wrought deliverance for their father's home,
Who against foes firm-planted in their pride
Drew swords the foremost, sparing not their lives:
These ye should love, these twain should all
revere:
Yea, in all feasts and high solemnities
These women, brave as men, let all men
praise.'"

* * * * *

Thus speaks a daughter "worthy of her noble blood."

In Sophocles, Orestes hesitates no more than in Æschylus' "Choephores." He enters the palace for the purpose of killing his mother, and on his passage bows to the tutelary deities who guard the entrance. As he smites Clytemnestra, Electra calls out, "Strike harder still." Her conduct reminds one of Charlotte Corday; she might also be

called "l'ange de l'assassinat," as says Lamartine.

In Euripides, as in Hamlet, two feelings struggle for the mastery: the thirst for vengeance is fought against by filial affection. One feels that a fresh phase of civilization is entered upon. New sentiments have sprung into life. Æschylus' Orestes represents man in barbarous ages, dominated by one single thought. There is no inward conflict whatever; he hurries on to action, unhesitatingly and without any deliberation. Professor Lombroso, in his curious work entitled "L'Uomo delinquente," explains that criminals by instinct and nature act in the same way, and they are wholly different from those who may be called "chance" criminals. The first may be likened to the tiger killing its prey, without the smallest spark of pity or remorse, whereas the moral and cultivated man is agitated by conflicting feelings. His passions and instincts are frequently at variance with his principles and belief. His heart, in which the brute survives, would often lead him to commit acts which his ideas of duty forbid. When about to act, he feels himself urged to continue and at the same time to draw back—there is a struggle. Here, then, the scene changes, and the strife is no longer, as at Æschylus' time, depicted as abroad in the world, against tangible obstacles, men or things, but it is transferred to the hearts and minds of individuals. This difference is very clearly perceptible in the "Electra" of Euripides. In Æschylus and Sophocles Orestes kills his mother unhesitatingly. In Euripides he endeavors to escape from the performance of a duty which horrifies him. He even goes so far as to doubt the word of the oracle who commanded him to accomplish the vengeance. Clytemnestra appears on her chariot, in all the pomp of royalty, surrounded by her Trojan slaves. Electra and Orestes are lying in wait to destroy her:—

Orest. What shall we do? Our mother shall we kill?

Elect. On seeing her, hath pity seiz'd thy heart?

Orest. She bore me, bred me. Her how shall I slay?

Elect. As she thy noble father slew and mine.

Orest. Oh, Phœbus, wild and rash the charge thou gav'st!

Elect. Who then are sage, if Phœbus be unwise?

Orest. The charge to kill my mother: impious deed!

Elect. What guilt were thine t' avenge thy father's death?

Orest. Now pure, my mother's murderer I should fly.

Elect. Will vengeance for thy father be a crime?

Orest. But I shall suffer for my mother's blood.

Elect. To whom thy father's vengeance then assign?

Orest. Like to the god, perchance, some demon spoke.

Elect. What, from the sacred tripod! Vain surmise.

Orest. Ne'er can my reason deem this answer just.

Elect. Sink not, unmann'd, to weak and timorous thoughts.

Orest. For her, then, shall I spread the fatal net?

Elect. In which her husband caught by thee was slain.

Orest. The house I enter. Dreadful the intent:

Dreadful shall be my deeds. If such your will,

Ye heavenly Powers, so let it be; to me
A bitter, yet a pleasing task assign'd."

In Euripides, Orestes hesitates an instant, but ends by killing his mother; in Shakespeare, Hamlet, who has also a father's death to revenge, shudders at the idea of parricide, and finishes even by forgiving:—

"Soft! now to my mother.

Oh! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of hero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

I will speak daggers to her, but

Use none."—Act iii. sc. 2.

He then reminds her of her crime, with so much violence that the guilty woman is overcome at the thought of her sin and asks her son's pardon. At this moment the ghost of the murdered monarch appears, not, as Agamemnon in the tragedy of Æschylus, to urge the son to slay his mother; on the contrary, to plead for her; he says to his son, "Oh step between her and her fighting soul" (act iii. sc. 4). Hamlet obeys this injunction and at once urges his mother to repent, asks pardon of her for his bitter reproaches, and concludes by these words, in which the merciful spirit of modern days is admirably reflected:—

"Once more, good night:

And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you!"—Act iii. sc. 4.

What delicacy is here expressed! What depth of filial feeling! What confidence in the power of repentance to change the heart! What a contrast with the bloodthirsty cry of Electra, in Sophocles, "Strike yet again, double your blows!" The spirit of heroic times was a spirit of violence and vengeance, and the key-note of antique drama was terror. The spirit of modern times is the Christian spirit, which is made up of tenderness and pardon. The divine words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," were not pronounced in vain. The spirit of the Gospel has penetrated our civilization even to our theatre, and places our stage far above that of antique times, where primitive ferocity and barbarity held their sway.

Hamlet is essentially misanthropic; he says "man delights not me, no, nor woman neither;" but how different from the "Misanthrope" depicted by Molière! The latter is chafed by mere social conventions, by insincere protestations of friendship, by exaggerations of politeness, by false praises, by women's coquetry, and men's deceit—in a word, by the whole routine and method of society; whereas Hamlet's thorough disappointment in all things strikes deeper; he sees the bitter realities of human life, and himself feels the touch of treason and crime; he realizes the nothingness of all things, and the absence of all justice here below. To the famous question, Is life worth living? he replies with the most bitter conviction, No, a thousand times, no. After receiving his death wound he says to Horatio:—

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world
Draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."—Act v. sc. 2.

Molière's "Misanthrope" is a comedy, but Shakespeare is drama in its darkest and most distressing form. The harshness and bitterness of human destiny have never been more eloquently depicted.

As a rule, tragedies merely represent the passions of the human heart, such as love, ambition, revenge, or, at most, some elevated sentiment, such as love of country or of liberty, as in William Tell

and in Brutus. In "Faust," Goethe attempted a philosophical drama, but he imperfectly combined the philosophy with the tragic action of the play. The abstract and metaphysical part is faintly outlined, and does not touch our feelings. Marguerite, her love, her misfortune, and remorse, alone move us. Goethe simply added an academical thesis to the human drama, but the former does not sufficiently penetrate his work to produce the desired effect. In "Hamlet," on the contrary, the hard problem of the justice, or rather of the injustice which universally prevails, and the prosperity of evil-doers, is the key to the whole play. This question occupies entirely the heart, thoughts, and imagination of the hero; it rules all his conduct, and inspires words and reflections which illuminate it to its depths. We understand that the very soul of Shakespeare was in his subject, which must have profoundly moved and afflicted him. Like Brutus, in despair about the cause of liberty and the republic, addressing the phantom which appeared to him on the eve of the battle of Philippi, he also must have asked "What is justice?"

But let us sum up our preceding conclusions. The sight of this world, where the wicked triumph and the just suffer and perish, is a distressing enigma. The evolutionist argues that this is the price of progress, that if the wicked are the more robust, it is right that they should get the upper hand, for, in perpetuating the race by natural selection, their progeniture would steadily increase in strength at each succeeding generation, and thus these apparent iniquities would be justified, as Spencer says, by the imposing spectacle of the universal and general transformation and perfecting of the human race; hitherto, however, this theory, which would culminate in the worship of might, has not found acceptance in men's consciences. On the contrary, it has been most strenuously opposed. Conscience, indeed, protests strongly against such injustice becoming general; at times it consoles itself, as in the Christian's case, with the hope of a better world; at times, it is sunk in despair, as with the pessimist; or again, like the millenarian of old or the nihilist of to-day, it curses all things and sighs for the destruction of a social

order, which is irremediably delivered over to all that is evil. This ceaseless and varied protest against injustice forms the grandest side of humanity. It is the root of every reform operated, and of all progress accomplished. Without this the nations of the world would still be ground down beneath the yoke of the accomplished fact; they would be without an ideal. Men would have ceased to comprehend one of the finest of antique dicta, *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*, and would incessantly repeat, as every logical Positivist cannot fail to do, "might is right."

Job is indignant at the sight of the triumph of sin, and his eloquent voice is raised in protestation against even God himself, but, in accordance with the primitive ideas of ancient Israel, he, the just man, is ultimately reinstated and rewarded here below. Hamlet's despair is more absolute and hopeless than Job's; it makes his mind wander, tempts him even to suicide, completely shatters his will, and, reduced to this condition, he forgets his ideas of vengeance. He bewails the loss of justice

rather than of his father. He completely abandons himself to a pessimism darker than Schopenhauer's, for he does not resign himself to evil as to a natural and necessary law. Crime so appalls and horrifies him, that he would fain take refuge from it in death, if he only felt sure that it would be the "end of this long calamity called life," utter destruction and oblivion. This, I think, constitutes the profound morality of Shakespeare's drama. What can be more strengthening and edifying than to oppose and cry down injustice? What more demoralizing than tacitly to accept it? When certain laws which are only suitable to natural science are borrowed from biology and applied to social relations, men's moral senses must inevitably become deadened, and the thirst for perfection be destroyed. Generations educated in this school would never effect such revolutions as those of the sixteenth century, or of 1789. They would be perfectly ready to submit to every tyranny, considering it as a decree of Nature.—*Contemporary Review*.

AN UNKNOWN FAIRY-TALE IN VERSE BY CHARLES LAMB.

BY RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

A DISCOVERY highly interesting to all lovers of Charles Lamb has just been made, of which the credit is due to the industry and sagacity of a quondam London bibliophile, who, in the well-earned retirement of his Devonian retreat, is still unable occasionally to refrain from a short local excursion to his former hunting-fields, in quest of what forgotten or buried treasure the neglected old nooks and corners of the West of England may yield.

It seems that we are to add still another to the already considerable list of children's books produced by Charles and Mary Lamb for Godwin's Juvenile Library. The "Tales from Shakespeare," the "Adventures of Ulysses," and "Mrs. Leicester's School" (the second of which was the sole production of Charles Lamb) were the only three of these works known to or remembered by a former generation. Eight years ago

attention was called in this Magazine* to the discovery of the long-lost "Poetry for Children," in two volumes, and three months later† the discovery was chronicled in the same pages of the little tale in verse entitled "Prince Dorus, or Flattery put out of Countenance,"—the sole production of Charles Lamb—to which a clue had been found in a stray entry in the Diary of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson. Both books were kindly loaned to us by their respective owners, and the two little works were reprinted together, for the first time, in the ensuing autumn, and published early in the following year.‡

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1877, pp. 113-122.

† *Ibid.*, Oct. 1877, p. 507.

‡ *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb; to which are added *Prince Dorus*, and some uncollected Poems by Charles Lamb. Edited, prefaced, and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. London: Chatto and Windus, 1878.

But the hidden treasures of William Godwin's little book-store were not even yet exhausted. Mr. Pearson has brought to light another versified tale by the same hand as "Prince Dorus," which bears, or rather which should bear, the following title (for the title-page has disappeared from the hitherto unique copy recently discovered):—

Beauty and the Beast, or a Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart, a Poem; ornamented with eight superior engravings; and Beauty's Song, set to music by Mr. Whitaker (5s. 6d. colored or 3s. 6d. plain). London: Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner St., Snow Hill, 1811.

The booklet is uniform in size with "Prince Dorus," measuring 5½ by 4½ in. There are thirty-two numbered pages of letterpress, containing about 480 lines, or an average of fifteen lines to a page. In Mr. Pearson's copy the eight illustrations are plain, and appear to be executed by the same hand or hands that embellished the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Prince Dorus." "One plate in 'Prince Dorus,'" writes Mr. Pearson, "is by Blake undoubtedly." Blake is also supposed to have had a hand in the designs to "Tales from Shakespeare."

We find no reference, either direct or indirect, to the little tale in Lamb's copious published correspondence, or in any of the Lamb books. "Beauty and the Beast" had not only hitherto shared the fate which, till lately, included "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus," but the oblivion to which it was consigned was still more complete, as not only all trace of the book itself, but all record or memory of its former existence had disappeared.

The idea of a poetic and pictorial *rifacimento* of the well-known old fairy-tale, for the delectation of his juvenile clients, appears to have originated with Godwin. But it was not to Lamb, curiously enough, but to Wordsworth, that Godwin first applied for assistance in the poetic part of his project. The application to Wordsworth was made with Lamb's knowledge (as appears from an extant letter of Coleridge's), and if made by his recommendation there can hardly have been absent from it a touch of the sly, covert humor and love of practical joking in which Lamb was wont to in-

dulge at the expense of his friends; for Wordsworth had long ago outgrown the salad days of the "Lyrical Ballads," and had become somewhat pompous and prosy to wit. But, whether made spontaneously or otherwise, the application failed. Wordsworth summarily, if not haughtily, refused; professing insufficient sympathy with or attraction for the subject, doubts of its successful or felicitous treatment in the hands of a *raconteur* less skilful than La Fontaine, and finally and chiefly an invincible repugnance to all poetical task-work whatever, or to writing under any other impulse than that of direct inspiration.*

Wordsworth failing, Godwin was fain to go back, as a *pis-aller*, to his old coadjutor Lamb, who had no such fine-spun scruples, was glad of the opportunity of making a little money, and appears to have readily consented. And now let us take a short survey of the little piece itself, which opens as follows:—

A MERCHANT who by generous pains
Prosper'd in honorable gains
Could boast, his wealth and fame to share,
Three manly sons, three daughters fair;
With these he felt supremely blest.
His latest born surpass'd the rest:
She was so gentle, good and kind,
So fair in feature, form and mind,
So constant too in filial duty,
The neighbors call'd her LITTLE BEAUTY!
And when fair childhood's days were run
That title still she wore and won;
Lovelier as older still she grew,
Improved in grace and goodness too.

She has, however, like Cinderella and Cordelia, two haughty sisters, who spurn her.

Her elder sisters, gay and vain,
View'd her with envy and disdain,
Toss'd up their heads with haughty air,
Dress, Fashion, Pleasure, all their care.

The merchant, their father, suddenly meets with reverses.

Sudden as winds that maddening sweep
The foaming surface of the deep,
Vast treasures, trusted to the wave,
Were buried in the billowy grave!
One Merchant, late of boundless store,
Saw Famine hasting to his door.

These reverses make no change in "Beauty," but rather bring out all the

* Wordsworth to Godwin, "Grasmere, March 9, 1811" (*William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*, by C. Kegan Paul, Lond. 1876, vol. II. pp. 218-225).

latent sweetness and serviceableness of her character.

With willing hand and ready grace
Mild Beauty takes the Servant's place ;
Rose with the sun to household cares
And morn's repast with zeal prepares,
The wholesome meal, the cheerful fire ;
What cannot filial love inspire ?
And when the task of day was done,
Suspended till the rising sun,
Music and song the hours employ'd,
As more deserved the more enjoy'd.

The conduct of her sisters affords a striking contrast, however, to hers.

Not so the sisters ; as before
Twas *rich* and idle, now 'twas *poor*.
In shabby finery array'd
They still affected a parade,
While both insulted gentle Beauty,
Unwearied in the housewife's duty ;
They mock'd her robe of modest brown
And view'd her with a taunting frown ;
Yet scarce could hold their rage to see
The blithe effects of Industry.

At last, after a year of this humble, straitened life, the merchant receives a letter, apparently containing more hopeful news of his ventures, or at least giving some ground for supposing a remnant of his fortunes to have escaped wreck. He hastens to town, asking each of his daughters what he shall bring back with him for her ? The two elder sisters choose bracelets, brooches, bonnets, laces, linens, and other costly commodities, and, loath to swell the list of their exactions and importunities, Beauty chooses a *rose*—"the emblem of herself"—for her present.

The good merchant's last hopes are, alas ! doomed to be frustrated. He has to travel back on foot, empty-handed, and while still a day's journey distant from his cottage, he is overtaken by a storm, from which, led by the welcome light of a taper, he is tempted to take shelter in a dwelling which turns out to be a palace, and an enchanted one.

Entering a splendid hall, he found,
With every luxury around,
A blazing fire, a plenteous board,
A costly cellaret, well stored—
All open'd wide, as if to say,
"Stranger, refresh thee on thy way."

He is naturally tempted to avail himself of the offer of all these comforts and luxuries (and here we have surely a touch of Lamb's quaint and playful humor).

So hungry was he grown
He pick'd a capon to the bone,
And as choice wines before him stood
He needs must taste if they were good ;

So much he felt his spirits cheer'd,
The more he drank the less he fear'd.

Fatigued with his toils and travels, he at length sinks to rest. In the morning he finds that his wet clothes, which had been soaked with the storm, have disappeared, and that a complete and elegant new suit has been substituted. Entering the hall, he perceives a sumptuous breakfast ready spread for him. Passing along joyously,

A shower of roses strew'd the way,
and the merchant suddenly remembered his promise to Beauty.

E'en to his hand the branches bent.
"One of these boughs, I go content !
Beauty—dear Beauty—thy request
If I may bear away, I'm blest."

As he proceeds to pull a rose the branches break and a dreadful growling assails his ears. A hideous beast appears to view and taxes him with his ingratitude.

All that my castle own'd was thine,
My food, my fire, my bed, my wine ;
Thou robb'st my rose-trees in return,
For this, base plunderer, thou shalt mourn !

The merchant humbly and contritely explains that the theft was committed for the sake of "a loved daughter fair as spring."

O didst thou know, my lord, the maid.

The beast angrily disclaims the title of lord, thus conferred on him, somewhat disingenuously perhaps, as will appear by the sequel ; but though he had threatened that the stolen branch should seal the merchant's fate, he agrees to let him depart free and uninjured, upon his undertaking on oath to bring his fair daughter within three months as a volunteer to suffer for him.

On his return Beauty is the first to meet and greet her father, who relates his ill-starred story, while presenting the dearly-bought roses to his favorite child.

Beauty, undaunted by the sneers and taunts of her jealous sisters, and refusing by her father's advice the more generous offers of her brothers to go and slay the monster or perish in the attempt, firmly resolves to make herself a sacrifice to filial love. The three short months having elapsed, Beauty departs, with crocodile tears from her sisters, and under her father's escort reaches the palace.

In the hall a costly and sumptuous feast is spread, as before. The merchant, mindful of his former experience, sits down in terror and refuses to taste of the rich banquet. As Beauty is endeavoring to soothe and comfort him, and to assuage his alarms—

A hideous noise
Announced the growling monster's voice.
And now Beast suddenly stalk'd forth,
While Beauty well-nigh sank to earth;
Scarce could she conquer her alarms,
Tho' folded in a father's arms.

Beast now asks her if she has come thither willingly, to which Beauty gives a tremulous assent. Beast is mollified by her answer, but charges the merchant to depart by the morrow's daybreak, and bidding a brief farewell (or *au revoir* rather) to Beauty, he retires.

With some difficulty, at early dawn, she arouses her father and gets him safely off. Left alone—

She now survey'd the enchanting scene,
Sweet gardens of eternal green;
Mirrors and chandeliers of glass,

* * * * *

All these her admiration gain'd;
But how was her attention chain'd
When she in golden letters traced,
High o'er an arch of emeralds placed,
"BEAUTY'S APARTMENT! Enter blest!

This but an earnest of the rest!"
The fair one was rejoiced to find
BEAST studied less her eye than mind.
But wishing still a nearer view,
Forth from the shelves a book she drew,
In whose first page, in lines of gold,
She might heart-easing words behold.

"Welcome, Beauty, banish fear!
You are Queen and Mistress here;
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

Thus encouraged, she sighs to herself that she desires nothing so much as to see her dear father once more. Scarcely has she expressed the wish when a magic mirror brings all the cottage family to her view—

And there with pity she perceived
How much for her the merchant grieved;
How much her sisters felt delight
To know her banish'd from their sight;
Although with voice and looks of guile,
Their bosoms full of joy the while,
They labor'd hard to force a tear
And imitate a grief sincere.

(The crocodiles!)

At the evening meal Beast appears, and humbly asks Beauty's permission to see her sup, offering to withdraw if he offends or intrudes.

"Am I not hideous to your eyes?"
"Your temper's sweet," she mild replies.
"Yes, but I'm ugly, have no sense."
"That's better far than vain pretence."

And so they continue, bandying civilities and apologies in a very pretty and suggestive way.

Thus three months, or, as the narrator, in the stilted artificial diction of the period, more pompously terms it,

One quarter of the rolling year,
passes by quietly, Beauty and Beast remaining upon these terms together, with no other living creature near. Custom at last, and Beast's forbearance, not only dispel her fear, but create a feeling of regard and kindness.

She found that monster timid, mild,
Led like the lion by the child.
Custom and kindness banish'd fear;
Beauty oft wish'd that Beast were near.

Availing himself of the permission granted, he regularly appears at supper-time.

Nine was the chosen hour that Beast
Constant attended Beauty's feast,
Yet ne'er presumed to touch the food,
Sat humble or submissive stood,
Or, audience craved, respectful spoke,
Nor aim'd at wit or ribald joke,
But oftener bent the raptur'd ear
Or ravish'd eye to see or hear;
And if the appointed hour pass'd by
'Twas mark'd by Beauty with a sigh.

Beast now endeavors to obtain an oath from her that she will not leave him. This Beauty is willing to swear, provided she may see her father now and then. She craves for one little week of his company, and Beast releases her on parole. At peep of day she accordingly finds herself transported to the abode of her father, by whom she is received with rapture. But her sisters' malice is not yet appeased.

They both were married and both proved
Neither was happy or beloved;
And when she told them she was blest
With days of ease and nights of rest,
To hide the malice of the soul
Into the garden sly they stole.

* * * * *

"If," said the eldest, "you agree,
We'll make that wench more cursed than we!
I have a plot, my sister dear:
More than her WEEK let's keep her here.
No more with MONSTER shall she sup,
Who, in his rage, shall eat her up."

Their wicked plot nearly succeeds. Beauty, hard pressed, promises to stay another week beyond the time granted;

but, conscience-stricken at the thought of poor Beast's agonies and possible death through her ingratitude, she lays on her toilette the same ring that transported her home, and finds herself in the morning back in the enchanted palace, just in time to save poor Beast's life.

Beast open'd now his long-closed eyes
And saw the fair with glad surprise.
"In my last moments you are sent ;
You pity, and I die content."
"Thou shalt not die," rejoin'd the maid ;
"O rather live to hate, upbraid—
But no ! my grievous fault forgive ;
I feel I can't without thee live."

Beauty had scarce pronounced the word
When magic sounds of sweet accord,
The music of celestial spheres,
As if from seraph harps, she hears !
Amazed she stood--new wonders grew ;
For Beast now vanish'd from her view :
And lo ! a Prince, with every grace
Of figure, fashion, feature, face,
In whom all charms of Nature meet,
Was kneeling at fair Beauty's feet.
"But where is Beast ?" still Beauty cried :
"Behold him here," the Prince replied.
"Orasmyn, lady, is my name,
In Persia not unknown to fame ;*

So that if her fond father had playfully,
or her scornful sisters sneeringly, asked
her, "Have you seen the Shah ?" she
might unhesitatingly have replied : "Yes,
I have seen the beast." But we are in-
terrupting his Royal Highness, who goes
on to explain that he was—

Till this re-humanising hour
The victim of a fairy's power,
Till a deliverer could be found
Who, while the accursed spell still bound,
Could first endure, tho' with alarm,
And break at last by love the charm."

All of course ends happily. Beauty
gives the Prince her hand ; she is arrayed
in bridal vestments and summoned to
sit as a queen "on Persia's glittering
throne." As for the envious sisters, they

* Compare the speech of the transformed
Sultan Stork in Thackeray's little-known *jeu
d'esprit*, "The humble individual who now ad-
dresses you was a year since no other than Per-
sia's king."

are transformed into statues, a punish-
ment only to be remitted in the almost
hopeless contingency of their changing
their minds, after years of penitence and
prayer, from false to true ; for even as
statues they are to be

Cursed with the single power to feel.

And so with a flourish of trumpets,
gay crowds assembling, virgins dancing
and minstrels singing, and music ringing
through the vaulted dome, to grace the
bridal festival of Orasmyn and his
queen, the curtain falls.

The same *naïveté* and simplicity, com-
bined with a certain studied, or at least
conscious ruggedness and quaintness,
that characterise Lamb's juvenile prose
story of "Rosamund Gray," and not a
few of his contributions to "Poetry for
Children," pervade this little piece also.
To those few of us who love the man, if
that be possible, still more, or at least
not less than the writer, and to whom
not only every fresh scrap or trifle from
his pen, but every additional crumb of
random record of his ways among his
fellow-men, supplies new fuel to the
ever-glowing fire of old admiration and
affection, this authentic and indubitable
little product of the richly-stored brain
and loving heart that were content to
work for years to please the little chil-
dren whom he cherished all the more ten-
derly because he was himself a childless
bachelor, will prove (forced and crabbed,
unnatural and obsolete, as some readers
may think it) an inestimable as well as
inalienable treasure-trove. It is to be
hoped that other copies may now come
to light, and that the entire text may
shortly be republished in some accessi-
ble form, so as to place it beyond the
future chance of utter and irretrievable
loss, to which, by the lapse of only three
quarters of a century and the destructive
habits of our little ones, it had already
been well-nigh subjected.—*Gentleman's
Magazine*.

DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

MAN is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him ; but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his scepticism or shake his resignation ; but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life ; or grow weary of meditating it without result ; or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigor or too much busied with pleasure or duty, to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or affect to find, in the authority or the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent researches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion, and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, what a difference it would make ! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science ; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys, and abolish quite as large a proportion of the faults and vices of mankind. Men and women are naturally good ; it is fear, and the feverish passion to get as much as possible out of the brief span of mortal years, which breed most human offences. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned

cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous incertitude the last day of their incarceration ; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labor, and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous toils in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons ! How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact seen and accepted, that Death arrives, not like "Monsieur de Paris," to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight ; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready for play in the fresh morning ; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than birth ever brought ; and leading him by a path as full of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself, to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful !

There is no new thing to say hereupon, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and be rendered no whit more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds, and read all the systems, and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Goodwill may recommend a conviction, but cannot impart it. Yet there are reflections, apart from all conventional assertions and dogmas, which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments ; rather as indications of fresh paths of thought than as guiding along them. And the

first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existence around us, illuminated by modern sciences, is full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its every-day illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoon becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower; which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine-cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that! Does anybody find the Immaculate Conception incredible? The nearest rose-bush may rebuke him, since he will see there the aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or eleventh generation; when, lo! on a sudden, winged males and females suddenly result, and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the *Protamœba*, has obviously never died! It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the *amœba* which moved and fed forty eons ago. The living slime of our nearest puddle lived before the Alps were made!

It is not, therefore, on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at South Ken-

sington, and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled, and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silex, the iron, and other various elements, perversely styled "clay," which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone. As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance, the verse came to mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and gases have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally, how sceptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case, to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities, and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials of her being! But if, passing behind such an everyday analysis of the laboratory, science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F.R.S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint, and the lime; you are more marvellous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and must not yet understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that, hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at Iliads written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells! Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of these occult jewels of your destined water-

nity! The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heir—ess—from their utmost heights of mental reach to their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth-marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of heredity by pangenesis, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce, more or less completely, a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak-tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the milt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration having some force, is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth, and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies. Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the flushed cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master-passion which it does not yet understand. There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from Nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a

high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishnesses. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that stronger is than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for wife and children in a "fiery" pit; every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert-zarcas of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum! for we are betrayed."

"Well," it will be said, "but we *may* be betrayed!" The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the *Challenger* proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummulites. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the

trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What, then, is that varying existence which can survive and take new shapes, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring-fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

The reason why nobody has ever answered, is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or else remain silent; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun, because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen! Beings are at least conceivable as well-fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all, as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air. Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its environing conditions. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation; and stars, suns, and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nut-bushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the sword-fish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbors and fellow-lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies: we speak by agitating its air; we know no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerve responds. We have to think in terms of earth-experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth-envelope. We ought to be reassured therefore, rather than discon-

certed, by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we cannot now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realise that space, time, and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for time, it is an appearance due to the motion of heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastwards, a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learned from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of C_2HCl_3 , or "chloroform." Men must be prepared, therefore, to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death, and individual development. We shall inherit the depressing world-feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But, all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gen-

tleman falls—four inches! Perhaps Nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any serious change, in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "*Ipse discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore, nonnunquam etiam cum ipsâ voluptate.*" Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow, that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all!" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly-dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accent as authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense-knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven," and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quite original angels, and the result is a sort of canary-bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage. Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts; how, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new-embodied spirits; and why should he be sceptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and be-

come dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes and tossed from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and sceptics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "supernatural." They must belong, in an ascending but strictly-connected chain, to the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low. The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched, and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being. We need to abolish utterly the perilous mistake that anything anywhere is "supernatural" or shadowy, or vague. The angelic Regent of Alcyone—if there be one—in the heart of the Pleiades, is "extra-natural" for us; but as simple, real, and substantial to adequate perceptions as a Chairman of quarter sessions to his clerk.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped cannot know the developed, though it may presage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitised film at the end of the telescope photographs a million stars we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible; it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—moulding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of

all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense, we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We cannot indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dog-fish, nor hunt by smell like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly-hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived forever in the past, there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organised

society and a governed, multiform State. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we freed to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does Nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land;" and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery! It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by mediæval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive-plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor

does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherialised and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations: art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life "Heaven" or the "Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions.

It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of Nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss; and all might feel how subtly-wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which shewed the unsuspected stars; when—

. . . "Hesperus, with the host of heaven,
came,
And lo! Creation widened on man's view!
Who could have thought such marvels lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find—
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood re-
vealed—
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
—*Fortnightly Magazine.*

FOSSIL FOOD.

THERE is something at first sight rather ridiculous in the idea of eating a fossil. To be sure, when the frozen mammoths of Siberia were first discovered, though they had been dead for at least 80,000 years (according to Dr. Croll's minimum reckoning for the end of the great ice age), and might therefore naturally have begun to get a little musty, they had nevertheless been kept so fresh, like a sort of pre-historic Australian mutton, in their vast natural refrigerators, that the wolves and bears greedily devoured the precious relics for which the naturalists of Europe would have been ready gladly to pay the highest market price of best beefsteak. Those carnivorous vandals gnawed off the skin and flesh with the utmost appre-

ciation, and left nothing but the tusks and bones to adorn the galleries of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington. But then wolves and bears, especially in Siberia, are not exactly fastidious about the nature of their meat diet. Furthermore, some of the bones of extinct animals found beneath the stalagmitic floor of caves, in England and elsewhere, presumably of about the same age as the Siberian mammoths, still contain enough animal matter to produce a good strong stock for antediluvian broth, which has been scientifically described by a high authority as pre-Adamite jelly. The congress of naturalists at Tübingen a few years since had a smoking tureen of this cave-bone soup placed upon the dinner table at their

hotel one evening, and pronounced it with geological enthusiasm "scarcely inferior to prime oxtail." But men of science, too, are accustomed to trying unsavory experiments, which would go sadly against the grain with less philosophic and more squeamish palates. They think nothing of tasting a caterpillar that birds will not touch, in order to discover whether it owes its immunity from attack to some nauseous, bitter, or pungent flavoring; and they even advise you calmly to discriminate between two closely similar species of snails by trying which of them when chewed has a delicate *soufflé* of oniony aroma. So that naturalists in this matter, as children say, don't count: their universal thirst for knowledge will prompt them to drink anything, down even to *consommé* of quaternary cave-bear.

There is one form of fossil food, however, which appears constantly upon all our tables at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, every day, and which is so perfectly familiar to every one of us that we almost forget entirely its immensely remote geological origin. The salt in our salt-cellars is a fossil product, laid down ages ago in some primeval Dead Sea or Caspian, and derived in all probability (through the medium of the grocer) from the triassic rocks of Cheshire or Worcestershire. Since that thick bed of rock salt was first precipitated upon the dry floor of some old evaporated inland sea, the greater part of the geological history known to the world at large has slowly unrolled itself through incalculable ages. The dragons of the prime have begun and finished their long (and Lord Tennyson says slimy) race. The fish-like saurians and flying pterodactyls of the secondary period have come into existence and gone out of it gracefully again. The whole family of birds has been developed and diversified into its modern variety of eagles and titmice. The beasts of the field have passed through sundry stages of mammoth and mastodon, of sabre-toothed lion and huge rhinoceros. Man himself has progressed gradually from the humble condition of a "hairy arboreal quadruped"—these bad words are Mr. Darwin's own—to the glorious elevation of an erect two-handed creature, with a county suffrage question and an intelligent interest in the latest pro-

ceedings of the central divorce court. And after all those manifold changes, compared to which the entire period of English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the appearance of this present article (to take two important landmarks), is as one hour to a human lifetime, we quietly dig up the salt to-day from that dry lake bottom, and proceed to eat it with the eggs laid by the hens this morning for this morning's breakfast, just as though the one food-stuff were not a whit more ancient or more dignified in nature than the other. Why, mammoth steak is really quite modern and commonplace by the side of the salt in our salt-cellar that we treat so cavalierly every day of our ephemeral existence.

The way salt got originally deposited in these great rock beds is very well illustrated for us by the way it is still being deposited in the evaporating waters of many inland seas. Every schoolboy knows of course (though some persons who are no longer schoolboys may just possibly have forgotten) that the Caspian is in reality only a little bit of the Mediterranean, which has been cut off from the main sea by the gradual elevation of the country between them. For many ages the intermediate soil has been quite literally rising in the world, but to this day a continuous chain of salt lakes and marshes runs between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and does its best to keep alive the memory of the time when they were both united in a single basin. All along this intervening tract, once sea but now dry land, banks of shells belonging to kinds still living in the Caspian and the Black Sea alike testify to the old line of water communication. One fine morning (date unknown) the intermediate belt began to rise up between them; the water was all pushed off into the Caspian, but the shells remained to tell the tale even unto this day.

Now, when a bit of the sea gets cut off in this way from the main ocean, evaporation of its waters generally takes place rather faster than the return supply of rain, rivers, and lesser tributaries. In other words, the inland sea or salt lake begins slowly to dry up. This is now just happening in the Caspian, which is in fact a big pool in course of being

slowly evaporated. By-and-by a point is reached when the water can no longer hold in solution the amount of salts of various sorts that it originally contained. In the technical language of chemists and physicists, it begins to get supersaturated. Then the salts are thrown down as a sediment at the bottom of the sea or lake, exactly as crust forms on the bottom of a kettle. Gypsum is the first material to be so thrown down; because it is less soluble than common salt, and therefore sooner got rid of. It forms a thick bottom layer in the bed of all evaporating inland seas; and as plaster of Paris it not only gives rise finally to artistic monstrosities hawked about the streets for the degradation of national taste, but also plays an important part in the manufacture of bonbons, the destruction of the human digestion, and the ultimate ruin of the dominant white European race. Only about a third of the water in a salt lake need be evaporated before the gypsum begins to be deposited in a solid layer over its whole bed; it is not till 93 per cent. of the water has gone, and only 7 per cent. is left, that common salt begins to be thrown down. When that point of intensity is reached, the salt, too, falls as a sediment to the bottom, and there overlies the gypsum deposit. Hence all the world over, wherever we come upon a bed of rock salt, it almost invariably lies upon a floor of solid gypsum.

The Caspian, being still a very respectably modern sea, constantly supplied with fresh water from the surrounding rivers, has not yet begun by any means to deposit salt on its bottom from its whole mass, but the shallow pools and long bays around its edge have crusts of beautiful rose-colored salt-crystals forming upon their sides; and as these lesser basins gradually dry up, the sand, blown before the wind, slowly drifts over them, so as to form miniature rock-salt beds on a very small scale. Nevertheless, the young and vigorous Caspian only represents the first stage in the process of evaporation of an inland sea. It is still fresh enough to form the abode of fish and mollusks; and the irrepressible young lady of the present generation is perhaps even aware that it contains numbers of seals, being in fact the seat of one of the most important

and valuable seal-fisheries in the whole world. It may be regarded as a typical example of a yet youthful and lively inland sea.

The Dead Sea, on the other hand, is an old and decrepit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to 85 feet below the Black Sea, the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then, some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan Valley, connect the sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday-school classes. Now, when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account, it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineers' lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan Valley from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that perhaps he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them; and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he, nill he. Persons in the neighbor-

hood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere : much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

The waters of the Dead Sea are thus in the condition of having already deposited almost all their gypsum, as well as the greater part of the salt they originally contained. They are, in fact, much like sea water which has been boiled down till it has reached the state of a thick salty liquid ; and though most of the salt is now already deposited in a deep layer on the bottom, enough still remains in solution to make the Dead Sea infinitely saltier than the general ocean. At the same time, there are a good many other things in solution in sea water besides gypsum and common salt ; such as chloride of magnesium, sulphate of potassium, and other interesting substances with pretty chemical names, well calculated to endear them at first sight to the sentimental affections of the general public. These other by-contents of the water are often still longer in getting deposited than common salt ; and owing to their intermixture in a very concentrated form with the mother liquid of the Dead Sea, the water of that evaporating lake is not only salt but also slimy and fetid to the last degree, its taste being accurately described as half-brine, half rancid oil. Indeed, the salt has been so far precipitated already that there is now five times as much chloride of magnesium left in the water as there is common salt. By the way, it is a lucky thing for us that these various soluble minerals are of such constitution as to be thrown down separately at different stages of concentration in the evaporating liquid ; for if it were otherwise, they would all get deposited together, and we should find on all old salt lake beds only a mixed layer of gypsum, salt, and other chlorides and sulphates, absolutely useless for any practical human purpose. In that case, we should be entirely dependent upon marine salt pans and evaporation of sea water for our entire salt supply. As it is, we find the materials deposited one above another in regular layers ; first, the gypsum at the bottom ; then, the rock-salt ;

and last of all, on top, the more soluble mineral constituents.

The great Salt Lake of Utah, sacred to the memory of Brigham Young, gives us an example of a modern saline sheet of very different origin, since it is in fact not a branch of the sea at all, but a mere shrunken remnant of a very large fresh-water-lake system, like that of the still-existing St. Lawrence chain. Once upon a time, American geologists say, a huge sheet of water, for which they have even invented a definite name, Lake Bonneville, occupied a far larger valley among the outliers of the Rocky Mountains, measuring 300 miles in one direction by 180 miles in the other. Beside this primitive Superior lay a second great sheet—an early Huron—(Lake Lahontan, the geologists call it) almost as big, and equally of fresh water. By-and-by—the precise dates are necessarily indefinite—some change in the rainfall, unregistered by any contemporary “New York Herald,” made the waters of these big lakes shrink and evaporate. Lake Lahontan shrank away like Alice in Wonderland, till there was absolutely nothing left of it ; Lake Bonneville shrank till it attained the diminished size of the existing Great Salt Lake. Terrace after terrace, running in long parallel lines on the sides of the Wahsatch Mountains around, mark the various levels at which it rested for awhile on its gradual downward course. It is still falling indeed : and the plain around is being gradually uncovered, forming the white salt-encrusted shore with which all visitors to the Mormon city are so familiar.

But why should the water have become briny ? Why should the evaporation of an old Superior produce at last a Great Salt Lake ? Well, there is a small quantity of salt in solution even in the freshest of lakes and ponds, brought down to them by the streams or rivers ; and as the water of the hypothetical Lake Bonneville slowly evaporated, the salt and other mineral constituents remained behind. Thus the solution grew constantly more and more concentrated, till at the present day it is extremely saline. Professor Geikie (to whose works the present paper is much indebted) found that he floated on the

water in spite of himself ; and the under sides of the steps at the bathing-places are all encrusted with short stalactites of salt, produced from the drip of the bathers as they leave the water. The mineral constituents, however, differ considerably in their proportions from those found in true salt lakes of marine origin ; and the point at which the salt is thrown down is still far from having been reached. Great Salt Lake must simmer in the sun for many centuries yet before the point arrives at which (as cooks say) it begins to settle.

That is the way in which deposits of salt are being now produced on the world's surface, in preparation for that man of the future who, as we learn from a duly constituted authority, is to be hairless, toothless, web-footed, and far too respectable ever to be funny. Man of the present derives his existing salt-supply chiefly from beds of rock-salt similarly laid down against his expected appearance some hundreds thousand æons or so ago. (An æon is a very convenient geological unit indeed to reckon by ; as nobody has any idea how long it is, they can't carp at you for a matter of an æon or two one way or the other.) Rock-salt is found in most parts of the world, in beds of very various ages. The great Salt Range of the Punjab is probably the earliest in date of all salt deposits ; it was laid down at the bottom of some very ancient Asiatic Mediterranean, whose last shrunken remnant covered the upper basin of the Indus and its tributaries during the Silurian age. Europe had then hardly begun to be ; and England was probably still covered from end to end by the primæval ocean. From this very primitive salt deposit the greater part of India and Central Asia is still supplied ; and the Indian Government makes a pretty penny out of the dues in the shape of the justly detested salt-tax—a tax especially odious because it wrings the fraction of a farthing even from those unhappy agricultural laborers who have never tasted ghee with their rice.

The thickness of the beds in each salt deposit of course depends entirely upon the area of the original sea or salt-lake, and the length of time during which the evaporation went on. Sometimes we

may get a mere film of salt ; sometimes a solid bed six hundred feet thick. Perfectly pure rock-salt is colorless and transparent ; but one doesn't often find it pure. Alas for a degenerate world ! even in its original site, Nature herself has taken the trouble to adulterate it beforehand. (If she hadn't done so, one may be perfectly sure that commercial enterprise would have proved equal to the occasion in the long run.) But the adulteration hasn't spoilt the beauty of the salt ; on the contrary, it serves, like rouge, to give a fine fresh color where none existed. When iron is the chief coloring matter, rock-salt assumes a beautiful clear red tint ; in other cases it is emerald green or pale blue. As a rule, salt is prepared from it for table by a regular process ; but it has become a fad of late with a few people to put crystals of native rock-salt on their tables ; and they decidedly look very pretty, and have a certain distinctive flavor of their own that is not unpleasant.

Our English salt supply is chiefly derived from the Cheshire and Worcestershire salt-regions, which are of triassic age. Many of the places at which the salt is mined have names ending in *wich*, such as Northwich, Middlewich, Nantwich, Droitwich, Netherwich, and Shirleywich. This termination *wich* is itself curiously significant, as Mr. Isaac Taylor has shown, of the necessary connection between salt and the sea. The earliest known way of producing salt was of course in shallow pans on the sea-shore, at the bottom of a shoal bay, called in Norse and early English a *wick* or *wich* ; and the material so produced is still known in trade as bay-salt. By-and-by, when people came to discover the inland brine pits and salt mines, they transferred to them the familiar name, a *wich* ; and the places where the salt was manufactured came to be known as *wych*-houses. Droitwich, for example, was originally such a *wich*, where the *droits* or dues on salt were paid at the time when William the Conqueror's commissioners drew up their great survey for Domesday Book. But the good easy-going mediæval people who gave these quaint names to the inland *wiches* had probably no idea that they were really and truly dried-up bays.

and that the salt they mined from their pits was genuine ancient bay-salt, the deposit of an old inland sea, evaporated by slow degrees a countless number of ages since, exactly as the Dead Sea and the Great Salt Lake are getting evaporated in our own time.

Such nevertheless is actually the case. A good-sized Caspian used to spread across the centre of England and north of Ireland in triassic times, bounded here and there, as well as Dr. Hull can make out, by the Welsh Mountains, the Cheviots, and the Donegal Hills, and with the Peak of Derbyshire and the Isle of Man standing out as separate islands from its blue expanse. (We will beg the question that the English seas were then blue. They are certainly marked so in a very fine cerulean tint on Dr. Hull's map of Triassic Britain.) Slowly, like most other inland seas, this early British Caspian began to lose weight and to shrivel away to ever smaller dimensions. In Devonshire, where it appears to have first dried up, we get no salt, but only red marl, with here and there a cubical cast, filling a hole once occupied by rock-salt, though the percolation of the rain has long since melted out that very soluble substance, and replaced it by a mere mould in the characteristic square shape of salt crystals. But Worcestershire and Cheshire were the seat of the inland sea when it had contracted to the dimensions of a mere salt lake, and begun to throw down its dissolved saline materials. One of the Cheshire beds is sometimes a hundred feet thick of almost pure and crystalline rock-salt. The absence of fossils shows that animals must have had as bad a time of it there as in the Dead Sea of our modern Palestine.

The Droitwich brine-pits have been known for many centuries, since they were worked (and taxed) even before the Norman Conquest, as were many other similar wells elsewhere. But the actual mining of rock-salt as such in England dates back only as far as the reign of King Charles II. of blessed memory, or more definitely to the very year in which the "Pilgrim's Progress" was conceived and written by John Bunyan. During that particular summer, an enterprising person at Nantwich had sunk a shaft for coal, which he

failed to find; but on his way down he came unexpectedly across the bed of rock-salt, then for the first time discovered as a native mineral. Since that fortunate accident, the beds have been so energetically worked and the springs so energetically pumped that some of the towns built on top of them have got undermined, and now threaten from year to year, in the most literal sense, to cave in. In fact, one or two subsidences of considerable extent have already taken place, due in part, no doubt, to the dissolving action of rain-water, but in part also to the mode of working. The mines are approached by a shaft; and when you get down to the level of the old sea bottom, you find yourself in a sort of artificial gallery, whose roof, with all the world on top of it, is supported every here and there by massive pillars, about fifteen feet thick. Considering that the salt lies often a hundred and fifty yards deep, and that these pillars have to bear the weight of all that depth of solid rock, it is not surprising that subsidences should sometimes occur in abandoned shafts, where the water is allowed to collect, and slowly dissolve away the supporting columns.

Salt is a necessary article of food for animals, but in a far less degree than is commonly supposed. Each of us eats on an average about ten times as much salt as we actually require. In this respect popular notions are as inexact as in the very similar case of the supply of phosphorus. Because phosphorus is needful for brain action, people jump forthwith to the absurd conclusion that fish and other foods rich in phosphates ought to be specially good for students preparing for examination, great thinkers, and literary men. Mark Twain indeed once advised a poetical aspirant, who sent him a few verses for his critical opinion, that fish was very feeding for the brains: he would recommend a couple of young whales, to begin upon. As a matter of fact, there is more phosphorus in our daily bread than would have sufficed Shakespeare to write "Hamlet," or Newton to discover the law of gravitation. It isn't phosphorus that most of us need, but brains to burn it in. A man might as well light a fire in a carriage, because coal makes an engine go, as hope to mend the pace of

his dull pate by eating fish for the sake of the phosphates.

The question still remains, How did the salt originally get there? After all, when we say that it was produced, as rock-salt, by evaporation of the water in inland seas, we leave unanswered the main problem, How did the brine in solution get into the sea at all in the first place? Well, one might almost as well ask, How did anything come to be upon the earth at any time, in any way? How did the sea itself get there? How did this planet swim into existence at all? In the Indian mythology the world is supported upon the back of an elephant, who is supported upon the back of a tortoise; but what the tortoise in the last resort is supported upon the Indian philosophers prudently say not. If we once begin thus pushing back our inquiries into the genesis of the cosmos, we shall find our search retreating step after step *ad infinitum*. The negro preacher, describing the creation of Adam, and drawing slightly upon his imagination, observed that when our prime forefather first came to consciousness he found himself "sot up agin a fence." One of his hearers ventured sceptically to ejaculate, "Den whar dat fence come from, ministah?" The outraged divine scratched his grey wool reflectively for a moment, and replied, after a pause, with stern solemnity, "Tree more ob dem questions will undermine de whole system ob teology."

However, we are not permitted humbly to imitate the prudent reticence of the Indian philosophers. In these days of evolution hypotheses, and nebular theories, and kinetic energy, and all the rest of it, the question why the sea is salt rises up irrepressible and imperatively demands to get itself answered. There was a sapient inquirer, recently deceased, who had a short way out of this difficulty. He held that the sea was only salt because of all the salt rivers that ran into it. Considering that the salt rivers are themselves salted by passing through salt regions, or being fed by saline springs, all of which derive their saltiness from deposits laid down long ago by evaporation from earlier seas or lake basins, this explanation savors somewhat of circularity. It amounts in effect to saying that the sea is salt be-

cause of the large amount of saline matter which it holds in solution. Cheese is also a caseous preparation of milk; the duties of an archdeacon are to perform archidiaconal functions; and opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue.

Apart from such purely verbal explanations of the saltiness of the sea, however, one can only give some such account of the way it came to be "the briny" as the following:—

This world was once a haze of fluid light, as the poets and the men of science agree in informing us. As soon as it began to cool down a little, the heavier materials naturally sank towards the centre, while the lighter, now represented by the ocean and the atmosphere, floated in a gaseous condition on the outside. But the great envelope of vapor thus produced did not consist merely of the constituents of air and water; many other gases and vapors mingled with them, as they still do to a far less extent in our existing atmosphere. By-and-by, as the cooling and condensing process continued, the water settled down from the condition of steam into one of a liquid at a dull red heat. As it condensed, it carried down with it a great many other substances, held in solution, whose component elements had previously existed in the primitive gaseous atmosphere. Thus the early ocean which covered the whole earth was in all probability not only very salt, but also quite thick with other mineral matters close up to the point of saturation. It was full of lime, and raw flint, and sulphates, and many other miscellaneous bodies. Moreover, it was not only just as salt as at the present day, but even a great deal saltier. For from that time to this evaporation has constantly been going on in certain shallow isolated areas, laying down great beds of gypsum and then of salt, which still remain in the solid condition, while the water has, of course, been correspondingly purified. The same thing has likewise happened in a slightly different way with the lime and flint, which have been separated from the water chiefly by living animals, and afterwards deposited on the bottom of the ocean in immense layers as lime-stone, chalk, sandstone, and clay.

Thus it turns out that in the end all our sources of salt-supply are alike ultimately derived from the briny ocean. Whether we dig it out as solid rock-salt from the open quarries of the Punjab, or pump it up from brine-wells sunk into the triassic rocks of Cheshire, or evaporate it direct in the salt-pans of England and the shallow *salines* of the Mediterranean shore, it is still at bottom essentially sea-salt. However distant the connection may seem, our salt is always in the last resort obtained from the material held in solution in some ancient or modern sea. Even the saline springs of Canada and the Northern States of America, where the wapiti love to congregate, and the noble hunter lurks in the thicket to murder them unperceived, derive their saltiness, as an able Cana-

dian geologist has shown, from the thinly scattered salts still retained among the sediments of that very archaic sea whose precipitates form the earliest known life bearing rocks. To the Homeric Greek, as to Mr. Dick Swiveller, the ocean was always the briny; to modern science, on the other hand (which neither of those worthies would probably have appreciated at its own valuation), the briny is always the oceanic. The fossil food which we find to-day on all our dinner-tables dates back its origin primarily to the first seas that ever covered the surface of our planet, and secondarily to the great rock deposits of the dried-up triassic inland sea. And yet even our men of science habitually describe that ancient mineral as common salt.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TRANSATLANTIC CONTRASTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

THE following rather desultory pages are intended to illustrate some of the most striking divergences of language and phases of life between this country and the United States of America, as noted during a residence of six months in various parts of New York and New England.

As to Locomotion, England and America have much to learn from each other. I think, however, that, on the whole, we have more to learn from America than she from us.

In many respects the railway system is superior to ours; as indeed it ought to be, seeing that our transatlantic friends have been able to take warning by our mistakes.

Tickets can be procured in all kinds of places, so that there is no necessity for the delay and worry of taking tickets just before the train starts. These tickets are not dated, so that you can procure them whenever you like, and use them as most convenient. Moreover, they are transferable, and are good for the journey in either direction. I have by me an unused ticket from Boston to Salem, and, when I return to the States, I shall be able to use it either to or from Salem.

Another good plan is, that if you buy four tickets for the same place, you can take five journeys. A single "Commutation" ticket is given, numbered and dated on the day on which it was issued. At each journey the conductor punches the ticket. Mine has been punched four times, and on the next journey it will be given up.

As the conductor inspects the tickets before reaching the station, there is none of the exasperating delay which so often occurs with us, when a fraudulent or a muddle-headed passenger gets into an altercation with the collector, and blocks the doorway round which an impatient crowd is thronging.

When new to this mode of ticket-inspecting, the traveller is apt to be rather irritated by the frequency with which the ticket has to be produced. Experienced travellers, however, put the ticket in some conspicuous place, such as the band of the hat, and the conductor takes it out, punches and replaces it, without disturbing the owner, even if he should be asleep. The conductors, by the way, are all sworn in as police, and wear the little silver shield of office under their coats.

The seats deserve a passing mention.

They all are arranged in a double row along the sides, a passage being left in the middle. Each seat holds two persons, and of course that which is next the window is most in favor. It is always expected that if a gentleman has secured the window, and a lady comes to the same seat, he vacates the window in her favor. When the train starts from the terminus, the seats are all arranged so that the passengers have their faces toward the engine. But the back of the seat turns over on a pivot, so that passengers can sit in either direction. If a party of four be travelling together, they mostly arrange two seats so as to face each other. Here, then, the American carriages are superior to ours.

Another point of superiority is that in winter-time the carriages are all warmed, erring rather in excess of warmth. The stove, however, is not without its element of danger, as in case of collision or similar accident, the stove almost invariably sets the carriage on fire. Axes, crow-bars, and saws are attached to each carriage, so as to be useful in case of an accident.

Two of the chief demerits are the windows and the lights. As a rule, the windows are too low, so that it is impossible to see the landscape without stooping. Then, if you want to open a window for air, you must push it up, not let it down, so that the draught comes just upon the shoulders, and gives you every chance of rheumatism.

When perusing American books in which railway travelling is mentioned, the reader must bear in mind that when the windows are said to be down, the author means that they are closed, this being precisely the reverse of our plan. There are a few ventilators in the roof; but when the car is crowded and the stove overheated, they are miserably insufficient, even if the conductor can be induced to open them.

When closed, the windows are fastened with self-acting catches, and each line seems to have its own peculiar system of catch, so that when you are on a strange line and want to open a window, you may puzzle yourself for half an hour before finding out the secret.

The blinds, too, are, as a rule, very inferior to ours, so that there is no medium between shutting out the whole

of the view, and allowing yourself to be dazzled and baked by the rays of the sun. I am now speaking of the ordinary passenger cars, and not of the parlor-cars which are attached to all the long-distance trains, and are equivalent to our first-class carriages.

Railway travelling after dark is seldom an exhilarating process; but when semi-darkness prevails within the carriages, travel is almost intolerable. Our own second and third class carriages are not remarkable for the quality of their light, but they are superior in this respect to the American parlor-car.

There are, of course, lights. But, in the first place, the lamps are placed too high to be of much use, and, in the next, the American lamp and gas-burners are mostly fitted beneath the burners with heavy ornamentation which throws a shadow below, and effectually puts a stop to reading. Americans are so accustomed to this style of lamp that they could hardly believe me when I told them of the gas and electric lights which are used on some of our lines.

The sleeping-cars have been so often described that little mention of them is necessary. The lack of adequate ventilation is their chief defect, as in America, no less than with ourselves, the majority of travellers seem to think that fresh air and inflammation of the lungs are convertible terms. In cold weather there is always the chance of being semi-frozen on one side and semi-baked on the other, but semi-asphyxiation is still worse, and is without remedy.

The reader is probably aware that the carriages are so constructed that the passenger can traverse the entire length of the train. This plan has its advantages, but it is not without its discomforts. If you are placed near the front door on a cold day, and your fellow-travellers take to walking about, the rush of cold air upon the skin, which is mostly overheated by the stove, is very likely to give a severe cold.

Then the central passage gives access to those irrepressible nuisances, the boys who traverse the cars and importune you to buy paper, books, "candy," pop-corn, fruit, &c., &c. They *will* leave samples with you, and then worry you a second time when they come back and are obliged to resume their property.

The worst of these pedlars is the candy boy. You need not look at the books or paper or fruit or pop-corn, but you cannot help smelling the candy, two varieties of which, one flavored with peppermint and the other with aniseed, fill the whole car with their perfumes. The peppermint is tolerably harmless until some one eats it; but the odor of aniseed is quite independent of secondary means. The boy goes through the train, laying packages of aniseed candy on each of the seats. At first, I used to think that every one in the car had been drinking absinthe, and it only dawned on me by degrees that the candy boy was responsible for it.

On arriving at any large station, the English traveller is struck with three peculiarities.

In the first place, the stations are so dark that the passenger is half-blinded when he enters them from the bright daylight outside.

In the next place, there are no railway porters, so that if you have any luggage in the car you must carry it yourself throughout the length of the platform.

Lastly, there are no cabs. There are, it is true, two-horse broughams, called "hacks." But their roofs being rounded, they can carry but little luggage, except what can be strapped on a shelf at the back. As to our swift Hansom, or much enduring four-wheeler, with its luggage-carrying powers, they are unknown. Then the charge for a hack is most exorbitant. I have known an American to be forced to pay sixteen shillings for a journey barely exceeding two miles, and I have been obliged to pay a dollar for less than that distance. Why the Americans should go to the expense of having two horses when one is amply sufficient, I cannot imagine.

At home, we are apt—not knowing our blessings—to vituperate the "crawler," whether it be Hansom or four-wheel. But, on a stormy day in America, the value of the crawler becomes manifest. Even if you disregard the cost of the hack, you must go to it, for it will not come to you; and in such a winter as that of 1883-4, a distance of a hundred yards requires as much preparation as if it were a mile.

I feel certain that any one possessing spirit and energy, and having the com-

mand of a moderate capital, would make his fortune in any of the great cities by introducing a service of English cabs and charging English prices.

In Boston a semi-cab called a "Herdick" has been lately introduced. But it is very inconvenient, the traveller entering at the back and sitting sideways, and its luggage-carrying powers are almost nil.

Street traffic is mostly carried on by tram-cars, or horse-cars, as they are called in America. They are much the same as ours, except that they have no outside seats. Neither is there any law against overcrowding, so that in bad weather they are mostly filled inside with as many as can find standing or sitting room, while both the platforms and their steps are crowded with as many persons as can secure a foothold.

By a Draconian though unwritten law, ladies are always entitled to seats, so that on wet days all male travellers by horse-car must make up their minds to stand during the whole journey. This overcrowding is especially prevalent in the horse-cars which connect large cities with the suburbs. I need not say that, as all sorts and conditions of men travel in these cars, the atmosphere is apt to be unendurably offensive. Indeed I so much dreaded the fetid atmosphere of a crowded horse-car, that in the worst weather I could seldom venture to enter one.

A ticket system prevails in these cars. You can buy six tickets for the price of five, so that practically one journey in every six costs nothing. Then there are correspondence tickets, which for a very small additional sum transfer the passenger from one line of cars to another.

As to the free-and-easy way in which railroads run along the main streets of populous towns, I certainly should not think it to be worthy of adoption here. It looks horribly dangerous, but I believe that street accidents are not more numerous than with the ordinary traffic.

Every now and then the newspapers allude to "wild-cat" trains.

When I first saw this word, I naturally imagined that a train with so formidable a title must be an express train running at more than ordinary speed. It is just the reverse. Railway travelling in America is much slower than with us,

though not quite so slow as on the Continent. The "wild-cat" is the slowest of all trains. It is only used for freight, and reaches its destination as it can, running whenever the line is clear, and shunting when a passenger train is due on the same track.

I may mention that the word "wild-cat" is used indiscriminately in America to signify either the puma or the lynx, the true wild-cat belonging exclusively to the old world.

As for conveyance of luggage, we might advantageously engraft the "check" system upon our present custom.

Owing to the luggage-carrying power of the cab, and the presence of railway porters, an ordinary traveller finds little difficulty with his luggage. Still, those who do not choose to take the trouble of looking after their luggage themselves, and those who have to undertake a journey which needs several changes of line, would find the check system extremely useful. Moreover, when this system is employed it is next to impossible for swindlers to claim luggage which does not belong to them.

On arriving at a station the luggage master asks for the station where the luggage is to be delivered. A metal label or "check" is then strapped on the luggage, and a corresponding check given to the passenger, who thenceforth need not trouble himself about his luggage. Just before the train is due at a station the luggage-porter walks through it, carrying a book and a number of checks. He calls out the name of the station, and asks whether any of the passengers wish to have their checks changed.

Each hotel has its own checks, so that all that is needed is to give up the station check and exchange it for a hotel check. If the luggage should be wanted at a private house the address is entered in the luggage porter's book, a voucher ticket is given to the passenger, and in due time the luggage will be left at the house. Should the boxes, &c., not be wanted immediately they will be taken to the luggage-room, and will be given up to any one who can produce the checks. It is, therefore, possible to send luggage ahead to any place at which the traveller may wish to stay, and

he will be perfectly sure of finding it when he wants it.

Travelling naturally brings us to hotels. As a rule, the first-class hotels in large cities are far better than ours, and the charges scarcely half as much. This, I believe, is partly in consequence of the American habit of living in hotels instead of undertaking the trouble of house-keeping.

The hotel guest need take no trouble as to the details of daily expenses. He pays a fixed charge per diem, and, if he chooses, may go on eating incessantly from six in the morning to eleven at night. No charge is made for tea or coffee, but any fermented or aerated liquids must be paid for. Americans, however, seldom take anything with their dinner except iced water, which they consume in vast quantities.

The *menu* is of the most liberal character, and the cookery equal to that of the best hotels in London or Paris. The daily charge depends partly on the more or less fashionable character of the hotel, and partly upon the room or rooms which one engages. A single man who only wants one comfortable bedroom can live at a wonderfully cheap rate. I only paid for board and lodging seventeen and a half dollars per week, or, roughly speaking, about three pounds, ten shillings. This sum is inclusive of everything except boot cleaning, and there are none of those exasperating additional charges which swell the English hotel bills. Even in the winter time there is no need for fire, the hotels being if anything rather too warm than too cold.

There is a drawing-room for ladies, where no man may enter unless invited by a lady. There is for the gentlemen a writing and reading-room furnished with all the daily and several of the weekly newspapers.

I do not think that the hotels make very much out of their native guests, for such appetites I never could have imagined. Here are the details of a breakfast as ordered by a guest who sat at the same table as myself.

When he sat down, he drank a glass of iced water and ate a couple of oranges; when the waiter came for his order, it was given without the least hesitation: "Porridge, Blue-fish, Ten-

der-loin Steak, Eggs, Baked potatoes, Corncakes, Rolls, Griddle Cake, Coffee." In order to fill up the intervals, he consumed several sticks of celery, and had disposed of the whole before I had nearly finished a steak.

It is no wonder that dyspepsia is rampant, and that the newspapers swarm with advertisements of remedies. The consumption of iced water and hot bread alone must be very injurious, and so must be the quantity of "candy"—a generic name for sweetmeats—which is consumed by Americans, especially by the ladies. The teeth are seriously injured by this practice, dentists flourish exceedingly, and at least every other person to whom you speak discloses gleams of gold that betray the artificial character of the teeth.

Lastly, but by no means least, there is that characteristic American institution, the office, the presiding genius of which is the "Hotel Clerk."

The office is the mainspring of the hotel. At the office you can procure your railway ticket, and by means of the telephone can secure a reserved seat in the train. The office sends you to the station in the hotel carriage, and puts the charge in the weekly bill. If you take a hack to the hotel, the office pays the driver, so that you run no risk of overcharge. If you make a purchase, and have no ready money, you give the shop-keeper your card, with a note in your own handwriting upon it, and go your way, knowing that the office will pay the amount, and charge it in the bill. If you want ready money to take with you, the office lends it, and recoups itself in the next Monday's account. If you wish to write letters, the office furnishes you with pen, paper, and envelopes. The office possesses the minutest acquaintance with all the railway time-tables, horse-car tracks, and every kind of local information.

As to the Hotel Clerk, he is popularly represented as a haughty and unapproachable being, resplendent with flashing diamonds, and graciously condescending a word now and then to those who abase themselves before him. I have had much experience with hotel clerks, and have always found them considerate, obliging, and willing to give any information within their power.

I looked out carefully for the conventional hotel clerk, but never saw him.

Quite a new vocabulary has to be learned. Until I visited the States, I was rather bewildered as to certain articles of diet, as mentioned in American books. For example, in tales of domestic life, the consumption of cream seems really amazing. We read how a girl, before starting for a walk, prepares herself by drinking a tumbler of delicious cream; and the profuse manner in which cream is used, even by those who are struggling against the direst poverty, seems to imply that either cream must be very cheap or Americans very reckless. But I found that the word cream indicates unskimmed milk. No one ever hears of milk at the breakfast table, and the word milk-jug is unknown, "creamer" being used in its place. I certainly should not have known what "clapper-creamers" were, had I not seen them. They are simply milk-jugs furnished with swinging covers for the purpose of excluding flies.

By the way, the word jug is never heard, "pitcher" being invariably used in its stead.

Another example of domestic life: A young girl who is going to school expects always to have hot biscuits for breakfast. I never could understand why biscuits should be improved by being heated, until I heard hot biscuits ordered at a hotel table. It seems that in America the word biscuit is used to designate a small square roll, while the term "cracker" is employed as a generic title for any kind of biscuit, just as "candy" expresses any kind of sweetmeat.

Articles of dress are rather oddly named, the words vest, pants, and suspenders being employed to designate waistcoat, trousers, and braces. Linen, &c., goes by the generic name of "underwear"; while collars, ties, &c., are called "neckwear." Why boots with elastic sides should be called "Congress gaiters" passes my comprehension. Into the mysteries of feminine apparel I dare not intrude. But I did casually learn that the "body" of a lady's dress is called the waist, so that an evening dress is said to be low waisted.

An outside flight of steps leading to the door is called a stoop. If you let

your house you are said to rent it, and if you lend money you are said to loan it. If you drive a horse, you hold the "lines," *i.e.* the reins, in your hands; and if you are ignorant or thoughtless, you employ a "check" rein, *i.e.* a bearing rein. Blinkers are called blinders. A railway rug is termed a "lap-robe."

By the way, there is a very ingenious mode of "hitching" horses at doors. In the carriage is taken a heavy circular weight with a long rein attached to it. When you wish to leave your carriage, you swing the weight to the ground, fasten the rein to the bit, and the horse then understands that he is not to move until the weight is removed. Medical men greatly favor these horse anchors.

The robin of which we read in American books has nothing in common with our robin redbreast, except that its breast is pink. Its right name is the Migratory Thrush. Then the "hemlock," which is properly a biennial herb, is in America a large evergreen forest tree.

One extraordinary perversion of language is to employ the word "drummer" to designate a commercial traveller.

I was really afraid to make purchases lest I should be misunderstood, and invariably asked a waiter or the hotel clerk the word which I ought to employ.

It was in this way that I learned the meaning of the words "clapper-creamers" and "syrup-pitcher." They are such ingenious articles that I wished to purchase some of each for the use of my own household, and took the precaution of ascertaining their names from the waiter, very much to his amusement.

When a professional man puts up a brass plate he is said in newspaper parlance to "hang out his shingle." Why a chimney should be called a "smoke-stack," I really cannot imagine.

Americans, by the way, are equally puzzled when they come to England. Only lately, an American lady wanted to buy a pair of braces for her husband, and very naturally asked for suspenders. The hosier said that he did not keep such articles, and referred the lady to a milliner's shop. There she was told that suspenders were never used now, the people of the shop naturally thinking that she referred to those spring clasps which were employed some years ago to

hold ladies' trains off the ground. However, some dress suspenders were still unsold, and were produced. Oddly enough, the lady had never seen the article before, and asked how her husband was to use it!

On arriving for the first time at an American hotel, a stranger is at once struck with the extraordinary profusion of spittoons, "cuspadors" as they are termed. They are set round the entrance hall, they are placed on every landing of the staircase, and every room in the house is furnished with them, sometimes openly, and sometimes disguised as footstools or china vases.

I found mine very useful as an umbrella stand and waste-paper receptacle.

I wonder that by this time the necessity for cuspadors should exist. The original cause, *i.e.*, tobacco-chewing, has almost entirely been abandoned among the better classes. But the habit of using them still survives, and a singularly offensive habit it is, both to the eye and ear. It is really nothing but a habit, and one frequently sees (and hears) small boys trying to acquire it, thinking it to be manly.

The primary object of my visit was to deliver the opening course of the "Lowell" lectures at Boston, Massachusetts. Requests, however, were made for lectures in different parts of the country, so that I had a good opportunity of comparing the lecture system with that of England. I unhesitatingly say the American system is superior to ours.

In the first place, the Americans take more care of the lecturer than is always the case in England. Personally I have little to complain of in that respect, but I have known men of world-wide reputation so utterly ignored that they have resolved never to visit that town again. In America the comfort of the lecturer is studiously promoted, and he is carefully guarded from exhausting himself by doing any work which can be done for him.

I lectured nightly in various parts of the States. There was always some one to meet me at the station. I was conveyed to the lecture-hall for the purpose of making necessary arrangements. Then I was conveyed to the house where I was to pass the night. Almost invariably hospitality was offered to me at a

private house, and if that could not be done, I was taken, with apologies, to a hotel, the account to be sent to the secretary. During the whole time that I was in America, I was never allowed to walk to the lecture hall, if it were more than a couple of hundred yards from the house.

At several places, especially at the Lowell Institute, Boston, there is a practice which I should like to see adopted in England. Five minutes before the lecture-hour the doors are locked, and no one is admitted under any pretext. The advantage to the lecturer is priceless. Scarcely anything is more annoying to a lecturer, especially where he uses no manuscript, than to see and hear a number of people dropping in after he has opened his subject. Speaking through the shuffling of feet, clatter of voices, and passing in and out of seats, throws a physical and mental strain on the lecturer which seriously impairs his efficiency.

Another excellent plan is adopted at this Institute. Immediately after the doors are locked, the janitor goes on the platform and holds up his hand. It is a signal that every seat is full. Consequently, if any of the reserved seats are unoccupied, they are at once filled up. Thus the lecturer has his audience brought into a compact mass in front of him, instead of seeing them scattered on either side.

One point struck me greatly. No matter what might be the population of the place, the lecture-hall was sure to be a good and often a splendid one. A mere village will possess a lecture-hall which would be a credit to a large city. This is mostly owing to the generosity of individuals, who build these splendid edifices and present them to the place. The building often contains, besides the lecture-hall, class-rooms, reading-rooms, gymnasium, &c., and at North Easton the upper portion of the building is specially constructed for a Freemasons' lodge-room.

Taking them all round, the American hall-keeper ("janitor" he or she is always termed) is far preferable to our own—at least to the survivors of the old-fashioned hall-keeper. The latter considers the hall as his own private property, and scouts the insertion of a nail or

screw into the platform as a personal injury. He thinks that a lecturer ought to stand on the platform and read something out of a book, and that anything beyond that programme must be prohibited.

Now, the apparatus with which I illustrate my lectures is large, rather complex, and requires four screws to uphold it. In England I have often been obliged to resort to extraordinary devices to overcome or elude the obstructive janitor, but I never found anything of the kind in America, the janitor being always not only willing but eager to assist, and taking the greatest interest in anything that is new to him.

Why cannot we introduce into England the American plan of lifting houses when more rooms are wanted?

During my residence I saw an enormous general store subjected to this process. It was a square building, six stories high, and has a frontage of nine large windows. Another floor being wanted, the whole of the upper part was lifted some twelve or thirteen feet, and the required rooms inserted, so that the original first floor became the second. Business went on as usual, both above and below, and not even the sleepers were disturbed at night.

Knowing that teetotalism prevails in Massachusetts and other Northern States, and that the blue-ribbon movement came from America, I expected to see the streets full of blue-ribbons. Not one was to be seen. But I do not remember seeing more than one or two drunken men on week-days. More were to be seen on a single Sunday than on all the other days of the week put together. Yet "Sunday closing" is the law in Massachusetts, and not a bar—saloons, as they are called—can be seen open! I find that the same curious fact has been noticed in Wales since the Sunday Closing Act has been brought into operation. It was just the same in New York.

The incessant electioneering seems to be the curse of the country. Based originally on the grand principle of governing the nation by the best men, chosen by universal suffrage, it has mostly sunk into a system of self-aggrandisement; and politics are consequently as much shunned by men of

culture and refinement as are the municipal boards of our small towns.

The term of office is too short. It is impossible for the Governor of a State to make himself master of his business—to "learn the ropes," as a sailor would say—much under a year's incessant labor. And yet, at the expiration of the year, just as he has learned his work, he is obliged to vacate his post, and, in all probability, will be succeeded by another man who is just as ignorant as he was on taking office. He ought to have a term of at least three years, while the President ought to have at least six.

What with the canvassing, and the processioning, and the speech-making that occur twice a year, once for the Governor, &c., and the other for the Mayor, the waste of time is enormous. And then once in every four years comes the Presidential election, when all trade and enterprise seems to be in abeyance. At least, such was the impression on my perfectly unprejudiced mind, partly from my own experience, partly from American writers, and partly from conversations with persons of every shade of opinion.—*Good Words.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMORY UPTON, COLONEL OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY AND BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY. By Peter S. Michie, Professor U. S. Military Academy. With an introduction by James Harrison Wilson, late U. S. Army. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In the career of General Upton we see exemplified the life of a model soldier, devoted to his profession as a science, assiduous in the cultivation of all the accomplishments which should grace military life, and retaining withal the finest qualities of private character. General Upton had just graduated at West Point at the time of the breaking out of the late war. He speedily became the colonel of a volunteer regiment, and rose before the close of hostilities to be a major-general of volunteers. He served in all three branches of the service during different periods of the conflict, and in each one displayed great skill and ability, as well as the most distinguished personal daring. Shortly after the end of the civil war General Upton was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and commandant of cadets at West Point. Each office which he filled called out peculiar fitness and showed his great versatility and fulness of equipment as a master of his profession. After a short service at West Point General Upton was sent to Europe to study military organization abroad. On his return and his taking command of the regiment of artillery, of which he was appointed the colonel, he worked out the new system of tactics for infantry, cavalry, and artillery which was afterward adopted by the War Department for the use of our army. In this sys-

tem he succeeded in devising tactical methods of great simplicity and mobility, the merits of which were universally recognized by military men all over the world. The tactics for the three branches of the service were so far assimilated, the central principle being the same, that the well-instructed infantry soldier was practically trained also in cavalry drill.

In addition to his system of tactics, General Upton wrote on military subjects with a fulness of knowledge which made him an authority. During the time he was instructor in the art of war at the School of Artillery Practice at Fortress Monroe, he began his great work on "The Military Policy of the United States," in which he analyzed critically all the military operations of the United States since the Revolution.

General Upton was the victim of an aggravated nasal catarrh, and this, in connection with very hard intellectual toil, culminated finally in a suicidal mania, under the influence of which he took his own life. This catastrophe was a terrible shock to his friends and the public, who had learned to look on him as a model of the noble and accomplished Christian soldier. Of course there could be no question that nothing but mental aberration could ever have caused him to commit an act so abhorrent to the whole tenor of his life. His death was justly felt to be an irretrievable loss to the military profession, of which he was such a brilliant ornament. His friend, General Wilson, who contributes a brief study of his life in connection with Professor Michie's more elaborate biography, only expresses the judgment of all those who knew him in his eulogy:

"He was incontestably the best tactician of either army, and this is true whether tested by battle or by the evolution of the drill-field and parade. . . . No one can read the story of his brilliant career without concluding that he had a real genius for war, together with all the theoretical and practical knowledge which any one could acquire in regard to it. He was the equal, if not the superior, of Hoche, Desaix, or Skobeleff in all the military accomplishments and virtues, and up to the time when he was disabled by the disease which caused his death, he was, all things considered, the most accomplished soldier in our service."

Professor Michie, who has written this biography, has done his work with great good taste and a very cordial appreciation of the subject. All soldiers will read it with great interest, and a very considerable section of the general public will be, we think, not far behind in their appreciation of a singularly entertaining and suggestive work.

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE CIVIL WAR. By John Bach McMaster, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania. In five volumes. Volume 2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

When Mr. McMaster's first volume appeared, some two years since, it deservedly made a great sensation in literary circles. Its brilliancy, eloquence, picturesqueness of statement, and wide research took the public by storm. Even the discovery, which it did not take long to make, that the author's conclusions were often specious and deceptive, that his methods were sometimes *ad-captandum*, that he was sometimes willing to sacrifice sober truth, which, as Lord Bacon says, "goes in a garment of russet," for a vivid pictorial effect, and that his representation of life in America was rather of the surface than of the interior and essential nature of our historic growth, did not materially lessen the hold on the interest of the reading world. The accusation that he was a close imitator of Lord Macaulay, in which certainly there is more than a grain of truth, does not decrease the author's merit. He who has the power to seize and chain the reader's interest has acquired a royal right, and no amount of pragmatic criticism can disturb his place.

Mr. McMaster is, above all things, interesting. Whatever faults we may find with his method, however doubtful of his conclusion or disposed to question when he ventures to in-

dulge in philosophic reflections, he takes possession of his readers. We know of no historical writer—Macaulay not excepted—better able to present a vivid, realistic, living conception of the period of which he may be writing, of the people in their private and their public lives, of their manners and customs, and of such distinguishing features as set them apart in their own epoch as representative outgrowths. The author has disdained no sources of information. Newspapers, pamphlets, private letters, have been abundantly used, and, so far as possible, data seem to have been drawn from first-hand. In the present book American history is brought down to the first decade of the present century. Of course as Mr. McMaster advances and approaches nearer the period of our own times his task will become more difficult. The measure of criticism will be more severe, the reading public more inclined to scrutinize statements and deductions. It is not probable that the author will pass the ordeal as successfully as in the first two volumes. But if he succeeds in fascinating the reader as he has already done, he may not feel over-sensitive if among graver students there should be no little sharp questioning as to his keenness of insight and intellectual veracity. The splendor of Macaulay's fame has suffered but little diminution, because he is not unselfishly detected in glittering sophistry and special pleading, more especially as historical special pleading is more often caused by enthusiasm than wilful blindness. We feel justified in pronouncing Mr. McMaster's second volume to be fascinating in its interest, one which the reader will not feel inclined easily to lay down.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA. Being an Account of the Encroachment of Russia in Central Asia, and of the Difficulties sure to arise therefrom to England. By Arminius Vambéry. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

M. Vambéry is well known as one of the ablest linguists, ethnologists, travellers, and Orientalists of Europe. Probably no one has made a profounder study of the peoples and politics of Western Asia. Against this must be offset the bitter hatred which he has always displayed to Russia and Russian interests. Hereditary national enmity finds in M. Vambéry a congenial vehicle. Yet this does not seem to cloud the author's judgment so far as to make his fact and conclusions the less interesting, or in the main less trustworthy. He is, to be sure, a Russophobe, and as such

gives perhaps undue weight to certain facts in the development of Russian influence and conquest in Asia. But this high coloring in his picture does not militate against the impression, which most of his readers will feel, that he does not essentially over-estimate the dangers which Russian ambition threatens to England in the East. The successive chapters in this book, which were evidently planned consecutively at the outset, were delivered in the first place as lectures, and then printed in the English magazines, where they attracted much attention. The recent Anglo-Russian complications in the East emphasized the interest felt in M. Vambéry's opinions as an expert authority; and though any immediate crisis has passed, the underlying feeling reigns none the less strongly in England that the catastrophe is only postponed. Our author in his book traces the gradual but certain encroachments of Russia in Asia both by arms and a diplomacy as astute as it has always been unscrupulous. He follows the march of Russia to the conquest of the three Khemates, from Ashkabad to Merv, from Merv to the borders of Afghanistan and the Zulfikar Pass. After a study of the strategic and political importance of Herat, he insists that here must be the line of England's successful resistance to Russian aggression, and accumulates many powerful facts and arguments to establish his position. M. Vambéry's opinions have been severely criticised by some writers as missing the true point of the problem, but a close study of what has been urged on both sides will show that his convictions, if not absolutely beyond the reach of assault, are entitled to great weight. Most readers in giving a careful perusal to his views will, if not entirely convinced by them, find their understanding of the situation greatly enlightened.

THE BAR SINISTER. A Social Study. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

This anonymous novel deals with the Mormon question, and attempts to paint what even the most lax and liberal people are constrained to admit to be a blot on our American civilization in realistic colors. The story is a painful one, and many of the details are almost repulsive in character. Yet the well-authenticated episodes in Mormon life, which from time to time come to our ears, seem fully to justify the strong, harsh coloring of this novel. Indeed, we are led to believe that the main incidents of the story are genuine. This, if true, neither adds to nor detracts from the value of the nar-

rative. If the picture, however ideal in its incidents, be yet true to the spirit of actuality, it is sufficient. The story follows the life of a New York merchant who went to Utah and finally became a Mormon, and the consequences to his family and himself. It paints the misery to the wife, the curse wrought on others, the gradual and terrible deterioration of the Mormon convert himself. It appears to give clear insights into the general motives and policy of the Mormon missionaries, and shows how subtly their argument can be put even to pure and spiritually-minded persons. Books of this kind, as a rule, do not possess great artistic value nor popular success. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a brilliant exception. Writers terribly in earnest, as this one seems to have been, rarely care to weigh and relate things together as measured from the standpoint of the literary artist. Whether there is any compensation in the fact that the author speaks because he really feels he has a word to say, a mission to deliver himself of, is an open question. If we estimate "The Bar Sinister" as a romance or novel, it will not be difficult to find numberless faults in it. If we think of it as a social study—as the author calls it—it takes a very different aspect. The average reader is not profoundly interested in polygamy, for it is far away from him. Could he be brought face to face with it, it is not improbable that such a social study or picture of an evil and dangerous form of civilization would seem in the highest degree important. From whatever standpoint the reader looks at the book, he will, at the worst, not find it dull or stupid.

ANNALS OF A SPORTSMAN. (Leisure Hour Series.) By Ivan Turguenieff. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the book which first made the fame of the great Russian novelist, and it is worthy of having achieved such a result. A simple, unaffected, vivid recital of the exact status of the serf, of the peasant, and of the landed proprietor or noble in the days that preceded the emancipation in Russia, it would be difficult to imagine a more powerful and realistic study, or, rather, series of studies. The sketches are short and complete each in itself, yet it is by their continuity and grouping that they attain their power and eloquence as a revelation of a terrible state of society. There is no doubt that Alexander II. had his attention first called to the horrors of serfdom by this book, and that through it he was led to contemplate the

great act which will make his name immortal when the reactionary errors of his subsequent reign, so terribly expiated at last, shall have been forgotten. No pictures could be more delightful in a literary way, yet more saddening, than these simple, strong, clearly-drawn sketches. Men and classes are made as familiar as if they had come under personal observation, and we only recognize the author's personality in the poetic charm of the background against which he sets the characters limned with so strong and true a hand. "The Annals of a Sportsman," of course, is not a new book, but the publishers should be thanked for presenting in so agreeable a form as a "Leisure Hour" so great a work as this one of the immortal Russian novelist.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EDWARD ARBER, Professor of English Language and Literature at Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham, England, has now ready for issue to subscribers a quarto volume of 456 pages, containing a reprint of the three first books in English, relating to America. The first of these is entitled "Of the newe landes and of ye people found by the messengers of the kynge of portyngale named Emanuel." It was printed probably in 1511 by Jan Van Doesborch, of Antwerp, a contemporary of Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson. It is also the first English book containing the word "America," in the form "Armenica." The other two are translations and compilations by Richard Eden, private secretary to Lord Burghley, from the writings of Pietro Martire, Sebastian Münster, and Sebastian Cabot, and were published at London in 1553 and 1555. It was from these that Francis Drake must have learned his knowledge of the Spanish Main, and Shakspeare taken his conception of Caliban.

IN Germany, it appears, it is the custom for booksellers to send to their customers parcels of new books "on approval," it being understood that the books not returned are accepted, and will be paid for. Relying upon this custom a bookseller at Worms continued year after year to send books to a person living in the town. None of the books were returned, and none were paid for. At last the bookseller sent in his bill, which the other party declined to pay, but offered to return the books. This did not suit the bookseller, for the publishers would no longer take the books back from him. Accordingly, he brought his

action for the price; but he has been defeated in the court of first instance, and also on appeal, on the ground, apparently, that there was no contract.

THE mass of Goethe documents which has been unearthed at Weimar among the possessions of Walter von Goethe will make most English-speaking people feel thankful that Shakspeare did not live in the nineteenth century. The most interesting find is the diary Goethe kept from 1776 to 1832, with a gap between 1782 and 1796. Brief at first, this diary grows more detailed towards the end. Another interesting discovery is the sketch of the first act of a "Faust" intended for the stage. An enormous number of manuscripts of Goethe's poems, letters to his wife, etc., have been discovered.

It seems that the state archives of Magdeburg are likely to be removed to the university of Halle. A motion to that effect will be proposed at the next Landtag, and the majority is said to be in favor of its adoption. By this transfer the city will lose the most important and extensive materials for its own history and that of the bishopric.

M. CALMANN LÉVY has just published a somewhat abridged translation into French by M. Casimir Strylenski of Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule." The translator seems to have been successful in overcoming the difficulties which the language spoken by Sheila and the King of Borva must have occasioned him.

A SPECIAL Biblioteca Manzoni is now being exhibited in a separate room of the National Library at Milan. It contains a number of the edited and unedited manuscripts of the poet, a collection of the various editions of his works in different languages, and numerous relics of Manzoni.

It was feared at one moment that some Persian MSS. belonging to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Eng., which Dr. Ethé kept for the sake of his catalogue of the Persian MSS. contained in the library, now in the press, were lost in the fire that broke out lately at the Aberystwith University College. The London *Academy* states that not only are these MSS. intact, but that also the college library has been saved.

M. HYVERNAT, a French priest at Rome, who it is hoped will be soon attached to the Vatican Library, is preparing the Coptic text, with a French translation, notes, and index,

of the Acts of the Martyrs in Egypt (mostly under Diocletian). These texts are relatively ancient, and although containing much legendary matter, they are important for philology as well as for geography. The work will be issued in two volumes, of five hundred pages each, by the press of the Propaganda at Rome.

PRINCE IBRAHIM HILMY, the son of the Khedive Ismail, will shortly publish a work on the literature of the Soudan, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The bibliography will embrace printed books, periodicals, MSS., maps, drawings, etc.

A FACSIMILE of the fragment of an early Gospel found among the Fayoum Papyri, as we mentioned some time ago, is to be published in the "*Corpus Papyrorum Raineri Arciducis*," which will appear before long. As deciphered by Dr. Bickell it differs from the corresponding passages in St. Matthew and St. Mark, more especially through the absence of the words, "But after I am risen I will go before you into Galilee." Among the other papyri is a fragment of the "Gorgias" of Plato, with variants from the usual text, two hundred verses of Homer, some passages of Thucydides, etc. The number of rare Latin papyri is thirty-eight. Some of the Hebrew documents are said to be at least two hundred years older than any hitherto known.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, says the *London Athenæum*, is engaged in writing the biography of the late Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York. Mr. Cooper, who learned three trades and amassed enormous wealth, was a thoroughly representative American. His papers were very voluminous, and he kept a record of every important fact in his career, so that there would seem to be no lack of materials for his biographer.

IF the spread of newspaper literature can be taken as a test of the literary advance of a nation, the statistics of the Indian Post-Office in this respect must be considered highly favorable. In 1879-80 the Director-General of the Post-Office remarked that there was a falling off in the number of newspapers that passed through his department, but since the repeal of the Vernacular Press Act, and the reduction of the rate of postage in 1881, the increase has been steadily progressive. In 1880-81, for instance, the number of newspapers passing through the

Post-Office was 11,942,000, and the number has since then increased at the rate of more than a million a year, to 15,848,000 in 1883-84.

THE Society of Authors have completed their draft bill for the consolidation of the copyright laws. When a favorable opportunity occurs the bill will be introduced to the House by a member of Parliament whose name carries great weight on both sides. The support of many other members is looked for, and in several cases promised. It is not, however, likely that anything will be attempted in the present Parliament. The hon. counsel to the society, Mr. E. M. Underdown, is being instructed by Mr Basil Field (of the firm of Field, Roscoe & Co.), who is already well known for his acquaintance with the difficulties of the copyright question. The chairman of the executive committee for the next year is Mr. James Cotter Morison, in place of Mr. Walter Besant, who remains, however, on the council.

IT is proposed to establish an *English Historical Review* under the editorship of the Rev. Mandell Creighton, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. It will deal with English, American, and colonial history, and with such other branches of history, ancient and modern, constitutional and ecclesiastical, as are likely to interest English students. Original papers, inedited historical documents, notices of important works on history, an historical bibliography, surveys by foreign scholars of the progress of historical literature, and communications from officials connected with our great libraries and other public institutions in England and abroad, will form the principal contents of this review, the first number of which will appear in January, 1886. Messrs. Longman will be the publishers.

THE Rev. John Brown, the minister of the Bunyan Meeting at Bedford, England, has just completed a work on the life and times of his famous predecessor, the author of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." Mr. Brown has been engaged for many years in collecting materials, and has been favorably situated for this purpose. The MS. records of his church, dating back to Bunyan's lifetime, contain some interesting information never before fully given to the public. Mr. Brown thinks he has been able to trace the Bunyan family fortunes back as far as the end of the twelfth century. The work is now in the press, and will be published early in the coming season by Messrs. Isbister.

THE amount of literary activity in India can, to a certain extent, be gauged by the number of publications registered in the different provinces. From the recently published returns for 1883 it appears that in that year in Madras 763 books and pamphlets and 55 periodicals were registered, an increase of 77 over the previous year; in Bombay 1,484 works were registered, an increase of 253; in Bengal the number of works was 2,218, an increase of no fewer than 650, the greatest increase being in books in Bengali, in which, moreover, a higher standard of excellence is noted. In the North-Western Provinces the publications decreased from 1,193 in 1882 to 960 in 1883; but in the Punjab they increased from 1,198 to 1,786.

MISCELLANY.

CLODION.—Clodion represents the last of several generations of sculptors. By his father he was a Michel, and by his mother an Adam. Now Thomas Michel was an artist in a kind of way, but the Adams were artists to a man. They were native to Lorraine, the country of Callot and Claude Gellée and many a master besides, and they were neither the worst nor the least eminent of its children. Of Claude Adam, the first who attained any reputation, little is known, save that he was contemporary with Bernini, and that he modelled a colossal "Ganges" for the fountain which that famous sculptor designed and executed for the Piazza Navona at Rome. He was probably, says M. Thirion, the father of Lambert Adam, the Nancyan founder, who, born in 1670, was certainly the father of Jacob-Sigisbert, who was Clodion's grandsire, and the progenitor of three of the most successful and laborious sculptors of his time. A good working artist in terra-cotta and in wood, he appears to have been gifted with no extraordinary measure of talent, and, like his grandson, to have employed such talent as he had in the production of agreeable trifles. Thus in 1701, three years after Duke Leopold had made him one of his sculptors, he is credited with a certain sum in payment of "*un Cupidon qu'il a exécuté et des grenouilles à mettre à l'entour du bassin de la table au repas donné à Son Altesse Royale le premier dimanche de carême*;" and likewise "*quatre figures, un cerf, deux gros chiens, huit autres plus petits, qui servent à décorer le même repas*." It is also recorded of him that he worked in bronze and lead as well as in wood and terra-cotta; that his statuettes of saints were popular ware; and that, if he did little

for the court, his private practice was considerable, so that he was rich enough to build himself a house, which, decorated by himself and his three sons, "*passé aujourd'hui*," says M. Thirion, "*pour l'une des plus belles et des plus intéressantes de Nancy*." Of these three sons, the eldest, and perhaps the most famous, Lambert-Sigisbert, was born in 1700. In 1718, after a youth of study under Jacob-Sigisbert, he went to Metz; in 1719 he entered himself as a student at the Académie in Paris; and in 1722 he won the *prix de Rome*, and started for the Eternal City, where he speedily grew eminent, and where he remained for nine or ten years. He was an enterprising fellow, apt for intrigue, and endowed with an excellent opinion of his own merits and the merits of his family. At Rome he contrived—after winning and losing the admiration and good-will of Wleughels, the director of the Académie de France—to interest in his fortunes no less a magnate than Cardinal Polignac, and to secure a protector in Paris in the person of the Duc d'Antin, Directeur-Général des Bâtiments du Roi, and to make himself a reputation at least the equal of that acquired by his fellow-student Bouchardon himself. In 1726 he was joined at the Palazzo Mancini by his second brother, Nicolas-François, who was five years his junior (he was born in 1705), and who, after serving an apprenticeship with his father, and working for some time in Paris and at Montpellier, became his elder brother's pupil and assistant, and took part in most of the achievements with which the latter illustrated his sojourn in Rome. Of Nicolas, a man of heart and character and parts, Lambert-Sigisbert was more or less jealous always; he greatly preferred François-Gaspard (born 1710); and in after years, when, in spite of all that he could do, his own reputation was on the wane, while that of his brother was established and increasing, this feeling was exacerbated to a point not pleasant to consider. Meanwhile, the two were young and unspoiled, and they fought their way in Rome with all imaginable vigor and a great deal of success. The family party were strengthened in due time by the arrival (1730) of Gaspard, like the others his father's pupil, but, unlike them, with no touch of Paris in his training and no spark of genius in his composition. He was presently to become the sculptor-in-ordinary of Frederick the Great, and to people Potsdam with that brood of gods and goddesses which, offensive in their make-believe elegance and sham divinity, still move the beholder to a feeling of wonder at the great

king's taste in art. For the present, however, he was young and inexperienced; and he labored in his brother's studio, and assimilated outside of it as much of the antique as his mental constitution, which was none of the strongest, could contain.—*Magazine of Art*.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—The public mind has been much astonished and bewildered during the past few weeks by the reports, through the general press, of certain experiments on transfusion of blood said to have been carried out at Denver, Colorado. The popular mind has been astonished and bewildered many times before now on the subject of transfusing restoratives into the circulation of men and animals. The operation starts, indeed, in mystery. Aeson, the father of Jason of the Golden Fleece, becoming infirm, Medea, after drawing the blood from his veins, refills them with a potent fluid, and the old man, so runs the fable, rejuvenates. Libavius of Halle, in the early part of the seventeenth century, improves on this fable by suggesting the actual transfusion of blood. Christopher Wren, in the eighteenth century, gives the idea more distinct form; and Richard Lower, Edmund King, and Denis actually bring it into practice, with such effect that the world, startled by the first results and filled with admiring wonder, soon turns round, in disappointment at failure, and lets the Pope prohibit the operation in all parts where his mandate was law. Over and over again the wonder has, nevertheless, revived. Early in this century, Professor Harwood, of Cambridge, revived a pointer that had been bled, as it seemed, to death, by transfusing into it the blood from a sheep. Later on in the century Dr. Blundell made some remarkable experiments precisely similar in character, and now we have the same retold in a new dress, either by repetition of mere narrative or by repetition of experiment—which it is difficult as yet to say. Of the report going the round of the press it is quite impossible, at present, to speak with any certainty. The account may be nothing more than a piece of clever writing based on an imperfect knowledge of previous researches. It may be the account of some experiments similar to those we have described, but reported with more of enthusiasm than accuracy. We cannot tell. All we can say is that the absence of a technical mode of description, some errors of detail, and the absence of reference to all previous research on the subject, together with the no-

tice of many proceedings which, according to our present knowledge, would destroy the value of transfusion as a means of restoring suspended life, make us most cautious in accepting any part of the statement until it is corroborated by other and more trustworthy evidence.—*Lancet*.

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION AS EXPERIENCED AT BATAVIA.—While the rain of ash continued thick darkness enveloped the city. Traffic and business were suspended. Gas was lighted everywhere in the hope that the darkness would soon pass off, but still it continued for several hours. The abject terror of the poor natives, cowering down in the most helpless way, was quite a sight to behold. These followers of Mohammed, clinging tenaciously to their fatalistic creed, calmly said, "It is Allah," and resigned themselves to their fate. In times of difficulty and danger the natives of Java, and indeed the whole of the Malay archipelago, are some of the most helpless and useless people under the sun. The Chinese, on the other hand, took a very different view of matters. Unfettered by any fatalistic notions, they plainly showed their belief that while there is life there is hope. Whether this is one of the moral sayings of Confucius I know not, but, with all their faults, the Chinese are certainly a practical and painstaking race. On this occasion they accordingly gathered together all their valuables and cleared out of the city with as much dispatch as possible. There are twenty-five thousand of them in Batavia alone, and a large proportion of these soon beat a hasty retreat. Some made for the railway station *en route* for the interior of the island; some took to their boats on the canal, and many crowded themselves into their gaily painted vehicles known as *ka-hars*, and drove away as fast as two sandalwood ponies would carry them. The Europeans also thought it wiser to suspend business on account of the darkness and to leave the city for their suburban homes. The buildings which they use in Batavia for offices are very old, and though roomy and convenient for their purpose they would easily be overthrown in the event of an earthquake. About noon, therefore, on that eventful Monday (August 27) there was a steady outpour of merchants from Batavia, and the city was soon wearing a deserted appearance. It was well that it did so, for a more startling event had yet to come in the vast sea-wave.—*Leisure Hour*.

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A DIALOGUE ON NOVELS.

BY VERNON LEE.

"AFTER all," said Mrs. Blake, the eminent novelist, "with the exception of very few touches, there is nothing human in 'Wuthering Heights'; those people with their sullenness and coldness and frenzy are none of them real men and women, such as Charlotte Brontë would have given us had she written the book instead of her sister. You can't deny that, Monsieur Marcel."

They had clambered through the steep, bleak Yorkshire village, which trickles, a water-course of rough black masonry, down the green hillside; past the inn where Branwell Brontë drank and raved; through the churchyard, a grim, grassless garden of blackened tombstones; under the windows of the Brontës' parsonage; and still higher, up the slippery slope of coarse, sere grass, on to the undulating flatness of Haworth Moor.

André Marcel, the subtle young French critic and novelist, who had come to Yorkshire in order to study the Brontës, listened to Mrs. Blake with disappointed pensiveness. Knowing more of English things than most Frenchmen, and with a natural preference for the exotic of all kinds, it was part of his mission to make known to the world that England really was what, in the days of Goethe, Italy had falsely been supposed to be—a sort of exceptional and esoteric country, whence æsthetic and critical natures might get weird and exquisite moral impressions as they got orchids and porcelain and lacquer from Japan. Such being the case, this clever woman with her clever novels, both so narrow and so normal, so full at once of scepticism and of respect for precedent, gave him as much of a sense of annoyance and hostility almost as his placid, pessimistic, purely

artistic and speculative nature could experience.

They walked on for some minutes in silence, Marcel and Mrs. Blake behind, Baldwin and his cousin Dorothy in front, trampling the rough carpet of lilac and black heather matted with long withered grass and speckled with the bright scarlet of sere bilberry leaves; the valleys gradually closing up all around; the green pasture slopes, ribbed with black stone fences, gradually meeting one another, uniting, disappearing, absorbed in the undulating sea of moorland, spreading solitary, face to face with the low, purplish-greysky. As Mrs. Blake spoke, Dorothy turned round eagerly.

"They are not real men and women, the people in 'Wuthering Heights,'" she said; "but they are real all the same. Don't you feel that they are real, Monsieur Marcel, when you look about you now? Don't you feel that they are these moors, and the sunshine, the clouds, the winds, the storms upon them?"

"All the moors and all the storms upon them put together haven't the importance for a human being that has one well-understood real character of Charlotte Brontë's or George Eliot's," answered Mrs. Blake, coldly.

"I quite understand your point of view," said Marcel; "but, for all my admiration for Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, I can't agree that either of them, or any writer of their school, can give us anything of the value of 'Wuthering Heights.' After all, what do we gain by their immense powers of psychological analysis and reconstruction? Merely a partial insight into a certain number of characters—characters which, whatever the genius of the novelist, can be only approximations to reality, because they are the result of the study of something of which we can never completely understand the nature—because it is outside ourselves."

Mrs. Blake, who could understand of Marcel's theories only the fact they were extremely distasteful to herself, began to laugh.

"If we are never to understand anything except ourselves, I think we had better leave off novel-writing at once, Monsieur Marcel," she said.

"I don't think that would suit Marcel at all," put in Baldwin, "and he does not by any means condemn the ordinary novel for being what he considers a mere approximation to reality. All he says is, that he prefers books where there is no attempt at completely solving what he considers the inscrutable—namely, the character of every one not oneself. He perceives, more than most people, perhaps even too much, the complexity of human nature; and what to you or me is a complete moral portrait is to him a mere partial representation. I personally think that it is all the better for us if we are unable to see every little moral nerve and muscle in our neighbors: there are in all of us remains of machinery which belongs to something baser, and is little or not at all put in movement. If we could see all the incipient thoughts and incipient feelings of even the best people, we should probably form a much less really just estimate of them than we do at present. It is not morally correct, any more than it is artistically correct, to see the microscopic and the hidden."

"I don't know about that," said Marcel. "But I know that, by the fatality of heredity on one hand, a human being contains within himself a number of different tendencies, all moulded, it is true, into one character, but existing none the less each in its special nature, ready to respond to its special stimulus from without; on the other hand, by the fatality of environment every human being is modified in many different ways: he is rammed into a place until he fits it, and absorbs fragments of all the other personalities with whom he is crushed together. So that there must be, in all of us, even in the most homogeneous, tendencies which, from not having met their appropriate stimulus, may be lying unsuspected at the very bottom of our nature, far below the level of consciousness; but which, on the approach of the specific stimulus, or merely on the occasion of any violent shaking of the whole nature, will suddenly come to the surface. Now it seems to me that such complications of main and minor characteristics, such complications inherited or induced, of half-perceived or dormant qualities, can be disentangled, made intelligible, when

the writer is speaking of himself, may be shown even unconsciously to himself; but they cannot be got at in a third person. Therefore I give infinitely less value to one of your writers with universal intuition and sympathy, writing of approximate realities neither himself nor yourself, than to one who like Emily Brontë simply shows us men, women, nature, passion, life, all seen through the medium of her own personality. It is this sense of coming really and absolutely in contact with a real soul which gives such a poignancy to a certain very small class of books—books, to my mind, the most precious we have—such as the *Memoirs of St. Augustine*, the '*Vita Nuova*,' the '*Confessions*' of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and '*Wuthering Heights*,' although an infinitely non-imaginative book, seems to me worthy to be ranked with these."

Dorothy Orme had been walking silently in front, her hat slung on her arm, her light curly hair flying in the wind, filling her arms with pale lilac heather; and seeming to the Frenchman a kind of outcome of the moor, an illustration of "*Wuthering Heights*;" something akin to Emily Brontë's heroine, nay, rather to Emily Brontë herself, as she existed for his imagination. She turned round as he spoke, and said, with a curious mixture of surprise, pain, and reproach:

"I am glad you put '*Wuthering Heights*' with the '*Vita Nuova*;' but how can you mention in the same breath those disgusting, degraded '*Confessions*' of Rousseau? I once tried to read them, and they made me feel sick."

Marcel looked at her with grave admiration. "*Mademoiselle*," he said, "the '*Confessions*' is not a book for you; a diseased soul like Jean-Jacques ought never to be obtruded upon your notice; you ought to read only things like '*Wuthering Heights*' and the '*Vita Nuova*,' just as you ought to walk on these moors, but not among the squalor and confusion of a big town; you fit into the one, and not into the other. But I put the '*Confessions*' by the side of these other books because they belong, in their deeply troubling way, as the '*Vita Nuova*' is in its perfect serenity, to that very small class of scarcely self-conscious revelations of personality

which may teach us what the novel should aim at."

Dorothy did not answer. This young man, with his keen appreciation, his delicate enthusiasm alike for purity and impurity, puzzled her and made her unhappy. She felt sure he was good himself, yet his notions were so very strange.

"At that rate," put in Mrs. Blake, "there is an end of the novel as a work of art, if we are to make it into a study of the mere psychology of a single individual. As it is, the perpetual preoccupation of psychology has pretty well got rid of all real interest of plot and incident, and is rapidly getting rid of all humor; a comic character like those of Dickens, and even those of Thackeray, will soon be out of the question. Did you read an extraordinarily suggestive article by Mr. Hillebrand, which appeared in the *Contemporary* last year, contrasting the modern novel with the old one? It was very one-sided, of course; but in many things wonderfully correct. I felt that he must condemn my novels along with the others, but I was pleased; it was as if Fielding's ghost had told us his opinion of modern novelists."

Dorothy Orme was not addicted to literary discussions; but the recollection of this article seemed suddenly to transform her.

"I read it," she cried eagerly; "I hated it. He was very angry with George Eliot because she had made the story of Dorothea and Casaubon tragic, instead of making it farcical, as I suppose Fielding or some such creature would have done; he would have liked some disgusting, ridiculous comedy of an old pedant, a sort of Don Bartolo, and a girl whom he bored and who made fun of him. Did he never ask himself whether the reality of a situation such as that of Dorothea and Casaubon would be more comic or tragic, whether we should be seeing things more as they really are, whether we should be entering more into the feelings of the people themselves, whether we should be placing ourselves more in the position to help, to diminish unhappiness, by laughing at Dorothea and Casaubon, or by crying at their story? I am sure we are far too apt to laugh at things already. I dare say that the sense of the ridicu-

lous is a very useful thing ; I dare say it helps to make the world more supportable ; but not when the sense of the ridiculous makes us see things as they are not, or as they are merely superficially ; when it makes us feel pleased and passive where we ought to be pained and active. People have a way of talking about the tendency which the wish for nobility and beauty has to make us see things in the wrong light ; but there is much more danger, surely, of that sort of falsification from our desire for the comic. There's Don Quixote—we have laughed at him quite long enough. I wish some one would write a book now about the reverse of Don Quixote, about a good and kind and helpful man who is made unjust, unkind, and useless by his habit of seeking for the ridiculous, by his habit of seeing windmills where there are real giants, and coarse peasants where there are really princesses. The history of that man, absurd though it may seem as a whole, would yet be, in its part, the history of some little bit of the life of all of us ; a bit which might be amusing enough to novelists of the old school, but is sad enough, I think, in all conscience, when we look back upon it in ourselves."

Marcel looked up. To him the weirdest and most exotic flowers of this moral and intellectual Japan called England were its young women, wonderful it seemed to him in delicacy, in brilliancy of color, in *bizarre* outline, in imaginatively stimulating and yet reviving perfume ; and ever since he had met her a few days ago, this cousin of his old friend Baldwin, this Dorothy Orme, painter, sculptor, philanthropist, and mystic, with the sea-blue eyes, and the light hair that seemed always caught up by the breeze, this creature at once so mature and so immature, so full of enthusiasm, so unconscious of passion, so boldly conversant with evil in the abstract, so pathetically ignorant of evil in the concrete, had appeared to him as almost the strangest of all these strange English girls who fascinated him as a poet and a critic.

Baldwin had affectionately taken his cousin's arm and passed it through his own.

"You are quite right, Dorothy," he said ; "you have put into words what

I myself felt while reading that paper ; but then, you know, unfortunately, as one grows older—and I am a good bit older than you—one is apt to let oneself drift into looking at people only from the comic side ; it is so much easier, and saves one such a deal of useless pain and rage. But you are quite right all the same. A substitution of psychological sympathetic interest for the comic interest of former days has certainly taken place in the novel ; and is taking place more and more every day. But I don't think, with Mrs. Blake and Hillebrand, that this is at all a matter for lamentation. Few things strike me more in old fiction, especially if we go back a century, than the curious callousness which many of its incidents reveal ; a callousness not merely to many impressions of disgust and shame, which to the modern mind would counterbalance the pleasure of mere droll contrast, as is so constantly the case in Rabelais (where we can't laugh because we have to hold our nose), but also to impressions of actual pain at the pain, moral or physical, endured by the person at whom we are laughing ; of indignation at the baseness or cruelty of those through whose agency that comic person is made comic. After all, a great deal of what people are pleased to call the healthy sense of fun of former days is merely the sense of fun of the boy who pours a glass of water down his companion's back, of the young brutes who worry an honest woman in the street, of the ragamuffins who tie a saucepan to a cat's tail and hunt it along. Sometimes it is even more deliberately wanton and cruel ; it is the spiritual equivalent of the cock-fighting and bull-baiting, of the amusement at what Michelet reckons among the three great jokes of the Middle Ages : 'La grimace du pendu.' It is possible that we may at some future period be in danger of becoming too serious, too sympathizing, of losing our animal spirits ; but I don't see any such danger in the present. And I do see that it is a gain, not only in our souls, but in the actual influence on the amount of good and bad in the world, that certain things which amused our ancestors, the grimace of the dupe, of the betrayed husband, of the kicked servant, should no longer amuse, but merely make us

sorry or indignant. Let us laugh by all means, but not when others are crying."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Marcel. "What people call the comic is a lower form of art; legitimate, but only in so far as it does not interfere with the higher. Complete beauty in sculpture, in painting, and in music has never been compatible with the laughable, and I think it will prove to be the same in fiction. To begin with, all great art carries with it a poignancy which is incompatible with the desire to laugh."

"The French have strangely changed," exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "It is difficult to imagine that you belong to the country which produced Rabelais, and Molière, and Voltaire, Monsieur Marcel."

Marcel sighed. "I know it is," he said; "it is sad, perhaps, as it is always sad to see that one is no longer a child, but a man. Our childhood, at least as artists, is over; we have lost our laughter, our pleasure in romping. But we can understand and feel; we are men."

Mrs. Blake looked shrewdly at the young man. "It seems to me that they were men also, those of the past," she answered. "They laughed; but they also suffered, and hoped, and hated; and the laugh seemed to fit in with the rest. Your modern French literature seems to me no longer French: it all somehow comes out of Rousseau. Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Baudelaire, all that comes out of those 'Confessions' which you choose to place by the side of the 'Vita Nuova.' And as Rousseau, who certainly was not a true Frenchman, has never seemed to be a genuine man either, but a sickly, morbid piece of half-developed precocity, so I cannot admit that the present phase of French literature represents manhood as opposed to the French literature of the past. Had there remained in France more of the old power of laughter, we should not have had your Zolas and Baudelaires, or rather the genius of your Zolas and Baudelaires would have been healthy and useful. Don't wish to lose that laugh of yours, Monsieur Marcel; our moral health here, in England, where evil is brutish, depends upon seriousness; yours, in France, where

evil immediately becomes intellectual, depends upon laughter. I am an old woman, so you must not be offended with me."

"There is a deal of truth in what you say," said Baldwin. "The time will come, I am sure, when Frenchmen will look back upon the literature of the last twenty-five years, not as a product of maturity, but rather as a symptom of a particular sort of humorless morbidness which is one of the unbeautiful phases of growth."

Marcel shook his head. "You are merely falling foul of a new form of art because it does not answer to the critical standards which you have deduced from an old one. The art which deals with human emotions real and really appreciated is a growth of our century, and mainly a growth of my country; and you are criticising it from the standpoint of a quite different art, which made use of only an approximation to psychological reality, for the sake of a tragic or comic effect; it is as if you criticised a landscape by Corot, where beauty is extracted out of the quality of the light, of the soil, and the dampness or dryness of the air, without a thought of the human figure, because it is not like the little bits of conventional landscape which Titian used to complete the scheme of his groups of Saints or Nymphs. Shakespeare and Cervantes are legitimate; but we moderns are legitimate also: they sought for artistic effects new in their day; we seek for artistic effects new in ours."

Baldwin was twisting a long brown rush between his fingers meditatively, looking straight before him upon the endless, grey and purple, thundercloud-colored undulations of heather.

"I think," he said, "that you imagine you are seeking new artistic effects; but I think, also, that you are mistaken, simply because I feel daily more persuaded that artistic aims are only partially compatible with psychological aims, and that the more the novel becomes psychological the less also will it become artistic. The aim of art, of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, is, if we put aside the mere display of technical skill, which, as a rule, appears only to the technically initiated—the aim of art is the production of

something which shall give us the particular kind of pleasure associated with the word *beautiful*, pleasure given to our æsthetic faculties, which have a mode of action and necessities as special and as impossible to translate into the mode of action and necessities of our logical and animal faculties as it is impossible to translate the impressions of sight into the impressions of hearing. All art addresses itself, however unconsciously and however much hampered by extraneous necessities, to a desire belonging to these æsthetic faculties, to a desire for the beautiful. Now, to postulate such a predominant desire for the beautiful in a literary work dealing exclusively with human emotion and action seems to me utterly absurd. First, because mere beauty, the thing which gives us the specific æsthetic impression, exists, I believe, in its absolute reality only in the domain of the senses and of the sensuous impressions recalled and reconstructed by the intellect; and because I believe that it is merely by analogy, and because we perceive that such a pleasure is neither unreasoning and animal nor intellectual and utilitarian, that we apply to pleasing moral impressions the adjective beautiful. The beautiful, therefore, according to my view, can exist in literature only inasmuch as literature reproduces and reconstructs certain sensuous impressions which we name beautiful, or as it deals with such moral effects as give us an unmixed, direct unutilitarian pleasure analogous to that produced by these sensuous impressions of beauty. Now, human character, emotion, and action not merely present us with a host of impressions which, applying an æsthetical word to moral phenomena, are more or less ugly; but, by the very fatality of things, nearly always require for the production of what we call moral beauty a certain proportion of moral ugliness to make it visible. It is not so in art. A dark background, necessary to throw a figure into full light, is as much part of the beautiful whole as the figure in the light; whereas moral beauty—namely, virtue—can scarcely be conceived as existing, except in a passive and almost invisible condition, unless it be brought out by struggle with vice; so that we can't get rid of ugliness in this depart-

ment. On the other hand, while the desire for beauty can never be paramount in a work dealing with human character and emotion, at least in anything like the sense in which it is paramount in a work dealing with lines, colors, or sounds; there are connected with this work, dealing with human character and emotion, desires special to itself, independent of, and usually hostile to, the desire of beauty—such desires as those for psychological truth and for dramatic excitement. You may say that these are themselves, inasmuch as they are desires without any proximate practical object, artistic; and that, in this sense, every work that caters for them is subject to artistic necessities. So far you may call them artistic, if you like; but then we must call artistic also every other non-practical desire of our nature; the desire which is gratified by a piece of scientific information, divested of all practical value, will also be artistic, and the man who presents an abstract logical argument in the best order, so that the unimportant be always subordinate to the important, will have to be called an artist. The satisfaction we have in following the workings of a character, when these workings do not awaken sympathy or aversion, is as purely scientific as the satisfaction in following a mathematical demonstration or a physiological experiment; and when these workings of character do awaken sympathy or aversion, this sympathy or aversion is a moral emotion, to which we can apply the æsthetical terms 'beautiful' and 'ugly' only by a metaphor, only in the same way that we apply adjectives of temperature to character, or adjectives belonging to music to qualities of painting. The beautiful, as such, has a far smaller share in the poem, novel, or the drama than in painting, sculpture, or music; and, what is more, the ugly has an immeasurably larger one, both in the actual sense of physical ugliness and in the metaphorical sense of moral deformity. I wonder how much of the desire which makes a painter seek for a peculiar scheme of color, or a peculiar arrangement of hands, enters into the production of such characters as Regan and Goneril and Cousine Bette and Emma Bovary; into the production of the Pension Vauquar dining-

room and the Dissenting chapel in Browning's 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day'? To compare a man who works with such materials, who, every now and then at least, carefully elaborates descriptions of hideous places and odious people, with an artist like Corot, seeking for absolute loveliness in those less showy effects which previous painters have neglected, is simply an absurdity. The arts which deal with man and his passions, and especially the novel, which does so far more exclusively and completely than poetry or the drama, are, compared with painting, or sculpture, or architecture, or music, only half-arts. They can scarcely attain unmixed, absolute beauty; and they are perpetually obliged to deal with unmixed, absolute ugliness."

There was a moment's silence.

"I can't make out our friend Baldwin," said Mrs. Blake; "he is too strangely compounded of a scientific thinker, a moralist, and an æsthete; and each of the three component parts is always starting up when you expect one of the others. Yesterday he was descanting on the sublime superiority of literature over art; now he suddenly tells us that, compared with art, literature is an ugly hybrid."

Dorothy Orme had been listening attentively, and her face wore an expression of vague pain and perplexity.

"I can't understand," she said. "What you say seems dreadfully true; it is what I have often vaguely felt, and what has made me wretched. Human nature does not seem to give one that complete, perfect satisfaction which we get from physical beauty; it is always mixed up, or in conflict with, something that gives pain. And yet one feels, one knows, that it is something much higher and nobler than mere combinations of lines, or sounds, or colors. Oh, why should art that deals with these things be the only real, the only thoroughly perfect art? Why should art that deals with human beings be a mistake? Don't you feel that there is something very wrong and very humiliating in such an admission?—in the admission that an artist is less well employed in showing us real men and women than in showing us a certain amount of heather and cloud and rock like that?"

And Dorothy pointed to the moor which spread, with immediately beneath them a sudden dip, a deep pool of rough, spray-like, blackish-purple heather round half-buried fragments of black rock, for what might be yards or miles or scores of miles; not a house, not a tree, not a track, nothing but the tufts of black and lilac heather and wind-bent rushes being there by which to measure the chain of moors: a sort of second sky, folds and folds and rolls and rolls of grey and purple and black-splashed cloud, swelling out and going in, beneath the folds and folds and rolls and rolls of the real sky, black-splashed, purple and grey, into which the moorland melted, with scarcely a line of division, on the low horizon.

"I make no such admission, my dear Dorothy," answered Baldwin. "Nay, I think that the artist who shows us real men and women in their emotion and action is a far more important person than the artist who shows us trees and skies, and clouds and rocks; although the one may always give us beauty, and the other may often give us ugliness. I was saying just now that the art dealing with human character and emotion is only half an art, that it cannot fulfil the complete æsthetic purpose of the other arts, and cannot be judged entirely by their standard; but while fiction—let us say at once, the novel—falls short of absolute achievement on one side, it is able to achieve much more, something quite unknown to the rest of the arts, on the other; and while it evades some of the laws of the merely æsthetic, it becomes liable to another set of necessities, the necessities of ethics. The novel has less value in art, but more importance in life. Let me explain my idea. We have seen that there enter into the novel a proportion of interests which are not artistic, interests which are emotional and scientific; desire for the excitement of sympathy and aversion, and desire for the comprehension of psychological problems. Now one of the main differences between these emotional and scientific interests and the merely æsthetic ones is, I think, that the experience accumulated, the sensitiveness increased, by æsthetic stimulation serves merely (except we go hunting for most remote consequences) to fit us for the reception

of more æsthetic experiences, for the putting out of more æsthetic sensitiveness, familiarity with beauty training us only for further familiarity with beauty ; whereas, on the contrary, our emotional and scientific experiences obtained from art, however distant all practical object may have been while obtaining them, mingle with other emotional and scientific experiences obtained, with no desire of pleasure, in the course of events ; and thus become part of our *viaticum* for life. Emotional and scientific art, or rather emotional and scientific play (for I don't see why the word art should always be used when we do a thing merely to gratify our higher faculties without practical purposes), trains us to feel and comprehend—that is to say, to live. It trains us well or ill ; and, the thing done as mere play becoming thus connected with practical matters, it is evident that it must submit to the exigencies of practical matters. From this passive acquiescence in the interests of our lives to an active influence therein is but one step ; for the mere play desires receive a strange additional strength from the half-conscious sense that the play has practical results : it is the difference, in point of excitement, between gambling with markers and gambling with money. There is a kind of literature, both in verse and in prose, in which the human figure is but a mere accessory—a doll on which to arrange beautiful brocades and ornaments. But wherever the human figure becomes the central interest, there literature begins to diverge from art ; other interests, foreign to those of art, conflicting with the desire for beauty, arise ; and these interests, psychological and sympathetic, in mankind, create new powers and necessities. Hence, I say, that although the novel, for instance, is not as artistically valuable as painting, or sculpture, or music, it is practically more important and more noble."

"It is extraordinary," mused Marcel, "how æsthetical questions invariably end in ethical ones when treated by English people : and yet in practice you have given the world as great an artistic literature as any other nation, perhaps even greater."

"I think," answered Mrs. Blake, who was always sceptical even when she

assented, and who represented that portion of reasoning mankind which carries a belief in spontaneous action to the length of disbelief in all action at all—"I think that, like most speculative thinkers, our friend Baldwin always exaggerates the practical result of everything."

They had turned, after a last look at the grey and purple and blackish undulations of the moors, and were slowly walking back over the matted sere grass and the stiff short heather in the direction of Haworth ; the apparently continuous table-land beginning to divide once more, the tops of the green pasture-slopes to reappear, the valleys separating hill from hill to become apparent ; and a greyness, different from the greyness of the sky, to tell, on one side, of the neighborhood down below, of grimy, smoky manufacturing towns and villages, from which, in one's fancy, these wild, uncultivated, uninhabited hill-top solitudes seemed separated by hundreds of miles.

"I don't think I exaggerate the practical effects in this case," answered Baldwin. "When we think of the difference in what I must call secular, as distinguished from religious, inner life, between ourselves and our ancestors of two or three centuries, nay, of only one century, ago, the question must come to us : Whence this difference ? Social differences, due to political and economical ones, will explain a great deal ; but they will not explain all. Much is a question of mere development. Nothing external has altered, only time has passed. Now what has developed in us such a number and variety of moral notes which did not exist in the gamut of our fathers ? What has enabled us to follow consonances and dissonances for which their moral ear was still too coarse ? Development ? Doubtless ; just as development has enabled us to execute, nay, to hear, music which would have escaped the comprehension of the men of former days. But what is development ? A mere word, a mere shibboleth, unless we attach to it the conception of a succession of acts which have constituted or produced the change. Now, what, in a case such as this, is that succession of acts ? We have little by little become conscious of new har-

monies and dissonances, have felt new feelings. But whence came those new harmonies and dissonances, those new feelings? Out of their predecessors: the power of to-day's perception arising out of the fact of yesterday's. But what are such perceptions; and would mere real life suffice to give them? I doubt it. In real life there would be mere dumb, inarticulate, unconscious feeling, at least for the immense majority of humanity, if certain specially gifted individuals did not pick out, isolate, those feelings of real life, show them to us in an ideal condition where they have a merely intellectual value, where we could assimilate them into our conscious ideas. This is done by the moralist, by the preacher, by the poet, by the dramatist; people who have taught mankind to see the broad channels along which its feelings move, who have dug those channels. But in all those things, those finer details of feeling which separate us from the people of the time of Elizabeth, nay, from the people of the time of Fielding, who have been those that have discovered, made familiar, placed within the reach of the immense majority, subtleties of feeling barely known to the minority some hundred years before? The novelists, I think. They have, by playing upon our emotions, immensely increased the sensitiveness, the richness, of this living keyboard; even as a singing-master, by playing on his pupil's throat, increases the number of the musical intervals which he can intone."

"I ask you," went on Baldwin, after a minute, "do you think that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers would have been able to understand such situations as those of Dorothea and Casaubon, of the husband and wife in Howells' 'Modern Instance,' as that of the young widow in a novel which I think we must all have read a couple of years ago, Lucas Malet's 'Mrs. Lorimer'? Such situations may have existed, but their very heroes and heroines must have been unconscious of them. I ask you again, Mrs. Blake—for you know the book—could you conceive a modern girl of eighteen, pure and charming and loving, as Fielding represents his Sophia Western, learning the connection between her lover and a creature like Molly Seagrim, without becoming quite

morally ill at the discovery? But in the eighteenth century a nice girl had not the feelings, the ideal of repugnances, of a nice girl of our day. In the face of such things it is absurd to pretend, as some people do, that the feelings of mankind and womankind are always the same. Well, to return to my argument. Believing, as I do, in the power of directing human feeling into certain channels rather than into certain others; believing, especially, in the power of reiteration of emotion in constituting our emotional selves, in digging by a constant drop, drop, such moral channels as have already been traced; I must necessarily also believe that the modern human being has been largely fashioned, in all his more delicate peculiarities, by those who have written about him; and most of all, therefore, by the novelist. I believe that were the majority of us, educated and sensitive men and women, able to analyze what we consider our almost inborn, nay, automatic, views of life, character, and feeling; that could we scientifically assign its origin to each and trace its modifications; I believe that, were this possible, we should find that a good third of what we take to be instinctive knowledge, or knowledge vaguely acquired from personal experience, is really obtained from the novels which we or our friends have read."

II.

"I am sorry that Miss Dorothy should have been reading 'Une Vie,'" said Marcel, as he sat next morning after breakfast in the country house near the big black Yorkshire city; "the book is perhaps the finest novel that any of our younger Frenchmen have produced, and I wish I, instead of Maupassant, were its author. But I shrink from the thought of the impression which it must have made upon this young girl, so frank and fearless, but at the same time so pure and sensitive. I am very sorry it should have fallen into her hands."

"I have no doubt that my cousin felt very sick after reading it," said Baldwin coldly; "but I think that if there is any one who might read such a book without worse result than mere temporary disgust, it is exactly Dorothy. What I feel sorry about is, not that an English girl should read the book, but that a

Frenchman, or rather the majority of the French people, could write it."

Marcel looked surprised. "The book is a painful one," he said; "there is something very horrible, more than merely tragic, in the discovery, by a pure and ideal-minded woman, brought up in happy ignorance, of the brutish realities of life. But I cannot understand how you, Baldwin, who are above the Pharisaism of your nation, and who lay so much—so far too great (I think)—weight upon the ethical importance of the novel, can say that '*Une Vie*' is a book that should not have been written. We have, I admit, a class of novel which panders to the worst instincts of the public; and we have also, and I think legitimately, a class of novel which, leaving all practical and moral questions aside, treats life as merely so much artistic material. But '*Une Vie*' belongs to neither of these classes. There is, in this novel, a distinct moral purpose; the author feels a duty——"

"I deny it," cried Mrs. Blake, hotly; "the sense of duty in handling indecent things can never lead to their being handled like this; the surgeon washes his hands; and this Guy de Maupassant, nay, rather this French nation, goes through no similar ablution. The man thinks he is obeying his conscience; in reality he is merely obeying his appetite for nastiness and his desire to outdo some other man who has raised the curtain where people have hitherto drawn it."

"Pardon me," answered Marcel, "you seem to me guilty of inconsistency; Baldwin to his theories of the ethical importance of novels; you, Mrs. Blake, to the notions which all English people have about the enlightenment of unmarried women on subjects from which we French most rigorously exclude them. Looking at the question from your own standpoint, you ought to see that such a sickening and degrading revelation as that to which Maupassant's heroine is subjected, is due to that very ignorance of all the realities of married life in which our girls are brought up, and which you consider so immoral. This being the case, what right have you to object to a book which removes that sort of ignorance that turns a wom-

an into a victim, and often into a morally degraded victim?"

"My dear Monsieur Marcel," said Mrs. Blake, "I quite see your argument. I do consider the system of education of your French girls as abominably immoral, since they are brought up in an ignorance which would never be tolerated in entering upon the most trifling contract, and which is downright sinful in entering upon the most terribly binding contract of all. But I say that a woman should get rid of such ignorance gradually, insensibly; in such a manner that she should possess the knowledge without, if I may say so, its ever possessing her, coming upon her in a rush, filling her imagination and emotion, dragging her down by its weight; she ought certainly not to learn it from a book like this, where the sudden, complete, loathsome revelation would be more degrading than the actual degradation in the reality, because addressed merely to the mind. Hence such a book is more than useless, it is absolutely harmful: a blow, a draught of filthy poison, to the ignorant woman who requires enlightenment; and as to the woman who is not ignorant, who understands such things from experience or from the vicarious experience gleaned throughout years from others and from books, she cannot profit by being presented, in a concentrated, imaginative, emotional form, these facts which she has already learned without any such disgusting concentration of effect. Believe me, respectable, Pharisaic mankind knows what it is about when it taboos such subjects from novels; it may not intellectually understand, but it instinctively guesses, the enervating effect of doubling by the imagination things which exist but too plentifully in reality."

"I perfectly agree with Mrs. Blake," said Baldwin. "We English are inclined to listen to no such pleas as might be presented for '*Une Vie*,' and to kick the man who writes a book like this downstairs without more ado; but I regret that, while the instinct which should impel such summary treatment would be perfectly correct, it should with most of my country-people be a mere vague, confused instinct, so that they would be quite unable to answer

(except by another kick) the arguments which moral men who write immoral books might urge in defence."

"But why should you wish to kick a man because he does not conceal the truth?" argued Marcel. "Why should that be a sin in an artist which is a virtue in a man of science? Why should you fall foul of a book on account of the baseness of the world which it truthfully reflects? Is not life largely compounded of filthiness and injustice? is it not hopelessly confused and aimless? Does life present us with a lesson, a moral tendency, a moral mood? And if life does not, why should fiction?"

"Because," answered Baldwin, "fiction *is* fiction. Because fiction can manipulate things as they are not manipulated by reality; because fiction addresses faculties which expect, require, a final summing up, a moral, a lesson, a something which will be treasured up, however unconsciously, as a generalization. Life does not appeal to us in the same way, at the same moment, in the same moods, as does literature; less so even than science appeals to us in the same way as art (and yet we should be shocked to hear from a poet what would not shock us from a doctor). We are conscious of life in the very act of living—that is to say, conscious of it in the somewhat confused way in which we are conscious of things going on outside us while other things are going on inside us; conscious by fits and starts, with mind and feelings, not tense, but slack; with attention constantly diverted elsewhere; conscious, as it were, on a full stomach. The things which are washed on to our consciousness, floating on the stream, by the one wave, are washed off again by another wave. It is quite otherwise with literature. We receive its impressions on what, in the intellectual order, corresponds to an empty stomach. We are thinking and feeling about nothing else; we are tense, prepared for receiving and retaining impressions; the faculties concerned therein, and which are continually going off to sleep in reality, are broad awake, on the alert. We are, however unconsciously, prepared to learn a lesson, to be put into a mood, and that lesson learnt will become, remember, a portion of the principles by which we steer our life, that

induced mood will become a mood more easily induced among those in which we shall really have to act. Hence we have no right to present to the intellect, which by its nature expects essences, types, lessons, generalizations—we have no right to present to the intellect exceptional things which it graves into itself, a casual bit of unarranged, unstudied reality, which is not any of these things; which is only reality, and which ought to have reality's destructibility and fleetingness; a thing which the intellect, the imagination, the imaginative emotions, accept, as they must accept all things belonging to their domain, as the essential, the selected, the thing to be preserved and revived. Hence, also, the immorality, to me, of presenting a piece of mere beastly reality as so much fiction, without demonstrating the proposition which it goes to prove or suggesting the reprobation which it ought to provoke. Still greater, therefore, is the immorality of giving this special value, this durability, this property of haunting the imagination, of determining the judgment, this essentially intellectual (whether imaginative or emotional) weight to things which, in reality, take place below the sphere of the intellect and the intellectual emotions, as, for instance, a man like Rabelais gives an intellectual value, which means obscenity, to acts which in the reality do not tarnish the mind, simply because they don't come in contact with it. In fact, my views may be summed up in one sentence, which is this: Commit to the intellect, which is that which registers, re-arranges, and develops, only such things as we may profit by having registered, re-arranged, and developed."

Dorothy had entered the room, and presently she and Marcel were strolling out on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Blake and Baldwin to continue their discussion.

"What is the use of talking about such things with a Frenchman?" exclaimed Mrs. Blake. "I could scarcely refrain from laughing when I saw you gravely arguing about morality and immorality in novels with that young man, who would give one of his fingers to have written '*Une Vie*;' and who, after talking pessimistic idealism with Dorothy, and going on by the hour about the exotic frankness and purity,

and mixture of knowledge and innocence of English girls, probably shuts himself up in his room to write a novel the effect of which upon just such a girl he positively shrinks from thinking of, as the morbid, pining creature said about 'Une Vie.' Do you remember the preface to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse?' Rousseau declaring that if any modest girl read the book he had just written, she would be lost? That is how all the French are: they can neither understand that their books are sickening, nor that a decently constituted human being can recover after five minutes from the feeling of sickness which they inspire. It is impossible to argue with them on the subject."

"It is very difficult to argue with them on the subject," answered Baldwin, "but not so much for the reasons you allege. The difficulty which I experience in attacking the French novel to a Frenchman is, that I cannot honestly attack it in the name of the English novel; the paralyzing difficulty of being between two hostile parties which are both in the wrong. The French novel, by its particular system of selection and treatment of subject, by choosing the nasty sides of things and investing them with an artificial intellectual and emotional value, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character; the English novel, on the other hand, falsifies our views of life and enervates our character in a different way, by deliberately refusing to admit that things can have certain nasty sides, and by making us draw conclusions and pass judgments upon the supposition that no such nasty factors really enter into the arrangement of things. A girl, for instance, who has read only English novels has not merely got a most ridiculously partial idea of life, an idea which can be only of the most partial practical utility, but she has, moreover, from the fact of the disproportion between the immense amount of talk on some subjects and the absolute silence on others, acquired an actually false idea of life, which may become actually practically mischievous. I have taken the example of a girl, because men get to know but too easily the ugly sides of things and of themselves; and it has always struck me that there is something absolutely piteous, and which should

make an honest man feel quite guilty, in the fact of girls being fed exclusively upon a kind of literature which conduces to their taking the most important steps, nay, what is almost worse, which conduces to their forming the most important ideals and judgments and rules of conduct, in ignorance of the realities of life, or rather in a deluded condition about them."

Mrs. Blake looked at Baldwin with a air of whimsical compassion. "My dear friend," she said, "I am an old woman and an old novelist. When I was young I thought as you do, for, permit me to say, all that array of scientific argument seems to tend to prolonging people's youth most marvelously in some respects. You say that it is unjust that women should be permitted to form ideals and rules of conduct, that they should be allowed to make decisions, while laboring under partial and erroneous views of life. Is that not exactly what Marcel answered when you called 'Une Vie' a filthy book? What does that book do, if it does not enlighten the ignorance of which you complain?"

Baldwin shook his head. "You misunderstand me. I said to you just now that the English novel is pernicious because it permits people, or rather let us say women (for the ethics of novels are, after all, framed entirely for the benefit or detriment of women), to live on in the midst of a partial, and therefore falsified, notion of life. That has nothing to do with my strictures on 'Une Vie' or upon any other French novel whatsoever. I objected, in answer to Marcel, that a book like Maupassant's gave a false impression of life, because it presented as a literary work—that is to say, as something which we instinctively accept as a generalization, as a lesson—what is in truth a mere accidental, exceptional heaping up of revolting facts, as little like a generalization of life as a humpbacked dwarf is like a figure in a book of artistic anatomy; and I objected to it still more because, like nine out of ten French novels, it dragged the imagination over physical details with which the imagination has no legitimate connection, which can only enervate, soil, and corrupt it; because, as I said, it gave an intellectual value to

facts with which the intellect cannot deal with the very smallest profit in the world. I said just now that, in attacking the French novel, I felt the disadvantage of not being able to do so in the name of the English novel; at present the case is exactly reversed: I feel the difficulty of attacking the restrictions of the English novel, because the excesses of the French novel are staring me in the face. I assure you that one pays a price for the satisfaction of remaining independent between two rival systems of novel-writing, as one does for remaining independent between two rival political or religious parties: the price of being continually isolated and continually in antagonism; dragged, or rather pushed away, from side to side, sickened, insulted in one's own mind, told by oneself that one is narrow-minded and immoral by turns. I know that, if I wrote a novel, it would be laughed at as stuff for school-girls by my French and Italian friends, and howled down as unfit for family reading by my own country-people."

"Very likely," answered Mrs. Blake, "and it would serve you right for not having the courage to decide boldly between the timidity of the English and the shamelessness of the French."

"I do decide. I decide boldly that both are in the wrong. I cannot admit that a man should give his adherence to either party if he think each represents an excess. At that rate, it would be impossible ever to form a third party in whom justice should reside, and things would always go on swinging from one absurdity or one evil to the other. I see that you consider me already as a partisan of the French novel. Permit me to say that I would rather that the English novel were reduced to the condition of Sunday reading for girls of twelve than that such a novel as Maupassant's '*Une Vie*' or Gautier's '*Mademoiselle de Maupin*' should be written in this country. I tell you frankly that I can scarcely think of a dozen modern French novels in which I should not like to cut out whole passages, sometimes whole chapters, from Balzac to Daudet. Let me explain myself, and recapitulate what I consider the sins of the modern French novel. One of these, fortunately rare, but gaining ground every day, can be

dismissed at once: I mean the allusion to particular kinds of evil which are so exceptional and abnormal that any practical advantage derivable from knowledge of them must inevitably be utterly outweighed by the disadvantage of introducing into the mind vague and diseased suspicions. The other principal sins of modern French novelists are, to my mind, first: the presentation of remarkable evil without any comment on the part of the author, or without any presentation of remarkable good to counterbalance, by its moral and æsthetical stimulus, the enervating effect of familiarity with evil. The sight of evil is not merely necessary, if evil is to diminish; it is wholesome, if it awakens indignation: it is good for us to maintain our power of taking exception, of protesting, of hating; it is good for us, in moral matters, to have the instinct of battle. But this becomes impossible if evil is represented as the sole occupant of this earth: in that case we no longer have any one to fight for, and we run the risk of forgetting how to fight for ourselves. So much for the demoralizing effect of the pessimistic misrepresentation, or at all events the representation of an unfairly selected specimen of life. It distinctly diminishes our energies for good. The other, and I decidedly think even worse, great sin of French novelists is their habit of describing the physical sides of love, or of what people call love, whether it be socially legitimate or socially illegitimate. Such descriptions are absolutely unnecessary for the psychological completeness of their work, since, as I said to Marcel, they drag the mind and the intellectual emotions into regions below their cognizance, and cram them with impressions which they can never digest, which remain as a mere foul nuisance; besides, by stimulating instincts which require not stimulation, but repression, they entirely betray the mission of all intellectual work, which is to develop the higher sides of our nature at the expense of the lower. There is not a single description of this kind which might not most advantageously be struck out, and I could have gone on my knees to Flaubert to supplicate him to suppress whole passages and pages of '*Madame Bovary*,' which I consider a most moral and useful novel.

I don't think you yourself would be more rigorous in dealing with the French novel."

Mrs. Blake looked puzzled. "I confess I can't well conceive 'Madame Bovary' with those parts left out," she said, "nor do I clearly understand, since you are so uncompromising with the French novel, why in the world you cannot rest satisfied with the English one. You seem to me to be merely removing its limits in order to fence the French novel round with them. What do you want?"

"I want absolute liberty of selection and treatment of subjects to the exclusion of all abnormal suggestion, of all prurient description, and of all pessimistic misrepresentation. I want the English novelist to have the right of treating the social and moral sides of all relations in life, as distinguished from treating their physical sides. I want him to deal with all the situations in which a normal human soul, as distinguished from a human body, can find itself. I want, in short, that the man or woman who purports to show us life in a manner far more minute and far more realistic than the poet, should receive the same degree of liberty of action as the poet."

"As Swinburne in the first series of 'Poems and Ballads'?" asked Mrs. Blake, with a sneer.

Baldwin looked quite angry. "If people are irrational, is that my fault?" he exclaimed. "You know perfectly well that if I condemn Maupassant, and Daudet, and Zola, I condemn Swinburne, in the poems you allude to, a hundred times worse, because he has no possible moral intention to plead, because his abominations are purely artistic. The liberty which I ask for the English novelist is the liberty which is given to a poet like Browning, or Browning's wife—the liberty in the choice of subject which we would none of us deny to Shakespeare. Does the English public disapprove of 'The Ring and the Book,' of 'Aurora Leigh,' of the plot of 'Othello' or of 'Measure for Measure'? Well, ask yourself what the English public would say of a novelist who should treat 'Othello' or 'Measure for Measure,' who should venture upon writing 'Aurora Leigh' or 'The Ring and the Book,' in prose. Let us

look a moment at this last. You will not, I suppose, deny that it is one of the most magnificent and noble works of our day; to my mind, with the exception perhaps of the 'Misérables,' by far the most magnificent and the most noble. Now the plot of 'The Ring and the Book' is one which no English novelist would dare to handle; Mudie would simply refuse to circulate a novel the immense bulk of which consisted in the question, discussed and rediscussed by half-a-dozen persons: Has there been adultery between Pompilia and Caponsacchi? Has Guido Franceschini tried to push his wife into dishonor, or has he been dishonored by his wife? Ask yourself what would have been the fate of this book had it been written by an unknown man in prose. Every newspaper critic would have shrieked that the situation was intolerable, and that the mind of the reader had been dragged through an amount of evil suggestion which no height of sanctity in Pompilia or Caponsacchi could possibly compensate. I foresee your answer: you are going to rejoin that poetry addresses a select, a higher, more moral, more mature public than does the novel; that the poet, therefore, may say a great deal where the novelist must hold his tongue. Is it not so? Well, to this I can only answer (forgive me, for you are a novelist yourself) that I would rather never put pen to paper than be a novelist upon such terms. What, is a man or woman who feels and understands and represents, as strongly and keenly and clearly as any poet, to be thrust into an inferior category merely because he or she happens to write in prose instead of writing in verse? Is the novel, the one great literary form produced by our age, as the drama and the epic were produced by other ages, to appeal to a public of which we are to take for granted that it is so infinitely less mature, so infinitely less intelligent, and less clean-minded than the public of the poet? A public of half-grown boys or girls, too silly to understand the bearings of things; a public of depraved men and women, in whom every suggestion of evil will awake, not invigorating indignation, but a mere disgusting and dangerous response? Tell me: is the novelist to confess that he addresses a public too

foolish and too base to be addressed plainly ?'

Mrs. Blake did not answer for a minute. In her youth, while she had still believed in the nobility of mankind, she had written a novel which had been violently attacked as immoral; and ever since, in proportion as her opinion of men and women had become worse and worse, she had carefully avoided what she called "sailing too near the wind;" a woman, the morality, as people called it, of whose books was due to deep moral scepticism, in the same way that the decorum, the safety, of certain great cities is due to the State's acquiescence in the existence of shameful classes.

"That's all very fine," she answered, "in theory; but look at the practical result of letting novelists treat certain subjects in a pure-minded way; you have it in France. In order to prevent people getting to the thin ice, we must forbid their going on to the pond; we must fence it round and write up 'No trespassing allowed.' Believe me, were the English novelist permitted to write a 'Ring and the Book' or an 'Aurora Leigh' in prose, he would have written 'Une Vie' or 'Nana' before the year was out."

Baldwin shook his head. "You are entirely mistaken," he said; "these novels are not, could not be, the result of greater liberty being given to the English novel, for they are not the result of the liberty given to the French novelist. They are the result simply of the demoralization of France, and of all nations influenced by France, in certain matters: a demoralization due partly, perhaps, to a habit engrained in the race; partly, most certainly, to the abominable system of foreign female education and of foreign marriage; due, in short, to the fact of French civilization (and under the head of French I include Italian, Spanish, and Russian) being to a much greater extent a masculine civilization, made by men for men, and therefore without the element of chastity which women have elaborated throughout the centuries, and which only women can diffuse. The French may not be more licentious than the English; but they are less ashamed of licentiousness, or, rather, not ashamed of it at all; and when I say the French I mean the Latin

peoples and the Russians and Poles as well. If you had lived abroad as much as I have, you would know that the incidents which revolt us most in French novels are the incidents which are taken as matter of course in French-speaking countries, that the allusions and discussions which seem to us most intolerable are made freely wherever, out of the presence of unmarried women, French or Italian is spoken. No thoroughbred English person—at least, no thoroughbred Englishwoman—can have a conception of the perfect simplicity, the innocence of heart I might almost say, with which French and Italian and Russian women, absolutely virtuous in their conduct and even theoretically opposed to vice, bandy about suggestions, suspicions, accusations, which would make an Englishman's hair stand on end. There is, in what I may call the French world, a positive habit of putting nasty constructions upon things, which is as striking in its way as our English habit of always pretending that such a thing as vice cannot exist among our respectable neighbors, a perfect Philistinism—or even Pharisaism—of evil, as conventional as our Philistinism of good. The immorality of the French novel is simply the immorality of French society."

"And you think," asked Mrs. Blake, sceptically, "that English society is not sufficiently immoral to produce, if allowed to do so, a French novel? My poor Baldwin!"

"I think so, most certainly. And I think that if English society were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, the sooner it did so the better; for in that case our English novel would be almost the worst sign of our weakness and depravity—a white leprosy of hypocrisy and cowardice. If England were sufficiently immoral to produce a French novel, and restrained from so doing merely by conventional reasons, why the whole of our nation would simply be no better than a convent-bred young French girl of whom I heard lately, who was not permitted to go to a ball for fear of meeting young men, and who slipped out every night her mother was at a party, and took a solitary walk on the boulevards."

"Speaking of girls, there is your

cousin walking along the road with Marcel," interrupted Mrs. Blake. "I think, considering the sort of young ladies to whom, according to his novels, he is accustomed, it would be as well that we should accompany these representatives of a moral and an immoral civilization on their walk."

Baldwin laughed. "You are more French than Marcel himself!" he exclaimed.

Baldwin and Mrs. Blake had soon overtaken the two young people on the road which, leading to a patch of moor that had got enclosed among the pasture land, wound along the round hills, covered with grass and corn and park land, above the big manufacturing city, which lay, wrapped in grey fog, with its hundreds of chimneys smoking away, invisible in the valley. The morning was fine; one appeared to be walking in the sunshine, feeling it on one's back and accompanied by one's shadow; but this sunlit patch extended only a few paces around one, and moved on as one moved, leaving all the rest of the earth veiled in a dense and not at all luminous mist of blackish grey—of the grey in which there is no blue at all, but which seems like a mere dilution of black; the grey of coal-smoke, heavy all round, but perceptibly thickening and gaining blackness in one spot, where the hidden chimneys of the black city slowly poured their blackish-grey smoke-wreaths into the blackish-grey sky.

"Oh, how can you write about such women," Dorothy was saying to Marcel, "and write about them so quietly—look at them and paint them as if they were merely a curious effect of light, merely a strange sky like this one?"

"What else are they?" answered Marcel. "I mean, what else can they be to an artist or a psychologist? We cannot destroy such women because there are other women, like you, Miss Dorothy, who are all that they are not, any more than we can forbid this smoke, this fog, to exist because there are mornings full of light, and breeze, and freshness. We cannot prevent their existing, and cannot hide from ourselves that as this fog, this smoke, has beauties strange and eerie, which make it valuable to a painter; so also such women, weak,

perverse, heartless, destructive, have a value, a strange unhealthy charm for the imagination."

There was a brief silence; then Baldwin and Mrs. Blake heard Dorothy's voice, earnest and agitated, answering the languid voice of Marcel, as they walked on enveloped in the mist.

"No, no," she said; "you think that, because you have never felt what those women are, because it has never come home to you."

Marcel sighed. "I fear it has come home to me but too much, Miss Dorothy," he answered.

"That is not what I mean. You may have known women like that—I dare say you have—and still not have known all that their wickedness means. If you had you could not talk like that about skies and light and mist. I have known such a woman, known the full meaning of such a woman. I can't very well explain; my ideas are rather confused, you know; but I understand that I understood that woman's real meaning. I had a friend once; she was beautiful, and young, and noble, and she was dying; and her husband, instead of caring for her, cared for a woman such as you describe in your novel; the two betrayed and outraged her, and made her last years bitterness and ignominy. She is dead now, I am thankful. Last year I went to the play in Paris. They were giving one of those horrible, vulgar vaudevilles, full of half-dressed people, and horrid, hideous songs and jokes; it was all about a burlesque actress, a sort of apotheosis of her. There were lots of people in the theatre; and some one pointed out to me, in one of the boxes, the woman who had made my friend so unhappy. She was what people call a lady, quite young, beautifully dressed, with a beautiful, delicate face, and she was laughing and blushing a great deal behind her fan, and looking very happy. It was the first time that I had ever seen her, and I never expected to see her there. I could not take my eyes off her. I can't tell you how I felt: as if a precipice had suddenly opened before me. I shall never forget it. She seemed somehow to be the concentration of what was going on on the stage; the play seemed to be about her, the songs about her. She seemed to be framed, as it were,

beautiful and delicate though she was, in all that indecency and vulgarity, those hideous gestures, that frightful music, those disgusting jokes. And the play seemed to become terrible, tragic, as if some one were being killed somewhere. I don't know how to explain it. But ever since that evening I have understood what a bad woman is."

Dorothy's voice died away, hot and hoarse.

"Did you hear?" Baldwin whispered to Mrs. Blake. "Well; what my cousin has just been saying is a thing which an English novelist would not be allowed to say; he would not be allowed

to show us the bad woman in her box; and he would not be allowed, therefore, to show us what was passing in that girl's heart, all the rebellion of outraged love and respect, all that great and holy indignation. And yet, to have seen the contents of Dorothy's heart at that moment, braces our soul, does us more moral good than the sight of all the bad women in Christendom could do us harm; for it means that we have stood for a moment in the presence of the Lord, of the true God, whose name is Love and Indignation."—*Contemporary Review*.

A DARK PAGE IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

BY ANTONIO GALLENGA.

BETWEEN the years 1551 and 1612 there lived in Parma a lady of high rank and of rare beauty, whom fate, in the end, involved in a tragic catastrophe, on the records of which still hangs a terrible mystery.

This lady's names and titles were Barbara Sanseverino-Sanvitale, Countess of Sala and Marchioness of Colorno. She sprang from the Neapolitan princely House of Sanseverino, apparently a branch of the Princes of Salerno, one of those old Lombard feudal families which held sovereign sway in Southern Italy previous to the Norman settlements in the Two Sicilies. Owing to some matrimonial alliance with the royal House of Aragon, Barbara's ancestors were known as *Principi Sanseverino d'Aragona*.*

One of these ancestors, Barbara's great-grandfather, Count of Caiazzo, belonged, on the mother's side, to the well-known family of Francesco Sforza, a soldier of fortune, and son of that soldier of fortune who, according to the old legend, exchanged his woodman's axe for a trooper's sword, and with it carved for his descendants the way to the Duchy of Milan. Having borne arms with honor under these *condottieri*, Roberto San Severino was rewarded by

the Duke Francesco Sforza with the fief of Colorno, near Parma, in 1451.

Heiress of Colorno, and other large estates in the fourth generation, Barbara Sanseverino, at the age of fifteen, was married, in 1564, to Giberto Sanvitale, Count of Sala, the head of one of the greatest noble houses of Parma, a house still extant in our day, and further ennobled by its recent connection with the Imperial House of Austria, the father of the present head of the family, Count Luigi Sanvitale, having married the daughter of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, ex-Empress of the French, and Duchess of Parma.

Parma and Piacenza, in the age of Barbara's great-grandfather, were, and continued to the end of the fifteenth century, incorporated with the Duchy of Milan, but in 1512 Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere), profiting by the disorders of the League of Cambray, seized upon those two cities and their territories, and annexed them as dependencies of the State of the Church. Thirty years later another Pope, Paul III. (Farnese), erected Parma and Piacenza into a duchy, to be held as a fief of the Holy See, in favor of his natural son, Pier Luigi Farnese, whom he had previously created Duke of Castro, Nepi, and Camerino, raising him also to the rank of *Gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer of the Holy Church, a title which con-

* *Vita di Barbara Sanseverino*, p. 5, scritta dal Cav. Amadio Ronchini. Modena, 1853. 4°.

ferred upon him the command of the Pontifical army.

This Pier Luigi, a monster whose heinous crimes and loathsome vices almost exceeded those of that other Pope's son, Cesare Borgia, so utterly shocked and angered his subjects at Piacenza, that at the end of a two-years' reign, in 1547, he was removed from this world by a conspiracy of his nobles, who murdered him in his citadel, and flung down his dead body to the populace, by which it was barbarously mutilated and mangled.

Pier Luigi's son, Ottavio Farnese, was a better and more fortunate man. He had, under the influence of his grandfather, the Pope, married the natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V. (afterward the famous Margaret of Parma, who governed the Netherlands for her brother, Philip II. of Spain), and who was then widow of Alessandro de Medici, also a Pope's son.

Although Ottavio's imperial connection did not enable him to recover Piacenza, which, upon Pier Luigi's death, was claimed by the Emperor's lieutenant as a dependency of the Duchy of Milan, yet he, Ottavio, managed to make a good fight for Parma, and eventually—in consideration of the important services of his renowned son, the Prince of Parma, Alessandro Farnese, to King Philip II. of Spain—to win back also Piacenza, and to be recognized as sovereign Duke of Parma and Piacenza, under the suzerainty, no longer of the Church, but of the Duchy of Milan.

Ottavio's reign continued undisturbed to his death, in 1585. After him, in the absence of his son, Alessandro, always busy with his Netherland wars, the duchy was administered by the Duchess Margaret of Parma, his mother, or by Ranuzio, or Ranuccio, his son, as Regent. Upon the death of Alessandro, Ranuccio ascended the throne, which he occupied from 1592 to 1622.

All these particulars of the reigning House of Farnese are absolutely necessary to the understanding of the story of Barbara Sanseverino-Sanvitale.

Throughout the period of Ottavio's reign, 1547-1585, Barbara's life was tolerably free from the storms of adversity. On her father, Gian Francesco's, death, in 1570, and the extinction of the

other males of the Sanseverino line, the fief of Colorno, with other property, fell to her and her only sister Giulia. Giulia was married to Count Giovan Battista Borromeo, of Milan, with a competent dowry. Barbara was also, as we have said, married to Giberto Sanvitale, Count of Sala, a widower. By some pecuniary arrangements with her sister Giulia, and by the especial and constant favor to herself of Duke Ottavio (who, though he had quarrelled with her father, was supposed to be half in love with her), Barbara succeeded in concentrating all the feudal rights of her family on her son, Girolamo Sanvitale, with the usufruct for herself during her lifetime.

Barbara was barely fifteen when she married Giberto Sanvitale in 1564, and her step-daughter, Eleonora Sanvitale (soon after married to a Modenese nobleman, Giulio da Thiene, Count of Scandiano), was her constant companion. These two ladies had frequent occasions to travel, with or without their husbands; and wherever they appeared, their beauty, their talents, their manners, their style of dress, challenged the most enthusiastic admiration of the various Italian Courts, and became the theme of the effusions of their hundred bards. They were in Rome in 1572 when, upon the death of Pius V. (Ghislieri), and the election of his successor, Gregory XIII. (Buoncompagni), a swarm of princes, prelates, and diplomatists, with their brilliant retinues, had assembled; they revisited the Papal city during the Jubilee of 1575, and made a long stay at Ferrara in the following year. In the last-named place, where Tasso, Guarini, and other poets of minor note were either permanent or passing guests of Alfonso II. of Este, there arose a chorus of songsters exalting the matchless charms of Barbara and Eleonora: the former, now in the pride of her Juno-like beauty, and with an air of stately sadness, wherein seemed fixed the foreboding of her cruel fate; the latter, a Hebe in her prime, with a fair complexion and rosy lips, who was supposed to be one of the three Leonoras whose loveliness turned the too susceptible brain of the author of the *Gerusalemme* and *Aminta*.*

* "I have written two sonnets" Tasso

Those were comparatively quiet times for Italy, and her nobles, who had exhausted their energies and squandered their fortunes in the wars and intrigues which ultimately led to the enslavement of their country, were now doomed to inaction by the all-crushing ascendancy of Spain over their princes and people, and had sunk into an ignoble sloth and dejection, against which they had no other resource than the culture of letters and arts, and the encouragement of musical and theatrical talents. Barbara was no sooner in undisturbed possession of her ancestral estates at Colorno, than she established herself there, holding a little Court of her own, where she gathered crowds of people of high rank and distinction—not a few of them reigning princes—entertaining them with lavish hospitality, and enlivening them with a variety of academical reunions and scenic performances. Her husband, Giberto Sanvitale, who had been brought up to the Church, and had only married his first wife, Livia da Barbiano di Belgioioso, as a matter of duty, to ensure the continuance of his noble line after the death of his two brothers, was ill-matched with Barbara, so much younger than himself; he had a pious horror of all worldly pleasures, which unfitted him for her company, and lived in a kind of half-monastic retirement at his own castle of Sala. The estrangement between them went so far that Barbara, on the plea of some remote kinship between them, began an action against her husband, first for a legal separation, then for an actual divorce, or annulment of marriage—a suit which was still pending when Giberto departed this life at Sala, in 1575, leaving his wife free to follow her own inclinations at Colorno.

Giberto's son, Girolamo Sanvitale, was still a minor, eighteen years old, and, thanks to the good-will of the Duke Ottavio Farnese, and of his successor,

wrote to his friend Luca Scalabrino, "one for the Countess of Sala (Barbara), who wore her hair on the top of her head, like a crown; the other for her step-daughter (Eleonora), who has a pretty, slightly protruding nether lip, like an Austrian princess. These," he adds, "won me signal favors from the Duke."

The sonnets alluded to are, among others:—

Donna, per cui trionfa amore e regna;
Quel labbro che le rose han colorito;
Bell' Angioletto, or qual è bella imago.

Alessandro—to whom, though absent, Barbara appealed in all her difficulties—she was able to maintain her position as Marchioness of Colorno, even after her son had come of age, and up to the date of Ranuccio's accession to the ducal throne, in 1592.

Ranuccio Farnese, a man of gloomy, saturnine, suspicious and covetous disposition, was always haunted by the remembrance of the fate which his great-grandfather, Pier Luigi, had met at Piacenza forty-five years before, and by the consciousness of the hatred which his subjects, at least those of the noble rank, harbored against him. He was, also, a Lackland Prince; for when Pope Paul III. sent his son, Pier Luigi, to reign at Piacenza as Duke, he forgot to endow the crown with such free landed estates as should constitute its patrimony and maintain its lustre. Pier Luigi himself had not felt his destitution, because he merely reigned two years, during which, as a great dignitary of the State of the Church, he drew to the full extent of his wants on the Pontifical Treasury. His son, Ottavio, and his grandson, Alessandro, were often at war, and always in the service of some of the great Powers which were then ravaging Europe. They relied, therefore, on the subsidies, now of the Pope, now of France or Spain, and ultimately on the liberality of Charles V. and Philip II. to their daughter and sister, Margaret of Parma. They were consequently, even when at home, never hard up for their means of subsistence. But all these resources were at an end when the hero, Alessandro, died in harness in Flanders, as Generalissimo of Philip II. And Ranuccio, when he inherited the crown, at a time in which taxation had not yet been established on its present admirable system, found himself in the condition of a poor prince in contention with his wealthy feudal vassals.

That he should covet the estates of these vassals, and especially those of the Sanvitale, was extremely natural; for the lands of the county of Sala extended over a large track of low hills at the foot of the Apennines, eight miles to the south of Parma; while the estate of Colorno, raised to a Marquisate by Duke Ottavio, lay near the right bank of the Po, ten miles from the city, and

constituted for several miles the frontier of the Duchy against the territories of Mantua and Cremona, situated on the other—the left, or northern, bank of the great river. The lands of Colorno, on a deep alluvial soil, were among the most fertile districts of Northern Italy, and the income from that and other property enabled the Marchioness Barbara to keep up a style of living, the splendor of which enhanced by contrast the parsimony to which the Ducal Court, in the early years of Ranuccio, was necessarily reduced.

Between the Sanvitale and the Farnese—if we except the fancy with which Barbara's beauty had inspired Duke Ottavio—there had been no good blood at any time. The Sanvitale, who, throughout the period of the Middle Ages, had been among the most conspicuous patricians of the free city of Parma, acknowledging no equal among the local nobility, except the rival house of the Rossi di San Secondo, had deeply resented the intrusion of the Farnese—a family branded with incurable illegitimacy—as the head of their community. In the turmoil of the wars which laid waste the country during so many years of the sixteenth century, the Sanvitale had always been up in arms, now on one side, now on another, but ordinarily, and by choice, arrayed in opposition to the party favored by their Farnese Princes. Two of the brothers of Gilberto, Barbara's husband, Alfonso and Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale, had died in those wars—the latter named on the scaffold, for having attempted, or, indeed, only plotted, to open one of the city gates to the troops of the Emperor Charles V. and of the Pope Julius III. (Del Monte), both then leagued against Duke Ottavio as a partisan of France, and besieging him in his capital (1552). Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale was, indeed, a traitor to his *de facto* feudal lord; but he acted in the interest of his paramount sovereign, whether Parma might be considered a fief of Milan or of Rome; for neither Pope nor Emperor had yet recognized Ottavio, who was thus under the ban both of the Church and the Empire. Had Gian-Galeazzo Sanvitale been successful, he would have been proclaimed a good and faithful servant, and the traitor, rebel, and public enemy would

have been Duke Ottavio: so utterly confused in those unhappy days were all ideas of right and wrong!

But quieter times—piping times of peace—had now come, and the Italian nobles, however still treasonably inclined they might be, had greatly fallen from that activity which they had exhibited, fatally, to the extinction of their own nationality, and had but little energy left either for wars or conspiracies.

Ranuccio Farnese alone seemed still under the influence of mediæval ideas. He was a poor prince at the head of a small but rich state, and was determined to try how far he could help himself to his vassals' possessions, either by legal chicane or by high-handed confiscation. Already, before his accession to the throne, he made his first attempt to lay hold of the estate of Count Alberto Scotti di Gragnano, at Piacenza. This nobleman, having killed a townsman in 1591, had been condemned to death, and his property had been seized; but he made his escape to Rome, and represented his case to Pope Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini, to whose family Ranuccio's wife belonged), at whose intercession the Duke rescinded the decree about the confiscation of Scotti's property. Scotti, however, probably unwilling to trust himself to Ranuccio's tender mercies, deemed it expedient to prolong his residence abroad, whereupon the Duke issued an edict against absentees, "*De non extra habitando*," in virtue of which he again seized and confiscated the lands, not only of Scotti, but also of his wife, Sulpizia Landi (1603). Scotti again appealed to the Pope, and also referred his cause to the Jurist College of the University of Padua—the highest authority on legal subjects in Italy, from whom he obtained an opinion favorable to himself (1609). Ranuccio, however, endeavored, through his agent, Alessandro Anguissola, to have the Count arrested at Florence. Scotti escaped from his would-be kidnappers by flying to Rome; but on his journey there, he was waylaid and murdered at Ronciglione, January 15th, 1610. That his death was the deed of Ranuccio's emissaries it is not easy to doubt; for Italian princes seemed, in that age, to act on the maxim of Philip II. of Spain, who, as Motley shows, considered a sovereign's right

upon his subjects equally valid, whither-soever they might wander ; so that such of them as had incurred the sentence of death, if they escaped the hangman's rope at home, might still be fairly reached by the assassin's dagger abroad—an easier means of settling such matters than any devised since then by any international compact of extradition.

Having thus, by a first essay, devoured the substance of Scotti's family, Ranuccio seemed to feel that " appetite comes by eating," and, flying at higher game, his next attempts were aimed at Barbara, at that time an unprotected widow.

He had begun, even while he was only Regent, during the life of his father, Alessandro, by reviving the claims of the Diocese of Parma on Colorno, claims which had been put forward by the Bishops in the reign of Duke Ottavio, but set aside by that Prince. The same claims were now again insisted upon by the Bishop, Ferrante Farnese, a relative of Ranuccio, whose pretensions over other estates, fortunately, arrayed against him so many enemies, as soon made the diocese too hot for him, and drove him from it (1582).

That intrigue having failed, Ranuccio hit upon another. Girolamo Sanvitale, Barbara's son, was of age in 1588, and succeeded his father Giberto as Count of Sala, but showed at first no inclination to disturb his mother at Colorno, a fief of which Barbara, as usufructuary, continued to keep the administration in her own hands. She deemed this especially advisable as her son, a thoughtless youth, showed little aptitude to manage the paternal estates which had already been made over to him. But at Ranuccio's suggestion, Girolamo seemed to repent his forbearance, and he became troublesome to his mother, claiming his immediate right to rule at Colorno as well as at Sala ; as both estates, he contended, required the steady hand of a man.

The Duke, at the same time, was unwearied in his determination to drive the Marchioness from Colorno by throwing endless difficulties in the way of her government. Colorno, as we have seen, bordered upon Lombard territory across the Po, and especially on the Duchy of Mantua ; and Ranuccio, who looked upon every one of his neighboring po-

tentates as a personal enemy, was most chiefly on his guard against Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, now at the head of that princely family, one of whom, Ferrante Gonzaga, Governor of Milan for Charles V., had aided and abetted that conspiracy of nobles at Piacenza to which the first Farnese Duke, Pier Luigi, had fallen a victim in 1547. Between Duke Vincenzo of Mantua and Ranuccio of Parma a fresh cause of ill-blood had arisen, in 1581, when Vincenzo, having married Margaret, Ranuccio's sister, had repudiated her for reasons which never were put to the test of satisfactory medical inquiry ; when Ranuccio had to fetch the ill-wedded bride away from Mantua, and place her in the nunnery of St. Alessandro at Parma, where she died. A great fire which soon afterward broke out in the arsenal at Mantua, and caused the loss of valuable suits of armor and other treasures, heirlooms of the reigning family, was attributed to the vindictive treachery of the Farnese, and it was natural that Ranuccio should expect from his neighbor some return for the evil that this latter had received at his hands.

On the other hand, between Vincenzo of Mantua and Barbara of Colorno there had been friendship from earliest youth ; for Vincenzo, like most Italian princes, though a profligate, was an accomplished man—the friend of Tasso, though the alleged murderer of the admirable Crichton. He gave to letters and art all the time he could spare from lawful or unlawful pleasures, and he was among the most frequent visitors of sovereign rank who honored with their presence those academical, musical, and theatrical performances for which Barbara's court was renowned.

The incessant intercourse between the friends and dependants of the Mantuan Duke and those of the Marchioness of Colorno could not fail to give umbrage to the suspicious Ranuccio, who, like his great-grandfather, Pier Luigi, found fault with his vassals because they preferred the residence of their country homes, abandoning their town palaces, as well as the court of their liege lord, to cold and dreary solitude. For in Italy, as in other countries in the same disastrous circumstances, a social revolution

was observable in this respect. That same aristocracy which, in the early development of the free cities, had been forced or weaned from their feudal castles, soon gave in to the charms of a town life which offered a free scope to their energies, and opened their way to distinction and to civil and military ascendancy. But as soon as they became conscious of their inability to contend with rampant home and foreign despotism, they fell back upon themselves, and retired for many months, if not for the whole year, to their landed estates, seeking there as much obscure but safe independence as might still be found in rural privacy. This phenomenon reproduced itself in the various phases of Italian history, up to the great change in the destinies of that country which men of the present generation have witnessed.

Urged by this jealousy of Mantua, and nettled by the virtually independent though professedly submissive position of Barbara, Ranuccio was secretly plotting how he could narrowly and more narrowly besiege, and ultimately storm, the Marchioness in her feudal stronghold of Colorno.

Under pretence that the frontier of the Po required greater strength than a lady could wield, or her estate muster, he sent a band of his own troops as a ducal garrison to Colorno, who invaded Barbara's residence, exposing her and her household to the insolence of his commanding officer, who ill-used her peasantry, stirred up quarrels between the ill-disciplined soldiery and the Marchioness's own local militia, levied recruits amongst her peasantry, and by turns ill-treated them and prompted them to bring complaints of ill-treatment against her to the Sovereign. These vexations began in 1593, barely a twelvemonth after Ranuccio's assumption of power, and continued in spite of the repeated petitions and humble remonstrances of the aggrieved lady.

In the hope of putting an end to them, Barbara, who was now forty-five years old, and had been eleven years a widow, bethought herself of a second marriage, as the best means of procuring the aid of a trusty adviser and champion. She married, in January, 1596, Count Orazio Simonetta, a gentleman

sprung from a good Calabrian family, though perhaps hardly her equal in rank, or at least in wealth. It is rather amusing to hear how she alludes to the affair in a kind of apologetic letter to Cardinal Francesco Sforza, of Santa Fiora, in which she dwells on the motives by which her choice was actuated, stating that "what her circumstances required was a man free from all encumbrances, who could live with her and for her, devoting himself exclusively to her interests—a condition which could not be imposed on any one with a fortune equal to her own." She adds, with still greater *naïveté* (this happened probably in a leap year), that she herself put the question, explaining her position to the Count, and concluding, "Count, I want to marry;" upon which he answered, "Could I do for that?" when the lady said, "You must speak to the Duke." And thus the marriage was settled.*

The effect of Barbara's marriage undoubtedly was to remove many of the anxieties of her mind, especially with regard to her differences with the Count of Sala, her son, and the management of her vassals or tenants. But nothing could wear out the determination Duke Ranuccio had come to to gain possession of that frontier fief. Two years after Barbara's marriage—in 1598—the Duke came to an open attack upon Barbara, challenging her right of possession or occupation of Colorno, which was a male fief, and as such could not be allowed to fall into female hands (*tomber en quenouille*). That objection, however, had been overruled by Duke Ottavio's sovereign decrees, in 1565 and 1577, and had not been raised during the intervening time. A spoke was put into Ranuccio's wheel in this first instance by the Spanish Governor of Milan, Count Fuentes, who intimated to the Farnese that he should desist from the iniquitous suit. But Fuentes died in 1610, and Ranuccio again came to the charge, and renewed his demand with such energy as to shake the resolution, not of Barbara, but of her son, Girolamo Sanvitale, who conveyed to

* Io dissì, dolendomi, al Conte Horatio: Conte mi voglio maritare; al che mi rispose, se giudicava lui buono, mi si offeriva. Io li risposi: Chiedete licenza a S. A.; et così fu fatto.

the Duke his unwillingness to allow the matter to come into court, and only craved permission to take the opinion of expert jurists on the subject: whereupon Ranuccio referred the case not only to several lawyers of note throughout Italy, but also to the Legal College or Law Faculty of the University of Padua, at that time the greatest authority extant; the same that had given its opinion against Ranuccio in the affair of Count Alberto Scotti, in January, 1610, but who now (May 5, 1611), after a six months' debate, gave sentence in favor of the Duke, by a vote of 33 against 17, out of an assembly of 50 members.

It is greatly to the credit of that Lawyers' College that even a minority of nearly one-third should have had so much respect for their conscience as to spurn the wholesale bribe offered to all of them by Gian Giorgio Rossi, the agent despatched by Ranuccio to Padua as his solicitor; and one can understand the difficulty Rossi met with, after the trial, in pacifying the Duke, and reconciling him to a sentence which he had wished to be unanimous; for in the letter written to the Duke before the trial, Rossi had represented the College as a set in which every man had his price, and he now hinted that the result would have been more favorable had the supplies been ampler.*

Overjoyed by his dearly-bought victory, such as it was, Ranuccio proceeded with moderation, or caution, for he thought that he could now afford to be generous; and as Barbara's son, Girolamo, was not unwilling to accept the opinion of the Paduan College as decisive, and to submit to it, renouncing his hereditary rights on Colorno, the Duke volunteered to allow him, as compensation, the estate of Collecchio (formerly Church land, as Colorno also was), adjoining Girolamo's own fief of Sala—the Duke adding as much value in land and money as could indemnify the Sanvitale from all loss, and stipulating, besides, that the exchange should be put off till the demise of the usufructuary, Barbara, who was now in her sixtieth year.

Subsequent events may well raise a doubt whether either Ranuccio or Girolamo were really bent on concluding what might be considered no unfair bargain. But negotiations to that effect were carried on from June 1st, 1611, when an interview took place between those two at the Duke's residence, the Abbey of Fontevivo, to the end of that month—the mediator being Cardinal Francesco Sforza di Santa Fiora, a prelate who was often at Parma, and was on friendly terms with both parties—when the events which were to give the question a far different solution came to maturity.

These particulars are supplied mainly by the Cavaliere Amadio Ronchini, a writer who had free access to the town and State archives at Parma, and also to those of the Sanvitale family, and who produced very valuable unpublished documents in evidence of his statements. And it is remarkable that, though the dedication of the book to Count Luigi Sanvitale bears the date of August, 1858, one year before the fall of the Duchess Louise of Bourbon, Regent for her son, Roberto, and the annexation of Parma and Piacenza to the Italian kingdom under Victor Emmanuel II., the book itself was only published in 1863, and, even then, not at Parma, but at Modena, so great was the reluctance of the authorities to reveal the secrets of the awful tragedy which disgraced the reign of Ranuccio, even so many years after the extinction of the Farnese dynasty!

But to proceed with the narrative. The arrangement proposed by the Farnese, and agreed to by Sanvitale, was not acceptable to Girolamo's mother, Barbara, whose family lawyer's opinion differed from that of the Paduan lawdoctors, and it seemed even more decidedly objectionable to Girolamo's son, Gian Francesco, a youth barely twenty years old, and already married, who looked upon himself as the future head of the family, and the lawful heir both of his father and his grandmother, both of Sala and Colorno—and in that capacity was already known as "The Young Marquis" (*Il Marchesino*). This youth, hot-headed it may be presumed, and somewhat too freely outspoken, was suspected or accused, at all events arrested, upon the charge of harboring

* See Rossi's Letters to Ranuccio, May 10, 1611, in Ronchini's *Vita di Barbara Sanseverino*, pp. 39, 40, note.

hostile intentions to the State or the person of Ranuccio. His arrest led to that of many other persons, and henceforth the information we depend upon as to their guilt must be drawn from the report of the trial, and the account of the witnesses' depositions, or the prisoners' confessions.

The judge trusted by Ranuccio with the conduct of the case was the "nobile" Filiberto Piossasco, a Piedmontese, for many years in the Farneses' service, known as an able, though keen, ruthless Inquisitor.

The report of Piossasco is to the effect that there was "a wide-spread conspiracy, of which the leaders were Gian Francesco Sanvitale, the young Marquis of Sala; his father, Girolamo Sanvitale, with his wife Benedetta Pio, of the princely house of Carpi; Girolamo's mother, Barbara, with her second husband, Orazio Simonetta; and Alfonso Sanvitale, of the Fontanellato branch of the family. Their accomplices were Counts Alberto Canossa, of Reggio, and Pio Torelli, of Montechiarugolo, both in Duke Ranuccio's household; Counts Giambattista Masi, Girolamo da Correggio, and Teodoro Scotti, of Piacenza; besides three Marquises Malaspina, of Lunigiana, with several persons of lower rank."

The plot, according to the Judge's charge, was first projected by the Marchesino and his cousin Alfonso, and their design was to "take advantage of the baptism of Ranuccio's infant son, Alessandro, born September 5th, 1610, to murder in the baptismal church the Duke, the Duke's brother, Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, and Ottavio, the Duke's natural son." But, as the christening ceremony was being indefinitely put off, a new scheme was brought forward, "to attack and overpower the Duke at the Abbey of Fontevivo, where he resided for the benefit of his health, and where his guards were not sufficiently numerous to offer a very strenuous resistance."

In pursuit of these plans, the indictment continues, the conspirators "met in various places, in December, 1610, and in January and February, 1611, during the Carnival, once at a dinner at Girolamo's house, and again at Bar-

bara, his mother's, palace at Parma"—the precise dates being, however, nowhere forthcoming.

In the meanwhile, the Judge goes on, "a constant intercourse was kept up between the conspirators and Vincenzo of Mantua, the Prince of Mirandola, the Crown Prince of Modena, the Constable of Castile, Governor of Milan, and some great feudal lords of Lunigiana, all at heart enemies of the Farnese, all able and willing to further the murderous enterprise."

It might seem hardly credible that a plot to which so many persons of both sexes were privy, which reached so far, and had so many partisans and abettors abroad, should for any length of time elude the vigilance of a suspicious tyrant and an active police. Such had been, however, in the fifteenth century, and the early part of the sixteenth, the character of Italian conspiracies. Those by which Gian Maria Visconti, in 1412, and Galeazzo Maria Sforza, in 1475, were slain in Milan; that to which Giuliano de Medici succumbed, in 1478, in Florence; and others, were the deeds of men of noble blood, were perpetrated in churches, relied on the co-operation of numerous accomplices, and the support of powerful foreign auxiliaries. The blow which prostrated Pier Luigi Farnese, in 1547, was dealt by a hand backed by a hundred other hands, and it was struck with the connivance, if not of monarchs, at least of their most conspicuous agents; and Pier Luigi himself at the very time that his domestic enemies compassed his downfall, was, in that same year, 1547, diving deeply into that treasonable attempt against Andrea Doria, of Genoa, to which the great Admiral's nephew, Gianettino, fell a victim; supplying Fiesco with men and arms; and, in fact, doing to others what others were so soon to do to him. But after the final subjugation of Italy by the overwhelming power of Spain, under Philip II., the mania of the Italians for those wholesale plots had greatly abated; for all men of sense began to see that, for an enslaved people, political assassination only aggravated the evil it was intended to cure, and that, even if the dagger might strike down a native tyrant, it could not reach the distant foreign

despot of which all the Italian princes were by this time merely the satellites.

The conspiracy against Ranuccio Farnese—whether it was the contrivance of its alleged authors, or simply the invention of the Prince bent on their destruction—so wonderfully resembles in its particulars the attempts of former generations as to look like a mere piece of clumsy plagiarism; for the main plotters, we are told, were nobles, their accomplices were legion, their first scheme was to desecrate a place of worship by bloodshed; and there was hardly a court in the adjoining States to which they were not looking up for support and encouragement. Though the conspirators were so many, and though the threads must have been woven on or before September, 1610 (the date of the expected baptism of the infant prince), it was only nine months later, June, 1611, that the plot began to be suspected, and even then by the sheerest chance. It happened that Alfonso Sanvitale, an intimate friend of his cousin, the Marchesino, was said to be not on the very best terms with his wife, Silvia Visdomini, who was staying with her mother at a country house near Reggio. One evening, June 19th, 1611, these two ladies were shot at by some evil-doers, whose bullets wounded the younger lady and killed the elder. Suspicion immediately fell on Silvia's husband, who was arrested, June 10th, and brought before the ordinary criminal court. Several ruffians of low degree, as implicated in that affair, were subsequently apprehended; amongst others, one Onofrio Martani, of Spoleto, who was in the service of the Marchesino, in the capacity of a *bravo* (a hired swash-buckler), such as, in those evil times, even the most harmless gentlemen used to keep about their persons in self-defence. This man was at the head of a band of ruffians, some of whom were in the Duke's pay as soldiers, but on whose secret services Martani could always rely if he needed them. Some of these soldiers were also apprehended, June 14th, and it was surmised that their arrest was for *something graver* than the Reggio murder. Forthwith the case was taken from the hands of the ordinary magistrate, and placed in those of the Inquisitor, Piosasco, who, by the appli-

ance of the most fierce torments,* forced from Martani the avowal that the "something graver" was "the affair of the Duke." This was enough for Piosasco to determine the arrest of Martani's master, the Marchesino, June 14th, which enabled the Inquisitor to draw from him and from Alfonso, both of whom he racked most dreadfully,† such a circumstantial statement of the plot as led to the arrest of all the Sanvitale, and the other noblemen we have named, most of them connected by blood or marriage with the family. The prosecution went on thus with its tenebrous work, month after month, during the year 1611; and it was only on February 13th, 1612, that the last batch—Barbara, with her husband, Orazio Simonetta, her son Girolamo, and Benedetta Pio, Girolamo's wife—were also imprisoned.

It is remarkable, in the first place, that not one of these alleged conspirators should have attempted flight. For, even if innocent, they must have expected to be put to the rack, as they actually were—one of them, Teodoro Scotti,‡ dying under the infliction without making any avowals. Barbara, for one, who could have crossed over the Mantuan frontier in half an hour, allowed herself to be caught in her palace at Parma, though the prisons had been filling with her pretended accomplices for so many months.

It is also, in the second place, worth mentioning that Ranuccio, who was conscious of the great injury he was meditating, and had all but achieved, against the Sanvitale, by robbing them of Colorno, and had good reason to fear their vengeance, should have been so little startled by the first intimations he received of their suspected designs. For in an interview he had with the Marquis Giberto Pallavicino degli Oppii, on the 16th of June (*i.e.* two days after the first arrests), Ranuccio evinced, indeed, some uneasiness lest "that untoward affair of Colorno might become *the cause of some trouble*," insisting that "Colorno he must certainly have, but *great bitterness must come from it*"—yet, on that

* "Feroce tortura."—Ronchini, p. 47.

† "Orribilmente martoriati."—*Ibid.*, p. 49.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 74.

same day, he wrote to Bartolomeo Riva, his treasurer, a devoted servant and trusted adviser, who bade him be on his guard, leave Fontevivo, and come to Parma, that "he did not like to show fear, as he felt none," that "they (his supposed enemies) had neither head, nor sense, nor means, nor opportunity to hurt him; they had no support to look to, either at Milan or Rome, and they could gain nothing by an attempt upon his life, as there was his son, and his brother (to insure the succession), so that all they could get would be only the infamy of such a deed." That there was ill-will against him the Duke was aware; but he would "watch and wait," and, meanwhile, he would thank Riva to sound Cardinal Sforza, "who would be sure to know what was going on," bribing him with promises in his (the Duke's) name to "promote Sforzino" the (Cardinal's natural son) if he found that Prelate disposed to be communicative.*

All this the Duke wrote in June 1611, when he had that interview with Girolamo Sanvitale, with respect to the bargain about Colorno, with the mediation of that same Cardinal Francesco Sforza!

Barbara was arrested, February 13th, 1612, and taken to the prisons of the citadel (Castel nuovo), where, on the ensuing day, the Inquisitor Piossasco waited upon her, and began an interrogatory which was continued till the 17th, and which Ronchini † quotes *in ex tenso* from the Inquisitor's report.

Piossasco plied the lady with minute questions about all her acts and movements, about the persons of her acquaintance, about the rumors she had heard, but more explicitly about the character of her grandson, the Marchesino, about the meetings at her son Girolamo's house, and at her own palace at Parma, during the Carnival of 1611, in which, after dinner, the subject of the conspiracy was discussed among the very numerous guests; and again, about the intimacy of herself and family with the Court of Mantua, with whom there was incessant intercourse of visits and messages, especially through the intermediary of a Neapolitan lady, the Marchioness of Grana, a great friend of

Barbara, and who enjoyed the favor of the Vincenzo Gonzaga up to the end of that Duke's life and reign, on the 18th of that very month of February 1612.

Barbara answered all questions with great presence of mind, with apparent frankness, and to the best of her recollection. The promptness and directness with which she parried all cross-questions and suggestions nettled the judge, who, in more than one instance, left her brusquely, treated her harshly, insisted that she *must* remember; and even bade her flatly to "tell no lies."

Substantially, however, the lady avowed that the prospect of losing Colorno grieved her to her heart; that she had expressed her distress about it in the bosom of her family, and among intimate friends; that she had, through these friends, solicited the Court of Mantua, the Governor of Milan, and others, to uphold her cause by interceding in her favor with the Duke; but that, as to any conspiracy, though vague rumors had reached her after the arrest of so many of her relatives, she had no knowledge of it, no treasonable talk having ever been held in her presence.

After three days' sparring between the judge and the "obstinate" lady, in which the former was foiled at all points, and at the end of which he left her wrathfully,* he had her removed to the dungeons of La Rocchetta, an old castle on the right bank of the torrent, Parma, the underground chambers of which no stranger could visit in after days without shuddering, and there submitted her to what he called the "rigorous examination," in the torture chamber.

Here Barbara, being again questioned about her knowledge of the conspiracy, swore, repeatedly, and in the most fearfully solemn manner, holding a crucifix, in the name of the "Unity and Trinity of God, of the Holy Virgin, and all the Heavenly Host," † that she had nothing to reveal that she had not already stated; whereupon the Inquisitor offered to bring up her accomplices, to convict her and prove her guilt and her perjury on their evidence. And, in fact, these poor wretches, who had been

* Ronchini, pp. 46, 47, note.

† *Ibid.* pp. 50-73.

* "Dispettosamente."—Ronchini, p. 67.

† "Giuro a Dio Trino ed Uno, alla Beata Vergine ed alla corte celestiale tutta."—Ronchini, pp. 67, 68.

chained in those dungeons for months and had been "awfully martyred," came up, one by one: first Torelli, then Masi, next Girolamo da Correggio, all of whom told the same story; all of them remonstrating with the Marchioness for her stubbornness, beseeching and almost bullying her to avow what, as they urged, "was already past denial." As if to satisfy the unhappy lady that the men were speaking the truth, Piosasco made all of them, one after another, confirm their statements on the *eculeo*, or *cavolletto*, the most cruel instrument of torture in his arsenal, and they all did so, though the tale was interrupted by their shrieks almost at every word.

When the lady's firmness had been sufficiently shaken by this atrocious exhibition of wanton cruelty, and convinced that at the end the same torments were in reserve for herself, the judge read to her the depositions of her husband, of her grandson, the Marchesino, and others, all criminating herself, her son, and her daughter-in-law. In presence of all this evidence, the poor woman, horror-struck, overwhelmed, cried out: "What! All my people traitors?"* She thus surrendered, and, calling on God to have mercy upon her, pleaded guilty to all the charges in the Inquisitor's indictment; upon which he left her, "fully satisfied."

The task of the prosecution was now completed. Moral torture, as it had probably been calculated, was sufficient to overcome a woman's constancy without resorting in her case to the argument of the rack, and equal leniency was shown to Barbara's daughter-in-law, Benedetta Pio, who stood on the negative to the last, yet who was allowed to escape both the rack and the scaffold, but doomed to a lingering death in her dungeon. On the same day, February 17, Barbara was taken back to her prison in the citadel; and after a trial, in which she refused to appoint an advocate, sentence was given, May 4, 1612, by a Court presided over by the prosecutor, Piosasco, which declared the prisoners "guilty of high treason against God and man,"† and condemned them,

besides the confiscation of all their property, "to be dragged all over town at the horse's tail in osier cages to the place of execution, there to be hanged and quartered." The Duke, however, abated the severity of the sentence, and was satisfied with merely beheading the prisoners of noble rank and hanging the commoners.

The execution took place, May 19, 1612, in the market-square, on a Saturday, the market-day. It lasted four hours, the Duke being in attendance from beginning to end.

It would be barbarism to dwell on the horrors of the final scene. Barbara suffered first, in the presence of her husband, Orazio Simonetta; Girolamo, her son; the Marchesino, her grandson; her cousin Alfonso; and the two Counts, Torelli and Masi. The men followed. Seven heads were set upon iron stanchions round the scaffold. Three of the prisoners of lower rank died on the gallows.

As Barbara's body lay still warm on the ground, the same indignity to which that of the Princess of Lamballe was exposed when she suffered at the hands of the *Septembriseurs* of 1792, was inflicted upon it by the headsman, Stefano Dodi, who was punished for the brutal outrage with eighteen days' imprisonment.*

Of the other prisoners of noble blood, Teodoro Scotti, as we have said, succumbed to the rack; Girolamo da Correggio was spared, probably because he was a Modenese subject; and Benedetta Pio, Girolamo Sanvitale's wife, because she could not be convicted on her own confession.

It will not be difficult, perhaps, even upon so condensed a narrative as the foregoing, to sum up the probabilities of the truth or falsehood of the alleged conspiracy. On one side, we have Ranuccio eagerly bent on obtaining, *per fas aut nefas*, the Sanvitale estate of Colorno, pursuing his intent for a score

* "Tutta la mia razza traditora!"—Ronchini, p. 72.

† "Di lesa Divina ed Umana Maestà."—Ronchini, p. 74.

* "I cadaveri di tutti costoro" (the seven beheaded persons), "furono raccolti dal carnefice, il quale, come giunse a quello di Barbara, osò sollevarne la camicia, guardò alle ignude membra di lei; belle pur tuttavia, benchè di donna sessagenaria, e battè in atto carezzevole l'ancor calda spoglia, maravigliando che caduta fosse sotto l'infame sua mano."—Ronchini, pp. 76, 77.

of years, bribing a whole college of fifty lawyers to make sure of a verdict which should empower him to proceed to a deed of spoliation speciously justified by legal authority; and, in the end, coming to terms with the adverse party upon a promise of adequate compensation. That he should be glad of any act of these adversaries which should enable him to have Colorno, and all the rest of the estates, without compensation and without delay, was extremely natural in a prince so needy, so covetous, and so unscrupulous as Ranuccio Farnese.

On the other hand, there are the Sanvitale—Barbara; her son, Girolamo; her grandson, the Marchesino Gian-Francesco—all justly grieved at the idea of the loss of their property, unwilling to grant, and yet afraid to resist, the unjust demand, yet compelled to accept the compromise of an exchange, however onerous; however doubtful they might be of the fulfilment of its conditions on the part of their absolute sovereign. That they should wish to break off the bargain by a murder of the Duke is also quite possible. The only question was, how such a murder could be affected. The first scheme, we are told, was to kill the whole family of the Duke assembled in attendance on the infant Prince's christening. That plan, however, was abandoned, and another was thought of, of killing Ranuccio alone in the country, at Fontevivo. But Ranuccio himself adverted to the fact that, "had he even fallen, there remained the Cardinal his brother, and Ottavio his natural son" (the first who could be unfrocked, and the second legitimated), "to continue the Farnese line, even taking no account of the new-born Prince." If the Farnese dynasty survived, whoever came to the throne would be sure to begin his reign by putting to death Ranuccio's murderers and seizing their property. The motives to proceed to extremity were evidently stronger on the side of the Duke, all the more as his adversaries could only compass their end by a fearful crime, while all the Duke needed was to begin a prosecution, more or less on the forms of justice and legality.

None would probably be rash enough to assert that under that portentous vol-

ume of smoke there was no fire; that where so many were convicted no guilt existed. It is extremely probable that the Marchesino and his friend, Alfonso Sanvitale, were heard uttering seditious words, and even menaces, against the spoiler of their family—extremely possible that these and other young men, as guests at Girolamo's or Barbara's carnival entertainments, may, in the heat of their after-dinner talk, have indulged their ill-will against the Duke, unchecked or unchid by their elders, even if they went so far as to declare that so iniquitous a sovereign did not deserve to live, and that to kill him would be a meritorious action. But what seems sure is that no deliberate action followed upon such vague talk, even if the talk were proved. No initiative pointing to the execution of the plot appears even in the indictment on which the prosecutor took his start. We are told that a wholesale murder of the ducal family had been contemplated on or about September 10, 1610. This scheme led to no actual attempt for nine months. We are further informed that the plot only began to be suspected in June 1611, when two of the alleged conspirators were arrested. Eight months more elapsed before the final apprehension of the most important accomplices, and all without any of these being determined either to adopt some desperate course at all hazards, or to seek their safety in flight.

That so many and such powerful lords and ladies should muster so little resolution and courage as might be required either to strike a blow themselves, or to commission one of the thousand cut-throats with which Italy was then swarming to do it for them, and to rid them of a tyrant who took no precautions, and "scorned to be afraid," seems unlikely; and it is equally difficult to understand how, if they despaired of the execution of their plan, they should all of them, after the first arrests, have helplessly abided the consequences of a too probable discovery, when a ride of eight or ten miles could have enabled them to reach a land of perfect safety.

Of the persons of high rank that were imprisoned, all but two were the Duke's subjects; all owners of large estates, which Ranuccio most intensely longed for, and which he was ultimately

enabled to possess. Of the two aliens, Alberto Canossa and Girolamo da Correggio, both of the Duchy of Modena, the first is not again mentioned; the second, though arrested, tortured, and convicted on his own confession, was allowed to go scot-free. As to the three Malaspina of Lunigiana, though never arrested, they can never be said to have absconded. They were simply absent, either at their own homes beyond the Apennines, or at their duties in the service of other princes.

Those that were present, and arrested within the borders of the Duchy, were indeed "convicted on their own confessions." But what avowals could not be wrested from men racked within an inch of their lives—one of them racked to death? The two ladies, we are told, were not racked; but one of them, Barbara, was terrified by the sight of the torture inflicted on her friends, and by the certainty that her turn would come next. The other, Benedetta Pio, never being racked, never confessed.

With respect to the subsidies in men, arms, and money, from Mantua, Modena, Lunigiana, &c., on which the conspirators were said to have relied, there is no record of any living thing stirring across the borders before or after the trial. Men and arms may have been ready to come, but never came. As to money, it was stated—not proved—that the Marchesino, in 1611, shortly before his arrest, received from the Marchioness of Grana the sum of 1,500 scudi, supposed to be bestowed by the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, of Mantua.

The Duke Vincenzo, though not named, is described in the Piosasco indictment as the head and soul of the conspiracy, acting through the agency of his Captain of the Guards, Giulio Cesare, one of the three Malaspina of Lunigiana. But Vincenzo died, June 18, 1611, and his son, Francesco, took up the defence, both of the deceased Duke and of the Captain of his Guards, with so much warmth and resentment that, had it not been for the mediation or interference both of France and Spain, of Savoy and Venice, a war between the two Duchies of Parma and Mantua would have been the certain result.*

* Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, ad Ann. 1612, vol. xv. p. 154. Venice, 1753.

The impression made upon all Italy by a butchery, the like of which has never been perpetrated even in the darkest periods of mediæval tyranny, was first a feeling of unmitigated horror, then of utter unbelief in the guilt of Ranuccio's victims. Alarmed, himself, at the outcry of execration rising on all sides against him, the Duke endeavored to justify his conduct by sending everywhere special envoys, bearers of sealed reports of the trial. But the envoy who delivered the sealed packet to Cosmo II. de Medici at Florence, went back to Ranuccio with another similar sealed packet, containing a report of just such another trial in which he, himself, the Parmesan envoy, figured as a criminal, convicted on equally "irrefragable" evidence of a murder at Leghorn—a place where he had never been in his life—a palpable hint, conveyed as a practical joke, by which one Prince reminded the other that a judge like Piosasco, and an argument like the *cavalletto*, could prove everything—consequently proved nothing.

So far Ranuccio had triumphed. But his victory seemed to him incomplete so long as a drop of blood ran in the living veins of those he had injured. Benedetta Pio, Girolamo's wife, who escaped the scaffold, died after three years' confinement in a dark dungeon of La Rocchetta. Virginia, the Marchesino's sister, aged thirteen, and Maria, his infant daughter, were buried alive in nunneries. The Marchesino's wife, Cortanza Salviati, was made to marry a Farnese. Of the Marchesino's two sons, one, Ercole, "died in infancy;" another, Giberto, was locked up in the State fortress at Borgotaro, in which he won the affections of his jailor's daughter, of whom he had two sons, Ferrante and Carlo, and who favored his escape. The father, however, hotly pursued by Ranuccio's cut-throats, was drowned in the Taro, and his sons both "died in tender age."*

The murderous Duke removed thus every possible claimant on Colorno,

* Litta, Pompeo, *Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*, *Albero Sanvitale*. Greater and almost incredible horrors about the destruction of this main line of the Sanvitale family may be read in *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, vol. ili, p. 659. Paris, 1787.

Sala, and the other many estates he had been at such pains to win. These became the country residences—the Aranjuez and Versailles—of the Ducal family, both during the continuance of the Farnese dynasty and after its extinction in 1731. We are told that Don Filippo, and after him his son, Don Ferdinando, who came in for the inheritance of Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain, apparently smitten with remorse about retaining property which had come to the Crown as the price of so much blood, commissioned a lawyer, by name Comaschi, to look over the report of the Piosasco trial, and to give his opinion as to the justice of his sentence, and consequently of the legality of the confiscations by which the Crown had been so splendidly endowed. Comaschi's answer was, of course, that "in accordance with the form of proceedings in

vigor in the time of Duke Ranuccio" (when the rack was the order of the day) the trial and sentence were "all right," and Ranuccio's successors could with an easy conscience enjoy their castles, parks, and all the rest of their fairly-inherited wealth.

The wealth accruing to the Ducal Crown by these spoliations was so enormous that when, in recent times, Maria Louisa of Austria, and, after her, Louise of Bourbon, called my uncle, Antonio Lombardini, to the management of their finances, that minister assured them that the Duchy of Parma, with anything like a prudent policy and thrifty administration, could easily have borne all the burden of the public expenditure merely on the revenue of the Crown's domains, and without taxing the subjects to the amount of one farthing!—*National Review*.

THE CHOLERA-INOCULATION FALLACY.

BY EDWARD F. WILLOUGHBY.

THE truth of the old Hebrew proverb of a prophet not being without honor save in his own country would be seriously shaken were we to concede one-half of the claims advanced by Dr. Ferran, and by his enthusiastic admirers on his behalf.

While he confidently poses as a second and greater Jenner, asserting his right to be awarded the Bréant prize, and his benighted and panic-stricken countrymen, who in their blind frenzy abuse the doctors and assault the scavengers, regard him with superstitious awe as a public benefactor, and even the more educated and sober members of the medical profession in Spain are disposed to recognize in his inoculations a prophylactic means of at least equal value with those of Pasteur in the case of anthrax, outside of the peninsula his alleged discovery is everywhere looked on with contempt or incredulity, the more pronounced the higher the authority of the critic.

So far as we know but two voices have been raised in his defence, viz., that of M. Pasteur in France and of Dr. C. Cameron in this country. But it is no

disparagement of the abilities of either to say that their opinions on the question at issue must be received with some reserve. M. Pasteur is neither a physician nor a physiologist; he is a chemist whose researches on fermentation, originally undertaken in the interests of the wine-growers, have led to brilliant and unexpected results, but he possesses no small share of the enthusiasm and the vanity of his nation, which often blind his better judgment. We need only adduce his obstinate refusal to adopt the pure culture of Koch, although the fallacious character of experiments conducted in fluid media has long been admitted by workers in every department of bacteriology throughout the world. Such a man is naturally prejudiced in favor of one who professes himself his disciple, and who implicitly follows his methods of procedure. Dr. Cameron, again, though his medical education lends weight to his public expressions of opinion on medical and sanitary questions, has never, we believe, been engaged in the practice of his profession, still less in this particular field of research, having entered on a political ca-

reer as journalist and legislator almost immediately after taking his medical degree.

His defence of Dr. Ferran in the last number of this Review is admirable as a piece of forensic pleading, but, considered from a scientific standpoint, it is open to the fatal objection of being almost entirely based on the evidence of his client, and on assumptions which are at least unproven, if not in the highest degree questionable.

To justify Ferran's position and procedure it is necessary that he should show—1, that cholera is one of those diseases one attack of which confers for a longer or shorter time a greater or less degree of immunity against infection by the same; 2, that he has discovered the true cholera germ, the efficient cause of the disease; 3, that the artificial disease which follows his inoculations is identical in kind with true cholera, however much its manifestations may differ in degree from those observed in the disease set up by ordinary infection; and 4, that the results obtained are such as to justify the procedure.

Though we have put the ethical aspect of the question last, we will consider it first before proceeding to discuss the scientific aspects involved in the three previous positions. Strange to say, the ethical aspect is that which is insisted on by many persons as an objection to such a procedure in the very case in which the justification is the strongest. Those whom we may call philosophical anti-vaccinators, who are opposed not to vaccination in itself but to its compulsory performance, while willing to admit the protective influence of vaccination, deny or at least question the morality of inflicting a certain disease, however slight, with a view to the prevention of one which, however fatal, is but contingent and as they say remotely so. Theoretically their contention is right, and each case must be decided on its own merits. Not only must the risks attending the artificial disease be infinitely less than those it is designed to avert, but—and this consideration is of the utmost weight—the latter must be one which, like death itself,

*Æquo pede pulsat pauperum tabernas
Regumque tures.*

We mean that it must be one that can-

not be avoided otherwise, by the observance of the laws of health and precautions personal or public.

The mortality in hydrophobia may be 100 per cent., but we should not be justified in inoculating everyone with Pasteur's mitigated virus, even if the resulting mortality were but one in a thousand, since the deaths from that disease are not one in ten thousand of the population.

Measles is inevitable, but the mortality is so slow, except from neglect, an avoidable cause, that the game would not be worth the candle. Small-pox is the disease in which, above all, vaccination is justified, since in an unprotected population it is nearly as inevitable as measles, and the mortality is at least one in six of those attacked, so that a tenth of the total deaths would be due to this cause alone.

On the other hand, enteric (typhoid) fever and cholera are especially preventable diseases; they are not contagious in the ordinary sense of the word; they are essentially and intimately connected with insanitary surroundings—sewage-sodden soil, and water fouled by faecal matters; their presence in a community is evidence of neglect or violation of the laws of health, and consequently they are to be prevented by better sanitation, by which at the same time the general health of the population cannot fail to be improved.

That cholera is one of those diseases which do not as a rule occur more than once in a lifetime is certainly far from proven. It has been so stated by Lebert, but it is not the opinion of those who have had the greatest experience of cholera either in its Indian home or in epidemics elsewhere. Indeed, the contrary was distinctly asserted by the United States Commissioners in their report (p. 61) on the epidemic of 1873. "Numerous instances," they say, "are recorded of individuals who recovered from an attack of cholera to succumb to the disease at a later period of the *same* epidemic;" and therefore not after such a lapse of time as might be accounted for by the gradual exhaustion of the protection afforded by the first attack.

It would appear from a comparison of small-pox, typhus, measles, &c., on the

one hand, with enteric, diphtheria, erysipelas, &c., on the other, that the immunity conferred by one attack stands in direct relation to the intensity of contagion, *i.e.* aerial communication and the differentiation of the disease.

To satisfy oneself of the reality of the acquired immunity one must be in a position to assert that but for it the individuals in question *must* have contracted the disease. This may be done by direct experiment, as Pasteur does in the case of animals inoculated for anthrax, and Jenner did with the human subject in that of small-pox, or by such exposure to infection as could not be borne with impunity by unprotected persons. Thus no number of persons unprotected by a previous attack can, we know well, be long in attendance on others, the subjects of typhus or of small-pox, without themselves succumbing, and that vaccinated persons can do so with impunity is crucial evidence of the immunity they too enjoy. But with enteric fever and cholera we have no such means of gauging the efficacy of alleged protective measures, since we know equally well that the attendants on such cases run no extraordinary risks, and direct experimentation, as by ingestion of stools, &c., is obviously inadmissible in the human subject.

Early in the present controversy Surgeon-General Murray, M.D., published some statistics of the cholera as observed in the central gaol of Agra between 1860 and 1865, in order to show that one attack of the ordinary disease did not protect against subsequent infection, and that *à fortiori* the artificially induced and modified form alleged by Ferran to follow his inoculations could not. Dr. Cameron endeavors to prove the very converse from the same data. Verily figures may be made to prove anything if no precautions be taken to eliminate sources of error. They are shortly these: out of an average strength of 2,364 prisoners there were 1,196 admissions of cholera, and 304 deaths, and of these 63 cases were those of second and 5 of third attacks. I need not reproduce Dr. Cameron's analysis of the cases and deaths; suffice it to say that he arrives at the conclusion that the liability of the "cholerised," as he calls them, to infection was twelve times less

than that of the others. But what a fallacy lurks in the words "average strength." This argument would require that these 2,364 prisoners should have been permanent residents like the population of a town, whereas probably 12,000, 15,000, or 20,000 passed through the gaol; he might have thought of this when he stated that one in every two was attacked. Dr. Cameron's error is the same as if from an annual death-rate of 100 per cent. on the number of beds in a hospital where the average time during which the patients remained under treatment was six weeks, he had inferred that every case ended fatally instead of 1 in 9. What Dr. Murray's figures do prove is that of *those who remained in gaol long enough* to permit of a second attack no fewer than 63 did so suffer, and though Dr. Cameron does not see the point of the joke, if I may use the expression, so far from a previous attack diminishing the danger of a subsequent one, while only 241 of the 1,060 primary cases (22.7 per cent.) died, 30 of the 63 secondary cases (or 47.5 per cent.) were fatal, a result which does not say much for the "protection," and contrasts strongly with the influence of vaccination on the mortality of small-pox. Well may he remark that Dr. Murray "will probably be surprised" at the use he is about to make of his figures.

Knowing, as everyone who has had practical acquaintance with cholera does, how much lower the death-rate becomes in the latter periods of an epidemic, I should have been surprised at the far higher mortality of the second cases, did I not believe that the previous attacks had rendered those persons less—not more—able to resist the disease, and that they were those who, as I said, had remained long enough to be again infected. Dr. Murray has abstained from recording a number of cases which some might be disposed to regard as relapses; but since he has established so many of undoubted recurrence while the individuals in question remained under observation, it is by no means improbable that some of his patients had already suffered from cholera before their imprisonment, and that others of the survivors have done so since their release.

There is still the question of probabilities; fewer persons probably break

their legs twice than once in a lifetime, yet no one would claim any protective influence for a previous fracture !

Dr. Cameron quotes copious statistics published by the medical corps, presumably the medical practitioners residing in Alcira. These, if perfectly trustworthy, are striking enough ; but, even if they tell the truth, I cannot feel certain that they do the whole truth. We have no information as to the social position and other circumstances of the inoculated and uninoculated, a point of the utmost importance in all statistics of a disease so dependent on sanitary surroundings as cholera. The better-educated and well-to-do would be more likely to be taken with the idea of a prophylactic inoculation, having read or heard of Pasteur's previous researches in this direction, than would the utterly illiterate and ignorant class, who it is notorious have accused the doctors of poisoning the sick under their care ; and if Dr. Ferran demanded a fee for the operation there, as he has elsewhere, the more needy would, especially when all trade was at a standstill, be *de facto* relegated to the uninoculated class.

Though the incidence of cholera in an epidemic does not always admit of explanation, and though there are still many problems unsolved respecting its causation and propagation, yet, except where it is directly laid on by a polluted public water supply, it does fall more heavily on the poor and the abodes of filth and wretchedness.

We have no evidence—certainly Dr. Cameron adduces none—that, as he says, "we have . . . an isolated town of 16,000 inhabitants divided into two equal batches, consorting together for precisely the same time under *precisely similar conditions, and exposed to precisely the same exciting causes of disease.*" All probabilities point the other way. We know how eagerly the upper and middle classes present themselves for revaccination, ready to pay any fee that may reasonably be demanded whenever there is a rumor of the approach of small-pox, while the lower classes, as a rule, are unwilling to avail themselves of it, though offered gratuitously.

Dr. Cameron must show that in the same streets, the same houses, the same

families, some individuals were, and some were not, inoculated before he is justified in asserting that the two classes of inoculated and uninoculated were under "precisely the same conditions, and exposed to precisely the same exciting causes of disease."

Reports from other districts tell a very different tale, and one far less favorable to the inoculations. But the study of statistics, and especially of vital statistics, is in Spain as yet in the most crude and rudimentary state, and, without impugning the honesty or good faith of Dr. Cameron's informants, I must beg to be excused for saying that in a subject so beset with pitfalls of fallacy that it needs a special training, and one which many even of our own medical officers of health, &c., have not, to avoid them. I can place but scanty reliance on figures collected, mid haste and panic, when society and bureaus are disorganised, by men who omit or forget to supply the very data on which the whole question must be decided, though they have the *imprimatur* of a gentleman who coolly assumes *precisely similar conditions* when he knows nothing of the sex, age, and social position, the habitations, *water supplies*, &c., of the individuals composing the respective groups.

Any one in the habit of reading the Spanish medical and scientific journals must be struck with the shallowness and unpractical character of scientific work in that country ; of work, in fact, there is almost none, and the knowledge of what is done elsewhere is acquired through excerpts and translations.

Dr. Ferran's own "laboratory" reflects this state of things ; two ordinary microscopes, with no special means of illumination, no employment of staining methods whatever, no proper incubator for maintaining a constant temperature, no adequate precautions against the access of foreign and adventitious organisms, and with only such modes of disinfecting and sterilising his apparatus as, though they might satisfy Toussaint, have been proved utterly futile by Koch and Cheyne in their researches in tuberculosis.

How can Dr. Cameron reconcile his belief in the reality of Ferran's discovery

ery with such neglect of such ordinary precautions in the face of his own words that,

reared in animal or vegetable juices or decoctions the difficulty is to keep a single species pure and separate, and all kinds of devices have to be resorted to, to guard the medium in which it lives from the contamination of floating germs from without. But in gelatine they can be easily separated and reared in purity.

Very well; but then Dr. Ferran employs only "juices and decoctions" without resorting to any kind of device, &c., and it is hard, indeed, to believe that with imperfect appliances and slovenly procedure, and without previous laboratory training, he has suddenly achieved a brilliant discovery in a field where others have labored in vain.

Although the secrecy, not to say air of mystery, in which Ferran wraps his procedure, and his refusal to divulge the details of his cultivations to the men most competent to judge of their merits until he shall have reaped the utmost benefit therefrom, is utterly unworthy of a would-be man of science, resembling rather the attitude of an intending patentee, I do not, in questioning the truth of his alleged discovery, necessarily brand him as an impostor. Buchner was a man of far greater experience in this department of research, yet his alleged transmutations of the innocent bacillus of hay infusions into that of anthrax and *vice versa* are now generally discredited, and, if I mistake not, repudiated by Buchner himself as errors of observation incident to the employment of fluid media for cultivation.

But it is, to say the least, not a little inconsistent in Dr. Cameron that, while he burns with righteous indignation at the imputation of delusion, collusion, or what else it may be, among a number of Spanish medical men, men probably with more zeal than knowledge, excitable Southrons in a time of unusual excitement, he feels no such scruples at accepting the negative conclusions of Chauveau (though it is always hard to prove a negative), and by so doing to involve in one indiscriminate charge of ignorance, incompetence, and fraud Gassner and Sondermann, Badcock and Ceeley, Reiter, Thiele, Senft, and last but not least, L. Voigt, with scores of honest and intelligent practitioners in

Brighton, Hanover, and Hamburg, not categorically, indeed, but by implication.

But to return to the bacillus. I am as firm a believer in the connection of bacilli with disease as Dr. Cameron can be, and withal as sanguine. I fully believe that sooner or later every infectious, infective, and transportable disease will be shown to be caused by the presence of its specific bacillus, either directly by its action on the growth and function of tissues, or indirectly through "ptomaines," or poisons secreted by them.

I believe that Koch's comma bacillus is distinct from other commas and will yet be shown to be, in some stage of its existence, "the cause or the effect, or an essential part of the cause or effect," as J. S. Mill would say, of cholera, and that sooner or later he or some other worker will induce it to produce spores.

Why, then, am I so unwilling to accord the honor to Ferran? Simply because his whole behavior is otherwise inexplicable, and is irreconcilable with the assumption that he is actuated by a love of truth and of his fellow-men. Simply for the same reasons as those which would incline me to look for the discovery of an antidote to the tubercle bacillus by a Koch or a Cheyne, and not by an advertising consumption curer.

To read Dr. Cameron's account of the matter, one would think that all was open and authenticated, but such is not the case. If M. Brouardel's behavior was haughty and unceremonious, Ferran richly deserved such treatment, for even from the courteous Von Ermengen he has withheld certain essential details. No wonder Brouardel rejected with scorn proposals involving the use of sealed boxes to be handed back to Ferran as if he were a conjurer. He was shown some objects alleged to be spores, but was told that he must wait five or six days for the "muriform bodies." When he inquired after experiments, he was told, with the utmost complacency, that the scientific work was completed long ago. Verily fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Dr. von Ermengen went in every way favorably disposed, a firm believer in the comma bacillus, but left not less disgusted and disappointed than his predecessor.

He was allowed, which Brouardel was not, to examine some of the fluid used for injections, and found it to be a "pure but scanty culture of comma bacilli" with *none of the further developmental forms* which, according to Ferran himself, constitute the essence of his discovery and practice. That inoculations performed with this fluid were a deception follows equally from the truth or falsity of the theory. Von Ermengen was more favored than Brouardel in being shown some of the "muriform" bodies supposed by Ferran to be sporangia, though of prodigious size, five to ten times that of a red-blood corpuscle, but they speedily dissolved in dilute acetic or hydrochloric acid, and appeared to be merely concretions of urates! Indeed he came to the conclusion that the successive phases and morphological changes, so minutely described by Ferran, existed only in his too vivid imagination.

It is true that Ferran propagates the common form in gelatine, but since he does not employ adequate precautions against the entrance of other germs into his liquid cultivations, there is no knowing what others may get mixed up with them. That the separation of these by filtration, as described by Dr. Cameron, may deprive the fluid of its toxic properties is quite conceivable, though not agreeing with Ferran's own belief that the *immediate* agent is a "ptomaine" generated by the bacilli,* but does not prove that the organisms thus removed were the pathogenic microbes of cholera.

Once more I repeat that until Ferran will describe his procedure so explicitly that any expert in any country can evolve these higher and sporiferous forms from the comma bacilli now grown in every laboratory, and until such development has been achieved by others than Ferran and his colleagues, I must withhold my credence, or, at any rate, maintain an attitude of neutrality and scepticism. Spaniards, however honest, are as yet but tyros and novices in microbiology.

Lastly, the question remains whether the phenomena observed to follow these

inoculations are such as to justify the belief that they indicate a modified form of the specific disease which we call cholera, or are they merely the consequences of a more or less indefinite form of blood-poisoning; in short, a septicæmia? The members of the Barcelona Academy, we are told, recognised them as choleraic, but neither the French nor the Belgian Commissioners could satisfy themselves that they were any other than the natural consequences of the injection of septic fluids with or without organisms. We know that long ago Thiersch in Germany, and Burdon-Sanderson in this country, obtained similar and more or less fatal results in rabbits and mice, not merely by the injection of choleraic fluids, but by the admixture of cholera stools, at certain periods after their evacuation, with the food of these animals; that at the time they identified these effects with cholera, and compared them with the gigantic experiments carried out by the Lambeth and Southwark and Vauxhall Water Companies on the inhabitants of South London, both companies during one epidemic supplying cholera-tainted water to their customers, while on the next occasion one company provided a pure water, the other still serving out the poisoned liquid with terrible effect.

But with our present extended knowledge of the phenomena of septicæmia there is, I believe, a general consensus among thoughtful men that Thiersch and Burdon-Sanderson were in error, and every foreign physician, who has as yet seen Ferran's inoculations, has been satisfied that the phenomena and symptoms are identical with those produced experimentally in animals by Thiersch and the rest. Every one knows that diarrhoea, cramp, and even collapse follow blood-poisoning from post-mortem wounds, ingestion of putrid meat, and inhalation of foul air from sewers, &c., and therefore do not in themselves constitute cholera.

A certain amount of obscurity must always attach to such experiments, since the most characteristic specific diseases of man and animals are not mutually communicable by any means at our disposal. Tubercle is common; anthrax, glanders, and foot and mouth disease communicable as such, and rabies in the

* Ferran's own words are: "Todo microbio específico produce su ptomaina especial, el que á su vez produce tambien una enfermedad especial."

form of hydrophobia to man ; diphtheria can be communicated unchanged to animals, and small-pox thus to monkeys only. The varioloid diseases of man and animals undergo with this exception considerable modification, ceasing to be contagious, and becoming enthetic only ; but, so far as we yet know, cholera, typhus, enteric, scarlatina, measles, &c., are peculiar to man, while pig-typhus and scarlatina, cattle-plague, &c., however analogous in some respects with some diseases of man, are essentially distinct and incommunicable. And the greater number of alleged successful experiments have been merely cases of ill-defined blood-poisoning.

In conclusion I maintain that we cannot accept Ferran's alleged *facts* until he has made his *peronospora* the common property of the scientific world as much so as the tubercle bacillus or Koch's commas ; nor his *conclusions* until, in addition to the verification of his facts, we have statistics of a more unequivocal character, and results vouched for by

men of cooler judgment and more trained to habits of accurate observation.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this paper was sent to press I read in the *British Medical Journal* of the 15th of August : ' In the meantime, there are cases by scores reported in the non-Ferranist papers of deaths occurring after inoculation and re-inoculation, with names, and one case in Catarroja where a man had cholera and got over it ; after that he was inoculated, and about three weeks afterward died of a second attack of cholera. There is a well-known apothecary here (Valencia) who had his daughter inoculated four times ; she also died of cholera. I could weary your readers with such cases.' These facts accredited by an independent observer bear out my contention that cholera itself confers no subsequent immunity, and that inoculation therewith, if indeed it be such, can do so still less. —*Nineteenth Century*.

REMINISCENCES OF AN "ATTACHÉ."

PART II.

MONTALEMBERT, RIO, NASSAU SENIOR,
1861.

DURING the years 1860 and 1861 it was my good fortune to see a good deal of M. de Montalembert, the man for whom in my youth I entertained the greatest admiration—whom throughout life I have ever considered the most eloquent orator, without exception, that I ever listened to—and a gentleman to whose kindness and considerate attentions I owe some of the soundest advice ever given, and some of the brightest intellectual moments ever enjoyed.

It was in the house of M. Rio that I first made his acquaintance—a house, by the way, which at that time was the centre of a literary coterie much resorted to by those who, though liberal in politics, were essentially believers in religion, if not enthusiastic partisans of the Catholic creed.

M. Rio himself was an accomplished scholar, and the author of a valuable work entitled "*L'Art Chrétien* ;" while

his life of Leonardo da Vinci is probably the best and the most complete that has yet appeared of the painter.

His amiable wife (an Englishwoman) and his clever daughters were the principal attractions of this cosmopolitan *salon*, to which crowded men like Bishop Dupanloup and "le père Gratry," Montalembert and Cochin, Mrs. Augustus Craven and Nassau Senior, besides a host of other celebrities, to enumerate the list of which would be too long.

But Montalembert was the great star that outshone all else ; and no one I ever met, with the single exception of the late Lord Beaconsfield, possessed the art of fascinating the young as the great and illustrious Count, the brilliant author of so many brilliant works.

He spoke French with a slight English accent ; and I have often been told, that although no one had ever achieved in the Legislative Chambers such triumphs of eloquence, or ever possessed such purity of diction, Montalembert had never uttered a word publicly without striking his audience at first with

the idea that he was a foreigner, though the enthusiasm which he subsequently created soon dispelled any such impression.

His manner was that of a most polished gentleman, but the mobility of his temperament and the impetuosity of his character gave to his conversation and to his gestures an animation peculiarly French, and not at all in accordance with English notions of quiet, pleasing ways.

His constant recommendation was to do all that one undertook with enthusiasm. "Without it," he said, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us, not with the desire only, but with the resolve, of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

Applied to the men of England who have left their mark upon this century, how true the remark is, and how little Pitt, Fox, Disraeli, Palmerston, Cobden, Bright, or Gladstone could deny the soft impeachment; while how painful is it, on the other hand, to note the seeming absence of this virtue in the present day!

From him I learnt at an early age to love liberalism in thought, and to detest cordially the French Ultramontane school, at the head of which was Louis Veuillot—a school more papist than the Pope, just as Bossuet was more intolerant than Rome in his day, and which, while preaching submission that nobody contested, was creating a Cæsarism in the Church which nobody wanted or had before attempted. Montalembert never once doubted the authority of Rome in matters of creed—indeed he was a pre-eminently devout subject of the Church—but he contested all his life the encroaching powers of the episcopate in matters concerning the laity; and, true to this view even in his last hour—which occurred in 1870, at the time that the great and last Council was being held in Rome—he protested against the infallibility, not on account of its dogmatic character, but because he feared episcopal interference in the future, and

felt that the times were not ripe for such encroachments.

He dreaded, in common with many others, the possible conflict between Catholic creed and the secular power, between the Catholic clergy and the political ideas of the day; and thus on his deathbed he protested against the infallibility as inopportune and impolitic.

Although enthusiasm produces heroes and merit, it must be allowed that it also possesses a few drawbacks.

The mobility of an enthusiastic nature is very likely to give its possessor a reputation for inconsistency, which, once obtained, is seldom got rid of, whether in a lifetime or in the later records of history.

Montalembert, who had been so great an admirer of English institutions, and so true a lover of this country, was, at the time I knew him, a bitter enemy of all that was English.

What had produced the change I know not; but one evening he had spoken so violently against England when I was present, that although he was conversing with somebody else, I could not help remarking to him that it was exceedingly hurtful to my feelings to hear one whom we looked upon as a friend and admirer use the terms he did against us. He turned round sharply, and while apologising for having forgotten that an Englishman was present, began a tirade against all that was going on at the time that even exceeded in bitterness the remarks I had previously thought it necessary to notice.

It was on the 16th of March 1861, and all I knew of Montalembert's opinion of England was derived from his book on our country, which vaunted to the skies the liberty enjoyed by its subjects, the freedom of the press, the old and splendid institutions under which we grew, and the vitality and energy which were the pre-eminent characteristics of the greatest nation of the world. I thought it well to remind Montalembert of this book. Whereupon he exclaimed, "To praise and to damn are almost synonymous. You cannot bestow praise without immediately finding yourself egregiously deceived. I did admire England and its institutions more than anything I have ever considered great, noble, and worthy of imita-

tion in life ; but look at her now. Look at Bright and his democrats—*ultima ratio* ; look at Palmerston's conduct in Italy, and John Russell's management of foreign affairs. Is that governing with a view to safety at home to sow discord abroad ? Can you call a foreign policy honest which, taking only into account the rabid dislikes of a few ultras, panders to the ambition of a Garibaldi or the recklessness of a Napoleon ? Is that a Government which can be called strong that fears strength in neighboring Governments ? And what name do you think should be given to the men who, urging their own compatriots to loyalty and obedience, encourage their neighbors on the Continent to rebellion and revolution ?

"What for ? Again I ask, for what object ? Is it to make a friend of united Italy, and possess strength in the knowledge that she will have in the future to be grateful for your efforts on her behalf ? Nonsense ! Lord John Russell sees but the Pope in Italy, and is incapable of grasping the great principle of national cohesion. He has reform on the brain ; and because of the part he has played in the Bill of 1832, he considers that he will now be able to reform Italy, and the Pope, and the Italians. Do you call that a statesman ? Well, the future will show whether men who temporise and cannot grasp are statesmen—whether the men who, to keep revolution away from English shores, encourage it elsewhere, are men capable of earning in history the name of honest statesmen. 'On ne joue pas avec le feu sans précipiter l'incendie.'

"Quant à Palmerston je vous en fais cadeau. Tôt ou tard on s'apercevra que c'est un talent de second ordre. Nous en avons trop en France de cette catégorie pour ne pas les apprécier à leur juste valeur, mais John Russell en voilà un——"

And, like the red flag to a bull, he launched at the head of the unattractive Minister such a volley of epithets and vituperative accusations as I scarcely conceived possible any man could decently use against another ; and lastly, finished a painful tirade by a warning that sooner or later, but necessarily, we would reap as we had sown—that our negation of all morality in politics, of

all principle in government, of all honesty in dealing with our neighbors, would be severely visited upon us—that revolution would soon be rife in England—that democracy was already holding up its head—that the continent of Europe would coalesce against us—and finally, that the objects of our present hero-worship would become those of our loathing contempt and detestation.

I really was quite crestfallen and pained after this exhibition of temper and hatred ; and happening to meet Nassau Senior, whom I knew to be a great friend of Montalembert's, told him of the great change which had apparently come over our *quondam* admirer. Senior, who knew Montalembert's turn of mind to a nicety, merely smiled at my anxiety, and said—

"It is only a fit : like other things it will pass off. I have known him long and intimately ; he has been everything in turn—Royalist and Republican—and has rebelled against all he has ever professed. His enthusiastic nature requires, apparently, this periodical annihilation of all he has mostly extolled ; and perhaps next time you see him he will find nothing in the world more worthy of his esteem than Palmerston, though I doubt his ever admiring John Russell. His buoyant nature likes that which is pliant, and hates settled purpose."

I have since read Senior's conversations, which were published, I believe, a few years back ; and I remember being much struck with Lamartine's opinion of Montalembert as given to Senior, and reproduced, I am certain, by him from a feeling that the poetic mind of Lamartine was only exaggerating his own estimate of the Count's character.

"He is false, malignant, bigoted, unscrupulous, unpatriotic," said Lamartine to Senior.

He really was nothing of all this, but he was what he strongly recommended others to be—enthusiastic, and this to a degree which amounted almost to a mania. Whatever became for the time being the object of his adoration, to that idol must all bow, regardless of the possibility, at no distant date, of the idol being discarded by him altogether, while it became the object of devotion of those he had taught to know and appreciate it.

Have we not in England known more

than one instance of such enthusiasts leading their believers to worship them because they knew the simplicity of mind, the ardor of soul, and genuineness of purpose which actuated them, but who by their opponents were characterised as Lamartine described Montalembert, because, like Lamartine, they were ignorant of the man they condemned?

Lamartine's words, bereft of their own malignancy and exaggeration, might have been truer had they stood thus:—

He was changeable, impulsive, ardent, careless, and desponding.

He defended with all his soul the cause he advocated for the time being, but he often changed sides.

He charged an enemy with a fury that savored of hatred, but it was never the result of malignant premeditation.

He was an ardent Catholic, but he detested despotism under any form or shape; and his hostility to clerical influence cannot justify a term of bigotry being applied to him.

All to the idea of the moment, he forgot in his enthusiasm the worship he had bestowed on other and sometimes diametrically opposed principles; but a less unscrupulous being never lived—and as to patriotism, he loved his country almost to idolatry, but he certainly never took for his models men like Guizot or Lamartine, a fault which they never forgave him.

On Wednesday evenings when the Countess de Montalembert received, her rooms were full of men who were moved by the most generous impulses and the most patriotic aims; nor was it the least of the advantages derived by the kindness of the Montalemberts that at that time I was allowed to listen to Changarnier, Keller, Melun, Dupanloup, Trochu, and St. Marc Girardin, in their hospitable house in the Rue du Bac.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The following I make no apology for giving to the public, nor do I volunteer any comment, as people are divided in opinion as regards supernatural influences at work in the world; and I do not wish to side either with those who altogether disbelieve them, or with those who, like the Rev. Mr. Lee in his book "Glimpses in the Twilight," credit their existence implicitly.

If I have a duty to fulfil in narrating this episode in my life, it is to tell the incident as it happened, even in its most trivial and uninteresting details, and leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

On the 19th of January 1865, it would seem by my journal that after dinner I sallied forth to Gray's Inn, for the purpose of rehearsing the "Scrap of Paper," which some barrister friends and myself intended to act in private theatricals which we contemplated.

For some reason or another the rehearsal was postponed; and after an hour spent with my friends—Mr. Molloy, the eminent song-composer, being one, his brother, now M.P. for King's County, another, and Mr. Schwenck Gilbert a third—I sauntered home.

I had to go the length of Oxford Street and part of Holborn. As I reached Little Queen Street, I was impelled to have a look at the Shoe-Black Home, which, in imitation of Lord Shaftesbury's excellent institution, had been founded for poor Catholic vagrant boys, and in which, being its secretary, I took at the time more than considerable interest.

It was in itself an absurd idea to have a look at the outside of a very poor house in a very shabby street at eleven o'clock at night; but I obeyed the impulse nevertheless, and when I came in front of the house, found that it was lighted up, contrary to all regulations, which enjoined lights to be out by nine.

Having rung the bell, I was answered by the wife of the superintendent—a poor woman, who, for a few shillings a-week, attended to the comforts of the ragged urchins under her care.

To the question why the lights were not turned out, she gave an evasive answer to the effect that her husband had been obliged to go out, and that she was waiting for him, &c.,—all of which I might believe, as I liked.

I told her I would report the matter to the committee, and left her in great fear lest her dismissal and that of her husband might be the consequence of this breach of the rules.

She appears to have felt it so much that she fell ill; and I never saw her again until a month later, when, being at the "Home" with a sister of mine

and the Dowager Lady B——, for the purpose of giving the boys the prizes they had won, the poor superintendent's wife looked so ill and haggard that I asked Lady B—— to say something encouraging, which she did.

Upon this the woman turned to me, and exclaimed—

"Yes, sir, I have been ill, very ill, ever since the night you was here, and you have had no pity for a poor old woman that was sick.

"You were going out to shoot wild duck, and you promised to send me some, but you never did; and for a gentleman to break his promise to a poor woman is too bad—is it not, my lady?"

There was only one conclusion to arrive at—that the poor creature was mad; for it so happened that at that time I had never so much as shot any game whatsoever, much less a wild duck; and my circumstances were such, that even had I been going to shoot anywhere, it is more than probable that I would never have sent this woman any game at all, and very certain that I would not have considered a wild duck as proper food for her.

Be this as it may, on the 18th of March following we received the following telegram from Commander, now, I believe, Captain Fenwick, then in command of the *Harrier*:—

"I regret to say that your brother was lost in the Falkland Islands on the 19th January whilst out shooting wild duck."

He was acting-lieutenant of the *Harrier*, with which ship he had exchanged from the ill-fated *Orpheus* a month before she was a complete wreck on Manukan Bar in New Zealand, and was on his way home when he met with his terrible end.

We were more than brothers to each other; we were bosom friends, and like one another in face, though not in stature.

Is it possible that the poor woman at the "Home" saw him in her delirium, and took him for me? Did he select the work in which I was most deeply interested at the time to give me warning of his loss on that desolate island?

Again I say, I make no comments, but the facts are as I have related them.

CHEAP DINNER.

Attachés are careless individuals in money matters, and I was no exception to the rule, though I ought to have had every reason to be more careful than most, not being gifted with much at any time.

It happened, however, that on a lovely morning of August, 1868, I was sadly distressed by the state of my finances and the exiguous proportions of my cash in hand.

It occurred to me therefore, that having noticed some very clean establishments called "*Bouillons Duval*," I would give myself the melancholy satisfaction of dining there instead of at the club or at one of the great restaurants of the day, *Brébant*, *Voisin*, *Durant*, *Café Anglais*, or *La Maison d'Or*.

Happily for me, I was not to be alone, and the Hon. J. S. joined me on the memorable occasion.

We had an excellent dinner, seasoned with most lively talk and pleasant remarks, which soon made us forget the reason of so much economy.

The *pot au feu* was irreproachable; the *entrée* perfect; the roast excellent; three kinds of vegetables made us feel the superiority of French cooking; the *entremet sucré* was more than we required; and we never tasted better cheese, nor better fruit as dessert.

We washed the whole down with a bottle and a half of "*vieux Bordeaux*," and we went to the expense of asking for napkins, for which we paid a penny apiece.

The dinner altogether cost us, including wine and fresh linen, 9 francs 40 cents, or 7s. 6d. Deducting from this 3 francs 50 cents for wine, the dinner cost each of us 1 franc 95 cents, or 1s. 6d.

We were quite elated, and resolved to finish the night economically. So we bade good-bye to this clean but somewhat hot establishment, and mounting the *impériale* of the omnibus for Passy, we asked for places at the theatre, and were offered "*la loge Impériale*" for five francs apiece!

We thought this so cheap for an Imperial box, that we acceded to the request that we should fill it, and we had the satisfaction of feeling, as we re-

clined in the spacious box, that we had really done as much with our moderate resources as it was possible for wise men to do ; and having laughed at the suburb actors, we again mounted an omnibus, and by the end of our journey came to the conclusion that quality was, after all, better than quantity, and, as my companion tersely put it, that in future we would rather pay a little more for a good deal less, than so little for so much.

We were surfeited with economy : one night of it had been sufficient. But these were days when we were young.

"MURDER OR DUEL" CONSULTATION.

One night in January 1868, I was leaving the Cercle Agricole, a very comfortable proprietary club of which I had but recently been elected a member, and was making my way to the Pont Louis Quinze—as my Legitimist fancies ever made me call what I suppose is better known as the Pont de la Concorde—when I was accosted by a tall and very well-dressed man, who seemed to me to have some great sorrow ; and having returned his polite salutation, I waited for him to speak.

He hesitated so long that I remarked to him that it was very cold for us to be standing there without apparent reason, unknown to one another, and at so late an hour, when he broke in with the following somewhat startling remarks :—

"Yes, it is very cold, but colder inside than outside.

"Yes, we are not acquainted with one another, but that is the very reason why I venture to crave a few words with you."

There was something to me so ludicrous in the idea of his bluntly telling me that the only reason why he wished to speak to me was because he did not know me, that, given as I was far more to laughter than to the seriousness of life, it did not at once strike me that the poor fellow might be a lunatic.

Answering him, therefore, in his own strain, I said that I thought his way of looking at this matter, though novel to me, was quite intelligible, provided he had confidence in my being able to answer him satisfactorily.

His eyes, which up till then had been concealed by the modest and respectful posture he had adopted, suddenly looked up at me with a flash of fire in them

which told of passion at work, and with a quivering lip he roused me into fearful interest in him by exclaiming—

"Monsieur, I have watched you for the last ten minutes speaking at the club entrance with an older man than yourself. I have noted that you and I must be of the same age. I have thought that you and I might be in the same distress, not of mind but of purpose and will. I know what to do. I know what I should do ; but to think it out is one thing, to do the thing is another.

"Now you are a stranger, you are of my age, you must have the same feelings, the same beating at the heart, the same pride ; but while you cannot sympathise with me in what distresses me, because you know nothing about me and my surroundings, still the similarity of our age, health, heart, and feelings must make you an impartial judge. For God's sake, be that judge !"

At this point he had talked so quickly and vehemently, that beyond noticing his fearful earnestness, I had scarcely paid attention to his whimsical logic ; but when he called upon me to be a judge, and thought I must be an impartial judge because I did not know him, I remember being immensely struck with the argument as justification for my appealing to strangers in some of the numerous difficulties which beset my path in life.

I therefore meekly answered, that to be judge I must hear the cause he had to plead ; but an incipient feeling that I had better be near a police station in case of necessity, made me add that I would take it as a favor if he would tell me his story walking instead of standing, as we were fast being numbed by the cold ; and as he assented, I retraced my steps toward the Place du Palais Bourbon, *alias* du Corps Législatif, near which I knew there was a police station.

As we walked along I was immensely struck by the perfect manners, the grace of movement, the polished tones of his voice and language, and wondered if and where I had met him before. I was on the point of putting some leading questions to him so as to gather something about his belongings, when I reflected over his singular logic, and thought silence alone on my part would obtain his confidence.

When we had walked a few paces, and had got abreast of my club again, my unknown friend said—

"Monsieur, I am in the army—a lieutenant in the army; but that is enough."

"How is it you are not in uniform?"

"Ah, monsieur, that is the question—the whole question: why am I not?"

This rather gave a revulsion to my feelings. I began to be vexed, and to believe I had to deal with a knave.

"I suppose you are on leave?" I said.

"Permission de quinze jours," he replied; and added—"quinze jours pour tuer mon colonel."

I started. "To do what? to kill your colonel? Who is he, and what has he done, and what the deuce have I got to do with such a proposition, or you with me, that you should openly talk to me of such a project?"

I was well-nigh frantic, when he stopped me with this cool remark—

"Did I not tell you that I know how to do it, but have not the will?"

Was any man ever placed in such a position? I thought. Here is a French colonel's life in my hands, and his murderer awaiting my orders!

At once the gravity of the whole thing overwhelmed me, and I remonstrated with the stranger, that he had no right to place any one wholly unknown to him in such a predicament.

"Does death alarm you?" he asked.

"Not mine, but that of another does."

"Oh, if you are so sensitive, it remains for me to beg your pardon, and to wish you good night."

"But, sir," I said, "I think it somewhat cool to dismiss me with so few words." "I don't want you to go," he quickly replied.

By this time my mind was made up.

I would sift the matter to the end, save the colonel, save the young man, save myself, save everybody, and all by means of the police.

"Well," I slowly remarked, "I am here to listen to what you have to say."

"You cannot mean that, for you have cut me short every time; and indeed you, as an unknown person to me, are as bad as those I know."

"Then you have spoken of your project to your friends?"

"Certainly; but they are so prejudiced that they cannot see the matter in its true light."

"But——"

"Pardon me; but do not interrupt me any more, for it is getting desperately late, and to-morrow before noon the deed must be done."

I inwardly trembled, but said, "Go on."

"My colonel," began the young man, "wishes to marry the girl I want to be my wife."

"What does the girl say to this?"

"Permettez," he continued; "the girl knows nothing about either of us, nor need she know anything; and therefore, thank heaven, she will be spared all thought of both."

This was getting too much for my patience, and yet I was riveted to the ground I stood on from mere and sheer interest.

"Passe pour le mariage," then carelessly remarked the young man. "It may or may not take place; but here comes the point. In conversation with me my colonel said, 'No nonsense,—you are a lieutenant; I am your colonel. What I wish is your law; if it is not, name of a thousand thunders I will make it law,—you hear me?'"

This rigmarole sounded quite awful in French, in the dead of night, and in the voice of my poor friend.

"Pas de bêtise ou nom d'un mille tonnerres," he repeated; "that is what I say of my colonel. Now I ask you, had he any right to speak to me like that?"

"But were you both speaking of the lady you just now alluded to?"

"I believe he was alluding to her."

"Oh!"

"And so I called him out. 'Vas te faire pendre,' the colonel replied. I said not a word, but went home resolved to kill that man."

"But," I said, "you told me just now that you knew how you were to kill him, but had not resolved upon the deed."

"Did I?"

"Certainly; and that is what alarmed me."

"Then I beg your pardon."

"What, then, am I to judge, if you are resolved?"

He looked at me a moment fixedly, and then resolutely.

"Whether he deserves to die the death of a dog or of a gentleman. To fight him, I must resign; and my family beg me not to resign. In the army, he remains my colonel, and I cannot lay hands on him. Shall I, though in the army, shoot him dead in his bed, on parade, at the mess, anywhere, and be taken up to justify his words?—did you mark them? 'Go and be hanged;' or shall I resign, pain my family, my dearest and nearest ones—but resign, and call out this un-hung rascal? That is the point. I have obtained leave of a fortnight from my regiment. I have brooded on this every minute since, and now we are within a few hours of the decision, which you must take for me, and by which I promise you to abide."

I was not by this time so alarmed as before, and the prospect of selecting a duel, in the choice of a duel and a base assassination, cheered my appalled conscience a little.

"This is a very serious question indeed," I replied; "and as you say it is really a question of a few hours only, I will, with your permission, call at the club yonder, where the lights are still burning, and see whether a friend of mine is still there. He has been a soldier, and will give you sound advice. For my part, I am so excited by your narrative, and so truly pained by the desperate grief which overwhelms you, that I could not trust myself to give you as sound an advice as you require. We have been so long together that we have become almost friends, and my desire for your interest might blind the requirements which your honor conceives to be necessary. Walk on to the place, and when I whistle, walk casually toward the club. I will meet you half-way."

All this was duly taken in and acted on. Instead of to the club, I ran to the police station, got a policeman in plain clothes, told him very rapidly my story, walked out with him, whistled, and met my poor friend, whom I was betraying in the interest of humanity.

When I had introduced the two to one another, I bowed politely, and returned to the Embassy—where I ought to have been two hours before—not, however, without hearing the click of the man-

acles as they were clapped on my friend's arms, and feeling that I had acted like a cowardly ruffian.

From him no sound came, no protest, not a word of complaint. He walked to the station as erect as a high-born gentleman can who has no dirty action to be ashamed of; while I, in preventing bloodshed, proceeded on my way as if I had forged my best friend's name.

The next day I called at the police office for information, but could not get any. I pleaded my official position as an *attaché* to her Majesty's Embassy.

All I could hear was, that the police and the family of the young man were most grateful to me for being the cause of his apprehension.

"But let me know his name," I begged.

"That, sir, is what we particularly wish to hide. If we tell it you, it will be in the papers to-morrow; and the family of the unfortunate lunatic are too powerful to be dragged into the public press for the commiseration of those with whom they associate."

I never got more information than that; but I was consoled. The case was one which the people mostly interested were grateful for the part I had played in it; and despite his logic, my poor strange friend was a lunatic.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE—CONVERSATION WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

The latter part of the year 1869 was occupied by the Catholic world in speculation as to the results of the Œcumenical Council summoned at Rome for the 8th of December, and which, it was well known, was intended by Pope Pius IX. to be the last in the great series which began at Jerusalem shortly after the commencement of our era.

Assembled to define the doctrine of the Church and to condemn the teachings of those who in the course of history had strayed from it, the Councils of the Church had successively banished from the Catholic fold the Donatists, Arianism, Pelagius, Eutychianism, Origen, the Iconoclasts, the Albigenses, John Huss, Luther, Calvin, and the schismatics.

It was now declared that the spirit of the age had encroached upon Catholicism; that rationalism had entered the

heart of so many of its adherents, and undermined the obedience to the ecclesiastical mandates of so many of its children, that it had become necessary to strengthen the supreme authority by establishing a superior tribunal from which no appeal could be allowed, and whose decision should be law throughout the spiritual Catholic world.

To most Catholics there seemed little to object to in the elevation of a belief into the dignity of a creed, for in the Catechism it was always taught that speaking *ex cathedra*,—that is, in the name of the Church,—the sovereign Pontiff could not err, however fallible he might be as a man; but as to the wisdom of weakening the Catholic ranks by the proclamation of a dogma which would shut out of the pale of the Church all those who could not separate in mind the person of the supreme Pontiff from the wise or unwise priest who might in times to come occupy that august position, there was naturally considerable differences of opinion.

In France the archives of the Nuncio's Chancery could tell how earnest and how strong was the opposition to the necessity of proclaiming such a dogma, even in the pious Faubourg St. Germain, among the most bigoted religious enthusiasts as well as on the part of the more moderate and deep-thinking men.

Monsignore, now Cardinal Chigi, one of the pleasantest-mannered prelates it has been the privilege of the Vatican to send as envoy to a foreign Court, could only reply to the many anxious queries which were hourly addressed to him by a cautious "aspettate;" while his clever secretary, the Abbé Luciardi, with whom I had many a discussion on this disagreeable subject, was invariably wont to argue that if the Pope was to be declared infallible, and as Catholics we wished to remain within the fold of the Church, it was better to be silent and leave the future to take care of itself.

An argument of his was peculiarly specious.

"It is now a dogma," said he, "that the declarations of the Church are infallible. These declarations come from the Church assembled in Council. If the Council declare that the head of the Church is infallible when speaking in the name of the Church, the Pope himself

is bound to accept this decision; and if the Pope himself accepts it, his spiritual children are bound to do the same."

"So far so good," was the reply; "but what about its opportuneness?"

That was the key to the whole Catholic opposition to the dogma; and events proved how the cleverest and most learned Cardinals of England, Germany, France, and the Austrian empire opposed the wishes of Pio Nono on the ground, not of belief, but of prudence.

The Church has spoken, and Catholic mouths are sealed, but in 1869 they had not been closed, and clamor was loud, long, and in many cases uproarious.

The French Government were up in arms, and M. Daru, Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Ollivier Ministry, was clamorous for civil intervention of foreign States in the ecclesiastical affairs of Rome, so as to establish at once the point that no decision of the Council should be binding on the established relations of the Church and State as secured by concordates and convention; while he was peculiarly anxious to prove that the moment chosen by Rome for the proclamation of such a dogma was not only highly injudicious, but might lead to all manner of complications, which in the interest of peace it was the duty of Governments to prevent by well-marked civil interference.

But the temper of the Vatican soon showed itself by the categorical refusal to allow any lay representatives of any Powers to enter the conclave.

It is not for me to disclose the part which this country took in this great contest between Europe and the Roman clergy; but I may mention, that one morning in January, 1870, on copying a despatch which had arrived at the Embassy, I threw up my arms in despair, and considered the infallibility of the Pope a settled matter.

On the 16th March, a week after I had left Paris, I had the honor of being present at a party which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were offering to her Majesty the late Queen of Holland.

In the crowd which thronged the Premier's house in Carlton House Terrace, Mr. Gladstone discovered me, and at once began by asking what was thought of the infallibility in Paris.

Full of what I had read and of the

feelings of dismay with which I now beheld as a certainty what I had so long hoped might be deferred, I did not quite trust myself in answer, but of all the silly manners of getting out of the difficulty, chose the silliest, and asked whether Mr. Gladstone wished me to answer rather as he hoped the reply might be, than as the facts seemed to me to warrant.

I got what I deserved, for in a very irritated tone Mr. Gladstone remarked that if he did me the honor to ask a question, it was of course to know the facts.

"Then," I said, "sir, I must inform you that the infallibility is settled, and the dogma is a thing of the past."

"How is that?"

"If France and England are of one mind, and intend to interfere in Rome with the proceedings of the bishops and prelates assembled there, then the result of the Council is a foregone conclusion."

"I do not understand you."

"It is clear that Rome cannot oppose force to laic interference, but she can oppose obstinacy; and as France seems determined to insist on being allowed to interfere with proceedings in which she has nothing to do, since her cardinals are there to represent her in case of need; and if this country, through its Ministers, is anxious to uphold the course France wants to adopt, even though it be done unofficially,—Rome will meet both Powers, by the resolve to pass the dogma in spite of every remonstrance."

Mr. Gladstone was quite beside himself with excitement.

"I cannot believe this," he said; "I never will;" and he left me as abruptly as he had joined me in the first instance.

I had not recovered from the nervous shock of this first conversation, when Mr. Gladstone was back again, and making me sit down beside him, asked me most kindly where I was appointed to.

"To Constantinople," I replied.

"Indeed! Then I want you to study two most interesting and important questions."

"Which?"

"But first let me ask you, what will the French Catholics do if the dogma is proclaimed?"

"Most of them will submit."

"And do they not resent the principle that one man can lay down religious doctrine for his fellow-creatures to believe, and that he is infallible in the righteousness of his utterances?"

"They do not consider the time opportune."

"And do you mean to say that they consider any time opportune for such a doctrine?"

"That is a proposition that can only arise out of the present predicament in which we are situated."

"Well, but are you really stating a fact when you assert that the laic interference of any Power in Europe will be met by obstinacy in Rome?"

"I have no right to put it in those words, but I do maintain that those words indicate most correctly what, in my opinion, will occur."

After a pause Mr. Gladstone added, "You have greatly surprised me, and what you say does not tally with what I hear; but I dare say there is a good deal in justification of your surmise. You are going to Constantinople, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then study the Armenian and Bulgarian questions."

I went to Constantinople. I studied both questions. The Armenian was a little schism produced in that community by the ill feeling which the elevation of Monsignor Hassoun to the Patriarchate had given rise to, and which would have collapsed long before it actually did, had not France seen in it an opportunity of regaining her influence in the East, through the medium of Rome and Catholicism; while the Bulgarian question was the means chosen by Russia to work her influence in Macedonia and the Balkans, and by using the desired autonomy of the Bulgarian Church as an incentive to discontent against the Porte to prepare the disaffection of the Bulgarian subjects of Turkey for the war which came about in 1878.

I may mention here, that talking to General Ignatieff one day of the impossibility of giving limits to a Bulgarian Church so as to satisfy the canon of the orthodox Church which obliged a country desirous of religious autonomy to have also well-defined political limits, the

General took me to his room, and pointing to a map of Turkey, said—

“Ah, ils veulent des limites ; eh bien, les voilà les limites de la Bulgarie !” and he pointed to the Danube in the north and Salonica to the south.

It is not a little interesting to remark that these were the exact limits of his Treaty of San Stefano ; nor is it less curious to my purpose to note that while

the obstinacy of the Italian prelates carried the day against what was deemed judicious delay and inopportuneness, as I had mentioned to Mr. Gladstone, this great English statesman had sifted in 1870 the importance of two most remarkable religious quarrels in the far East, which were only to have their solution many years later.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LORD HOUGHTON.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE delusion of comparisons is as dangerous a fallacy in the estimate of character as the falsehood of extremes. If there was ever any man the surest way to misrepresent and misestimate whom would be by resorting to that classification so dear to an age of schoolmasters and auctioneers, it was the late Lord Houghton. Remarkable for many things, he was remarkable chiefly for his strong individuality. He was a great social figure for considerably more than half a century. Yet it would be impossible to place him exclusively in the category of men whose reputation was social alone. A similar remark would hold good if he were looked at from the point of view of any other of his more commanding attributes. In the same way, to assert that he was a second-rate poet—the violet a second-rate flower !—or a politician who never attained political eminence, or a man of letters who never did justice to his literary capacities, or a speaker who missed being an orator, or a student of human nature who never rose to the lofty levels of divine philosophy, would, even if it were true, be to give an altogether false idea of the brilliant and accomplished man who, less than a fortnight ago, bade adieu to a prolonged, an eventful, and on the whole a singularly happy existence, in the manner which, above all others, he might have desired :—

“Oh, that each of us might die
When we are at the best,
Pass away harmoniously
To some fitting rest.”

So wrote Milnes in his remonstrance upon the habit—a flat blasphemy against

youth as it seemed to him—of using the words, second childhood, as a synonym for extreme senility. There is nothing specially excellent in the lines, but they embody the aspiration for the Euthanasia that was the lot of their author. There was no dreary interval for him between enforced withdrawal from the world and the end of everything ; no gloomy tarrying in the vestibule of death before the final release came. The curtain fell suddenly, and all was over. Fortunate in his life, Milnes would have assuredly esteemed himself not less fortunate in his death.

The exceptional circumstances of his earlier days must have tended to sustain and intensify the originality of a fresh and buoyant nature, which never lost the wild charm of being untamed, unsubdued. As a boy he was brought up entirely at home and by private tutors. Whatever disadvantages his inexperience of public school life may have entailed, one can hardly conceive of any conditions better calculated to stimulate the free play and spontaneous growth of his gifts. Nor were the scenes and the social environment of his boyhood less conducive to this end. Till a short time before he went to Cambridge he lived much in Italy. Who can doubt that it was the free unfettered life beneath an Italian sky, to the influences of which he was indebted for that *abandon* which, as it is entirely the reverse of English, is without any English equivalent, and which was the dominant trait of his manner and his mind. Intellectually he was as much the child of Italy as if he had been of Italian birth, nor did the

gay idiosyncrasies which he had contracted in the South desert him in after years. At Cambridge he asserted himself and showed his quality as naturally, and with the same absence of cautious self-restraint that he afterwards showed in the turmoil of what is called London society. To the social position he was indeed born. His father—"single-speech Milnes"—was a man well known. He was offered, and he declined, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, by Spencer Percival, as he was subsequently offered and refused a peerage. His son, Richard Monckton, the future Lord Houghton, married Miss Crewe, a great favorite in that social realm which associated itself with Lansdowne House; and the house (No. 16 Upper Brook Street) in which Milnes, during many years, collected all that was greatest and most intellectual, and above all most poetical, in the London world, had a "pedigree," if so we many speak, connecting it not only with the famous assemblies of Mrs. Cunliffe Offley (the aunt of Miss Crewe), but also, unless we mistake, with the "Mrs. Crewe and true blue!" who answered the Prince of Wales's toast with her "True blue and all of you!" Never did there live a poet of any order who was so warm a friend of poets as Milnes. If he loved poetry much he loved the makers of poetry even more. Their merit as poets was not with him the only question. What he admired and what interested him was the poetic impulse. On the occasion of one of his daughter's marriages, he specially aimed at securing the company of all the English bards of every degree whose addresses he could discover. Nor should it be forgotten that in his capacity of the poets' friend he placed on record one illustration of his power which will always be gratefully remembered. It was under the counsel of Milnes that the Laureateship was conferred on his college friend, Tennyson. Already, as one of that little band of Cambridge undergraduates, surnamed the Apostles, most of whom became famous themselves, he had obtained a hearing for Tennyson, and had, not without difficulty, forced him upon a somewhat reluctant and at first very much puzzled world. The difficulty of the task and the unattractiveness which

the muse of the new singer had for much of the culture of the day, may be judged from a single incident. Miss Berry, one of the brightest and most intellectual women of her day, piqued herself upon her capacity for keeping pace with the intellect of the younger generations. At the instance of some of the men who, like Milnes, were then "preaching up" the new poet, she seriously set to work to read Tennyson. Educated in the school of Pope and habituated to classical models she could make nothing of him. Perplexed and chagrined, she suspected that she was the victim of an amiable imposture, and full of misgivings proceeded confidentially to interrogate a common friend of her own and Milnes' on the point. This, however, parenthetically. When Wordsworth's death caused a vacancy in the Laureateship, Sir Robert Peel asked Milnes to tell him who, in his judgment, should succeed the bard of Rydal. "Beyond all question," was the reply, "Tennyson." "I am ashamed," rejoined Peel, "to say that, busied as I have been in public life, I have never read a line of Tennyson's. Send me two or three of his poems which may enable me to form an opinion." The poems sent were *Locksley Hall* and *Ulysses*. Peel, with unusual warmth, expressed his admiration of both, bestowing upon the *Ulysses* his highest praise, and he made at once the appointment which Milnes had advised.

Such an exercise of power was, it must be confessed, an exceptional incident in Lord Houghton's career. For the most part his influence was disproportionate to his position as a leading member of Parliament, to his abilities, to his social opportunities and rank. Ascendancy is to the stern, is even perhaps to the fierce, while Milnes was the most kindly, forgiving, tolerant, and indulgent of men. "Houghton," writes to me one who knew him well, "with all his high gifts, had, like most really noble men, a good deal of the woman in his nature, not only of the gentle, the merciful woman, but also of the woman excelling man by her ready initiative, by her swift sagacity transcendent of the reasoning process, and now and then by her nimble, her clever resort to a charming little bit of stage artifice. My landlady had come to me one day in

floods of tears because her little boy of eleven years old, but looking, she said, much younger (being small of stature), had wandered off with another little boy of about the same age to a common near London, where they found an old mare grazing. The urchins put a handkerchief in the mouth of the mare to serve for a bridle, got both of them on her back, and triumphantly rode her off, but were committed to Newgate for horse-stealing! My laundress (not wanting in means) took measures for having her child duly defended by counsel, but I thought it cruel that the fate of the poor little boy should be resting on the chances of a solemn trial, and I mentioned the matter to Milnes. He instantly gave the right counsel. 'Tell your laundress to take care that at the trial both the little boys—*both*, mind—shall appear in nice clean pinafores.' The effect, as my laundress described it to me, was like magic. The two little boys in their nice 'pinafores' appeared in the dock and smilingly gazed round the court. 'What is the meaning of this?' said the judge, who had read the depositions and now saw the 'pinafores.' 'A case of horse-stealing, my Lord.' 'Stuff and nonsense!' said the judge with indignation. 'Horse-stealing, indeed! The boys stole a *ride*.' Then the 'pinafores' so sagaciously suggested by Milnes had almost an ovation in court, and all who had had to do with the prosecution were made to suffer by the judge's indignant comment."

There were many other essentially feminine traits in his nature; prominent among them his love of domestic management. Although he was ever surrounded by the ladies of his family, and was comforted in late years especially by the society of his sister, Lady Galway, with whom as a boy he had been brought up, and who devoted herself to him with an affection and assiduity infinitely touching and beautiful, he wrote his notes of invitation with his own hand, and himself made the arrangements for the reception, the departure, and the general entertainment of his guests at Fryston. It was owing, perhaps, to this womanly element in his nature that he sometimes elicited confessions of a sort not often vouchsafed to men. During one of the divisions on

the Jew Emancipation Bill, which was taking place at a time when the success of the measure was virtually assured, Milnes, finding himself by the side of Disraeli in the Lobby, made bold to congratulate him in his character of a Jew. "Yes," observed Disraeli, "I am a Jew and a Radical, and I defy anybody to say I ever pretended the contrary." The true meaning of this little speech, which only stupidity can misconstrue, is obvious. What Disraeli desired to convey was not of course that he had never worn the Church of England and the Tory cockade, but that what he had worn was *only*, after all, a cockade, and that having enlisted with the Conservatives, he desired to help them for his own sake in fighting their battles, without really playing the hypocrite to the extent of making any intellectual man fancy that he really shared their notions.

The mention of Mr. Disraeli's name suggests another of Lord Houghton's distinguishing qualities. In a letter written to me by the late Mr. Hayward, eight years ago, *apropos* of an opinion I had presumed to offer on Lord Houghton, are these words: "Houghton's is a fine intellect, spoiled by paradox." A paradox is conventionally supposed to imply something in the nature of a contradiction—to involve on the face of it some aggressive inconsistency. One should rather understand by it something that runs counter to the received opinion, and inasmuch as there is always an *à priori* objection to the truth of whatever does this, every paradox may be thought to bring us to the verge of romance. With Milnes, paradox was generally an instrument either for the suggestion of truth, in which case it served the same logical purpose as analogy, or for stimulating conversation and eliciting the opinions of others. It was, thus, the precise sort of intellectual weapon natural to one who was not what the French call *un homme sérieux*, who was always pursuing truth tentatively and who, with that aim, loved to throw out views which were not necessarily the less sound because they might be strange. When for instance Milnes declared some forty-four years ago that Disraeli, then strange and actually repulsive to the House of Commons,

would achieve the highest place in Parliament, he was thought by those who heard him to be uttering a mere piece of uninteresting nonsense. It took the slower world years to learn that he had truly divined the future. An instance of the second kind of paradox, the paradox with a purpose, in which Milnes delighted, was the audacity with which, at a dinner table, he once improvised a vindication of deception and falsehood. The object was rendered immediately apparent because it "drew" Carlyle, who proceeded to do exactly that which Milnes had meant him to do, vehemently to take up the cudgels in favor of the Eternal Verities.

No one who has ever possessed anything like Lord Houghton's intellectual power has qualified it by so much of sportiveness. And perhaps it would not be wrong if one were to say that intellectual sportiveness and intellectual curiosity were the two dominant "notes" of his mind. In one of his poems, *The Men of Old*, he contrasts the old Pagan thinkers and patriots with their latter-day successors. "I know not," he writes, "that the men of old were better than men now." Yet on the whole he gives the palm to the former, of whom he says:—

"Blending their soul's sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play."

The words, "noble boys," carry with them a touch of illumination to those who have heard Lord Houghton talk of the intellectual friends with whom he lived at Cambridge as his "playfellows"—a pretty, and, on his lips, singularly appropriate expression. He was a worker, but he worked in his own light-hearted fashion; he was a searcher after truth, but in his own easy way. Aristippus, the Cyrenaic, often wished that he could for a short time be a woman, and there was a heroine of Greek mythology, Cænis, who, prompted by an analogous motive, actually succeeded in effecting a corresponding transformation, and was henceforth known as Cæneus. If Milnes never gave articulate utterance to the wish of Aristippus, he at least went so far in that path as to play Shakespeare's Beatrice in some theatricals at Cambridge. There was

much, as will be presently pointed out, in common between the genius of Houghton and the genius of the poets of classical Hellas. He resembled, too, the more restless of the Hellenic speculators by the intensity of his intellectual inquisitiveness. His impassioned eagerness, ever of an intellectual kind, distinguished him from all other people. "If," writes to me the friend from whose instructive letter I have already quoted, "you had had the devil himself staying with you, Houghton would have almost turned you out of your own house, in order to learn all that your guest could tell him; would have turned the conversation abruptly to the subject of 'hoofs and horns'; would have asked whether the prowess of the Angel Michael was not greatly exaggerated; and would not have gone away till he had mastered the whole subject of the Evil One, and his relations with the heavens above and the earth below. He never, like other young men, affected a love of dangers; but under the impulsion of insatiable curiosity he would brave anything. I once knew him go up in a balloon. This, a descent in a diving-bell excepted, was probably the only achievement approximating to athletic which Lord Houghton ever attempted. Prodigious though as a young man, and even as a man matured or advanced in years, his energy was, it displayed itself always in an intellectual field. He was never a sportsman. He never hunted and he never shot."

There can be little doubt that what constituted to a large extent Lord Houghton's intellectual and social charm was an obstacle in the way of his political advancement. He was not naturally a good speaker. Such, however, were the pains which he took with himself that he ended by acquiring the art, and what he once said to the Prince of Wales, "The two best after-dinner speakers, sir, are your royal highness and myself," was literally true. On occasions of a graver character he never commanded an equal success. The intellectual inquirer was so prominent in his nature, that although he might speak quite positively without uttering a word which tended to disclose the *arrière-pensée*, he always found it impossible to induce his hearers to take him in earnest. There is reason to suppose that he was well aware of this dif-

ficulty. What he lacked by nature he endeavored to make good by art. He even went so far as to assume in his speeches a kind of gravity or solemnity absolutely foreign to himself. Undertaking once at the Cambridge Union to deliver an oration glorifying the genius of Milton, he attempted to rise worthily to the height of his great argument by reverently calling the author of *Paradise Lost* "Mr. Milton." As an inevitable result, he threw the whole assembly into roars of laughter. No one had a larger store of learning or of precepts on the subject of oratory in the House of Commons, and many are they who have profited by his counsels. Yet he could not practise what he preached. He could not make his audience take him as *un homme sérieux*. One need not, therefore, wonder that he failed to obtain the official rank which he coveted. His intellect indeed was so bright, so discursive, and his individuality so splendidly strong, that he was not a man to be put in a team under the harness of the public service. Yet he did not think so himself, and was eager to take office, singling out the most laborious office in the world—the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs; and, as his abilities were universally recognised, his knowledge vast, his speaking fully good enough for the purpose, and his acquaintance with public men abroad and at home almost universal, whilst, moreover, he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, and was afterwards on terms of friendship with Lord and Lady Palmerston, it might seem that there was absolutely nothing to prevent his attaining the object in view; but the one cause of the obstruction was assigned by Lady Palmerston in three words spoken one day when Palmerston was forming a government. To a friend of hers who had mentioned Milnes praisingly, she said simply, "Yes, but I observe that men smile when they speak of him, as if they did not think him quite serious."

Speaking of the Palmerstons, "Milnes," again to quote my correspondent, "was with them at Broadlands in the Christmas of 1851, when no other guest was in the house. All at once—I think in the evening—there came a despatch brought by a Queen's

messenger. Palmerston read the despatch quietly without betraying any emotion, or even any particular interest, and handed it silently to Lady Palmerston. She seized its import at a glance, and putting no restraint upon herself burst out into violent wrath. The despatch was one from 'Lord John,' simply dismissing Palmerston from his office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs! The blow was the more startling, since 'dismissal'—unmitigated, unveiled 'dismissal' under any such conditions—had at that time become obsolete. I dare say Milnes to the utmost of his kindly nature shared the indignation of Lady Palmerston; but he loved the drama, and could not have helped being interested by seeing a blow delivered so apparently powerful and decisive, yet destined, as perhaps he foresaw, to be after all so harmless. Before many more weeks had passed, the tables were turned on 'Lord John.'"

There is a sense in which this great lover of paradox illustrated in his life a paradox far more striking than any of those which he ever propounded in speech. Forced by the eagerness of his nature to be always in a crowd, whether in London society, in assemblies of politicians, of philanthropists, of poets, of philosophers and publicists, he was yet at heart the least gregarious of men. In his mind, at least, he never "trooped," never "flocked," never "herded" with any of the myriads of his fellow creatures. Perhaps the man himself never spoke more sincerely, or more from the depths of his heart than in what, though I believe it has been vulgarised by being set to gingling music, is one of the finest and profoundest of his poems, *Strangers Yet*. Take these two stanzas:—

"Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of 'old friends,'
After passions fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be met,
And the souls be strangers yet.

"Strangers yet
Oh, the bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man,
Nature, by magnetic laws,
Circle unto circle draws,
But they only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet."

It was not any instinctive tendency to go

in the beaten track of humanity but the inexhaustible kindness of his own good heart which bound him to his beloved fellow-creatures. Whether this individuality would have remained throughout so strong, whether he would have always stood firm as a rock against the examples of people about him, but for the conditions under which he had been brought up, his home education and the early Italianisation, to use a barbarous compound, of his mind, may be doubted. But of the fact itself there can be no doubt whatever.

The merit and beauty of Lord Houghton's poetic performances are in an inverse ratio to their length. He is seen at his best, his thought is most felicitous and his diction most polished, in his shorter pieces. He was, as Lord Beaconsfield described him, under the guise of Mr. Vavasour in *Tancred*—a description so admirable that it practically exhausts the man—"a poet and a real poet." But then, "his life was a gyration of energetic curiosity; an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kaliach in his yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket." An existence of this kind could not but have the effect of withdrawing attention from his poetry. Speech in the House of Lords; meeting at Marlborough House; speech by the chairman of this society; speech by the chairman of that—no one reading of these labors every day in his *Times* would incline to turn from his newspaper to the lovely poems of Milnes' early days; and it is only now, when the grave has closed over him, that he will cease to intercept the public appreciation of his works. For years together a great critic, who never tired of declaring his exalted estimate of Houghton's genius, used to work himself into a perfect fury of passion at the spectacle of his poet appearing so constantly in public life.

Intense sympathy is, perhaps, the keynote of Houghton's poetry as it is of his character. He did not describe so much as interpret. Instead of drawing a mere picture of Oriental personalities,

or of the heroes of the old Greek mythology, he identified himself with them, and told the world what they felt. Other poets, proceeding objectively, produced more or less frigid and inanimate presentments of the heathen life of Hellas, or of the sensuous existence of the gorgeous past. Houghton brought the subjective treatment to bear on old times and made them aglow with the warmth of actual being. Contrast the treatment of classical themes, as shown in *The Tomb of Laius* or *The Flowers of Helicon*, with the treatment of Shelley or Keats. Contrast his handling of the life of the harem with that of Moore, and a difference, as between that of life and death, at once discloses itself. Houghton loved to linger on the borders of wonderland. He was for ever laboring to believe. There was no mystery of the hour in which he did not strive to initiate himself. As it was with thought-reading, so had it previously been with table-turning. No yearning could be more insatiate than his to find that the destiny of poor mortality might not, after all, be so narrow, so meaningless, as science demonstrated it to be. He was enamoured of credulity; and although his keen, clear intellect and his sense of the ludicrous prevented the gratification of his passion, he still held that, impossible as it was to push his search after knowledge beyond the limits inexorably set, there still might be bliss, actual bliss, in belief resting on fancy. "We would," he writes in *Anima Mundi*:—

"We would, indeed, be somewise as Thou art,
Not spring and bud, and flower, and fade,
and fall,
Not fix our intellects on some scant part
Of nature, but enjoy or feel it all.
*We would assert the privilege of a soul,
In that it knows to understand the whole.*"

The lines italicised seem exactly to explain the attitude of Houghton's intellect towards the problems of the universe. He was, as he may have called himself in the lines entitled *The Peace of God*, "this life's inquiring traveller," endlessly busy with the unravelling of complicated truths and the solution of dark enigmas, ever analysing the complex aggregate of human sentiment, ever impressed by the hidden analogies and resemblances of things, now ready to

elevate the creations of his fancy to the dignity of immortal verities, now asking whether there be such a thing at all as Truth.

In some of the most exquisite of his earlier verses he laments the rapid, irretrievable passing away of youth. "Youth," he exclaims, "is gone away; cruel, cruel youth!" And he concludes—

"We are cold, very cold,—
All our blood is drying old,
And a terrible heart-dearth
Reigns for us in heaven and earth.
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers
In poor effort to attain
Tepid embers, where still lingers
Soul-preserving warmth, in vain."

But the youth whose flight the poet deplors is not merely the freshness of man's existence, it is the freshness of the world. It is more than the individual man that is growing old, it is the round earth and everything that is thereon. The ancients were the youths of humanity; we moderns, as Bacon said, are the true ancients. Houghton bewails the disappearance of the primitive Paganism of mankind as if it were a personal loss which he had himself sustained. He writes on all these subjects like one born out of his due time. In those days in which he seems to say he fain would have lived, there was no depressing consciousness of the world's failures, there were no gloomy yesterdays of aspirations baffled and sorrows accumulated on which to look back. The retrospect was bright in fancy; the prospect glorious with hope. What matter if the heathens of classic antiq-

uity lived in an atmosphere of vain imaginings, and fed themselves only on the fictions of their fancy. It was enough for them; their fancies were to them as facts, and they therefore supplied a faith. The feeling which Houghton betrays in his classical poems towards these men is one of almost passionate envy. With such thoughts the poetry of his best and earliest period is charged. He realised and gave articulate expression to the sentiments and aspirations of pagan antiquity with an enthusiasm and pathos that in their way have never been surpassed and seldom approached. Again and again he speaks as from the very soul of one of his Hellenic heroes or favorites who were troubled by no doubt that their worthy resolves would be sanctioned by the approving thunders of Zeus, might even be followed by counsels from the lips of Pallas Athene herself. He could not, like the Emperor Julian, undertake to bring back into life the past which he loved so much by any positive edict, but he could testify his desire to do so, he could proclaim his sympathy with the vanished epoch through the mouth of his muse. As in Edward Bunbury's great history of *Ancient Geography* and its illustrative maps we see the small circlet of territories within the ring-fence of Oceanus, which was all that had then been irradiated by the mind and imagination of Greece, so under the spell of Houghton's genius the circlet becomes all aglow with the rapturous fervor of a life illumined and glorified, and almost created by poetry.—*Fortnightly Review*.

KARUKAYA.

A STORY OF A SKIN PICTURE.

BY FRANK ABELL.

TEN years ago, when I was resident in Japan, I happened, during a pedestrian tour, to be weatherbound at the famous Lobster tea-house, in the town of Atsungi, about nineteen miles from Yokohama. Inured as I was to the fickleness and the severe extremities of the Japanese climate, the rain which came down during these three October days

was of such volume and continuity that not even the coolies would go out, but preferred to crouch round the charcoal brazier of the wine-shop and crack jokes over the steaming cups of Otari. To me these long hours of enforced idleness were almost intolerable: I had no books with me, I had elaborated over and over again the sketches I had made

during my trip, I had slept, I had smoked, I had eaten and drunk at all hours. There was nothing to see in the street; there was too much to smell in the public rooms below; to attempt to pursue my homeward road would have been folly, for between me and the Great Road there was a swollen, raging river over which no ferry-boat would go, and beyond that a wide stretch of tea-land, far too swampy for the lightest of European boots.

On the morning of the fourth day a travelling tattooer happened to stop at the house. As most people know, in Japan the art of pictorial tattooing is carried to the very highest perfection, the subjects represented being not only artistic studies in themselves, but their colors so deftly pricked in that the lapse of long years produces little or no effect upon their brilliancy and durability.

This professor was on his way to the European settlement at Yokohama, for, so long ago as 1874, the Japanese were beginning to regard tattooing as a penance unworthy of a nation which owned telegraphs, railways, ironclad gunboats, and public offices filled with little men who transacted business in shabby European evening dress; nay, the Government had even issued an edict forbidding the practice; but as most foreigners were in the habit of carrying away a memento of their visit to the Land of the Rising Sun in the shape of a more or less elaborate tattooing, the professors still did a roaring trade amongst residents, globe-trotters, and naval officers.

The gentleman was ushered up to me. Anything was welcome to break the monotony of my day, so I welcomed him. He produced a book of patterns, and I finally selected that which is still as bright and distinct on my right arm as when it was first done. It represents a gentleman clad in a costume of stiff kilted silk, standing with his face half averted from a little girl, clad in brilliantly patterned scarlet robes, who is clinging to his sleeve, and apparently trying to persuade him to do something against his will. The man in his right hand holds a bucket of flowers and vegetables, whilst his left, muffled in the black robe, supports his chin.

The name of the story thus represented is Karukaya, and is so romantic

and characteristic of that old Japanese life which has disappeared for ever before the march of Western civilisation, that I give it at length.

Long, long ago, during the "Immortal" era of Japanese history, there lived in the city of Yedo a young noble named Karuka. Although barely twenty-five years of age, he had proved himself so skilful a general and so dauntless a warrior that he was regarded as one of the grandest and truest sons of that splendid country which to this day artists, poets, and actors worship under the title of Dai-Nippon.

He lived in great honor and state in his castle, which stood close by where the British Legation now is, and as his parents were dead, and he was the wealthy head of the noble Karuka family, it may be imagined that every match-making mamma in the capital held him before the eyes of her daughters as a most desirable "catch."

Young Karuka was as handsome and accomplished as he was brave and rich. In my picture his face certainly does not accord with our notions of manly beauty, but it is to be remembered that he is there under the influence of conflicting passions, and that when a Japanese gentleman wishes to express rage, grief, or disappointment, he contorts his features almost out of human semblance. But the legend says that he was tall and slim, strongly and symmetrically built, with the oval face, the almond eyes, and the arched eyebrows which constitute manly beauty in Japan. He was a skilful archer, a bold fencer, an expert swordsman, a daring rider who had ascended the steep steps of the "Men's Path" up the hill of Atango on a fiery steed, a good musician, well versed in the ballad and legend lore of his land—in fact, he was a Japanese Admirable Crichton.

Now amongst all the damsels who sighed and pined for him, there was one in particular who really loved him. She was the daughter of one of the proudest Hatta-Motos, or Imperial bodyguards; she was beautiful and accomplished, and had rejected many noble lovers who had come from distant provinces to sue for her hand, all for the love of Karuka.

And yet she could produce no impression upon his heart. In vain she em-

ployed all her woman's *finesse* and cunning; in vain her mother called frequently at the Karuka castle, and sent him magnificent presents. He received the broad hints and oglings with coldness, and, although he could not in accordance with etiquette return the presents without creating a blood feud between the families, he gently put them aside and never opened them.

Nevertheless, O Kiri—such was the lady's name—so far from being repulsed, only prosecuted her suit with greater ardor. She gave up the usual pursuits and amusements of ladies of her position, grew careless in her dress, pale and interesting in her appearance; she would sit and brood for long hours, and was known frequently to steal out at night, gain admittance to the castle yard of her lover, and from behind a group of azalea bushes watch the paper windows of the room most generally used by Karuka. When a woman disappointed in love, says the old adage, takes to brooding in solitude and silence, good rarely comes of it. And it was so in the case of O Kiri.

She began to suspect Karuka, although after long watching she had not been able to trace the object of his affections, and was assured that it could be nobody in his usual circle of acquaintance.

One evening she was watching the movements of Karuka's shadow behind the paper shutters of his room from her usual observatory behind the azalea bushes. She saw him dress his hair in ordinary plebeian fashion, she saw the figure of a retainer approach kneeling with an undistinguishable mass in his arms, she saw Karuka change his clothing for what the retainer had brought, and place a common broad-brimmed coolie hat on his head. Then the shutters were opened, and by the light of the oil wick in the room O Kiri saw her idol attired from head to foot in common workman's costume.

Her heart sank within her, for her woman's keenness told her that he was on some cavalier expedition. Presently the retainer, whom O Kiri recognised as Karuka's chief steward, fastened a pair of common straw sandals on his feet, slung an ordinary carpenter's bag over his shoulders, and with profound obeisance left him. O Kiri's heart beat

wildly as she watched Karuka cross the castle yard stealthily and swiftly, rather as a criminal flying from justice than a great lord in his own domain. She waited until he had got through the gateway, and then darted after him. Keeping him in sight, she followed him along all kinds of evil back-lanes and by-streets, the rain soaking into her thin robes, the unusual exertion of walking quickly over uneven ground upon high clogs wounding her delicate feet. The people stared at her, as well they might, but she kept on, past the great temples of Shiba, past the castle of the great lord of Satsuma, past those scattered hill temples which afterwards became European Legations, until they arrived at the dirty bad suburb of Shinagawa. Karuka went some way down the crowded, evil-smelling street, then stopped at a small shop, in the front of which clogs and sandals were exposed for sale, and entered, crying "O Hana! O Hana!" Under the deep shadow of a projecting eave on the other side of the street, O Kiri saw a bright-eyed, fresh-faced girl of eighteen, come forward at Karuka's summons, affectionately greet him, and disappear into the house with him.

Rage and grief seized O Kiri when she saw this. She leant for support against the wooden shutters of the house, her hand tightly grasping the hilt of the small dagger which all Japanese ladies carried with them when they went abroad, and half resolved to rush into the house and slay this common O Hana who had stepped in between her and her love.

But she thought that deliberate revenge would be better than sudden outrage, and so returned home. The next day she sent a servant down to enquire about O Hana's people. The answer came that they were Etais—the pariahs of Japanese society, despised and insulted by the very beggars, the lowest of the low—a tribe who live distinct from all others, and whose business it is to execute criminals, kill animals, and to make clogs and sandals.

"So," muttered O Kiri, "this will be pretty news for the city, that the head of the great Karuka family loves an Eta woman! This is pleasant for me to see, that I, in whose veins runs the blood of the immortals, am set aside

in favor of a common outcast wench! It will be sufficient to proclaim his connection to disgrace him, but I want more than disgrace: I want and will have revenge."

But she determined to have a practical proof at home of his affection for O Hana, before resorting to extremes. So she desired her father to call upon Karuka in state, knowing that in the course of a week Karuka would be obliged to return the visit. Then she sent a servant to O Hana's shop to command her to bring for inspection a number of the best black lacquered clogs in preparation for the New Year's festivities. So O Hana's father brought the clogs up the next day, but O Kiri abused him for daring to come into the presence of a lady, and commanded him to send a woman to wait upon a lady. Three times accordingly O Hana came, but as Karuka did not happen to be there O Kiri made some excuses and ordered alterations in order that the lovers should be thrown together.

So when Karuka came to repay the visit, O Kiri had so contrived that her clog woman should be announced. Karuka came in state, with his "kami shimo" or winged coat on, his armor bearer, and a score of retainers bearing his crest, the double triangle, embroidered on their sleeves.

When O Hana was announced, O Kiri expressed great anger that a common tradeswoman should dare to interrupt a state visit, but Karuka laughed out of compliment, and O Hana entered. Directly she beheld Karuka she uttered a cry and sank on the mats. Karuka's face turned ghastly pale, he staggered as he squatted, and saw that O Kiri's eyes were fixed on him.

"Dear me, Sir Karuka!" exclaimed O Kiri with affected concern, "what is the matter? You start as if you had seen a spirit!"

Karuka stammered out some excuse, and, declaring that he felt unwell, begged to be allowed to depart. So O Kiri knew that Karuka really was intimate with the Eta woman, perhaps—but she shuddered to think it—was her husband, although her teeth were not blackened.

Now O Hana, although but an Eta, was well worthy of any man's love. Her father being out at work all day,

and her mother bedridden, upon O Hana devolved all the responsibility of the household, and from early morning until late at night she was incessantly at work. Yet none of the neighbors had ever seen her other than clean, tidy, and smiling. But when she returned home after her expedition to O Kiri's house, her cheeks were stained with tears, and her eyes red and swollen.

"O mother!" she cried, "you know I have always wondered why Yoroshi, my lover, is always so clean and sweet, although he works so hard as a carpenter. Well, who do you think he is? He is no carpenter at all, but the great lord Karuka. I have just seen him in his splendid dress, with all his men and standards! Oh, what shall I do? It will be known that I have dared to love a great lord! We shall be ruined and disgraced!"

"Why, then, O Hana," said the old woman, "you must have no more to do with him. Of course it would never do for you to marry a great lord. But are you sure that it was he?"

"Quite sure," replied O Hana, "for—for he turned pale, and almost fell back when he saw me. O mother! I think it will break my heart to lose him, for I do love him so much, and he is so good and kind to me!"

"Never mind that," said the old woman; "you'll soon get over it. There are plenty of good husbands to be found amongst our own people. So think no more about it, and banish him from your mind."

But O Hana was not so easily to be consoled, and passed all that night in sobbing and sighing, so that the next morning she did not seem a bit like her own self.

In the evening, as she was doing her marketing after work hours, she went into a drug shop to get some clove pills for her mother. As a customer was being served, she had to wait, and as she waited she could not help hearing him give very strict directions about the mixing of a very deadly poison for the rats which infested his house. There was nothing very remarkable in this, for the shop was famous for its rat poison; but when O Hana looked at the man, who was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, she recognised one of the retainers who

had admitted her to the great lady's house the day before.

Now Japanese of all classes read sensational literature with assiduity, and those who cannot read attend regularly the representations of the sensational drama. O Hana was no exception to the rule, and being familiar with schemes and plots and designs of all kinds from her reading, and remembering how strangely the great lady had behaved to her, she saw some meaning in the purchase of deadly poison by a retainer of the house of the Lady O Kiri.

Karuka came that night as usual. O Hana, of course, was bound to behave differently now that she knew who he really was. She would not remove her forehead from the mats until he implored her. She used the honorific "Sama" when she addressed him, or rather when she replied to his remarks, for it is directly against etiquette and custom for an inferior to address questions or initiate remarks to a superior. In vain he assured her that the great love he bore her had made them equal; in vain he protested against her humility and self-abasement, and declared that he was only waiting for the New Year's festival to pass over in order to make her his wife and take her away to his castle in the pleasant land of Tosa. No prayers, no exhortations, no reassurances of his could persuade the simple, humble-minded girl that a great lord could ever be the equal of a despised Eta.

At length he rose and prepared to take his leave; then she said:—

"O, my most honorable lord, your servant craves permission to say one thing to you. This afternoon, as your servant was at the drug shop, there came in a retainer of the house of the most honorable lady you visited yesterday, and bought some poison. Your servant is unworthy to say any more: your lordship will understand that she tells you in good faith."

"You are a good, true little girl," said Karuka. "I understand what you mean, and I will beware."

Then he bade her as affectionate a farewell as she would let him, and turned homeward, musing deeply on all that had taken place.

The next day a present arrived at Karuka's castle from the father of O

Kiri. It was a large, straw-bound cask, bearing upon it the impress of the red carp which betokened the famous Yebizdai wine, accompanied by the Lady O Kiri's good wishes. He thought of what O Hana had told him on the previous evening, and, ordering a servant to bring a rabbit in from the garden, poured out some of the wine and gave it to the animal: the rabbit died in violent convulsions in less than ten minutes. So Karuka wrote the following letter to O Kiri:—

"Madam,—The wine you sent me as a present was poisoned. I know why you wish to be revenged on me. Beware. If I proclaim you as a murderess it were worse for you than it would be for me if you proclaimed the fact of my being betrothed to an Eta.—KARUKA."

Some weeks elapsed. During that time all intercourse between O Kiri and her family and Karuka ceased, and Karuka, with much trouble, had managed to conquer O Hana's scruples, and to make her his wife privately. But Karuka saw that the secret was known. His old friends deserted him; his very retainers resigned their situations, refusing to bear the crest of a lord who had sullied his name for ever; all but the old steward who had served Karuka's father, and who swore that he would never desert the son. Gradually he found himself ostracised and alone. Burning with resentment, he strode off one day with the intention of making arrangements to take O Hana away to his country house in the Province of Tosa. A few paces from his gate he met the young Prince of Nagato at the head of a band of retainers, who, as well as their master, were evidently in liquor.

"Ah, Karuka!" cried the young prince, who had never borne Karuka very much good will since the day the latter had unhorsed him at the tilting yard. "Going to see your Eta sweetheart, I suppose! What a proud race the future Karukas will be."

The blood rushed to Karuka's face; with one sweep he drew the famous Muramasa blade which he had so gloriously used in his country's cause, and cut the young prince to the ground. Nagato's retainers, seeing their lord lying weltering in his blood, rushed on Karuka with savage yells. But they had

to deal with the boldest and most skilful swordsman in Japan, and Karuka, edging slowly back so that he stood against the wall, laid about him with such good will that in a few minutes half a dozen of his assailants were writhing on the ground, and the rest had made off.

But Karuka knew now that nothing remained to him but instant flight, for all Yedo would know that not only had he insulted his order by marrying an Eta, but that he had grievously wounded the young Prince of Nagato, and, if he were taken, not only would he be publicly disgraced, but he would suffer the death of a felon.

Aided by his faithful steward, he escaped in disguise that evening, but determined to call upon O Hana so as to arrange with her where to meet him. To his surprise when he arrived at the well-known street in Shinagawa, he found the house shut up. Upon inquiry he found that the Eta people had in turn taken the matter up, and that O Hana and the child she had borne to Karuka had been obliged to fly in order to avoid the penalties which the Etas imposed upon such of their order as should dare to aspire beyond it.

Wearied, faint with loss of blood, sick at heart, and almost despairing, Karuka passed the night at a mean tea-house, and by daylight the next morning was on the road to the holy mountain Oyama, disguised as a pilgrim.

Four years elapsed, during which time, in spite of the most diligent search by the Government and the Nagato family, not a trace of Karuka could be found. In fact, he had taken up his residence in a hut which he had erected with the help of his steward on a little-known slope of Oyama near the miserable village of Tanzawa, and here, free from all intercourse with the great world, he led a solitary life, hunting the deer and the wild boar, and composing poetry. Of O Hana he had heard nothing, although he had sent his steward, who lived in the village of Koyias upon the other side of the mountain, to search for her in all directions.

At the end of the fourth year of his exile, Japan became engaged in war with her ancient enemy, Corea. The gods frowned on the Japanese arms: the "Yamato Damashi," the spirit of

old Japan, seemed dead: every junk brought news of further disgrace and disaster: the Court and Assembly of Nobles were in despair, for there was not a general of talent to stem the tide of misfortune.

"O that we had Karuka!" exclaimed one old noble, with tears in his eyes.

"We would forgive him everything, if he would but come forth and lead our armies," said another.

"Ay, that we would," was the general chorus.

So the Government messengers were sent forth; proclamations were posted at the entrance to all towns and villages offering huge rewards for the discovery of Karuka. But no one knew of his whereabouts, and meanwhile the war went on, with such disgrace to the Japanese arms that the idea of a humiliating truce was seriously entertained.

Karuka's steward, who loved his country almost before his master, of course heard of all this as he sat amongst the travellers and the merchants of an evening in the Koyias wine-shop, and each time that he took Karuka's supplies of food to him he entreated him to come forth from his hiding-place and save his country. But Karuka, although his spirit burned to be once more in war panoply at the head of his troops, sternly shook his head, and declared that the country which had disgraced him for marrying a girl he loved had no claim upon his aid in the hour of need.

Sadly the old steward returned each time to Koyias, almost resolved to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of proclaiming to the authorities the whereabouts of his master, and only restrained from so doing by remembrance of his solemn oath of fealty.

One bitter winter afternoon, as the steward and half a dozen jovial fellows were crouching over the brazier in the tea-house, there came in a wandering minstrel leading a child by the hand. A thick hood hid all her face but her eyes; her poor thin clothes were ragged and patched, her feet were blue with tramping through the cruel snow, and she was so wearied that she sank upon the raised floor with a piteous apology. The kind-hearted travellers made her drink some hot wine, insisted upon her coming close to the brazier, and one of

them took off his own thick outer garment and wrapped the child in it. When she lowered her hood to thank them, the steward recognized O Hana, although four long years of suffering had written sad traces on her once fresh, youthful face.

A happy thought struck him, and after she had rested herself and seemed revived, and was leaving the tea-house, he followed her and whispered in her ear :—

"O Hana, do you not remember me?"

She started, gazed at him for a moment, and murmured his name with joyful surprise.

"O Hana," he continued, "you would like to see your husband?"

A light of joy sprang into her sad eyes as she replied :—

"Oh, yes, that I would, but my people told me that he was dead long ago."

"He is not dead," said the steward; "but I can only tell you where he is and let you see him upon one condition."

"Name it, sir, I pray," said O Hana. "I cannot do much, for I am weak and ill, but you may depend upon my exerting myself to my very last breath, if I could be rewarded by but a glimpse of his dear face."

"Very well," said the steward. "Where are you going now?"

"Indeed, sir, I didn't know," she replied.

"Very well; you want sleep and food, you must come with me," said the steward.

O Hana thanked him fervently, and followed him to the little house in which he lodged.

When O Hana and the child were fast asleep between the quilts, the steward wrote the following note :—

"My Lord and Master,—The bearer of this is your little daughter. I send her to you to implore you for the sake of your wife to place yourself once again at the head of our armies."

Early the next morning he told O Hana of the resolution he had taken. At first she was unwilling to trust the child to go even with him into the solitudes of the mountains, but he swore that no harm should happen to her, and O Hana, happier than she had been for many long days, consented.

So the steward bought the child a new red dress embroidered with azalea flowers, took her on his back, and started. When he arrived within a hundred yards of his master's hut, he directed the child which way she should take, and waited below to hear the issue.

Then followed the scene which forms the subject of my skin picture.

So great was Karuka's joy that for some moments he could only embrace her in silence. Then he asked her about her mother, and wrote on the back of the steward's letter that he would only take again the field on behalf of his country upon the condition that if he succeeded all the past should be forgotten, and he should be permitted to introduce O Hana to her proper station in life.

The child came down with Karuka; the steward hastened back to Koyias, told O Hana of what had happened, took her back with him to where Karuka was waiting, and, without staying to witness the joyful greeting between the long-separated husband and wife, made all speed to Yedo with his message.

Very little remains to be told. Of course the nobles gladly accepted Karuka's conditions: he came forth from his retirement, made almost a triumphal procession through the streets of the capital, saw that O Hana was settled in his old castle under the protection of the faithful steward, and went off to the seat of war. In a few weeks the news therefrom was of such a character as to infuse proud enthusiasm into every Japanese heart. The junks which had so long brought nothing but news of disgrace and defeat now sailed proudly into Yedd Bay with bunches of evergreens at their mast-heads, and by the summer the Koreans had been utterly crushed, and Japan had dictated her terms of peace.

Karuka returned full of honors to his native land: the people rebuilt for him the castle, which had been suffered to fall into grievous decay during his exile; the assembly of Daimios voted him an annual income of six thousand 'kokus' of rice, equal to four thousand pounds sterling; the greatest in the land crowded to his castle to pay their respects to him and to O Hana, and prominent amongst

them came the Prince of Nagato and his wife, once known as O Kiri, the admirer of Karuka. Nor was the faithful old steward forgotten, for Karuka bought for him an estate in the country, where he died at an advanced age, to the

grief of all who knew him. The child grew up beautiful, and by her marriage with the Prince of Choshiu stamped all the Eta taint from the family of Karuka.—*Belgravia*.

COLOR-MUSIC.

BY REV. J. CROFTS.

THE sense of beauty in color seems to be by no means peculiar to man. Readers of Darwin may remember that he says ("Descent of Man," pt. I. ch. iii.): "When we behold a male bird elaborately displaying his graceful plumes or splendid colors before the female, whilst other birds, not thus decorated, make no such display, it is impossible to doubt that she admires the beauty of her male partner. The nests of humming-birds and the playing passages of bower-birds are tastefully ornamented with gaily-colored objects; and this shows that they must receive some kind of pleasure from the sight of such things. With the great majority of animals, however, the taste for the beautiful is confined, as far as we can judge, to the attractions of the opposite sex. If female birds had been incapable of appreciating the beautiful colors, the ornaments, &c., of their male partners, all the labor and anxiety exhibited by the latter in displaying their charms before the females would have been thrown away; and this it is impossible to admit. Why certain bright colors should excite pleasure cannot, I presume, be explained, any more than why certain flavors and scents are agreeable."

Mr. Darwin goes on afterwards to build upon these generally acknowledged facts his theory that the colors of the male are actually developed by a long course of sexual selection; that is, females of each generation being most readily won by the males remarkable for their beauty, he maintains there would be a constant tendency to the transmission and development of such charms. And though his theory has been questioned by some—Mr. Wallace for example—and strong arguments adduced for its modification, yet of the original

proposition, that the female is susceptible to the charm of color in her mate, there can be no reasonable doubt. And as to insects, all are agreed that it is the color of the flowers, quite as much as, or even more than the scent, which proves the first attraction. Mr. Darwin notes ("Descent of Man," pt. II. ch. xi.) how the humming-bird moth has been repeatedly known to visit flowers painted on the walls of a room, and vainly endeavor to insert its proboscis into them: also how several kinds of butterflies in South Brazil show an unmistakable preference for certain colors over others, "very often visiting the brilliant red flowers of five or six genera of plants, but never the white or yellow flowering species of the same and other genera, growing in the same garden." And Mr. Wallace not only agrees with this view of the influence of color upon insects, but emphasises it by declaring that the attraction of butterflies and other insects "is the main function of color in flowers as shown by the striking fact that those flowers which can be perfectly fertilised by the wind, and do not need the aid of insects, rarely or never have gaily-colored flowers." ("Natural Selection," p. 263.)

Yet true though it be that the sense of beauty—so far as deriving pleasure from certain colors is concerned—is shared by man in common with many of the lower animals, the sensations of a cultivated man are different altogether in kind from those of the lower creatures, inasmuch as in his case they are associated with complex ideas and trains of thought. No animal except man can appreciate the delicate pencillings of a flower, or the exquisite color-harmonies of an autumnal landscape, for the obvious reason that such appreciation de-

pendents wholly upon the mind of the beholder. Color itself, which appears to be in the bodies at which we gaze, has really no such existence at all. There is no color in a geranium flower, nor in the eye which sees it, nor in the brain which receives the impression, but only in the mind or consciousness of the spectator. We will say a little more upon this point later on : suffice it here to simply note the fact. Such, then, being the case, though, of course, a quickened sense by no means indicates higher mental faculties—for such sense depends almost entirely upon the quality of the nerve-fibres which act as telegraph wires to the brain—yet the *idea conceived in the mind* at each communication, and the degree of appreciation of any beautiful object—in other words *the measure of the sense of beauty*—will depend wholly upon the mental organisation.

The lower creatures have senses for the most part much keener than ours. There can be no doubt that some of them are gifted with senses entirely distinct and different—senses of which we know absolutely nothing, and for which we have not even a name. And this being so, the external world must be to them as unlike what it is to us as Venus is to Mars.

All entomologists, for example, know that the males of certain species among the Lepidoptera are possessed of a very remarkable sense, or faculty, or instinct—call it what you will—that enables them to discover a female of their own species even though she be confined in box within box and placed in the pocket of the collector. And so powerful and unerring is this sense that instances have been known of insects being led by it for two or three miles straight to a house, and through the open window to the box wherein the object of their solicitation was imprisoned.

Such phenomena are suggestive of further thought. If certain creatures have these subjective sensations of which we have no experience, there must of course be certain mysterious—to us impalpable—objective essences, or, to use more scientific language, *ether waves*, to correspond to them, the nature of which we have no means of even guessing. Truly there are more things in heaven

and earth than are as yet dreamt of in our philosophy.

Voltaire, in one of his tales, has an amusing fancy of people in Saturn with seventy-two senses, receiving a visitor from the Dog-star who was blessed with no less than a thousand. And, indeed, there is no reason at all to suppose, because we have only five, that the possession of other senses by other creatures is impossible or unlikely.

In a most interesting paper, read in Manchester, in 1873, by Professor Croom Robertson, he explains in a somewhat fanciful way, and in a single paragraph, all that science really has to tell us about the senses. He begins his lecture as follows :—

“ Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second ; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod : how will he be affected by it ? So long as it turns but a few times in a second, he will not be affected at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear ; and as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness ; silence will again reign as at the first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man ; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin ; which again will grow more and more intense as now through tens and hundreds and

thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much the greater. But, lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away, till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and, last of all, a violet. And to the violet, the revolutions being now about eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness—night, as in the beginning. This darkness too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses."

It will be observed that according to this theory those sensible qualities which we call color, heat, and sound are all ether waves and vibrations; and that these waves had no effect on the man, except at particular stages, and within a definite range at each. There was a blank before the first deep sound was heard, then a tremendous blank after the last screech had died away, until heat began to be felt, and lastly an immeasurable blank beyond the limit where light passed into darkness. At one rate the motion appeared only as sound, at another as heat, and at another as color.

Why should other rates among or outside of these not appear as anything at all? The answer is, because of man's limited capacity of being affected. The nerve-fibres of which we are possessed are adapted for dealing with those vibrations only which convey to us the sensible qualities we call color, &c.; but it is perfectly conceivable that beings might be furnished with nerves adapted for dealing with other rates of motion, which would thus convey to them new qualities of external objects, qualities of which we know nothing and can learn nothing. So, instead of the senses being limited to five, they might become fifty, or five hundred, or almost any other number.

Of the five senses we possess, that of sight is the one of which we make most uninterrupted use, and upon this sense we most implicitly rely. It is true that if I do not hear the approaching vehicle I

may be run over and killed, yet, if I do hear it, I do not feel satisfied as to its distance, or its character, till my eyes have afforded further information respecting it; whilst, on the other hand, if my eye be the first informant, upon its testimony I rely without seeking any further evidence.

Let us now follow the business man who has just turned out of his house, and is setting out for a walk into the country after a week of close work at his office in town. He walks with head erect, his senses all alive, and he is drinking in with the keenest enjoyment the sounds and colors and scents of the world around; the skylark overhead, and the linnet in the brake, the hum of insects so soft and dreamy, the bleating of the lambs, and the chimes of the distant church bells—how delightful it all is to him! What a paradise these things make! But if, presently, the sounds should all fail, and utter quiet reign over valley, wood, and hill, the man will probably experience little or no regret; the "gleams of silence" in this hurrying, noisy, boisterous world are very sweet, and in their way as enjoyable as its most delightful rural music.

As regards his sense of smell the man is still more independent. He may walk for miles without once being actually conscious that he possesses such a sense at all—beyond the general sensation of being in a pure and fresh atmosphere. Half a dozen times perhaps in his walk he wakes up to it. A bean-field in bloom, or a bank of violets, or burning weeds, or new-mown hay, or some blossoming woodbine, or the wall flowers or mignonette in a cottage garden—some one or other of these may arrest his attention at rare intervals by their fragrance, and so steal into notice; but the man does not look for them, and he is quite content to begin and finish his walk—if it so happen—without any of them.

How different with the dog who has set out with him, and has been enjoying his walk side by side with his master, receiving impressions from the same surroundings and under the same circumstances! What a completely different aspect things have had for him! His sense of enjoyment has been—like his master's—according to his capacity, but

what different influences have appealed to him! If, when they reach home, the dog were able to make known his impressions, and spread them out side by side with his master's, they would probably be as opposite as the poles—just as unlike as if they had been received, these on this earth, and the others amongst the mountains of the moon. Watch the dog for an instant, and see what his interest is centred in, what sense it is that engrosses his attention most. He has an exceedingly quick eye and ear, and it would be difficult for even a mouse of lightest foot to emerge from its hole, and creep round the old stump close by and in again without being detected. The faintest rustle of a leaf, the slightest movement, would be sufficient to betray its presence. Either through eye or ear, very likely through both at the same instant, the dog will be made conscious of the interesting little circumstance. But quick as all his senses are, it is to that of smell, above all, that the dog *trusts*. This is the final arbiter—the test to which all difficult problems are subjected, and by which all doubts are solved. It is in a world of scents that a dog lives, and moves, and has his being. What a curious scent this bramble-leaf has! and this spot in the road! and that last nettle he passed—how interesting! How unlike all other nettles he ever met with! He must return and investigate! And, doing so, he becomes, for a few moments, so engrossed that even his master's command can scarcely persuade him to leave it. And then, as to judging of character, let a reader who possesses a dog say whether he knows of any test that can be for one moment compared with the test supplied by the bundle of nerves that spread themselves out at the tip of a dog's nose. If a pun may be pardoned, I would express my belief that by no other known means can so correct a diagnosis of a man's character be obtained. At all events, all will agree that a dog depends upon it without any reserve whatever, and no amount of flattery will serve to alter the opinion he has by such means arrived at. And who does not remember how—when Ulysses returned home after his many years' absence, disguised as a beggar—neither length of

time, nor change of appearance and clothing, served for a moment to deceive his faithful hound. Whilst every other member of the household was regarding him as a stranger, his dog came up and instantly discovered his identity.

Herein, then, we notice an extraordinary difference between the senses of man and those of his most intimate companion amongst the lower animals—a difference sufficient in itself to affect the whole aspect of the outer world.

It is true that men vary considerably amongst themselves in their sense organisation, and, strange to say, some have even claimed to possess the canine faculty just referred to. Dr. Jäger, for example, a professor of Stuttgart, has put forth pretensions which it is impossible to read without a smile, professing, as he does, simply by means of the nose on his face, eyes shut and ears closed, to discriminate the character of any stranger to whom he may be introduced, or who may pass him in the street.

Whether such abnormal faculties ever have an existence other than in the imagination of fanciful persons, at least they are unknown to mankind in general, and it is chiefly, as has been said, by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings.

Nurses tell us that the first impulse of a new-born infant is to turn its face toward the light. "Light is sweet," the wise man says, "and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Man is irresistibly attracted by light, while gloom inspires him with an unconquerable aversion, and utter darkness an instinctive horror. But it is when to the glories of light is added the boundless wealth of color that his heart truly rejoices. "The gay tulips, the blushing rose, the golden scarabæus, the gorgeous peacock, the infinitively varied beauties of the butterfly, the brilliant plumage of the humming-bird," the magnificent harmonies of an autumnal sunset—few persons in this year of grace can regard such objects with indifference. Baring Gould says: "I remember one day in the South coming upon a tall flower, bright golden yellow, a tuft of blossoms, and this was covered with dazzling blue stars, blazing, send-

* *Village Conferences on the Creed*, p. 152.

ing out rays of light in the sun, just as if little bits of the blue sky had strewn themselves on the yellow flower, and these were shining with all their light as jewels. It was merely a number of wondrously beautiful little beetles clustered on the flower. But, oh! so exquisite was the sight, I remember—I was a little boy then—lifting up my hands and crying out with delight at the sight, and gratitude to God for having made anything so fair to glad my eyes.

It is, however, unquestionable that the degree of appreciation, and even, to a large extent, the perception of the various hues will depend upon the mind's cultivation.

Mr. Ruskin, in a most interesting passage in "Modern Painters," shows that the sense of color has been developed in the course of ages. He says,* "The Greek sense of color seems to have been so comparatively dim and uncertain that it is almost impossible to ascertain what the real idea was which they attached to any word alluding to hue; and above all, color, though pleasant to their eyes, as to those of all human beings, seems never to have been impressive to their feelings. They liked purple, on the whole, the best; but there was no sense of cheerfulness or pleasantness in one color, and gloom in another, such as the mediævals had.

"For instance, when Achilles goes, in great anger and sorrow, to complain to Thetis of the scorn done him by Agamemnon, the sea appeared to him 'wine-colored.' One might think this meant that the sea looked dark and reddish-purple to him, in a kind of sympathy with his anger. But we turn to a passage of Sophocles, peculiarly intended to express peace and rest, and we find that the birds sang among 'wine-colored' ivy. The uncertainty of conception of the hue itself, and entire absence of expressive character in the word, could hardly be more clearly manifested.

"Again, the Greeks liked purple, as a general source of enjoyment, better than any other color, as all healthy persons who have eye for color, and are unprejudiced about it do, and will to the end of time. . . . But so far was this instinctive preference for purple from

giving, in the Greek mind, any consistently cheerful or sacred association to the color, that Homer constantly calls death 'purple death.'

"Again, Sophocles tells us the birds sang in the 'green going places' (places where the trees separate, so as to give some accessible avenue); and we take up the expression gratefully, thinking the old Greek perceived and enjoyed, as we do, the sweet fall of the eminently green light through the leaves, and when they are a little thinner than in the heart of the wood. But we turn to the tragedy of 'Ajax,' and are much shaken in our conclusion about the meaning of the word, when we are told that the body of Ajax is to lie unburied and be eaten by sea-birds on the 'green sand.' The formation, geologically distinguished by this title, was certainly not known to Sophocles; and the only conclusion which, it seems to me, we can come to under the circumstances is, that Sophocles really did not know green from yellow or brown."

And here we may as well, perhaps, pause for a few moments to consider some exceptions in our own day to the general rule of a sensibility to and appreciation of color.

These exceptions may be generally divided into two classes: first, those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of color; and second, those who are affected with the peculiarity of vision called "color-blindness," and sometimes "Daltonism."

To these must be added a third class, which we may believe and hope is not a large one, of persons who object to the use of color from some religious scruple. That what people are pleased to call "quiet colors" have something about them savoring of piety, whilst brighter colors are allied to profanity and godlessness, is by no means an uncommon notion amongst people of demure habits; and it would be next to impossible to persuade such persons of what has, nevertheless, been abundantly proved, viz., that at first *pure taste* showed a preference for primaries in all manner of ornamentation, and that it was only when taste began to be corrupted that a superabundance of the secondaries was admitted.

But some carry their objections to

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 225.

color still further, and afflict their soul because the whole world is not draped in drab. Take the case of John Woolman for example—not a common one we admit. This man—born in 1720 in Burlington County, West Jersey, and a member of the Society of Friends—spent the latter part of his life in one unceasing, self-sacrificing crusade against the use of colored dyes. It is declared he was not mad, but, at least, it must be admitted that he had extraordinary views. He took it into his head that "the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them" was inconsistent with the Christian profession. His objection to color, it is true, was twofold; first, because it was calculated to please the eye; and secondly, because it tended to hide dirt; but it was in its pleasing the eye that its sinfulness seems to have chiefly consisted; and it was to propagate this strange doctrine respecting dyes that Woolman came to this country and underwent untold hardships, travelling through the grimy manufacturing districts in weak health, and on foot, and suffering such persecution and ridicule as we can readily understand such a man, with such a cause, would have to suffer.

It is easy to laugh at a man who is willing to undergo martyrdom for the sake of an undyed hat, but at least it shows how intense were his feelings upon the subject, and how sincere his religious scruples. "The apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity," he says, "felt uneasy to me. And here I had occasion to consider that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority, become great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for His sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind at our general spring meeting in 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me; and when I returned home, got a hat of the natural color of the fur." *

Of the first of the two classes mentioned above—viz., those who are simply indifferent to the beauty of color—nothing need be said. It is a mere matter of averages. Just as there will always be a certain percentage of persons without any taste for music, so there must always be a certain number equally unimpressible as regards color.

The second class, however—those affected by color-blindness—demands more notice. It may be conveniently subdivided into two groups—first, of those incapable of receiving impression of any color except white and black; and second, those able to perceive certain simple colors, but incapable of distinguishing properly between them. There are persons, strange as it may appear, in whom the sense of primary color is entirely deficient, and who, instead of red, yellow, and blue, see only different degrees of black and white. The earliest case of this kind on record is that of a woman, thirty-two years of age, who, in 1684, consulted Dr. Tuberville, about her sight, which, though excellent in other respects, had this peculiarity. Spurzheim also mentions a family, all the members of which could only distinguish different shades of light and black. And Mr. Huddart, in a letter to Joseph Priestley, dated January 16, 1777, gives an account of a shoemaker in Cumberland similarly affected. This person's peculiarity was unknown to himself until one day, while a boy, playing in the street, he found a stocking, and for the first time was struck with the fact that it was called by his companions *red*, whereas to his mind it was capable of no further description than that designated by the word *stocking*. Two of his brothers had the same imperfection, while two other brothers, his sisters, and other relatives, had the usual condition of vision.

Of the other group the cases are much more numerous, but one or two examples only need be given. Mr. Harvey, of Plymouth, mentions a tailor who could see in the rainbow but two tints, yellow and bright blue; all other hues appearing to him alike—crimson and

* *John Woolman, a Biographical Sketch*, by Dora Greenwell. London, 1871. *J. Woolman*,

by David Duncan, London, 1871. See also *Sunday Magazine*, February, 1871.

green, brown, purple, and scarlet undistinguishable for each other. Fancy a tailor with such an eye for color! and what lamentable results it might lead to, especially when it came to the question of a patched garment returned late on Saturday evening!

But the most interesting case of all is that of Dr. Dalton, discoverer of the atomic theory in chemistry, and celebrated also as a mathematician. It is from his name that the term Daltonism—generally applied on the Continent to color-blindness—is derived. In 1794 he published an account of his own case and that of several others in the *Transactions of the Manchester Society*. The only two colors of the rainbow he could distinctly perceive were yellow and blue, but he had also a slight perception of purple. As usual in such cases, he saw no difference between red and green, being unable to distinguish the color of a laurel leaf from that of a stick of read sealing-wax. An amusing story is told of his having once appeared at a Quaker meeting—of which body he was a member—in a suit that not a little startled the sober-minded Friends, for, as a supposed match to the drab coat and small clothes he always—as a Quaker—wore, his legs were arrayed in a pair of flaming red-colored stockings, which he had innocently selected for their quiet and snuffy hue.

As another instance, Professor Whewell states that when the doctor was asked "with what he would compare the scarlet gown with which he had been invested by the university, he pointed to the trees, and declared that he perceived no difference between the color of his robe and that of their foliage." Other remarkable cases of color-blindness might be given, and amongst the list of persons thus affected some well-known names; as, for example, that of Dugald Stewart, the celebrated metaphysician. In truth, the number of color-blind persons is by no means small. Professor Seebeck found five cases among forty boys who composed the upper classes of a gymnasium of Berlin. Professor Prevost, of Geneva, stated that they amounted to one in twenty of those he examined, and more recent investigations have tended to raise the propor-

tion still higher. Color-blindness is, however, found much more commonly amongst men than women, as shown by the fact that out of 150 registered cases, there are but six of females, and one of them a doubtful case. This, perhaps, is no more than might have been expected, seeing that the circumstances of a woman's position in life, and the necessity she is constantly under of exercising her color-sense in her household arrangements would tend—according to Mr. Darwin's theory—so to educate and develop in her this sense, that in the course of time it would become what we might call a peculiarly feminine faculty.

It is not, however, only in modern times that a special love for color has been attributed to the feminine mind. When the prophetess Deborah represents Sisera's mother as anticipating, in her fond fancy, the victory of her son, the form her soliloquy is made to take is instructive. Very unlike it is to anything a man, under such circumstances, would have been likely to utter, whatever the calibre of his mind or tastes. "Have they not sped?" she is saying to herself; "have they not divided the prey? to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil." "She takes no notice," as Harvey in his "*Meditations and Contemplations*" points out when commenting upon this passage—"She takes no notice of the signal service which her hero would do to his country by quelling so dangerous an insurrection. She never reflects on the present acclamations, the future advancement, and the eternal renown, which are the tribute usually paid to a conqueror's merit. She can conceive, it seems, nothing greater than to be clad in an embroidered vesture, and trail along the ground a robe of the richest dyes. 'A prey of divers colors, of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides'—this is, in her imagination, the most lordly spoil he can win; the most stately trophy he can erect. It is also observable how she dwells upon the trivial circumstance, reiterating it again and again. It so charmed her ignoble heart, so entirely engrossed her little views, that she

can think of nothing else, speak of nothing else, and can hardly ever desist from the darling topic."*

Virgil affords us an instructive instance too in the character he gives us of Camilla.† She was an Amazon and possessed of many great qualities; but, in the one particular of a love for colored finery, still a woman. Addison, in a paper contributed to the *Spectator*,‡ remarks upon this point. He says: "I cannot conclude my paper without observing that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. A golden bow hung from his shoulder, &c. The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with:—

Totumque incauta per agmen
Femineo prædæ et spoliolum ardebat amore."

Again, it was the prey of divers colors, of divers colors of needlework, that was so irresistibly attractive; and it was her heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles that the poet (by a nice-concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of this female hero.

If there is, in each of these passages, a tone of reproach and irony, it is, of course, directed, not against the natural and feminine susceptibility to the charms of colored ornamentation, but to the vanity and greed that, in their several cases, accompanied it. Readers of Charles Kingsley will remember that he again and again defends women from the charge of being generally vainer than men. "Who does not know," he says, "that the man is a thousand times vainer than the woman? He does but follow the analogy of all nature. Look at the Red Indian in that blissful state of man from which (so philosophers inform those who choose to believe them), we all spring. Which is the boaster, the

strutter, the bedizener of his sinful carcase with feathers and beads, fox-tails and bears' claws—the brave, or his poor little squaw?"* But even Kingsley, we suspect, would not say that the Indian brave is more susceptible to the charms of ornamentation than "the poor little squaw" before whom, and for whose delectation, these ornaments are so proudly displayed.

But now, returning to the point we arrived at above—viz., that it is chiefly by means of sight that we receive impressions from our surroundings—when we reflect upon this, viewing it in connection with that other universally acknowledged truth, that there is, in nature, great wealth of color-harmonies, and abundant suggestions of a pure color-art, whilst positively nothing even approaching what we understand by musical harmony or even melody, it is strange that we should to-day be able to enjoy the marvellous musical creations of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, whilst of a color-art, we have not so much as laid the foundations. As Mr. Haweis says,† "there exists, as yet, no color-art as a language of pure emotion. The art of painting has hitherto always been dependent upon definite ideas, faces, cliffs, clouds, incidents." And the truth of this statement is obvious; for who would ever have thought of attempting to represent in black and white a subject dependent wholly upon its color-harmonies? Yet we all value some of the etchings and engravings after Gainsborough, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or even after Turner.

Color, then, has hitherto only been used as an accessory, however important, to form. "No method has yet been discovered of arranging color by itself for the eye, as the musician's art arranges sound for the ear. We have no color-pictures depending solely upon color as we have symphonies depending solely upon sound;" and a color-art pure and simple is still a thing of the future. We have no name for it, nor any system of notation by which to deal with it; everything has still to be done. It is called Color-Music in this paper for want of a better name, and because it is not un-

* Note, p. 102. † *Virgil's Æn.*, xi. 760, &c.
‡ Vol. i. p. 15.

* *Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. p. 52.
† *Music and Morals*, p. 31.

natural to speak of one art in terms usually applied to another, just as we already use the term "color-harmonies," and speak of great musical composers as "tone-poets."

Now this lack of a color-art is not by any means due to the rarity of a passionate responsiveness in mankind to color-harmonies. There is scarcely anything more widely spread, or more commonly strong, than the love of color; and it is because Turner, more than any artist since Gainsborough, is the great master of color, that the admiration of his works is so widespread and so enthusiastic. Nor, again, is it that man's attention has never been directed to the initiation of such an art. Again and again some system of notation has been attempted, and efforts made to arrive by such means at satisfactory results: always unsuccessfully. The result of each such effort has only been to clothe the experimentalist with ridicule, and to convince the reading public of the hopelessness and folly of all such attempts. Perhaps under these circumstances it may be thought rash to express the belief Mr. Haweis seems to share with many others—that, notwithstanding all such failures, we are already on the threshold of an age in which color-music will take its place as an emotional art on equal terms with its elder sister, and vie, in the magnificence of its results, with sculpture, architecture, painting, and music. Mr. Haweis closes his reference to this subject with a passage well worthy of being quoted in this place. "Had we," he says, "but a system of color-notation which would as intensely and instantaneously connect itself with every possible tint, and possess the power of combining colors before the mind's eye, as a page of music combines sounds through the eye to the mind's ear—had we but instruments, or some appropriate art mechanism for rendering such color-notation into real waves of color before the bodily eye, we should then have actually realised a new art, the extent and grandeur of whose developments it is simply impossible to estimate What a majestic symphony might not be played with orchestral blazes of incomparable hues! What delicate melodies composed of single floating lights, changing and

melting from one slow intensity to another through the dark, until some tender dawn of opal from below might perchance receive the last fluttering pulse of ruby flame, and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite color! Why should we not go down to the Palace of the People and assist at a real color-prelude or symphony, as we now go down to hear a work by Mozart or Mendelssohn? But the color-art must first be constituted, its symbols and phraseology discovered, its instruments invented, and its composers born. Up to that time, music will have no rival as an art-medium of emotion."

One word in passing upon the all-importance here laid down of having a system of color-notation before any considerable advance in the new art can be looked for. It may be objected to this, that the systems now employed in music, architecture, logic, mathematics, &c., were actually preceded by the practice of singing, building, reasoning, &c. It may be said that "a drayman will taunt a comrade by exclaiming 'You're a pretty fellow!' without having learnt that he is employing the figure called irony; and that he may afterwards go home whistling a tune, without knowing a note of music; that he may poke the fire without knowing that he is employing the first kind of lever; and set the kettle on to boil, though ignorant of caloric and of the simplest elements of chemistry"—all of which, of course, is obviously true, as it is also true that acquaintance with a system can never make a Mendelssohn, a Christopher Wren, or a Newton; but it does not therefore follow that systems are useless or trifling. For example, the new system of philosophy, introduced by Bacon, was *not* developed by the discovery of new phenomena, but, on the contrary, the phenomena were brought to light, and the most remarkable advance in knowledge made *as a result of the system*.

This being so, the importance of having a sound basis for our system cannot be exaggerated.

Now it so happens that, in this matter of a color-art, what experiments have been hitherto made have been persistently conducted upon a hypothesis proved to be mistaken—viz., that be-

tween such an art and music there must, of necessity, be a close analogy; and that, therefore, a system found to be successful with the one will only need modification and adjustment to become adapted for the other.

As soon as it was observed that there were seven primitive colors in nature, just as there are seven intervals in a musical octave, such a coincidence would naturally excite attention; but when Newton discovered* further, that in the colored spectrum the spaces occupied by the violet, indigo, blue, &c., correspond to the divisions of the monochord, which gives the sounds re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re—though Newton himself, like a wise philosopher, went no further than his discoveries led him—many rash people jumped at once to the conclusion that an analogy between color and music was established, which might be relied upon in the formation of a system.

The chief points of Newton's discovery were as follows:—

1. That the light of the sun contains seven primitive colors.
2. That these colors are formed by the rays experiencing different refractions; and the red is that which is least broken or refracted; the next orange, then yellow, green, blue, indigo, and last, violet.
3. That these different colored rays are afterwards unalterable.
4. That the spaces occupied by these several colored rays correspond, as has been said, to the length of chords that sound the seven notes in the diatonic scale of music.

It is, indeed, a remarkable coincidence that they should so correspond, but the analogy is purely accidental, and of no more practical importance than the discovery made by Linnæus 150 years ago of a connection in plants between their color and flavor:—yellow he found to be generally bitter, red sour, green of a rough alkaline taste, white sweet, and black disagreeable and poisonous.

It is surprising what absurd theories have been propounded and conclusions arrived at in the matter of color.

For example, one theory is that since

the primaries, when used in the proportion necessary to form white light, neutralise each other, they should therefore be so employed for decorative purposes. This is exceedingly like nonsense. As if the great object in using colors should be to make as little of them as possible. It is as if it should be suggested that a musical instrument, and the playing of it, should be so contrived that no musical sound may be heard.

There is also an absurd notion respecting accidental or complementary colors.

Readers will understand that a complementary color is the exact contrast to the color before us. Bluish-green (blue and yellow) is complementary to red, orange-red is complementary to blue, &c. The advertisers of Pears' soap have made familiar to every one the fact that if the eye rests for any considerable time upon one color—say scarlet—and is then removed, another color—the complement of scarlet—will be perceived by the eye as if in reaction from the fatigue it has sustained.

The absurd theory has been maintained that a primitive color may be *destroyed* by its opposite derivative or accidental: and, *vice versa*, a derivative destroyed by a primitive not contained in it.

Another ridiculous notion which has found favor in its day is that, in decorating a building, the order should be that of nature—green at the lower part of the wall, brown underneath that (as the earth is beneath the grass), and blue (to represent the sky) at the top.

Again, very great ingenuity and care have been expended in drawing up tables to show the relative powers and proportions of colors and hues; the theory in this case being that color is produced by the joint influence of light and shade.* The results are interesting, but they cannot be discussed in this place, and they are, for practical purposes, useless.

In short, attempts innumerable have been made to establish theories and rules upon data altogether insufficient for the purpose. Instead of referring all difficult problems to the eye, and being content to receive and record as final the decisions thus arrived at, attempts

* This was in 1666.

* Hay on Color.

are unceasingly made to substitute rule. Memory is trusted rather than the perception. Because such and such colors stand in certain relationship to others, or are compounded in a particular way it is affirmed that they *must therefore* accord or disagree with some other color, as a matter of course. Reference, too, is constantly made to nature. If only a flower can be produced with such and such colors in juxtaposition or combination, that is regarded as settling the question of their harmony, and affording unquestionable authority for employing them at any time in combination; whereas, really, it does nothing of the kind. Persons who so argue forget—as has been truly said—that “besides the petals and the leaves, their eye sees at the same time the yellow anthers, the brown stalk, or other colored objects, even when the flower is plucked, and many more when it is viewed in the bed where it grows. The light and shade, and sometimes the semi-transparency of the petals, also give to the hues in flowers a somewhat different effect from what they would have as flat colors. But whatever may be the *cause* of the difference, there is no doubt of the fact, and this is all that is necessary for us to notice in considering the agreement or disagreement of the colors. If, too, the combinations in nature *must necessarily* be perfectly harmonious, and always concords, *most opposite* combinations must be accepted with equal favor.” Moreover, if all *colors* in nature are concords, what of the sounds? Few persons, surely, would call a peacock or a parrot a very tuneful fowl, and as for some of the quadrupeds—a pig for example—probably even Bottom the weaver would admit that, when in pain or terror, with the one exception of the lion, “there is not a more fearful wild-fowl living.” That brutal monarch, Louis XI. of France, is said to have constructed, with the assistance of the Abbé de Baigne, an instrument designated a “pig organ,” for the production of natural sounds. The master of the royal music, having made a very large and varied assortment of swine, embracing specimens of all breeds and ages, these were carefully *voiced*, and placed in order, according to their several tones and semitones, and so arranged that a key-board communicated

with them, severally and individually, by means of rods ending in sharp spikes. In this way a player, by touching any note, could instantly sound a corresponding note in nature, and was enabled to produce at will either natural melody or harmony! The result is said to have been striking, but not very grateful to human ears.

As a matter of fact, neither are the sounds of nature nor her colors always harmonious. Even the colors of flowers are sometimes discordant; and the best and truest guide in nature, and the only one to be trusted, is the natural taste of man.

Of all the attempts that have been from time to time made to found a system for a color-art upon the supposed analogy between color and music, the best known are those of Father Castel, a French Jesuit. This man, who was a perfect enthusiast in the matter, not only formed a system, but, so early as the year 1734, actually constructed a model of a color harpsichord, by means of which he promised to offer the eyes a new pleasure similar in character to that which the ears receive from music.

As a first preliminary, however, and for reasons of analogy, he changed the orders of the colors into the following, viz., blue, green, yellow, orange, red, violet, indigo, and in the last place blue, which forms, as it were, the octave of the first. These, according to his system, are the colors which correspond to a diatonic octave of our modern music, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. The flats and sharps gave him no trouble; and the chromatic octave, divided into its twelve colors, was blue, sea-green, olive-green, yellow, apricot, orange, red, crimson, violet, agate, indigo, blue, which correspond to do, do \sharp , re, re \sharp , mi, fa, fa \sharp , sol, sol \sharp , la, la \sharp , si, do.

Now, if a harpsichord be constructed in such a manner, says Father Castel, that on striking the key *do*, instead of hearing a sound, a blue band shall appear; that on striking *re*, a green one shall be seen, and so on, you will have the required instrument; provided that for the first octave of *do* a different blue be employed. Father Castel does not explain what we are to understand by one blue an octave to another, but he says, that as there are reckoned to be twelve

octaves appreciable by the ear, from the lowest sound to the most acute, there are in like manner twelve octaves of colors, from the darkest blue to the lightest; which gives us reason to believe that since the darkest blue is that which ought to represent the lowest key, the blue corresponding to the octave must be formed of eleven parts of pure blue and one of white; that the lightest must be formed of one part of blue and eleven parts of white, and so of the rest.

Father Castel had the greatest belief in his theory, and was most sanguine of the results to be looked for. He even thought that a piece of music might be translated into colors for the use of the deaf and dumb. "You may conceive," he says, "what spectacle will be exhibited by a room covered with rigadoons and minuets, sarabands and pascailles, sonatas and cantatas, and if you choose with the complete representation of an opera. Have your colors well diapasoned, and arrange them on a piece of canvas according to the exact series, combination, and mixture of the tones, the parts and concords of the piece of music which you are desirous to paint, observing all the different values of the notes, minims, crotchets, quavers, syncopes, rests, &c., and disposing all the parts according to the order of counterpoint. It may be readily seen that this is not impossible, nor even difficult, to any person who has studied the element of painting, and at any rate, that a piece of tapestry of this kind could be equal to those where the colors are applied as it were at hazard in the same manner as they are in marble.

Such a harpsichord," he continues, "would be an excellent school for painters, who might find in it all the secrets and combinations of the colors, and of that which is called *claro-obscuro*. But even our harmonical tapestry would be attended with its advantages; for one might contemplate there at leisure what hitherto could be heard only in passing with rapidity, so as to leave little time for reflection. And what pleasure to behold the colors in a disposition truly harmonical, and in that infinite variety of combinations which harmony furnishes! The design alone of a painting excites pleasure. There is certainly a design in a piece of

music; but it is not so sensible when the piece is played with rapidity. Here the eye will contemplate at leisure; it will see the concert, the contrast of all the parts, the effect of the one in opposition to the other, the fugues, imitations, expression, concatenation of the cadences, and progress of the modulation. And can it be believed that those pathetic passages, those grand traits of harmony, those unexpected changes of tone, that always causes suspension, languor, emotions, and a thousand unexpected changes in the soul which abandons itself to them, will lose any of their energy in passing from the ears to the eyes? It will be curious to see the deaf applauding the same passages as the blind. Green, which corresponds to *re*, will no doubt show that the tone *re* is rural, agreeable, and pastoral; red, which corresponds to *sol*, will excite the idea of a warlike and terrific tone; blue, which corresponds to *do*, of a noble, majestic, and celestial tone," &c.

As if this were not sufficiently extravagant, Father Castel proceeds presently - "A spectacle might be exhibited of all forms, human and angelic, birds, reptiles, fishes, quadrupeds, and even geometrical figures. By a simple game the whole series of Euclid's Elements might be demonstrated." "Father Castel's imagination," says Hutton, from whose *Mathematical Recreations** this notice of Castel is taken—"Father Castel's imagination seems here to conduct him in a straight road to Bedlam." He spent over twenty years in completing his instrument, but without success. "His harpsichord, constructed at a great expense, neither answered the author's intention, nor the expectation of the public." And, indeed, if there be any analogy between colors and sound, they differ in so many points that it need excite no wonder that this project should miscarry.

It may be thought that, before concluding this paper, the writer should offer his own ideas as to the means by which the much-to-be-desired consummation of the establishment of a pure color art may be attained. It is, however, one thing to criticise others and point out the mistakes of their efforts,

* Vol. II. pt. iv. p. 33.

and a very different thing—as “her Majesty’s Opposition” sometimes find out—to propose a counter-scheme to supersede it.

If we are ever to have a Color-art at all, it can only be perfected—like other arts—gradually. It must be an art entirely apart from others; governed by its own laws, and developed by a system formulated upon perfectly independent data. It will need, above all, its men of genius—its Jubals and Amatis and Cristofalis to invent instruments, and its Mozarts and Beethovens and Mendelssohns to write its preludes and symphonies, and, until these appear, little can be done.

As regards the *medium* for such an art, it may be suggested that perhaps we have it already to hand—not in pigments and washes—but in electricity.

Great as are the results already attained since Von Kleist discovered the Leyden jar, and Dr. Franklin combined the jars into a battery, we are still only on the threshold of our new knowledge. We have, as it were, just opened the door of an inexhaustible treasure-house, and taken a stupefied glance at its contents. However, what has been seen disposes us to accept very meekly the intimation that, amongst the Coming Race, “VRIL” will take a central place as *the unity in natural agencies* that will so affect and shape the destinies of mankind, that “*Avril*” will be synonymous with “civilization,” and “Vril-ya” with “civilized world.” Only it is a great blow to some of us to be told at the same time that, in the great future, of all the pleasurable arts, music will be the only one to really flourish, and that color will be chiefly or only employed by ladies in dress as an indication of the state of their affections: “robes of bright red being a sign of preference for a single state; grey, a neutral tint, to indicate that the wearer is looking about for a spouse; dark purple if she wishes to intimate that she has made her choice; purple and orange when she is betrothed

or married; light blue when she is divorced or a widow and would marry again; and that light blue, therefore, and as a matter of course, is seldom seen.”

This, indeed, would be an artless use of color with a vengeance. The comfort is that it is not yet history.

To any one who has witnessed some of the effects produced by very simple means from electric light, it seems strange that so few people are acquainted with them, and that results more practical have not already been reached. By the simple expedient of presenting conductors of different substance and of varying power, the flash of light is made to change in color from crimson to blue, yellow, green, violet, white, &c., at will; sparks passed through balls of wood or ivory are crimson; those from one polished surface to another, white; those through imperfect conductors, purple; green, when taken from the surface of silvered leather; yellow, when taken from finely powdered charcoal, &c.; and if the air through which the flash of light is passed be rarefied, further changes in the color and character of the flash take place. In the ordinary vacuum of the air-pump, the passage of electricity appears as streams of diffused light, exhibiting movements and palpitations strongly resembling the coruscations of the aurora borealis.

Thus we have the means of expressing variety, velocity, intensity, form, elation, and depression—in short, all the complex properties of emotion; and it only requires a master mind to direct and adapt and reduce to system and order what is already in our hands as raw material, for the world to possess a new art-medium of emotion in all respects capable of rivalling music itself.

That the time will come when such magnificent possibilities will become realities the writer, at least, has little doubt; but how soon, and whether or not it will be in our day, remains to be seen.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

PARADISE.

RICKERT.

BY W. D. S.

O PARADISE must fairer be
Than all on earth excelling :
O would that I, from trouble free,
Were there securely dwelling !
In Paradise a river clear
Of heavenly love is streaming,
Where every bitter earthly tear
A lucid pearl is gleaming.

In Paradise soft breezes blow
To cool the heart's hot fever ;
The pangs and pains that here we know
They waft away for ever.
In Paradise, on greenest glade,
The tree of Peace is planted ;
The sleeper underneath its shade
By blissful dreams is haunted.

A cherub sentry at the gate
His wakeful watch is keeping,
Lest worldly din should penetrate
To rouse me, sweetly sleeping.
My heart, that shattered bark, will there
Be safe in harbor riding :
Its ever restless infant, Care,
Be lulled to rest abiding.

For every thorn that gave a wound,
A rose will there be borne me ;
And joy, that here no roses found,
With rosy wreaths adorn me.
There will all pleasures breathe and bloom,
That here untimely withered,
And blossoms rare of rich perfume
From arid stems be gathered.

All that was here my heart's pursuit,
Will grow from hour to hour,
From tender frond as golden fruit,
As summer's opening flower.
The blighted hopes that here were mine,
Like wreaths from many a far land,
In fragrant bloom will round me twine,
My never-fading garland.

Youth, that on rapid beating wing
So swiftly o'er me darted,
And Love, that on a morn in spring
One nectar draught imparted,
Wingless and flightless there will be,
And to their heart will hold me,
And, like a child on mother's knee,
In soft embraces fold me.

And that Divinity, whose light
 Shone dim and fitful gleaming,
 Whose lovely visage angel bright
 I only saw in dreaming,
 Fair Poesy unveiled will show
 Her eyes' celestial fires.
 While joyously my song shall flow
 To sound of angel lyres.

—*Temple Bar.*

THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

SEVERAL years ago an automaton chess-player was exhibited at the Crystal Palace for some time. But the Turk was not a player *de la première force*, for the writer, although not boasting any particular proficiency in the game, won with ease the only *partie* he contested with him. The mechanism, too, of the android was decidedly inferior to the one invented by Von Kempelen about the middle of the eighteenth century. In fact, in the case of the automaton at Sydenham, it was tolerably obvious in what part of the figure the chess-player was concealed who conducted the games.

The original automaton, on the other hand, was not only seldom beaten, but so remarkable was the ingenuity displayed in its construction that notwithstanding many attempts from time to time were made to find out the principle of its mechanism, not one of the explanations offered of the puzzle proved to be the correct one. Indeed, the secret was so well kept that it was not until the automaton had been in existence for upward of half a century that a solution of the problem was given to the public. In 1834, however, one Mouret, a skilful chess-player who some years previously had been in the employment of the proprietor of the exhibition, sold the "secret of his prison house." On information furnished by him was based an article entitled "Automate Joueur d'Echecs" in the *Magasin Pittoresque* for 1834. In that contribution a full description of the mechanism of the android was given.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to reproduce that statement *in extenso* here, the object of the writer being, primarily, to furnish a brief account of the career of the automaton and to give some anecdotes connected

with its adventures in various countries. But before doing this, it will not be altogether superfluous to furnish some particulars with respect to the inventor of the android, and to describe briefly the ingenious and successful attempts made by him to prevent any discovery of the place of concealment of the person who directed the moves of the Turk.

Wolfung, Baron von Kempelen, the inventor of the automaton, was born in Hungary about the year 1723. He was an Aulic Councillor of the Royal Chamber of the Hungarian States; a man of extraordinary mechanical ability, a good naturalist, and an excellent artist. In 1769, when at Vienna on official business, he, during his intervals of leisure, constructed the mechanical chess-player which was destined to render him famous.

The automaton consisted of a chest or box, upon which was seated the figure of a Turk. The chest was three feet and a half long, two feet broad, and two and a half feet high, placed on casters, which enabled the exhibitor to move it occasionally from one part of an apartment to another. The object of this arrangement was to show to the spectators that no trap-door communicated with the chest. The left arm of the Turk was hollow, and through it a wire ran which communicated with the interior of the chest, where, by means of a lever, the operator concealed within it was enabled to give every desired motion to the arm, hand, and fingers of the figure.

The chest was divided into two compartments above and a drawer beneath. In the smaller of the two compartments, occupying about the third of the longitudinal dimensions of the chest, were placed a number of pieces of brass, made

very thin, and designed only for the purpose of misleading the spectators, for they were no part of the machinery by which the moves of the game were effected. In the other compartment were also similar pieces of brass, representing quadrants and other philosophical instruments, intended, as in the previous instance, to give the impression that they conduced to the working of the automaton. The two compartments communicated with each other by means of a sliding panel, but so carefully was it contrived that the partition had the appearance of being immovable. The drawer, which when drawn out seemed to be the entire horizontal dimensions of the chest, was deceptive, as it was so constructed that it could not be pressed back more than a foot and a half, whilst by a species of telescopic arrangement of the sides of the drawer, it had, when pulled out, the appearance of being quite two feet six inches in depth. Behind this movable back of drawer there was consequently an unoccupied space left which extended the whole length of the chest, and was more than a foot in breadth.

At the commencement of the exhibition, on every occasion, the operator of the automaton sat behind the mock machinery of the smaller of the two upper compartments of the chest, his legs occupying the hidden portion of the drawer. Then the front doors of both apartments were opened at the same time; a lighted candle was placed in the larger one, so that it could be distinctly seen that the space not occupied by the quadrants and other instruments was vacant. Another candle was placed, not *in*, but *in front* of, the other apartment, which was apparently completely filled with machinery. Next, after closing the doors the exhibitor turned the automaton round, so as to show the back of the chest to the spectators. While this was being done, the concealed operator moved into the large compartment, closing after him the sliding panel. In this position he remained until the back door of the small compartment had been opened and shut again.

Thus by these ingenious contrivances the spectators were led to believe that it was quite impossible that any one could be hidden in the chest. As re-

gards the Turk, seated cross-legged on the box, it was perfectly obvious that, putting aside the fact that his body was shown to be occupied by machinery, the figure was not large enough to hold a human being.

When the doors of the automaton had been closed, the operator began to make his arrangements for the game. This he did by swinging the whole furniture of the interior of the chest—wheels, machinery, and partition—against the outer doors and walls of the box, so as to throw all the subdivided compartments into one apartment. By this means he had room enough to seat himself comfortably before the chessboard on which he played. The moves of the adversary of the Turk, when made on the board before the figure, were communicated to the occupant of the chest by means of wires connected with a number of discs inserted in the top of the apartment, and directly any one of the pieces on the Turk's board was touched the fact was indicated by the corresponding disc being put in motion. The concealed chess-player reproduced his opponent's moves on his own board, and when he was ready to reply to them he made use of the left arm of the figure for that purpose, as already stated.

The automaton was exhibited in Vienna for some months, attracting a crowd of *savants* from all parts of the empire. From the capital, Von Kempelen removed the android to Presburg, where it remained for a considerable period. Finally, the scientific and mechanical pursuits of the Baron having made sad inroads upon his patrimony, he set out on a tour through Europe with the object of endeavoring to retrieve his impaired fortunes by giving exhibitions of his curious invention in the principal cities on the Continent.

Before starting on his travels, Von Kempelen engaged the services of the most skilful chess-player he could find to operate the android. To secure, too, the Turk, so far as practicable, from all hazard of defeat at the hands of more able adversaries, endings of games only were usually played, under the pretext that complete games would occupy too much time. A book, containing a series of end-games, was always handed to the opponents of the automaton, and they

were allowed their choice of the white or black pieces. Nothing, in appearance, could be fairer than this; but, as a matter of fact, the positions were so contrived that whosoever took the first move—which the Turk invariably claimed—had a forced-won game. However, it was not, on all occasions, possible for Von Kempelen, without discourtesy, to refuse to permit the automaton to play entire games with some of the adversaries who presented themselves. Consequently the Turk was sometimes beaten. In 1783, at the Café de la Régence at Paris, he encountered Philidor and Legel, being vanquished by them both. From Paris Von Kempelen went to Berlin, where the android played with Frederick the Great, who was compelled to succumb to his prowess. It has been stated that the king bought the automaton in 1785, but this is an error, for Von Kempelen died with it in his own possession in 1804. It is possible that the *secret* of the invention may have been sold to Frederick, but even that is doubtful.

Directly after the death of Von Kempelen his son disposed of the automaton to one Maelzel, 'Mechanician to the Court' (Hof-Mechanikus) at Berlin, who occasionally exhibited it. In 1809, Maelzel was occupying some portion of the Palace of Schönbrunn, when Napoleon made this building his headquarters after the battle of Wagram. It was there that the automaton played with the Emperor the historic game of chess, the particulars of which—if Maelzel's own account of the occurrence may be accepted—have been not a little distorted and embellished by the various narrators of the incident. The real facts seem to have been as follows: In Von Kempelen's days the antagonist of the Turk had played upon the board in front of the figure, but Maelzel always placed a table, with another chessboard, a few paces from the automaton, with the object—as was asserted—not to intercept the view of the spectators. Maelzel therefore was constantly passing between the Turk and his adversary's table to repeat each move on the board of the other party. The space occupied by the automaton was separated from the rest of the apartment by a silken cord. When Napoleon evinced an intention

of passing the barrier, Maelzel checked him with "*Sire, il set défendu de passer outre.*" The Emperor at once acquiesced, with a good-natured "*Eh bien!*" and took his seat at the little table on his side of the cord. It has been asserted that Napoleon, overstepping the barrier, struck his hand on the automaton's chessboard, and exclaimed, "I will not contend at a distance. We fight face to face." Also that he placed a large magnet on the board to see if it would have the effect of disarranging the machinery. Neither of these statements is correct. In fact, on this occasion, the conduct of the Emperor was perfectly free from the *brusquerie* which has been attributed to him. Napoleon, who was a poor player, quickly lost the game. He then challenged the automaton to a second encounter. In the course of the game he purposely made a false move; the Turk bowed gravely, and replaced the piece on its proper square. A few moments later the Emperor repeated his manœuvre and with a similar result. But when the same thing occurred a third time, his opponent swept the whole of the chessmen off the board. Napoleon, however, instead of being irritated by this treatment, only laughed, saying, "*C'est juste!*" He added, too, a *quasi* apology for the violation of the laws of the game of which he had been guilty, by alleging that it had arisen from his desire to learn what course the automaton would pursue in the event of so unexpected a contingency presenting itself. Allgater—the inventor of the gambit named after him—is believed to have been the player who had the temerity to inflict so merited a rebuke upon the "Victor of a hundred battles."

About two years later, Eugène Beauharnais, then Viceroy of the Kingdom of Italy, witnessed an exhibition of the automaton at Milan. His curiosity was so great to penetrate the mystery of the Turk, that he bought of Maelzel both the android and the secret of its mechanism for thirty thousand francs. The Prince, however, soon tired of his purchase, and the automaton, relegated to a lumber-room, remained for the succeeding four or five years in inglorious retirement.

In 1817 Maelzel, who, at this period, had settled down in Paris as a manufact-

urer of philosophical instruments, proposed to Eugène Beauharnais to buy back the automaton from him for the same price which had been paid for it. This offer was accepted, and, as Maelzel was not able to pay the whole purchase-money in one sum, it was stipulated that the debt should be liquidated by instalments, out of the proceeds arising from exhibiting the android.

In conformity with this arrangement, the Turk once more set out on his travels. He visited this country in 1818. Whilst in London he measured himself against the leading chess-players of the day, being usually, but by no means invariably, victorious in these encounters. Returning to the Continent in 1820, Maelzel continued to give exhibitions of the automaton for several successive years, but with only indifferent success. Finally, he conceived the project of trying his fortunes in the New World.

Maelzel, having failed to meet the instalments of the debt payable to the heirs of Eugène Beauharnais (the Prince had died in 1824) as they came due, was in danger of being arrested by his creditors, and his proposed journey prevented. He, therefore, left Paris, suddenly, without waiting to make arrangements with any skilful chess-player to accompany him, contenting himself with leaving instructions with a friend to send one out to him as soon as practicable.

Maelzel sailed from Havre on the 20th of December, 1825, for New York, taking with him, besides the automaton, a *fantoccino* of his own invention, consisting of mechanical rope-dancers. He arrived at his destination on the 3rd of February, 1826, and after waiting in vain two months for the chess-player he was expecting, he opened his exhibition without him. He confided the duty of operating the android to a Frenchwoman, the wife of a man who guided the motions of the puppets. She was faithful to the trust reposed in her, and her conduct in this respect offered a practical refutation to the cynical proverb that "a woman cannot keep a secret." Only few persons attended the first exhibition of the automaton, but their report of the performance was so favorable that the rooms where it took place were soon crowded night after night.

End-games only were played until the

arrival of the long-expected chess-player, who only reached New York on the 27th of September. This gentleman, an Alsatian, of the name of Schlumberger, was an exceptionally strong player, and could be with safety relied upon to beat the best amateurs that New York, or any other city in the Union, could then boast. Consequently, during the tour of the Turk through the United States he was almost invariably victorious.

When Maelzel was in Baltimore, by a curious accident a discovery was made of the fact that some one was concealed in the automaton. The affair happened in this wise: One day two lads mounted upon the roof of a shed commanding a view of the back room to which the Turk retired when the exhibition was over. On this occasion Maelzel, directly the audience had dispersed, rolled the android behind the curtain. Intent only upon relieving his ally from his irksome confinement—for the heat in that southern city is in summer well-nigh intolerable—Maelzel stepped to the window, threw the shutters wide open, and then, returning to the automaton, he removed the top of the chest. From this hiding-place there emerged, in full sight of the youths, the figure of a man in his shirt-sleeves, whom there was no difficulty in recognizing as Schlumberger. To be the depositaries of so important a secret was a burthen under which their strength gave way; and the story, confided in the first instance to their respective parents, soon spread and reached the public. But the tale obtained very little credence. The general opinion was that a secret which had baffled for upwards of half a century the best mechanics and mathematicians of the age was something altogether too deep to be penetrated by a couple of schoolboys.

This danger, therefore, Maelzel safely tided over; but not long afterwards a more serious one presented itself. One day a young man of the name of Walker called upon him in New York and said, "Mr. Maelzel, would you like to buy another chess-player? I have one ready made for you." Surely enough, this was the case. Maelzel saw the automaton in question, and made the inventor an offer of one thousand dollars for it; for, although the mechanism of

the machine was very different from that of the original, there seemed to be some likelihood of its competing injuriously with his own. The offer, however, was declined by the owner of the new android, who proceeded to exhibit it on his own account. In this he was unsuccessful, for there existed in the community a deeply-rooted prejudice in favor of the historical invention of Von Kempelen, which gave Maelzel a vantage-ground from which no efforts of rival exhibitors could easily have driven him.

The automaton consequently remained as profitable a property to its owner as ever, and Maelzel continued to travel with it in the United States, Mexico, and the West Indies until 1837. In that year he died on his passage from Havana to Philadelphia. Notwithstanding the large sums he had realized during the eleven years he had successfully exhibited not only the chess-player but a panorama of the Conflagration of Moscow, he died poor and in debt.

A short time after Maelzel's death his effects were sold at auction in Philadelphia. The automaton was the first lot put up, and was knocked down to a bid of four hundred dollars only. Undoubtedly the purchaser was under the impression that before long he should meet with some enterprising *entrepreneur* willing to give him a considerably higher price for the android than he had paid for it. But he was mistaken, and, more than a year having elapsed without a single offer being made for the automaton, the owner was glad to dispose of it for the same sum as that for which he himself had bought it. The purchaser was a Dr. Mitchell, and his idea was to constitute the Turk the property of a club. Each member was to subscribe ten dollars, and thereby become a joint owner of the automaton and a joint

depository of its secret—when discovered. The plan was carried out with success; the machine was unpacked, and, with some difficulty, its *dissecta membra* put together. Private exhibitions to the families of the shareholders and their friends followed. Becoming tired of giving these, the question arose what disposition to make of the property. Such interest as had been re-excited in the automaton after Maelzel's death had been confined to a narrow circle; it had not sufficed to create a demand on the part of the community for public exhibitions, nor to elicit an offer for it from any speculative showman.

Finally, the automaton was deposited in the Chinese Museum in Philadelphia, where it occupied a recess in a small room in a part of the building but little frequented by visitors. In this position few persons inquired for, few even saw, the once famous invention, and the latter days of the veteran chess-player were spent in complete obscurity.

Fourteen years later the end of the Turk came. On the 5th of July, 1854, a fire broke out in the National Theatre, which extended to the Museum, which was separated from it by only a narrow alley. There was ample time to have rescued the automaton, if any one had thought of doing so. But so entirely had all interest in it died out that not only was no effort made to save it, but its fate attracted no notice whatsoever. In fact, the Philadelphia press, whilst giving full details in other respects of the loss of property caused by the conflagration, did not devote even one brief paragraph to chronicle the destruction of a piece of mechanism which for originality of conception and ingenuity of execution has never been excelled.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HIGHER ANIMALS.

BY PROF. W. K. PARKER, F.R.S.

IN the study of living creatures, whether plants or animals, we begin with that which is superficial and familiar, and then gradually pass to the deeper and less known. For one who dissects

out the structures, there are hundreds who observe the outward form and habits; and for one who studies the embryological development, there are numbers who dissect and study the structure

of the various types in their adult condition. So that, although this biological field is as wide as the earth and as broad as the sea, yet there are very few who go to the bottom of things, working downwards, until they see the origin of a type, and then afterwards coming up to tell their less adventurous fellow-workers what facts they have found in those dark depths.

In seeking to trace the origin of organisms in the modern Darwinian manner, it is always easiest and safest to pass from the familiar to the less known, and every now and then to make a stand in the ways and to see what lies about us on this side and on that, and then to choose which way we will go, what untrodden path we will try to thread our way through. Inquirers, candid and uncandid, those who pray that they may know, and those who come fully assured beforehand that they know all about the matter already—both these sorts of inquirers ask for impossibilities; they seek to have the whole matter put into a nutshell; they cannot wait for evidence in detail. Yet the evidence of these things must come in detail or not at all.

None of those who mock shall understand; but patient, and wise, and teachable minds shall be able to learn, not adequately, indeed, but in a very useful, practical, and pleasant manner. Assuredly, the best and most laborious of the biologists of this generation, and of that which has just passed away, have not been living in the region of old-wifedom, nor following cunningly devised fables. Men like Lyell, Darwin, and Robert Chambers, not to mention other great and cherished names, were of a sort not easily to be deceived. To say nothing of those in Europe, in America, and in the Isles of the Sea who are assured of the truth of the modern doctrine of development, we have here at home numbers of able men, each looking at the subject from a standpoint of his own, who have been convinced of the truth of this theory. There is indeed a marvellous consensus, or harmony, in the deductions of those who have been trained in these researches, and who are spending and being spent in this kind of work.

Those who know what it is to gather this excellent knowledge, who busy

themselves in harvesting and garnering what Nature, in her lusty strength, has grown for them, without their sowing and without their tilling, are cheered on by the light and strength this theory gives them. These are they who, as botanists and zoologists, gather all that comes to hand, thus laying up in store all good things for the embryologist. In gathering and classifying and even dissecting the full-grown forms, they are only preparing the way, and filling the hands of the student of Development; yet there is nothing in the deductions they are able to make, that has received or that ever will receive anything but corroboration from that slower, but most important kind of work. Also those who do business in the veins of the earth, not merely near its surface, where it has been baked with frost, but deeper down; these men, who bring up the remains of old, extinct types, are ever adding to the weight of evidence in favor of this theory.

The workers of all sorts have well done what they have done, and they are a very useful and united family; but deep crieth unto deep below all that has yet been discovered, and the need for those who will go down into the very heart of things is still very great.

Now, we will suppose the candid inquirer to ask two questions; and then try to answer them according to modern lights.

1. Did the higher kinds of the vertebrata (that great sub-kingdom which is characterized by a jointed spinal column, a brain, and a spinal cord) arise suddenly, as by a creative catastrophe; or by metamorphosis of the lower kinds; or slowly, during the ages, by the accretion of gentle and easy modifications, caused by the surroundings of the creature?

2. Did the lower vertebrata arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or by metamorphosis of still lower, non-vertebrate types—the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

I.

The first question refers, of course, to the origin of reptiles, birds, and beasts; creatures that, from the time of their hatching or their birth, breathe air,

and have no gills for aquatic respiration during any period of their life. These are the higher vertebrata. Fishes (such as the lamprey, shark, and perch) and amphibia (such as salamanders, frogs, and toads) all have aquatic respiration, either permanently or for a time. These form the lower stratum of the vertebrata.

Even in their outer clothing, the three great groups of the higher stratum—reptiles, birds, and beasts—have new and strange structures, such as are not found in the types beneath them. The exquisitely folded skin of the serpent, here wrought into parallel plaits, and there into diamond-shaped *tesserae*; the plumage of the bird, and the hairy covering of the beast are all, in one sense, new things. They are adaptations to the new life on the dry land, in the open air. But you must have more than a hood if you wish for a monk, and the kind of clothing of these three groups is but the outside of what we have to deal with in biology.

The difficulty of supposing that the almost infinite variety of living creatures all arose from simpler, and still simpler and more generalized types, by a mere process of slow and gentle modifications, taking place during untold periods of time, is as great to the biologist as to one untrained in the science of life. To a certain extent, the old adage, *nihil per saltum*—nothing by leaps and starts—is true in Nature; but it is not universally true. Hence no well-informed naturalist is an absolute *uniformitarian*; he is also, more or less, a *catastrophist*. But if—leaving the great difficulty of such a problem unsolved for the present—we suppose the existing groups of higher animals to have arisen from some common, low, generalized stock, then we can easily imagine the huge results that may have taken place during long, almost unlimited, secular periods. The doubter should begin by considering, first, the close relationship of the races of one type or *species*, and then the little, non-essential things that separate or distinguish the various species of one *genus*. Thus, for example, the various races of oxen (*Bovidae*) differ only in non-essential characters, and no one can tell where a race ends or a species begins. In this family, even the ordinary test of the fertility or non-fertility of crosses fails

the naturalist altogether. Our common oxen, the bison, the aurochs, the yak, and all the different kinds of buffaloes, all go together to form one single special group, or family, in that Order of Ruminants which Moses characterizes in the following words: "Every beast that parteth the hoof and cleaveth the cleft into two claws, and cheweth the cud."

Now there are in this Order certain distinctions easily observed, and at the same time very useful in zoology; they are derived from the most superficial modifications, from differences that are merely skin-deep. There are ruminants with hollow horns, with solid horns, and without horns. Oxen, sheep, goats, and antelopes have a hollow, bony core, covered with a horny sheath; the core is a growth from the bone of the forehead; its horny sheath is a modification of the outer skin; these horns are permanent, and are generally possessed by both sexes. In the deer family, a large branch of solid bone grows out of the forehead on each side, carrying with it the skin, which is covered with soft hair, hence called velvet. When the bone ceases to grow, the skin dies and is rubbed off against the trees. These horns, called antlers, are soon shed, and, as a rule, exist only on the male. The musk-deer, the chevrotain, the llama, and the camel have no horns of any sort. The two last kinds, the llama and the camel, differ so much from the rest, that they form a special sub-division of the Order. They are evidently very ancient types.

Again, the larger cattle, besides being divided into ruminants and non-ruminants, are classified as even-toed and odd-toed beasts. The nobler and more modern types of even-toed beasts chew the cud; but there are some manifestly ancient forms still lingering on the planet which do not chew the cud; as, for instance, the hog, of which there are many species, and the hippopotamus. These, as is well known, like the more archaic ruminants, do not possess horns. All those beasts which have an even number of toes are destitute of the first or inner toe, corresponding to our thumb or great toe. In oxen the second and fifth toes are also suppressed, only the corresponding *nails* remaining as small hinder hoofs. In deer, notably in the reindeer,

these hinder toes are present, but the bones are small.

As a rule, the ruminating animals have only one bone in their shank—the so-called cannon-bone; but in the early embryo, this is composed of two equal parts, each of which has a convex surface for articulation with the corresponding toe-bone; this accounts for the fact that the cannon-bone carries two toes. In the non-ruminating, even-toed animals—the hog and hippopotamus—these two bones never fuse to form a cannon-bone, but remain distinct; and this is seen in the fore-legs of the African water-deer (*Hyomoschus*—a name suggesting an intermediate position between the musk deer and the hog). This animal and its small relatives, the chevrotains of Ceylon and Java, belong to an almost extinct family of ruminants.

The hippopotamus is manifestly of an older and more general type than even the pig; he stands almost alone as the living representative of a family of gigantic even-toed beasts. In former days giants of this kind were as common as the members of the hog family are now.

None of the odd-toed cattle chew the cud; only two families still exist—the several species of rhinoceros and the horse group, consisting of the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga.* The rhinoceros has three well-developed toes, each ending in a small hoof; but in the horse and his relatives only the middle toe is developed, and the bone with which this is articulated is a primarily single cannon-bone; the corresponding bone of the second and fourth digits being a mere splint, pointed below.† The rhinoceros on the one hand, and the horse on the other, are the culminating forms of the odd-toed beasts which have diverged *during time* into forms so remarkably unlike. It is very curious that these should be all we have left of the odd-toed herbivora.‡

* Naturalists, as a rule, include the tapirs among the odd-toed beasts. In reality they are a much more archaic group than the rest. They possess a well-developed fifth digit on their fore-foot; only the first being suppressed.

† Thus we see the remarkable difference in formation between the foot of a cow and that of a horse.

‡ Amongst the herbivorous tribes just mentioned no place has been found for the huge

And now the carnivorous tribes, the cat family, the dog family, and the kindred of the bears and seals, have all to be traced downwards to some common stock; to say nothing of aquatic whales, aerial bats, lemurs, monkeys, apes, and men. All these, in their multitudes, come flocking for the registration of their ancestry; nor do they seal up the sum of this great and varied Class, for the insectivorous kinds (moles, hedgehogs, and so forth), and the edentate tribes (the ant-eaters and pangolins with no teeth at all, and their imperfectly toothed relatives, the sloths and armadillos), these, lowly as they are, also belong to the noble (*Eutherian*) types of the mammalia.

Down to this point we need ask for no catastrophe, no metamorphosis, nothing but time and surroundings, and the marvellous working of that indwelling force which moulds and fashions each type into a form in harmony with its outward life and conditions. All these types now mentioned belong to the highest of the three platforms* of mammalian life; all have the common characteristic that they carry their young, and do not "cast forth their sorrows" until a very considerable though varying ripeness has been attained; for a longer or shorter time they minister to the necessities of their progeny of their own substance internally, and afterwards *externally*, by providing them with milk.

Before I go on to speak of the creatures on the next lower platform (the *Metatheria*), I must remind the reader that in the groups just mentioned all our zoological distinctions fail us. As we descend to the older and still older types, every landmark gets wasted away and removed, and the familiar terms that serve as distinctions in the existing fauna become utterly useless; the

elephant, no place for the little hyrax (dayman, or coney of the Bible); for these lie far off from the other cattle, and their kindred must be sought among the root-stocks of old and generalized types, from which sprang the forefathers of the existing rodents—the rat, squirrel, beaver, &c.

* *Eutheria* (literally, "noble beasts"), *Metatheria*, *Prototheria*—the *Eutheria* being the placental mammals; the *Metatheria* the pouched animals, or marsupials; and the *Prototheria* those existing links which connect the Mammalian group at its lower extremity with birds and reptiles.

Orders lose all order ; Ruminants, Solipeds, Proboscidiæ, Carnivores, Rodents—all these distinctions melt away into one common, generalized, archaic group. Such a group must have contained the essence of all the present, easily distinguished orders—"all these in their pregnant causes, mixed."

For instance, in the earlier tertiary periods, we come upon large herbivorous lemurs or types that cannot well be separated from that group of four-handed creatures that lies so close beneath the Primates—monkeys, apes, and men. The term "Proboscidian," again, is now restricted to a group containing only two species, the African and the Indian elephant. But that ancient kind of creature, the tapir, has a rudimentary trunk ; and in former times many sorts of quadrupeds supplemented their short and stunted features by a long, two-tubed, jointed nose ; nay, there still exist among the lowest noble (*Eutherian*) kinds—the Insectivora—certain American and African types that have a perfect proboscis, the cartilage of the snout being divided into rings as in the elephant. That *quasi*-mouse with curious snout, the shrew, has a very long, double nose-tube, though the cartilage encircling this tube is not segmented into rings ; but in the young of a species of *Rhynchocyon*, from Zanzibar—a relative of the exquisite little elephant-shrews of Africa, as large as a rat—I have made out thirty double rings.

We may, therefore, safely leave the evolution of all the high beasts (the *Eutheria*) to the working of ordinary influences, and no "new thing" need be created ; all that is wanted is merely a recasting and remodelling of "old things" to new uses ; and even the dwarfing of certain types and the gigantic development of others may be left, mentally, to the operation of forces that have worked hitherto and do still work.

But here we have to let ourselves down as dangerous a cliff as any that "he who gathers samphire, dreadful trade," ever descended. We must, if true to Darwinian principles, ask for as few interferences as possible ; we expect to find no new *invention* of the Absolute Eternal Mind ; for, "known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." Therefore, as the Author

of all meets with no unexpected difficulties in the evolution of His Eternal Purpose, we may, in the patient labor of hope, expect to find all things coming up, each beautiful in his season or time, the creatures of one season being the natural descendants or children of those of the preceding.

Time was when the higher mammalia were not ; and the highest quadrupeds to be found on the earth were, as geology teaches, of the same low sort as those which we now find in certain very restricted zoological provinces. I refer, of course, to the Marsupials, or pouch-ed animals, which are found at the present time in the Western Tropics, and to some slight extent in the northern part of the New World, and which in the East are restricted to a territory south of "Wallace's line"—that is to say, to the Australian region.

Of these Metatheria, or intermediate beasts, I must now speak ; of their lowliness, and of their intimate relationship with the higher sorts of those creatures that lay eggs—the air-breathing Ovipara, reptiles and birds. If these meaner cattle can be connected with the nobler kinds, if they can be yoked on to the others without any violence, but gently and naturally, then we shall be able to dispense with a catastrophe for the next part of our journey downwards. It may be remarked, in passing, that this journey downwards is not a *facilis descensus*, but is hard, panting, laborious work ; the mental descent and the mental ascent are equally hard. Nevertheless, if we "gird up the loins of our mind," fearing nothing but our own impatience of imperfect evidence, we shall discover things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.

One of the wisest and most judicious of "those whose talk is of bullocks" (scientifically, of course, and not as a mere grazier) suggested recently to the writer that the marsupials are the *true mammalia* ; milk is all in all to their children. And why ? The reason of this is partly open and plain, and partly lies deep down in the nature of these remarkable creatures : this shall now be explained.

There are various degrees of ripeness of the young at the time of birth ; some, like the foal and calf, are strong-limbed

and active, with their special senses perfect, while others, like the pup and kitten, are blind and helpless. This difference may occur in species of the same genus. The new-born rabbit is feeble and blind; the leveret is wide-awake and active from the first. In the bird class, we have whole groups, like the perching and climbing tribes—songsters, woodpeckers, and so forth—whose young are hatched in a tender state, and require great parental care; while in other birds—fowls, geese, rails, plovers, and the like—the young are strong and active as soon as they are hatched; and in the gull, they are in an intermediate condition. It may be noticed that, both in the mammal and the bird, the highest social conditions are developed in those cases when the young are born in a helpless condition. Now, in the marsupial animals the young are born, so to speak, prematurely, so that the little kangaroo, whose mother is the size of a sheep, is not so large as a new-born Norway rat; and although the mother still ministers to her young of her own substance, this is not done in the same manner as in the higher tribes, where, for many months, in some cases, the progeny and the parent are as much one organism, physiologically, as the fruit-tree with its ripening fruit. Here, among the marsupials, the germ develops itself by its own individuated morphological force, and then hastens to assume an independent life—but only partially independent, for it must now live on its mother's charity, and for many months she feeds it on milk sweet as charity.

Yet, there is no difference in all these various family arrangements that cannot be accounted for as resulting from the influence of surroundings, and the magnetic response of the organism to those surroundings.

Here, then, we are brought to reflect upon the lowness of these pouched animals, which (although even they are not the lowest of all mammalia) are almost *oviparous*, and, upon their relation to the truly *oviparous* types, monotremes, reptiles, and birds. In reptiles and birds, the developing germ, as is well known, is wrapped in an exquisite drapery of membranes, and has, suspended from its own body, a large store of rich food-yolk, an oleo-albuminous emulsion, fit

nourishment for the tender, unhatched young. The marsupial embryo—opossum or kangaroo—has also these fine, gauzy foldings wrapped about it; but they are all small, because of its early birth; and thus the food-yolk is soon used up, and there soon arises the necessity for a fresh supply of nourishment. In the nobler animals the supply of food-yolk is again much smaller than in the marsupials, and the new supply is obtained by a regrafting of the individuated germ on to the living inner walls of the parent, until the fulness of time comes for the new creature to take on a separate existence.

These instances show us that the ordinances of Nature—which are wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working—accomplish the maturation of the new individual in two very different ways, in the quadruped on the one hand, and the bird on the other. In the bird the food grows from, and is part of, the germ, which merely asks for the patient attendance of the nursing mother, for the sake of due warmth, until the chick is ready for hatching. In the nobler kinds of quadrupeds, where the germ itself is so poor in substance, Nature herself broods over the young. But in this ancient and lowly order of mammals, the marsupials, there is a condition of embryonic development which is, in some respects, below that seen even in the existing reptiles and birds, most of which are evidently modern types.

But if the humble marsupial thus runs down, in some of his characters, from his mammalian platform towards the non-mammalian vertebrata, his great relations, the higher mammalia, still cannot cast him off. They, some of them, bear in their bodies, even now, the traces of their relationship to him. In that remarkable insectivore, already spoken of, the *rhynchocyon* of Zanzibar—himself a low Eutherian—considerable tracts of the base of the skull are so unchanged from the marsupial type of structure that these parts, in fragments, could not be told from the corresponding parts in the skull of a phalanger or opossum. I have no doubt that many of the earlier tertiary cattle, whose remains are being brought to light daily, and in rich profusion, would be found, if they could be thoroughly worked out, to have skulls

in which the characters of the marsupials are inextricably mixed with such as are diagnostic of the nobler forms. Hence, in the study of these ancient types the zoologists find that all their neat systems fall to pieces like a house of cards. The mere classifier, who only knows the new, high, special types, is put to confusion, for not only has the ruthless Palæontologist removed the old landmarks of the higher territory, but he has also broken the hedge that kept the Metatheria from the Eutheria, the low cattle from the high.

Again, in this secluded, lowly group of the marsupials the dog is typified and foreshadowed in the most wonderful manner; the thylacine, or dog-opossum, has made the most remarkable advances dogward. The wonder grows when the two types are carefully compared, so much alike are they in outward form, and, for the matter of that, in internal structure also. Yet the gulf between these two types—anatomically, in the whole structure of these beasts through and through—is almost incalculably greater than that between a dark, human savage and a black, brutal gorilla.

Not that this remarkable anticipation of the nobler mammalia, to be seen in the ignoble marsupial group, is at all unique; it is quite similar to the range of forms to be seen in the tailless amphibia (frogs and toads), which get very high up considering their low origin, but still lie a long way down below the true reptiles. Facts of this class are very numerous; for when any particular group is arrested at a low level, and yet can go in and out and find pasture, so as to be able to increase and multiply upon the earth, then secondary, adaptive modifications are sure to arise. Thus the group becomes subdivided into various tribes and families, some of which in their intense specialization must become very unlike the general ancestral form.*

Now, having got thus far in our descent, which is not *easy*, but is a danger-

ous kind of scrambling downwards, we have received no sudden shock—no Cerberus has barked at us. But let me not be misunderstood. I have not been asserting that no *lesser* sudden changes have taken place. There must have been many such in the evolution of a high and noble beast from a low, ignoble, ancient marsupial, a creature very much lower than a common rat. But any gardener could show you changes, apparently sudden, in numbers of the commonest cultivated plants, quite equal to anything that need, from time to time, have taken place in the slow, secular uprising of the nobler beasts of the field.

After this pause, we may recommence our descent; and if we are cautious we need not fear. We have got safely down from the highest to the second mammalian platform—from the Eutheria to the Metatheria; we have now to let ourselves down from the second platform to the lowest—from the Metatheria to the Prototheria.

Down a long way below the marsupial group lies that which is termed the Monotremata—hairy, *Oviparous* creatures, much of whose structure is only on a level with that of an ancient kind of bird or reptile. This family has lost all its members but four or five; and these belong to only two generic types, *Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*. The former of these is the so-called “spiny ant-eater,” of which there are three or four kinds; the latter is the duck-billed platypus, or great water-mole. These are all shut up in the Australian region (Australia and New Guinea), nor have any fossil remains of them been found in any other zoological region, nor yet any of importance even in the Australian, though Sir Richard Owen has described some remains of a larger kind of *echidna* than any now existing. Fossil mammalia belonging to the highest group (Eutheria) are found in large abundance in many regions; but we are much poorer in fossil specimens of the next division—the Metatheria or marsupials; and in the case of the monotremes or Prototheria, it is a great disappointment and sorrow to the biologist that Nature has so effectually covered her slain. At present, therefore, we can merely study the structure and development of these stray living remnants of an old mamma-

* One word more about the marsupials. The Australian kinds, varying from the heavy, stupid, *cavy-like* wombat, to that most active creature the kangaroo, are all marvellously uniform in their essential structure. Thus no anatomist can be found who desires more than one common root-stock for all these types; and the American opossums have very near relatives among the Australian types.

lian fauna ; we have to work them out and compare them with other types of vertebrated animals, both above and below them, and then to make a cautious use of our imagination.

The marsupials, when they conquered the monotremes and possessed their cities, little thought that, *in a few millions of years*, a nation greater and mightier than they would appear, multiply exceedingly, and dispossess them in their turn. Some of these marsupials, in their far-eastern "reserves," grew, only lately (speaking geologically), to a gigantic size ; most groups have done so when all things have gone well with them, when they have had peace in their borders and their mouth has been filled with all good things : these gigantic marsupials are all extinct now.

The ganoid fishes of the old red sandstone thus increased and became mighty in the streams and rivers of an ancient world ; but the world that then was perished.

After that time, the old forefathers of the amphibia thus increased—there were giants also in those days ; they existed when the lower types of plants also became gigantic, in the days of the formation of the coal measures.

Later on, aquatic reptiles typified or prefigured the modern mammalian whales ; and, still later, terrestrial reptiles grew into monsters, such as fancy never feigned nor fear conceived.

In a yet much later epoch, when, as we have just stated, the marsupials had grown into large and monstrous forms, the armadilloes and sloths also—low Eutherian types—grew into ponderous beasts, whose remains, in many cases so happily recovered, are among the richest treasures of palæontology.

Similar overgrown creatures may have sprung up at one time in the family of the monotremes ; but, although the biologist is calling aloud for a revelation of them, there is no voice nor any that regardeth. The biologist has to wait for evidence, and be patient, feeling assured that the earth is rich with hidden treasures of this kind, all of which would witness for him could they be brought to light. It does not disturb his composure when an opponent attempts to bring mere negative evidence wherewith to combat his theory of the earth and its

inhabitants ; for at any time, any day or hour, the links he is searching for may turn up.

Meantime we may learn much from those Sibylline leaves that have become so intensified in their value, because of the destruction of the rest.

From these two living witnesses, the duckbill and the echidna, we learn what a curious reptilian creature a primary mammalian beast may be. These creatures have the great diagnostic, for they have a milk-gland, or udder, though no teats ; they have also the constant correlate of these glands—namely, a hairy covering. But deep down in their internal construction they are, if compared with the high and noble forms of mammalia, a sort of half reptile ; indeed, in some respects more than half. The organs that relate to the maturation of the ovum (egg), and those that pertain to excretion, are quite like those of a bird or reptile. The bones that encircle the chest, the shoulder blades, and collar-bones are of a type far below what is found in the bird, and quite archaic as compared with their counterparts in the common lizard ; they are curiously and strikingly like the bones of the shoulder-girdle of the great fish-like lizards of the secondary epoch, the ichthyosauri. Their spine, ribs, and breastbone show a curious mixture of reptilian and mammalian types of structure ; their limbs, also, have much primitiveness in them, in spite of their perfect specialization for digging purposes. Like birds and tortoises, they have lost their teeth during the ages that have given them so much leisure for special adaptation. The echidna needs none ; he is an ant-eater, and for a long while was thought to belong to the same group as the South American ant-eaters, which, however, are low types of the highest group (Eutheria). The duckbill, however, has a sort of excuse for teeth, like the right whale among the higher mammals, and like geese, ducks, swans, and flamingoes in the bird class. The skull, jaws, brain, and organs of the special senses all bear witness to the mixed character—half reptile, half mammal of these beasts.

He who, knowing these facts, does not draw some remarkable deductions from them must have lost some part of

his mental machinery ; he who is not excited by our growing knowledge of these ancient types must be as dull as "the fat weed that rots on Læthe wharf."

There is one thing about which biologists, even now, are somewhat doubtful. No low form of vertebrate foreshadows the mammals so much and so well as the *imago stage* of the higher existing amphibia—in plain words, frogs and toads after their *metamorphosis*. Yet the duckbill and the echidna strongly resemble the next higher group above frogs and toads—namely, reptiles ; not, indeed, such as those now existent, lizards, snakes, tortoises, &c., but generalized, ancient types. This difficulty has to be looked in the face, and the question asked,—Did the lowest mammals arise from, by transformation of, some true reptile—an air-breathing creature from the time of its birth or hatching ? I believe not ; the confusion and difficulty have arisen from our not having considered that the modern transforming types (the cœcilians, salamanders, and batrachians) must be merely waifs and strays from the fauna of a far-distant age. These types, generally small, have large relatives in the coal period, and even they, the labyrinthodonts, may have been the modified descendants of much older transforming fishy creatures. Such supposed types must have begun life with gills for aquatic respiration, and, in their adult state, must have possessed lungs for aerial respiration also ; they may or may not have lost their gills as they became adult.

Those who are not familiar with the metamorphosis of the lower forms of vertebrata must trust, not implicitly, to those who are familiar with these phenomena from lifelong observation. He who is acquainted with such matters feels and knows that the existing vertebrata are a sort of united family, after all. The extreme types may call each other "brother ;" the lamprey and the man are not very far apart ; the head of the group cannot say to the foot, "I have no relationship with thee." When the morphological worker has become familiar with those low fishes, the lamprey and its kindred, passing on to the various higher fishy types with their more and more perfect skeleton and soft

organs—then, in studying the structure of the noble air-breathing sorts, reptiles, birds, and mammals, he is constantly receiving pleasant surprises. He constantly comes across old things in new shapes ; he finds structures which were adapted to low types transformed for new uses in creatures that roam over the earth, or take to themselves wings, and, spurning the earth, wing their way through the thin air. He is often to be found muttering over his work the question put by the old preacher, "Is there anything of which it may be said—See, this is new ?" Yet these old things may be so transformed during growth that it requires some acuteness to know them under their disguises ; also, many things are dropped or suppressed, and others largely developed, whilst some parts remain permanently in an arrested condition. All this may take place slowly ; but, during incalculably long secular periods, very wonderful changes may have been brought about by these slow and gentle modifications. Yet changes of this kind, almost insensible, though very potent factors in evolution, are certainly not all that have taken place, some parts must have modified themselves suddenly ; but partial, *per saltum* changes, must not be confounded with general metamorphosis.

By metamorphosis we mean such great and sudden *lifetime* changes as we are all familiar with in the insects among non-vertebrate creatures, and in the newt and frog among the vertebrates. Here is certainly something that takes place suddenly—a marvellous leap, so to speak, of an organism into new structural stages, which rapidly fit it for a nobler and higher kind of life than that with which it started. We may call this a catastrophe if we like ; we are certainly not prepared with any very satisfying solution of the problem. It is a great mystery—greatest to those who are most initiated. I feel certain that when we have descended to where the three great roads meet—the way of the reptile, the way of the bird, and the way of the mammal—when we get near the great starting-point or place whence these three diverged, we shall have to feign to ourselves metamorphic changes as taking place at that very distant point.

The passage from a generalized am-

phibian into a true reptile does not seem to ask for a very great metamorphic change; but the bird and the mammal, even in their outer covering of feathers and hair, present us with a greater developmental difficulty. The difference between the skin, with its appendages, of a frog or salamander on the one hand, and that of a bird or mammal on the other, is certainly as great as the difference between the hairy skin of the caterpillar and the scaly covering of the butterfly. Such outgrowths from the skin as feathers and hair are seen for the first time in the bird and mammal respectively; there are no structures comparable to them in any of the types below. Nay, even below the mammals and birds, among the true reptiles, we see modifications of the skin which are quite new to us in the scale of ascent. And these familiar but remarkable outward changes, seen in the three great groups of air-breathing vertebrata, are correlated with equally great internal changes which affect the whole structure of the animal. To me it appears that not even the lowest of these three groups—reptiles, birds, and mammals—arose, without metamorphosis, by gentle, insensible changes from an amphibian type; and I see no reason to suppose that they all three had one common metamorphosing parentage. I should rather be inclined to derive them from the same stratum of life—from the same intensely vital root-stock, but from independent suckers. They would then be quite near enough akin to have very much in common, whilst the special diverging development in each case may have been sufficient to initiate all those great differences that have appeared during the ages and generations since these air-breathing types arose; yet each group had, possibly, a *multi-larval* origin.

The various modes of the development and maturation of the larvæ (tadpoles) of frogs and toads, and the imperfect, hesitating, and irregular metamorphosis of several of the salamandrian types help us greatly in this dilemma. Nature working, so to speak, after the counsel of her own will, allows a marvellous amount of liberty to her amphibian children, letting them settle their family matters in their own way. And during the chances and changes of amphibian

life, now and in the past, there has been a necessity laid upon these lowly tribes to be wise in their generation, and prudently to hide themselves and their offspring from danger in this manner and in that.

Take the case of our common frog, whose eggs and larvæ are a prey to the teeth of a thousand greedy enemies. Those that escape these dangers have barely time to transform and take on aerial and terrestrial life before the streams and the brooks are dried up. In some cases, as in the primeval forests of South America, the eggs are laid and the tadpoles are developed in the midst of the moist herbage at the roots of the trees. In other cases the tadpole never develops more than the merest trace of gills, as in the monstrous toad (*Pipa*) of Surinam. In this type the broad, flat back of the female is covered with a multitude of small pockets, each of which, in spawning time, is filled with a single egg about the size of a pea. The egg, being much larger than in the ordinary kinds, has an unusual amount of food yolk in it; and the embryo develops into the larva, and the larva into the perfect toad, in the closed pocket. By the time the young escape from the pouches on the back of the mother, they are as far advanced in development as are the young of the common frog and toad six months after the loss of their tail. In other kinds of South American tailless amphibia the eggs are placed in a large continuous pouch on the back of the mother, a cavity very similar to the abdominal pouch of a kangaroo or opossum.

Again, the tailed amphibia (salamanders and newts), all of which have gills either permanently or for a time, show great variations in the mode of their development. The newt, after hatching, swims about as a gill-bearing larva for some two or three months; but the true salamanders (*Salamandra atra* and *S. maculosa*) are viviparous, and in the latter species the young are retained for a whole year in the oviduct. Nevertheless the embryo develops gills freely, and if these embryos are artificially born they breathe by their gills, which they subsequently lose. Certain kinds of the tailed amphibia retain their gills throughout life, although the lungs also are well-developed, as in

that blind albino the *Proteus* of the subterranean caves of Carniola, and in the American *Menobranchus*. The well-known, large, gill-bearing salamander of Mexico—the axolotl—is very apt to undergo transformation when young, and the transformed individual has to be placed in the highest group of the tailed amphibia, while those which do not undergo transformation belong to the lowest.

Directly below these transforming amphibian types, which, normally, have limbs with four or five digits, there is an order of fishes which are double breathers (*Dipnoi*), having both lungs and gills, permanently, like the lower tailed amphibia; the limbs of these fishes do not divide, like those of the amphibia, into fingers and toes. That these forms are very generalized and ancient is quite certain. They are nearly extinct: only one (*Protopterus*) being found in Western Africa, another (*Lepidosiren*) in Louisiana, and a third (*Ceratodus*) in Australia. The teeth of this last kind have been found in nearly the lowest secondary rocks of this country; it was the contemporary of the oldest known marsupial animals.

We are thus led to this important fact—namely, that below those remarkable metamorphosing types, the amphibia, there is a group of fishes, evidently very ancient, of so general a structure as to combine, in their organization, characters that make it difficult to say whether they are more related to cartilaginous fishes, to ganoid fishes, or to amphibia. Now, generalized types such as these double-breathing fishes, and types that undergo metamorphosis, are most instructive to the biologist.

The development of these remarkable fishes has not yet been studied; it is very probable that they also undergo metamorphosis.* If this is the case, their larva will be found to represent a much simpler and lower kind of vertebrated animal than that of either the newt or the frog.

The facts detailed above will, I think, satisfy any reasonable mind that, although there is nothing in the development of the types that can be called a

creative catastrophe, yet remarkable and often sudden changes do take place. If these variations are partial, they lead to the formation of species, genera, and families; but the uprise of such groups as reptiles, birds, and mammals from lower gill-bearing tribes can only be accounted for on the supposition of a complete metamorphosis.

If we knew as much about those ancient amphibia that we suppose were parental to the highest forms as we do about the modern amphibia, tailed and tailless, it is very probable that we should find nothing more to wonder at than we do actually find in the metamorphosis of these familiar types.

It is impossible here to enter into the details of the various stages that are to be found in the embryos of the highest types of the vertebrata; but the embryologist is perfectly satisfied that these are the unused, historical equivalents of stages which were utilized in active life in the ancient types from which the present high vertebrata have arisen.

II.

And now, having thus crept down from rank to rank of the great vertebrate hierarchy, we have found no variation which cannot be accounted for as having been brought about in one or other of two ways—either by slow and gradual modification, as in the case of the various divisions of the mammalia, or by metamorphosis, as, probably, in the rise of reptiles, birds, and mammals from low, generalized, aquatic types. So far, we have been able to give an answer to the first question. We now come to the second question: Did the vertebrata themselves arise suddenly by a creative catastrophe, or did they spring, by metamorphosis, from lower, non-vertebrate types; the forms so metamorphosed subsequently undergoing slow, secular changes?

The attempt to answer this question will be put in as few words as possible. The evidence here in favor of evolution, more or less gradual or sudden, is of precisely the same kind as that with regard to the rise of the higher vertebrata from the lower.

There is a misconception in many minds as to the relation of the vertebrata to the non-vertebrated tribes; the two

* Since the above was written, Mr. Caldwell has discovered that the Australian kind—*Ceratodus*—does undergo metamorphosis.

groups are looked upon as practically the two halves of the animal kingdom. This view is quite erroneous. There are many groups that are the proper zoological equivalents of the vertebrata. The vertebrata are but the highest of the many culminations of the tribes that rise above the protozoa, or first and lowest forms of animal life. Hence, in any attempt to answer this second question, we must keep clear of all other culminations—the various groups of the highly-specialized Arthropods, as insects, spiders, lobsters, &c., and also all the various orders of the soft-bodied unjointed shell-fish (*Molluscs*); and, indeed, of many more groups which have become modified in this way and in that, along certain ascending lines.

Now, there is one mysterious little creature, the lancelet (*Amphioxus*), which is neither a vertebrated type nor a worm, but something intermediate between the two; this type yields the first and best light we get upon the difficult subject of the uprise of the vertebrata. The next type below this is the sea-squid (*Ascidian*); of this there are many kinds, species, genera, and families. The ascidians undergo metamorphosis, and are most useful to us in this inquiry while in their larval state. I can only give a very meagre account of these two sorts of creatures—the lancelet and the ascidian—and of their relationship to the vertebrata.

First, let it be remembered that these low forms are classified with the vertebrata in one general group—the *Chordata*. They all have a cord of cellular tissue running along the axis of their body—throughout the whole length of the animal in the lancelet, only along the tail in the ascidian larvæ, and from the middle of the skull to the end of the tail in all the vertebrata. This tract of delicate tissue is enclosed in an elastic sheath. In the lancelet and in the vertebrata, the continuous nervous axis lies over this primary skeletal cord, which is more primitive even than the muscular segments into which in these types the body is divided.

Just above the lancelet comes the hag-fish (*Myxine*) with its relative, the large *Bdellostoma* of the Cape region. These also have no vertebræ; they have a strong skull, but their long body, with its nu-

merous fleshy segments or rings, is supported, not by cartilaginous arches or vertebræ, but merely by a huge dorsal cord (the notochord), with its thick, tough elastic sheath. The lamprey, during its larval life, has the same simple structure, and so have all the vertebrata *for a time*.

The respiratory organs of the fishes just mentioned, and those also of the tadpoles of frogs and toads, enable us to understand the morphology of the aquatic respiratory organs of the true vertebrated types, and to see that they are merely a modification of the huge, vascular, perforated throat of such forms as the lancelet and the ascidian. In these low forms, the large upper end of the digestive tube is highly vascular, and has a great number of clefts in it, so that water can pass freely through the walls; and thus fresh and fresh currents containing oxygen in solution are perpetually bathing the lining of the throat with its fine network of capillary blood-vessels. The respiratory organs of all gill-bearing vertebrata are but a modification of this simple apparatus, intensely specialized certainly, but fundamentally the same.

These are the most striking harmonies; but embryology is daily bringing to light new evidence of the intimate relationship of the vertebrata to those low, non-vertebrate types which agree with the high forms in having a perforated pharynx for respiration and an axial body-cord.

There may have been in the earlier epochs—most probably there were—innumerable low and soft-bodied creatures which “died and made no sign”—left no fossil remains. Forms must have existed, intermediate, on the one hand, between the sea-squid and the lancelet; and, on the other hand, between the lancelet and the low radical forms of the vertebrated types. The morphological distance between a newly hatched frog's tadpole and the adult frog is almost as great as that between the adult lancelet and the newly hatched larva of the lamprey.

Gradually, as biological laboratories and stations increase, and as studies of this kind become more general, so as to make it an opprobrium for any educated man to be entirely ignorant of such

matters, the mists that rest upon these great subjects, and the misconceptions that are formed of them, will assuredly disperse. The wish of many, of whom better things might have been expected, is evidently that the shadow on the dial should be brought backwards, and not be allowed to take its normal course. There is, however, "no variableness, neither shadow of turning," in the morphological force; it is perpetually clothing itself afresh and afresh with "the things which are seen"—itself an emanation from the Great Unseen, the Eternal.

In conclusion, we may rapidly traverse the ground already gone over. Thus we shall see if there is anything that stands in the way of the views here taken as to the origin of the nobler animal forms. If the groups made by zoologists—varieties, races, species, genera, families, &c.—are merely convenient pens into which we may put our cattle according to the nearness or distance of their relation to each other, then it is evident that there are no absolute distinctions between the groups. If, also, the fossil forms—all, as far as they go—suggest the gradual divarication of types from each other during secular periods, according to fixed laws, and if embryology in the revelation of the various stages of development of the embryo gives the same kind of evidence, then it is clear that we are on safe ground, and may confidently draw our deductions.

Now, this is certain, that whichever great group of gill-less vertebrates we examine—reptiles, birds, or mammals—we may go to the bottom or foundation of that group without ever seeing the necessity for more than a very limited and partial amount of transformation. There, however, we must use our imagination; but if this be bridled and kept well in hand, we shall not be carried away to any region of "science, falsely so-called." Once at the base of these three great groups, we must call in the aid of metamorphosis; yet this need be no greater nor more wonderful than that which we are all familiar with in the development of beetles and of butterflies, of newts and of frogs.

That great change which we call metamorphosis, a most marvellous transfor-

mation of an active living creature of a low type into one of a much higher grade, is certainly not quite a soluble problem to us at present. This change, however, is not a rare, momentary, miraculous cataclysm, but a perfectly normal mode, in which the morphological force works in the development of a very large proportion of existing animal forms. It still takes place in several orders of the vertebrata. There is no adult fish, except one or two manifestly degraded types—the hag and the lamprey—that is at all comparable for lowliness to the tadpole of the common frog or toad. Yet this creature, which might have remained in its larval state throughout life, becomes in a few months a much more elevated type than any fish.*

Once at the bottom of the fish-class, we are in the neighborhood of forms which, as we have seen, are at an almost immeasurable distance below the vertebrata, and yet give promise of that pattern of structure which characterizes the vertebrata.

When modern biology is as old and as strong as modern astronomy, then those two great problems—the meaning, nature, and causes of metamorphosis; and the uprise of the vertebrata from non-vertebrate types—will undoubtedly have received much elucidation. Meantime, there are those who, having put their hands to this plough, will not look back. By them the orderly sequence of organic phenomena is never even imagined as taking place without the introduction of the element of *time*. It has become absolutely impossible for them to imagine that the almost infinite complexity of a high kind of creature—say, an ox, a horse, or a man—did at first arrange itself miraculously in an actual moment of time. According to the old notion of creation, atoms must have run into molecules, molecules have become protoplasmic cells, cells have become differentiated, and transformed themselves

* The tadpoles of some frogs are two or three years before they transform, and may be made to remain much longer in the larval state. I strongly suspect that some individuals among the larvæ of the paradoxical frog (*Pseudis*) do not transform at all. These facts must lead us to see the wide and powerful influence of surroundings, upon both the manner and extent of the development of the individual organism.

into various tissues, these tissues have become organs of divers kinds, and these organs have been collocated and set to work—with all their harmonious correlations and co-adaptations—all this with

an utter elimination of the element of time.

This timeless hurly-burly was devoutly attributed to the ETERNAL.—*Contemporary Review*.

DEMOCRACY AND TRUTH.

THE recent advice given by two clergymen to the farm laborers of England, respecting their vote in the ensuing election—advice on which we have already commented, and to the political aspect of which we do not propose to return—must have revived an old problem to the minds of many of our readers. Where do the claims of truth stand, when they are weighed against other claims? May we not give false information to those who have no right to any? This question is one we have considered before, and we will now merely remark, as a contribution towards the answer, that the claims of truth and of every other duty should be looked at from a different point of view, according as the breach is a matter of retrospect or of prospect. There is no inconsistency in looking mainly at the excuse for an accomplished action, for which, while it was still in the future, we had nothing but disapproval. If anybody were to pour forth a flood of righteous indignation against a ploughman who failed to keep a promise he had given his landlord about the ensuing election, we should feel no sympathy with the denunciation; but when, on the other hand, we hear the ploughmen of England encouraged to make promises they intend to break, the fact we are most sure of in an entangled question is that to guard against any exaggerated scruple about an extorted promise in addressing a set of working-men is about as necessary as to put on the drag in going up-hill. The first question anybody who gives advice to a class should ask himself is,—How will it look *from below*? How will it tell on a weak nature? Not to allow for this in any social maxim is like making arrangements for machinery and not allowing for friction. And what would be the effect of teaching uneducated people that *any* falsehood is comparatively innocent, is

a problem we should have thought to which the answer was at least as clear as that to any political question whatever. It might probably be expressed in the confession once made by a candid game-keeper, "I suppose *anybody* would tell a lie to save a noise." However, these considerations are too obvious to need any elaborate discussion.

But it does not seem superfluous, nor is the occasion unfitting, to point out the claims of that part of duty which we sum up in the word *truth*, and especially to consider how far it is desirable to be on our guard against untruthfulness as characteristic of a class. We may, without offence, assume that whatever is characteristic of a nation is characteristic of a class, and respect for truth is certainly unknown to some of the most civilised races of the globe. This quality forms a link between the intellectual and moral halves of our nature, and shows its complex character in its varied aspects. No two desirable things are more dissimilar than the eagerness of a scientific man to verify some new principle, and the resolution of a poor man to refrain from some lucrative lie. The scientific man, it is evident, is considering truth as it is opposed to *ignorance*; the poor man is considering truth as it is opposed to *falsehood*. Now truth, as it is opposed to ignorance, is evidently not an idea that suggests itself to an ignorant mind. And truth, as opposed to falsehood, is wholly a negative ideal. Reserve is no breach of truthfulness. Properly speaking, the love of truth is a wrong expression. We are obliged to use it if we would make ourselves understood; but if any one think what the "love of truth" means, he will see that the words are absurd. "The love of truth!" The love of the fact that a man's income stands at so much, when he has to state it with a view to income tax! The love of the fact that

a servant-girl has broken a jug, on the part of that servant-girl ! Falsehood is an original act which may very well be hated, an initial movement of authorship which creates a very definite sense of responsibility in the mind. Truthfulness is a mere repression of one's own individuality in the face of a course of events which one may regard with feelings the very opposite of love. A virtue so purely negative has no root in the emotional part of the nature, and can have but a comparatively slight hold on an uneducated mind.

And while it has weak allies, it has strong foes. The desire to see things as they are may often become the antagonist of the desire to make things what they should be. Some characters need nothing more urgently than an atmosphere of such anticipation as none could form who knew them. It is not anxious precaution which most soothes an irritable temper ; the fearless touch of one who knows nothing of sore subjects has often a marvellous power to soothe a spirit that anxious and guarded tenderness would only ruffle. It is not burning indignation which best represses the first promptings of the lower impulses of our nature. The neighborhood of unconscious purity silences many a whisper of evil which the denunciation of righteous severity raises to a deafening clamor. Woe to the nation that is divided between vice and wrath ! The last loses its best instrument, the first its most healing medicine, when they stand face to face, and each considers the other alone. A thinker in the extreme twilight of the old world saw in the fable of Orpheus a warning to the spirit which, escaping from the shadow of sin, turns back to gaze into the darkness even for the sake of some precious thing that it hopes to recover. It is a profound truth, which Boethius here read into the legend of a race perhaps not deeply enough exercised in the experience of moral conflict to have discerned it ; and so far as it is a truth, it must be allowed to be an enemy to what we mean by truthfulness.

If the claims of Truth be only of a negative character, and if it has so many foes, it is surely far *more* necessary to give it all the influence that words can give, than it is in the case of that other

hemisphere of duty which belongs to a part of our nature more remote from all that language can express. The duty of love, in all its forms—pity, reverence, kindness, pardon—is not one which is much elucidated or strengthened by any words that human lips can utter. We must preach that with our lives, rather than with our lips ; and as there is not much help in what can be said for it, so there is no very great danger in what can be said against it. Its advocate is often silenced by passion and interest, but rarely confronted by sophistry. But with the duty of truth it is different. This unemotional, unimpulsive duty, this sternly impersonal virtue, demands an intellectual soil to attain its full vigor ; it should be the especial duty of the cultivated classes to strengthen its claims upon those whose circumstances are such as sufficiently to exhibit all the excuses for transgressing it. A member of the wages-receiving class, who is as truthful as the average English gentleman, probably overcomes more temptations to deceit in a week that the gentleman does in a year. These considerations about what one would do if one could save one's life by telling a lie, which we have been reading in the newspaper for the last week or two, have not indeed been presented to the intellect of a poor man ; but whatever truth they contain has been distilled into his daily experience, and drawn into his moral constitution. The necessities of life have impressed on him the excusableness of sometimes telling a lie. Whatever *theory* we present to his mind should go the other way. And we must always remember that if our sermons in favor of difficult duty go but a little way, our arguments *against* difficult duty may go a great deal further than we intend that they should. Truthfulness on a non-intellectual soil becomes honesty, and an argument which in a cultivated mind is discerned as merely pointing out the relative character of the claim of truth, tells on an uncultivated one as lowering the claim of honesty. It is quite as true, that the lady who leaves her change on her dressing-table must share the responsibility of the theft with the servant who takes it, as that the squire who canvasses for his party must share the responsibility of the lie

with the tenant who deceives him, and no one, surely, would think the first fact was one to put before the tempted party. It seems to us just as wrong in the case of the second.

What the duty of the poor man is who has had a promise extorted from him to vote for the candidate he disapproves, we do not attempt to decide. It seems to us a mistake for one man ever to decide for another when he should relax a principle in favor of a strong inclination. We cannot see the distinction between truth and any other duty in this respect set forth by a correspondent in these columns. Nothing would justify us in committing a murder, says Sir Edward Strachey. If that be a truth, it is an identical proposition. A murder has no other meaning than a homicide that nothing can justify. Prove that you could save your own life only by killing the man who rushed upon you, mistaking you for a burglar, and you have *not* committed a murder in killing him. It does not follow that that man deserved to be put to death; society may possibly be the loser by his life having been sacrificed to yours. When the man is slain, when the untruth is told, we must decide whether the killing was murder, the deceiving was a lie. In both cases it is surely a mistake to put before the person whose interest would be to kill or deceive, the innocence of such an action in possible cases. To have addressed the arguments which justified the acquittal of Baretta for murder, to a man who was likely to be thrown among a set of vicious ruffians like the one he stabbed, would be as wrong as to tell the laborers they may innocently break their promise. When a wise man deceives another person, if he ever does so, he is choosing what he supposes to be best. "*This is better than that*" is the form in which he makes his decision. But it is a strictly individual decision. "*This*" and "*that*" are both concrete lines of action, clearly discernible to his mind's eye; the moment they were generalised into rules of conduct, he would feel that he was committed to something he might condemn. The reason why this is more obvious in the case of truth than in the case of such a duty as not taking life is partly because the ways of civilised life remove the last temptation from our

habitual contemplation, but still more because the reasons against taking life are rooted in our moral sympathies and apparent to everybody, and the reasons for telling the truth are of an intellectual nature, and fully apprehended only by a cultivated mind.

Although the aspects of truth are various, its root is one. The truth of science is as closely connected with, as it is entirely separate from, the truth of honesty. The connection between the two seems to us strikingly illustrated in the address of one of the clergymen who recommended his parishioners to give a false promise to canvassers. He reminds them of the prayer of Solomon, and suggests that they should consider their acquisition of the vote as a similar opportunity to the invitation given to the Jewish monarch to ask for whatever he desired. The clergyman who made this suggestion did not, of course, suppose that there was any real analogy between an offer from Omnipotence to grant the desires of its creature and the opportunity given to a voter to bring the claims of his class before Parliament. No educated man is so ignorant as to be capable of such a notion, though unfortunately many uneducated men are. What he meant, probably, was something of this kind:—"Here are these poor creatures suffering from all sorts of need and misfortune that legislation might do a good deal to alter, and unless they ask for it very urgently they are not likely to get it. Political life is new to them; they want some strong stimulus to put their energy into that channel. I am quite aware that Parliament is very far indeed from being omnipotent; but still, it might do a good deal more that it does for the poor, and till it has done that, the poor may as well think it could do everything." We should desire no better illustration of what irreverence for truth means than the translation of such a fact into such a fiction. It was probably allied with a real compassion for the sufferings of the poor; but it is calculated to do them more injury than any misfortune "that laws could cause or cure." We want to impart to the uneducated a firm, unalterable conviction that behind all the laws that men make and execute are laws which they must simply obey, or take the consequences.

We want to save them from the misery of believing that we are close to the garden of Eden, and that somebody has hidden the key. We want to encourage that fortitude of which the worst foe is the belief that all suffering and privation is somebody's fault. The poor need, above all things, to be taught that we inhabit a world of inexorable sequences,—a world in which Will finds granite barriers, and works efficaciously only when it recognises them. And those who would benefit the new electorate begin by teaching them that when a few hundred Englishmen seat themselves in a large house at Westminster, they suddenly become omnipotent! In the name of Truth, in the name of political science, in the name of a true Liberalism, we protest against the propagation of such fictions.

Perhaps it is from the last side that the protest may be made with most effect. We would entreat all who think it no harm to translate their belief that Parliament might do for the poor more than it has done, into the assertion that a claim on the Legislature may be made in the same spirit in which a prayer was recorded by the Jewish Scriptures to be made to the Almighty, to consider whether they are not preparing a vehement reaction in favor of any party which has not opened the door to such anticipations as these words create and foster. A wise Conservative would desire nothing more ardently than that such preachers as these should have a large audience. Their advice might take a great effect for the time, and it

might not be very soon that that effect would pass away; but there is no recoil so hopeless as that from unreasonable hope, and no infidelity so deep as that which has sprung from the confident application of a wrong test. It is not, however, on the *impolicy* of such Liberalism as this that we would base our remonstrance with Liberals. We would appeal to that reverence for the humanity in every man which should be the strength of Democracy. Nothing more contemptuous than the theory that truth is a luxury for the rich was ever invented by an aristocrat who looked down on the *canaille*. Let us try to give the poor man twenty shillings a week by all means if there is any possibility of doing it. But, in the mean time, let us treat him as a freeman. Do not let us initiate his civil career by the hypothesis that he *must* tell a lie. Let us beware how we implant on the soil of a new Democracy the weeds of a region we have left behind us. It is far easier to transport the tares than the wheat. There are excellences in an aristocratic Constitution which we must consent to forego in the new scheme of things. Let us not incorporate in that new scheme its worst evils; let us not confuse the barriers of the moral and the social world, and suppose that when we cross the line which separates the gentleman from the peasant we have left behind us all aspirations after truth, all fortitude in danger, all resolution to bear ills rather than to lower the standard of right and stain the purity of a lofty ideal.—*The Spectator*.

TEGNÉR.

WITH the single exception of Runeberg, who, though he wrote in the Swedish tongue, was a Russian subject, Tegnér alone among the many poets of Sweden has attained a European reputation. Triumphant over a disadvantage which has robbed the poets of Russia, Poland, and Hungary of half their glory—the necessity of writing in a language but little understood abroad—he ascended to fame early in the present century, with a rapidity which was surpassed by Byron alone, to enjoy a popularity well-

nigh as cosmopolitan as his. Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Vexjö, was born A.D. 1782 in the province of Vermland, and descended from a long line of yeomen ancestors. His father was pastor of Millesvik, a village lying in the flat, treeless peninsula which projects southward into the broad expanse of the Werner lake. Few poetical associations surrounded the cradle of the future poet; the arable land of a corn-producing district, varied by detached rocks and patches of scrub, constituted the unin-

viting landscape. Nor were his early vocations better calculated to arouse poetic ardor; he was apprenticed to a tax-gatherer, who, however, noticing the superior talent of the lad, generously bestowed on him a liberal education. Esaias was so assiduous in the pursuit of knowledge that in a short space of time he acquired the classical languages together with the most useful of the modern. He learnt English from the translation of Ossian, and his works bear witness in places to this juvenile partiality. He graduated at the University of Lund, where, in 1812, he was appointed Professor of Greek. In the same year he received holy orders and was endowed with a pastorate. The next twelve years, which immediately preceded his election to the see of Vexjö, were devoted to the fulfilment of his duties at Lund, and formed the period of his greatest poetical activity. Subsequently the poet became merged to a great extent in the conscientious ecclesiastic. Another cause of diminished literary fertility was a mental disorder which afflicted him about this period. But he recovered, and his last years were tranquil. During the protracted illness which preceded death he was confined to his couch; but his mind was clear, and the perusal of his favorite authors, among whom were Ariosto and Scott, solaced his latter days. He expired at midnight, during an extraordinary display of aurora borealis, on the 2nd of November, 1846.

The genius of Tegnér was not precocious. He was twenty-seven when his "Song for the Skaane Militia" procured him universal recognition; he was forty before his first narrative poem, *Axel*, was given to the world. The former is a dithyrambic effusion inspired by the Russian invasion of Finland in 1808. Skaane, the nearest province of Sweden to Denmark, who had joined the League of the Emperors concluded at Tilsit, was the point exposed to greatest danger. Three years later the poet's reputation was established by the publication of the patriotic ode, *Svea*, the ancient name for Sweden. The conquest of Finland had in the mean time caused a revolution which seated Charles XIII. on the Swedish throne in place of his nephew Gustavus IV., and the sonorous Alexandrines em-

ployed by the poet prove that he was likewise a courtier. After deploring in harrowing terms the wretched condition of his country, he thus proceeds:—

See, from perdition's brink where giddy thou
wast placed,
The courage of thy noblest lately hath re-
leased;
With mild and generous heart and locks of
silver hue,
Charles still protects the ruins which he saved
anew,
The Victor stands hard by, whom all the world
adores,
And Oscar, growing up, to Fingal's sword as-
pires.

Three generations of royalty are thus adroitly flattered. The Victor of course is Bernadotte, afterwards Charles XIV. The work was crowned by the Swedish Academy, and in the following year its author received the appointment at Lund which has been alluded to. Innumerable minor pieces flowed from Tegnér's pen during this portion of his career, when versification was evidently treated merely as a pastime. Among the most interesting are his odes in celebration of historical personages, written on the anniversary of their death or the performance of some notable public action. Such, for instance, is that dedicated to Charles XII. on the centenary of his fall before the fortress of Fredriksten. The following extract, which is inscribed on the monument erected where the King was shot, may convey some idea of the condensed and vigorous style of the original:—

In victory and defeat,
O'er fortune towering high,
He never could retreat,
Could nothing else but die.

In deep contrast to the above is the ode dedicated to the other great national hero, Gustavus Adolphus, who divides the homage of Sweden with his half-frantic but heroic great-great-nephew. Beautiful, if somewhat extravagant, is the eulogium which it bestows on him:—

For freedom, all that man possesses holy,
For light and faith he fell;
His camp was God Almighty's tabernacle,
Where only cherubs dwell.

Passing from national heroes to foreign celebrities, Luther became in 1817 the subject of four noble stanzas commemorating the tercentenary of the Reformation. The first of these admits of a literal translation:—

In darkness sat the nations
And night lay upon earth,
Then came the great translator
Of God's forgotten word.
The Holy Bible's wonders
For all men he expounds,
And, loud as Heaven thunders,
His dauntless voice resounds.

The descent from Luther to Napoleon is great; yet it is a fact that Tegnér's imagination, like Byron's and Pushkin's, was powerfully excited by the colossal grandeur of the Corsican's public career. In 1831, when a proposition was made to transfer his remains from St. Helena to Paris for interment beneath the column in the Place Vendôme, the poet burst forth:—"Touch not his dust! 'Tis his glory which sweeps to the ends of the earth. Let his dust be still!" And in the following stanza he seeks to explain the secret of the conqueror's grandeur:—

This was his greatness; he would weld
What ever must be separate all:
The new ideas with those of old,
This was his greatness—and his fall.

Partiality to France is a trait characteristic of the Swedes, the result of long political connection, and from this Tegnér was by no means exempt. We may look in vain, therefore, in his writings for any trace of sympathy with our own heroes of the revolutionary period. We find a by no means complimentary ode to Pitt and Nelson on the occasion of their death:—"Two comets, menacing and cruel, have disappeared from the firmament of Europe. The clouds which obscure the morning-star of peace grow thinner and more thin." Such is the text upon which he expatiates. For him Nelson is the "Tamerlane of the Sea," although eulogized in glowing terms:—

In peace unnoticed, but in peril grand,
Like Hecla, though destructive, cold as well,
He crushed as Samson did, the hostile band,
Although himself he fell.

Pitt figures as Milton's fallen angel, who defies the thunderbolts which crash around him; or, by a somewhat rapid transition, to Atlas, who supports a world of hate upon his Herculean shoulders. Both are extinct volcanoes, and Chio points at them with terror as a warning to all generous minds. Pitt, in conclusion, is exhorted, if he can discover a peaceful nook in Tartarus, to disturb its repose; Nelson to fight with Charon

as he is being ferried across Styx! Scarcely more soothing to our national vanity is a metrical altercation between England and France. The following are selected specimens of international vituperation:—

ENGLAND.

Lie there, destroyer, and eat all around like a cancer,
Swallow up nations entire, yes, swallow and hunger for more.

FRANCE.

Hindoos with pearls and blood cannot purchase
their Eden back from thee.
Negroes are whipt to death, alas! but to sugar
thy tea.

ENGLAND.

With the Channel I gird me round as Pluto by
Styx is surrounded.
Never a living soul returned across Styx again.

FRANCE.

Hercules came back again, and brought back
Cerberus captive,
The monster with two heads; but Hercules
still is alive.

France, however, obtains the last word in the quarrel, which is brought to a close by a stinging invective, which is certain to cut every true Briton to the heart:—

Lie like a hulk moored fast; but the *anchor of credit betrays thee*,
And the ruinous wreck shall drift before wind
and 'fore wave.

It is now time to glance at the poet's longer and better known productions. In 1820 appeared the *Children of the Lord's Supper*, which, as translated by Longfellow, is presumably familiar to the public. In 1822 came *Axel*, written in the style of Byron's tales, but with no trace of the idiosyncrasies of that poet; in fact, it wears the faithful impress of its author's native genius. The narrative itself is of a popular character. Men hate their enemies, but not their enemies' daughters; and the story of a campaigner who assails the hearts of the ladies in the heart of their country usually commands popularity. *Axel* is a favorite officer of Charles XII.; Maria, the heroine, a subject of his rival, Peter the Great. The King sends Axel with a despatch from Bender to Stockholm; but he is waylaid and half-murdered by Cossacks in traversing Russia. Left for dead, he is rescued by Maria, who tends him till recovery, when he departs in fulfilment of his mission. She, how-

ever, falls into a love-sick state, and resolves to follow. Disguised in male attire, she joins a Russian expedition which crosses the Baltic and attacks the Swedish coast; receives a mortal stroke in the battle which ensues, and is finally discovered in a dying state by Axel himself, who is in command of the native forces. The poem, which is very beautiful, though its diction may perhaps seem too luxuriant, has been translated into English. The year 1825 saw the production in its complete form of the poet's masterpiece, the *Tale of Frithiof*, which has been so frequently rendered into English that a brief notice of the criticisms to which it seems most open is all that can be requisite here. It has been objected that this poem is less an epic than a collection of ballads composed as it is of four-and-twenty short pieces—a defect, if such it be, which originated in its publication piecemeal in the detached numbers of a periodical. A more serious blemish may perhaps be detected in its anachronistic treatment; the poet has overlaid his theme, which is founded on the Icelandic saga of *Frithiof hinn Frakinn*, or "the Bold," with a veneer of modern civilization which is quite out of place from a realistic point of view—the rugged viking of history has been pared down to a hero of modern romance. The climax of this ideal is reached in the final song, where a glimmer of Christian faith is represented as penetrating the still Pagan North. The high-priest of Balder thus addresses the repentant Frithiof:—

Men say, a Balder dwelt far South, a Virgin's
son,
Sent by the Father of all things to explain the
runes
Writ on the Fate's dark shield-edge, all un-
known before;
Peace was his battle-cry, and Love his shining
sword,
Pious he lived and taught, when dying he for-
gave,
And under distant palms his grave in glory lies.
They say his doctrine spreads from vale to
vale,
Makes soft the hardened heart, and joins the
friendly hand,
And builds the realm of peace on a regenerate
earth.

* * * * *
Some day, I feel, 'twill come, and like a dove
wave light
Its snow-white wings above the mountains of
the North.

The *Crown Bride*, written in 1841, may be regarded as the child of Tegnér's old age. He had then long been in tranquil occupation of the see of Vexjö, and this charming idyl reveals the picture of his patriarchal existence in the midst of his flock. A wedding is to be celebrated in state at Skatlöf. The bishop himself will be there, for he loves "customs from ancient times, and happiness blooming around him," and Skatlöf is specially dear to him ever since he consecrated its church. In the gloaming of the summer night which precedes the festival, the young people of the village dance around the maypole, the bishop's children among them, "Henry, bishop *in spe*, and Emma, and Disa, and Gerda." The bishop himself rises, according to wont, with the sun, and sitting in the balcony drinks in the air of heaven with his fragrant coffee. The bridegroom and his friends, all mounted, arrive with loud shouts and the discharge of firearms; next the bride with her blue eyes and brown hair, for Finnish blood runs in her veins, "and the Caucasian gold is blended with darkness from Finwood." On her head is the traditional silver-gilt crown studded with gems, "what if of polished glass, they flash like so many diamonds." Inside the church the bishop, "who loves to talk at times," pronounces a discourse on matrimony, its uses and obligations. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bishop salutes the bride on the forehead, for this "is lawful for bishops of Vexjö." At the repast which follows he joins in the hilarity of the guests, and because

No particular friend of punch with the acid of
lemon
(Ale he cannot endure, though fond of the
sparkling grape-juice),
Drank of the wine he brought and talked to his
left-hand neighbor.

He is not, however, so amiable to Corporal Frisk, who sits on his right, and who, having fought at Leipzig, wears, among other decorations, the Russian medal. The bishop sharply rebukes him for this, and utters the sentiment, quite indefensible in a clerical mouth, that a blood-feud separates Swede and Russ for ever. After the meal he proposes adjournment to the open, and the dance is held around the barrow of Harold

Hildetand, the blind old King of Denmark, who fell fighting there with his rival Sigurd of Sweden. The bishop sees no harm in this ; on the contrary, he deems

A dance upon graves is decorous and full of deep meaning ;

Life in its giddiest joy is oft to the sepulchre nearest ;

The sleepers down below by the whirl of the dance are not troubled.

On the summit of the barrow-mound stands a mighty oak, so spacious as to admit of a table and seats being placed amid the branches. Here sits the bish-

op with choice companions, quaffing wine and ale and surveying the sports of the young people on the sward below. Towards midnight the customary mock fight for possession of the bride is waged, and terminates in the usual way. The married women at last break through the serried phalanx of bridesmaids ; the bridegroom swoops like the wind through the gap, and carries off the bride in his sinewy arms. The bishop's carriage appears at this juncture ; he enters, and vanishes at speed in a cloud of dust.—*Saturday Review*.

MRS. LI HUNG CHANG'S FIRST DINNER PARTY. ?

BY MISS GORDON CUMMING.

THE interest which has been reawakened in this country by the recent death of General Grant recalls to my memory sundry incidents of travel when our paths chanced to run parallel in far distant lands. At various points in China and Japan I witnessed national demonstrations in his honor, but none so remarkable as that stupendous reception which was prepared by the citizens of San Francisco to celebrate his return to his native continent, when from the Golden Gates right up to the city, land and water were alike thronged by a vast multitude, all intent on doing honor to their great general. The amount of gunpowder expended on salutes from all the forts might have put any average foe to flight, and the roar of cheering, taken up by successive tens of thousands as the steamer slowly made its way towards the city (a matter of two hours) was simply deafening. The prolonged reception literally occupied several days, during which the general and Mrs. Grant were subjected to so much hearty handshaking that the marvel was how they were able to survive the operation. But what chiefly struck me in the welcome of San Francisco was its solidity and utter lack of grace, coming in curious contrast with the fascinating festivities which everywhere in Japan had made the sojourn of these favored guests a sort of fairy dream. As regarded their previous travels in China, though fes-

tivities in the Celestial Empire always fall short of the delicate refinement of those of Japan, they were none the less hearty on this occasion, especially in the foreign settlement of Shanghai, which was splendidly illuminated in honor of the great American.

It would be difficult to find any place better adapted for such a purpose than the river frontage of the city of Shanghai, which sweeps in a wide semi-circle round the harbor wherein lie ships and steamers of all sizes and nations. The whole of this was one blaze of light. Each of the great business houses was illuminated with from 1,000 to 3,000 Chinese lanterns, so were also the trees, and strings of gay lanterns were hung across the streets. Every line of the ships was likewise clearly defined, while fireworks and the burning of blue and red lights gave life to the harbor. There were also brilliant designs in gas, and a most weird procession of the fire brigade, the engines being adorned with gigantic paper lanterns in the form of huge dragons, Britannia, and other devices (a procession which, however, was saddened by a most distressing accident—namely the explosion of a pot of blue-fire stuff, whereby one Englishman and two Chinamen were fearfully injured, and the former died after some days of agony). Perhaps the most striking feature of that night was the vast crowd of Chinamen (estimated at 100,000) all

quiet and orderly, and most of them carrying paper lanterns, as befits respectable citizens when walking after sunset. They had assembled from far and near to see "The American King."

Some points of special interest attached to General Grant's reception at Tientsin, where he and his party were entertained with all the honors that could be devised by foreigners and Chinese authorities. For Li Hung Chang, a well-awakened and go-ahead man and the greatest of Chinese generals, had watched the career of the American Wellington with keen interest, declaring that he himself and Grant were the two most successful soldiers of the age, in that they had crushed the two greatest rebellions of the century (his own laurels having been earned in quelling the Taeping forces: curiously enough, the Taeping rebellion and the American civil war were contemporaneous, and respectively came to a close, the latter in the spring and the former in the summer of 1865). In recognition of such services, Li Hung Chang, although a pure Chinaman, has been raised to the highest dignities that could be conferred by the Tartar rulers. He is guardian of the Heir Apparent and Viceroy of Tientsin, which, as guarding the approach to Peking, is perhaps the most important of all posts in the gift of the Government. So, since this great Viceroy had resolved to do all possible honor to his military brother, Tientsin was transformed from its ordinary condition of dulness and dust. The river decorations were easy enough, for all the vessels and junks were fringed with flags; but even the dusty town was enlivened with colored calico and real flowers and much military show. There were chairs of State lined with yellow silk, and quaint uniforms and fireworks and jugglers and feasting. Li Hung Chang himself was carried in a covered chair with an avant-courier bearing a huge scarlet umbrella, a badge of very high estate, with a large escort of about five thousand very disreputable-looking soldiers in blue coats and red trousers.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this reception of the American whom the Viceroy so exceptionally delighted to honor was an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Li Hung Chang to Mrs. Grant,

and to the principal foreign ladies of Tientsin. Such a thing was altogether without precedent in North China, and consequently was an occasion of exceeding interest, inasmuch as few of the oldest inhabitants had ever been privileged to look upon these great ladies, who now, at the instigation of this very advanced Viceroy, were actually to do the honors of their own home. No gentlemen were present, but there were in all about a dozen ladies, Chinese and foreign, a lady from one of the missions acting as interpreter. From time to time the tall form of the Viceroy was seen, overlooking the throng of Chinese spectators (who, as is usual at festivals of great men, crowded around every door and window to stare at "the quality," and who of course mustered in double force on so extraordinary an occasion as this), but it would have been too gross a breach of etiquette for him to have ventured to appear in the presence of the ladies, though his views on this subject had been vastly enlarged in the previous fortnight, when for the first time he had been present at two dinner-parties graced by the feminine presence. At the first of those, given by the French Consul, it had been decided that, to avoid giving this rare guest too rude a shock, all the ladies should sit together at one side of the table. At the second dinner, however, at which about fifty guests were present, it was decided to let them sit alternately, as usual—the only difference being that the Viceroy walked in first by himself.

These extraordinary innovations led to his devising this invitation of foreign ladies to his own house, so he was naturally anxious as to the result. But all went off admirably, and his wife entertained her foreign guests with perfect composure and courtesy. Of course the foreigners appeared in their best evening dresses and jewels, the examination of which is a never-failing subject of interest, after the discussion of the ladies' age, and the numerical list of babies and their age has been gone through. The personal appearance and pretty names of the viceregal ladies produced a great impression on their guests. The hostess (who came to the outer door to receive Mrs. Grant with all honor) was a comely middle-aged woman, whose tiny

feet appeared from beneath dark trousers, and richly embroidered skirt and long jacket. With the exception of a very large butterfly of pearls worn on the back of the head, her necklace, bracelets, and head ornaments were all of priceless green jade. A daughter-in-law, aged twenty-three, was dressed in similar style, quiet though rich in color and material, but an unmarried daughter of sixteen was gorgeously attired in green satin trousers and pink satin jacket, all richly embroidered in gold, and gay silks, and loaded with jewels of pearl and jade. Long pendants of jade hung from her ears and from the silken cord of her fan, while the third and fourth finger-nails of the left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length, and were shielded by golden nail-protectors (excellent weapons for the infliction of a vicious scratch!) While at Canton I invested in a very pretty silver set of four. They are simply half thimbles, which fit the finger-tip, and form a nail-shield about three inches in length. All these three ladies wore the same excess of jewelry covering the back of the head, and were afflicted with the same minute hoofs (the lily feet of Celestial poets), necessitating the assistance of servants (literally "walking-sticks!") to enable them to move a step. The dinner was a happy combination of Chinese and European service and dishes, and was enlivened by the performances of a noisy Chinese Punch and Judy show.

After dinner a great surprise awaited the hostess. The Viceroy had bor-

rowed a piano—an instrument which his wife had never before seen, and on which some of the ladies now proceeded to play. Earlier in the evening another musical novelty had electrified the party—namely the arrival in the outer court of the band of the American ship *Richmond*, whose drums and brass instruments were voted almost as agreeable as the gongs and brass horns of the Chinese musicians. The piano led to singing, and then, when some one struck up a valse, and some of the younger ladies ventured on a practical demonstration of barbaric dancing, with a few little ornamental vagaries to give variety to the entertainment, the amusement and amazement of the viceregal ladies was unbounded. Happily they were spared the shock of realizing that their foreign friends were ever guilty of dancing with gentlemen. So the evening went off most satisfactorily, and when, just as the guests departed, a few drops of welcome rain fell (the rain for which prayers had been ceaselessly offered in all the temples of every denomination), the happy hostess hailed the good omen which thus crowned her first effort at entertaining foreigners. The same liberal spirit of progress, which induced Li Hung Chang to venture on admitting these distinguished strangers within his home has been shown in the determination with which he has striven to overcome the prejudices of his countrymen against all such foreign innovations as railways and telegraphs.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

GEORGE ELIOT'S POLITICS.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

To consider George Eliot as a political philosopher is, perhaps, to present her in a new habiliment to many readers. It is a remarkable characteristic of the multitudinous reviews that have appeared of Mr. Cross's "Life" that in hardly one is there more than a passing allusion to the political sympathies of its subject. And probably the indifference of the reviewer to this part of George Eliot's personality has been reciprocated by the reader. The other parts of her

character are so much more prominent and distinctive, that few turn to contemplate her relation to contemporary and general politics. Her books, with the single exception, hardly allude either to general political problems or particular measures and controversies. And in "Felix Holt," such is the impress of the author's mind on the writing, that at a first reading we think more of the psychological problems personified in Esther Lyon and Harold Transome

than of the political idealism which imparts such an unconventional strength to its hero. Yet a closer examination of the work and its teachings—a better understanding of the development of the author's conception—implants the conviction that "Felix Holt" bears a relation to political and social philosophy as distinct and important as Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke" or Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." It is true George Eliot does not rest the interest of this story entirely on the political philosophy it inculcates—indeed, this is rendered almost subsidiary to the psychological element.

But, nevertheless, this philosophy is of such a type, and is enunciated with such an original force, that to have written this work alone entitles George Eliot, as an exponent of philosophic truths in politics by means of fiction, to a place in the same category as George Sand, the great French poet, or "Parson Lot."

In the "Life" itself, although reviewers generally have ignored the fact, there are passages from George Eliot's journals which give us clear indications of her political faith. These remarks on the contemporary politics of her time are necessarily of a somewhat disjointed character, and, while giving hints, do not reveal to us the whole texture of her political philosophy.

That George Eliot should have sought political truth, and have endeavored to influence political thought, is but conformable to the expansiveness of her mind and the wide human sympathy which distinguished her nature. While occupied in abstruse philosophical study, her intellectual curriculum could not exclude the political problems whose solution presaged a better future for the "common people," mainly by the romance of whose lives she had deigned to enrich her pages. It is true she was removed from the sphere of partisan controversy, that she viewed politics in the same scientific spirit that she studied psychology and natural science, but nevertheless her influence in the province of political thought, while perhaps not so large, will be no less noble and beneficent than in the conduct of life. She wrote not as a partisan, but as a philosopher who stood aloof from party quar-

rels, and who, perhaps, neither aided nor impeded the success of the various measures of the time, but who strove to inculcate in the minds of the people, without regard to partisan professions or interested zeal, what she conceived to be calculated to most advance the true interests of a free commonwealth; while she was unfitted and unwilling to quit the sphere of literary culture and philosophic study to espouse, in a more marked and active manner, movements which, while advancing principles with which she sympathised, had also, owing to the current conditions of political life, some aspects wholly repulsive to her refined nature.

"Felix Holt, the Radical" is regarded by many critics as the most defective of George Eliot's literary performances. Of its literary qualities we do not presume to speak; but to us it has always seemed as the most valuable, and therefore the best, of her works. Serious and elevated in purpose as the whole of her works are, none is more so, and none has more successfully achieved that purpose, than "Felix Holt, the Radical." As illustrative of the care George Eliot bestowed upon the preparation of the work, it is mentioned in the "Life" that she "went through" the *Times* of 1832—from the political circumstances of which time the plot is derived—previous to beginning this work.

In the creation of the character of Felix Holt the originality and depth of George Eliot's genius are seen. George Eliot has never departed more from the "Cremorne walks and shows of fiction," and revealed the height of her elevation above the conventionality of her lady compeers, than in her finely drawn parallel of Felix Holt, the true Democrat, and Harold Transome, the volatile and wealthy Radical; or the exquisitely executed portrait of the Independent minister, Mr. Lyon; or the subtle analysis of the delicate nature of his daughter Esther. And then, again, the result of George Eliot's assiduous industry is such, that perhaps no more vivid, faithful, and better outlined picture of rural England at the time of the Reform Bill, with its all-powerful aristocracy, sectarian antagonisms, and awakening interest in politics, could be obtained

than through the medium of this, perhaps, the least admired of George Eliot's works.

But, of course, in examining George Eliot's political ethics, the greatest interest attaches to the individuality of Felix Holt. In Felix, George Eliot has embodied her ideal of the working-man, laboring to advance the welfare of his brethren. Felix in his life preaches that gospel of labor which makes the burden of many of Carlyle's most rugged passages. Felix Holt accepts Radicalism not as a formula, but as the expression of a duty. He not only calls himself a Democrat, but lives a Democrat. He returns from Glasgow University, where he has obtained learning by working as a watchmaker, to his native town, with a quiet but earnest enthusiasm to advance the cause of reform, and with it the cause of labor. He resolves, however, to labor for the workmen as one of themselves, not as one who has raised himself above their social scale. He has education, and a comparative munificence of a clerkly vocation is open to him; but he scorns the thought of prostituting his talent to advancing himself to the position in which he can "study the latest fashions in collars and neckties," and enjoy the prospect of attaining to the dignity "of a house with a high doorstep and a brass knocker." He is eager to emancipate labor from the thralldom of property and privilege, but he is no less eager to save it from the insidious wiles and self-seeking fawning of shrewd demagogues and astute plutocrats. He therefore continues in his vocation of repairing clocks, and endeavors to bring intellectual light and political morality to the miners of Sproxtton, by meeting them with their pipes and pewters on the Sunday evening at the village alehouse.

His mind is expansive, if not richly cultivated. He has a strong grasp of the actualities of his time, is possessed of a firm purpose and stubborn resolution. He inveighs in his conduct against the cant of conventionality with all the fierceness of a Carlyle or the pungency of a Thackeray; abhors well-dressed gentility and the meretricious mirage of Byronic sentimentality. He is earnest in principle and resolute in purpose, but he has little of the egotism which is the

main element of ambition. He is ardent to assist in bringing about political reforms, but he does not vent his ardor in loud-spoken bids for popular notoriety. He regards political progress as the necessary concomitant of the intellectual elevation and moral amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and as the first thing at hand, he makes himself one of the fraternity at the "Sugar Loaf" on the Sunday evening.

The character of Felix Holt is not merely the product of the circumstances of the time. George Eliot selects a time of extraordinary and epochal political interest, when the popular passion is just being felt in English political life, for her story. But the attributes and characteristics of Felix Holt would have made him a reformer of society and an apostle of labor at any other period. He has the quiet earnestness of the Oxford Reformers of the time of the Renaissance, combined with the practical wisdom of the Puritans of the Commonwealth period. He lives in a time with the main tendencies of which he is in sincere sympathy. Some of the aspects of its central movement, however, he regards with suspicious antagonism. He desires political power for the laborers not as a means of class aggrandisement, but of class elevation. "Extension of the suffrage," he bitterly remarks on returning from an unsatisfactory expedition to the alehouse, "will do much good if it means extension of drinking." And the attempts of Johnson, the glib sycophantic agent of the Radical candidate, Mr. Transome, to delude and demoralise the miners of Sproxtton by "treating" and fine phrases rouses the indignation of his soul.

The character has little of the romance which is usually attached to the hero of such novels. Felix Holt is talented, enthusiastic, and has a strong individuality, yet he is wanting in what would have been the necessary accompaniment of every hero similarly circumstanced in every novel not written by George Eliot. As we have remarked, Felix Holt lacks the fire of ambition, and the sphere of his personality and influence is throughout narrow and restricted. This circumstance, if found in a novel with a purpose by any other than George Eliot, would have almost de-

stroyed the interest of the book, and have marred its popularity. "Popular novelists" would have known this, and any one more solicitous of public applause than the author of "Felix Holt" would have invested the personality of the young Radical with quite a different hue—would have surrounded him with the halo of ambitious youth—would have endowed him with a "future"—would have ingeniously entranced the reader by a pathetic relation of his struggles with property, social privilege, and political tyranny, and have finally declared his destiny in overcoming, by his eloquence, the plutocratic and privileged powers, as the tribune of the toilers.

And yet, eminently successful as this method may be, we do not know but that "Felix Holt" has gained in its value and interest by the more prosaic and natural colors George Eliot has imparted to the story. Certainly she was more true to her art in not making the young clock-mender develop into a popular leader, and we even venture to think that its value as a contribution to political fiction—if we may use such a term—has been enhanced by the fact that George Eliot did not attempt to obtain a cheap popularity for her book in the manner to which we have alluded. The lives of popular leaders, and the lessons they teach, have their place in biography; but the lives of obscure teachers of men, who derive not their inspiration from ambition and emerge not from their obscurity, but which teach lessons of perhaps greater import, can find no incarnation but in the art of fiction. The great speeches, famous events, and important epochs in the lives of popular tribunes are the common property of the people, but—even if they have not sought greatness, but have had it thrust upon them—their period of obscurity, the time of their intellectual inception, pristine efforts, and small endeavors is darkened from the public view by the blaze of light which is thrown upon the splendor and success of their after careers.

We must proceed, however, to consider the abstract political morality of the book. For, although Felix Holt is the leading character, other phases of political thought and action are represented in the persons of Harold Tran-

some, Rufus Lyon, and the church vicar; for it was evidently George Eliot's purpose not only to show the pernicious character of political action in the time of small pocket boroughs and aristocratic supremacy, but the dangers which, unless recognised and counteracted, would produce evils hardly less pernicious under a *régime* of popular power.

The political teaching of the book was summarised and emphasised in an article which appeared some time after its publication in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of "An Address to Working Men," by "Felix Holt." As in the novel, little reference is made to the particular questions occupying public attention, but the tone of the essay is inspired by the measure of Reform passed in the previous year, 1867. George Eliot here presents for acceptance by the democracy the same lofty conception of public duty which she has embodied in the character of Felix Holt, while earnestly invoking, at the same time, that intelligent interest in political questions, independence of character, and tenacity in resolution which are as necessary to the social advancement of a class by its political power as they are conducive to the stability of the community as a whole. While not wanting in words of warning, a hopeful view is taken of the future of democracy, which has been well justified by the history of the past fifteen years.

George Eliot's political views do not give much support to the theory, which to many appears a truism, that woman's nature is essentially Conservative in its tendencies. It is true that her mind had a sceptical bend in political matters, that she was somewhat of a censor of the formulæ of both parties, and that she had little faith in the efficacy of organic changes in the body-politic unaccompanied by moral changes in the community. But what her politics lacked in form they gained in spirit. She was a true Liberal, even when she criticised the objects and environments of the Liberal party. If she looked askance on the ballot, it was only because she regarded it, with John Stuart Mill, as a somewhat clumsy attempt to anticipate, by mechanical means, that morality in politics which, she believed, must be of purely spontaneous, and therefore of

slow growth. If she discerned an almost equal capability of personal selfishness and cupidity under the cloak of Liberalism or Toryism, it was only because her philosophic spirit constantly reminded her of the immutability of human nature, and at the same time removed her from within the pale of party prejudice. But her strong philosophic grasp of questions, her thorough recognition of existing actualities, and an intellect over which neither prejudice nor sentiment could dominate, caused her to regard with scorn the intellectual inertia, false sentiment, and positive superstition which constitute the main elements of Conservatism as a political force. And the more distinctive qualities of the womanly nature—sympathy with wrong, suffering, and injustice—always made her a friend to the creed of Radicalism—the creed with which she had imbued Felix Holt.

With respect to the generally expressed opinion that her enfranchisement will prove woman to be a source of strength to the Conservative party, we cannot help reflecting how thoroughly this presage would be falsified were the intellectual part of her nature cultivated as George Eliot's was. The best instincts of woman are in unison with the Radical creed—her antipathy to war and her sympathy with suffering caused by social wrong; and if the religious fervor that verges on fanaticism, the false ideology of romance, and the unthinking indifference that obtain among different classes of women could be counteracted by a larger and more catholic culture, the assistance the "stupid party" would obtain from their enfranchisement would be little indeed.

When we consider her fitness and

ability for the task, we cannot help regretting that George Eliot did not further employ the art of fiction in conveying to the people the truths she held sacred in the problems affecting politics and society. We are far from desiring to undervalue the work she has done, but we cannot help thinking that "Felix Holt, the Radical," great and noble as its teaching is, is but a slight and insufficient record of the thoughts and feelings of its authoress on the profoundly important themes with which it deals. The mission of Fiction, unfortunately, has not yet been fully and truly recognised, and as a consequence we have but few of the works of the great novelists, whose purpose it is to teach the truths of philosophy in the questions affecting the collective happiness of the people. Fiction is the literature of the multitude, yet how little guidance does it give to popular conduct! "Alton Locke," "Les Misérables," and "Felix Holt," these are contributions to social and political philosophy whose value is equal to whole collections of voluminous dissertations and ponderous tomes.

George Eliot had the rare—the almost unique—quality among the great novelists, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently pointed out, of a philosophically trained mind and cultured imagination. Hence she was peculiarly adapted to teaching the severe, although great, truths of politics, by means of the art of fiction; and much as we value "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch," we cannot but regret that the same distinctive purpose which gives to "Felix Holt, the Radical," its remarkable originality and individuality did not inspire others of her works.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

GIRTON COLLEGE IN 1885.

ALL social or educational reforms have begun so quietly and imperceptibly that it is difficult, when the reform is fully accomplished, to trace its exact origin. When the time is ripe, the need begins to be felt in many minds, until at last the feeling is translated into action, and in some obscure corner, it may be, a step is taken, which becomes the germ of

a wide-spread movement. This has been the case in the great reform which has taken place in female education. The visible result already attained is to be found in the establishment of women's colleges at both our universities: the oldest of these forms the subject of our paper.

The idea that women who had already

left school should have the opportunity of systematically pursuing studies in the higher branches of learning was a new departure from the received theories of female education ; that they should do so in colleges at the universities was a thing unheard of. It used to be assumed that the training received by girls between the ages of nine and nineteen was sufficient to fit them to meet all the responsibilities of life. But when it was found that through a variety of social changes in England many women were obliged by their labor to support themselves and others, it gradually came to be recognized by the most clear-sighted of those who were working for the reformation of the education of girls that a correspondingly higher education must also be given to women, and finally it became plain that nothing short of a "university" course would give their work the necessary marketable value. Classes of various kinds had been opened for women, but although the results of these were successful as far as they went, they only served to accentuate the conviction that the real want was a systematic, continuous course of study extending over a definite period of time.

This view of things naturally produced great opposition, but in spite of difficulties it was determined to make the attempt and to carry out the experiment on a small scale. From our present standpoint it is curious to look back on this germ, the growth of which began at Hitchin, and to consider the problems which beset the thorny path of the early pioneers of university education for women. First and foremost the question arose whether women were sufficiently aware of the opportunity about to be offered to them, to make them care to avail themselves of it ; and then, if they did so care, would they have courage to face the comments of the world on such a novel enterprise ? And, again, the practical questions arose, where should the college be situated ? would it be possible to procure the services of competent professors ? These and other doubtful points were real obstacles in the path.

After much consideration a house was hired at Hitchin—a convenient situation, lying, as it does, half way between Lon-

don and Cambridge, and as near the latter as was in those days thought compatible with the reverence with which the mother university should be approached. Here, therefore, in 1869, six courageous students ventured to open the campaign, and much praise is due to them for the earnestness with which they took up their work, and the perseverance with which they contended against the many difficulties before them. During this time, the Cambridge lecturers who gave instruction at Hitchin showed themselves staunch friends to the new cause : the valuable time occupied in railway journeys was considerable, and great patience must have been needed to teach pupils who, though eager to learn, had had no advantages of preliminary training.

While at Hitchin several students satisfied the Cambridge examiners in the tripos examinations. One took a second class in mathematics, and two were declared to have taken honors in classics, but the examiners objected at that time to giving information, except privately, as to the class obtained in this tripos.

The inevitable discomforts suffered by the students while studying in a house not specially adapted for the purpose, and the probable increase in numbers which would involve addition to the hired house, necessitating building a college to afford sufficient accommodation ; a site was accordingly chosen on the only available freehold land—some rising ground near Girton, a village about two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road. The plans chosen were those submitted by Mr. Waterhouse, for a red-brick quadrangular building. It consisted first of one wing only, with rooms for about twenty students, care being taken to secure ground enough to allow of enlarging the building, and also to afford ample space for garden and recreation grounds. The money for the proposed scheme was raised either by loans, or by gifts from friends, and in October, 1873, the new college was advanced enough for the students to take up their residence at Girton.

The accommodation thus provided was, however, in a few more years found insufficient, an increasing number of women being, by this time, anxious to gain the advantages of a university edu-

cation. The building was therefore enlarged in 1878, and then formed two sides of a large quadrangle, with Gothic windows and picturesque gables, accommodating about fifty-five students. The applications for admission again becoming more numerous, the building was once more enlarged, and another wing was thrown out to the east, the whole forming a sort of T shape; the original picturesque plan was departed from in order to secure more healthy conditions of light and air than would have been possible had the orthodox collegiate design been carried out. Additions have also lately been made to the dining-hall and servants' offices, and a handsome library built: the enlargement east and west of the main building prevents the general effect being spoiled by a too uniform regularity. The accommodation is now sufficient for eighty students. A picturesque little lodge was built at the entrance to the grounds in 1882 by the kind liberality of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley.

The fee paid by each student is £35 per term; it is very creditable to the financial administration of the college that out of this sum, which includes tuition, board, and the expenses of carriages to and from all lectures attended in Cambridge, a large sum has already been available to meet the building expenses, though we hope that friends of the movement will be forthcoming to obviate the necessity of too great a demand on these annual profits. Several of the City companies have been liberal in founding scholarships; three valuable scholarships are regularly given by the Clothworkers' Company; recently, similar benefactions have been presented by the Skinners' and Drapers' Companies; the Goldsmiths' Company has also for some time past kindly given help. Gifts of this nature have a special value, since so many of those to whom a university training is almost a necessity for the competent performance of the duties of their profession are unable to secure the requisite funds without the aid of a scholarship.

The course of study pursued by a university man, whether reading for honors or for the ordinary degree, needs no description here; so far as study is

concerned the women students follow exactly the same curriculum, and take the same examination papers as the men, the principal difference throughout their career being in the rewards ultimately obtained for ability shown and work done. Up to 1882 the only substitute for a degree obtainable by a Girton student was a certificate presented by the college committee, as the college remained unrecognized by the university. The Girton examination papers were looked over and marked merely through the courtesy and friendliness on the part of the examiners; and there was not at this time certain provision for adequate teaching, as the valuable help given by the lecturers was not part of their university work. But at a meeting of the Senate in 1882 the question of incorporating women's colleges came up for consideration, and an interesting contest took place, which will long be memorable in the annals of the university. Since this time the university has undertaken to provide teachers and examiners, and has conferred a certificate on all those who satisfy the examiners in the honor examinations. This latter favor does not yet extend to those who take the ordinary degree, and only a college certificate can be obtained by them, although the examinations passed during this course are those the university prescribes for students—viz, the "previous" or "little-go," "general" and "special." "Though much be done, there yet remains a 'grace' to be conferred."

When we consider how often opponents of the movement urge the danger of too great mental strain for women, the present arrangements, which make it necessary for women students to take the most difficult work in order to obtain the official recognition of the university, seem somewhat inconsistent. It has been argued that only women of rare intellectual endowment and earnestness of purpose should undertake a university career, and that if such privilege be allowed to women at all, it should be granted to the few, and in exceptional cases, but the claim of justice can never be satisfied by any such restriction, since both men and women with ordinary abilities may have to earn their own livelihood, and unfor-

unately the absence of provision does not ensure special intellectual capacities in either sex.

The terms kept at Girton are those prescribed by the university : residence being also allowed under due supervision in the long vacation. But all the social and domestic arrangements, as may naturally be supposed, differ considerably from those of the men's colleges. The rules are wisely chosen, and are not more strict than is necessary for the organization of so large a community, considerable scope being allowed for individual action. Perhaps the most necessary rules are those relating to hours. Each student is required to initial the making-roll before 9 A.M., between 11 and 3 P.M., and again between 6 and 7 P.M., unless special leave of absence is given. Students are also obliged to be in the college by 11 P.M., even when permission to spend the evening in Cambridge has been given by the mistress. No masculine visitors except parents and guardians are allowed in the students' rooms ; there is a public reception-room, however, where friends may be received subject to the mistress' approval. Students are not allowed to go into college rooms in Cambridge without some chaperone, and no lecture can be missed without leave from the mistress.

Each student has practically two rooms, the sitting-room and bedroom being divided by folding-doors ; on the upper corridor, however, the rooms are single, but they are large enough to be divided by a heavy curtain. Girton College has been called one of the most social places in the world, and the household arrangements give every facility for intercourse among the students without unduly encroaching on hours of study. After prayers, breakfast is served in hall, and is on the table till 9 A.M. ; luncheon, also in hall, is served from 12 till 3 ; tea is taken round to the various rooms during the afternoon, so that the hours from 4 to 6, generally devoted to work, may not be interrupted ; for dinner all the students assemble together, and the hall presents a lively appearance—upwards of seventy sit at the long tables, and conversation flows merrily. The mistress and resident lady lecturers sit at a smaller table in the picturesque bow-window.

Perhaps the most social gatherings of all are the little teas ; trays are taken round to the rooms in the evening, and at about 9 P.M., when work is over, it is the custom to invite friends ; very pleasant are these little gatherings where the mistress and lecturers are sometimes present, entering heartily into the discussion, either grave or gay, according to the spirit of the hour. Lights are put out in the corridors at 10 P.M., but there is no restriction as to the hour to which students may remain in each other's rooms, or sit up reading ; their own good sense seems to afford a sufficient guarantee in these matters.

Work, as a rule, begins about 9 A.M., and is continued till 12 or 1 o'clock ; after luncheon, walks and tennis are the favorite amusements. Students choose their own hours of work, the average amount being six or seven hours a day, according to the course of study : mathematical students usually working shorter hours than classical. Lectures are carefully arranged with reference to the individual needs of the different students, care being taken to avoid undue pressure. The number of lectures taken by a student varies with the particular course of work. Very many lectures in Cambridge, formerly attended by men only, are now open to women, which is a great advantage ; and where there are no lectures suitable, or where they are restricted to men, extra lectures can always be arranged in college. Students, as a rule, work in groups, attracted by mutual sympathy or talent, and much praise is due to the kindly help they give to each other, more especially to the new students during their first terms, when the work and arrangements are comparatively unknown. The kind and untiring patience of the lecturers must not pass unnoticed ; no trouble is ever spared by helping a student both by explanations of difficult work and by extra papers.

Societies of all descriptions flourish in the college : notable among these are the choral, debating, and Browning societies ; there are also various clubs for lawn-tennis, racquets, gymnasium, &c. We must not omit to mention the fire brigade, started some years ago to meet the obvious difficulty and delay in obtaining assistance from Cambridge

in time of need, and also as a means of cultivating prompt action in cases of emergency; the practices are well attended and actively kept up. But in spite of the many social attractions, any reference to the class lists gives ample evidence that the work is not neglected; the much-coveted first honors is now no uncommon achievement, and a high place among wranglers is not unknown.

So far as we have traced the history of this modern social experiment it is clear that the predictions of inevitable and hopeless failure which greeted its first announcement have been forever silenced; the trial has been made, and victory remains with the experimenters; public opinion is beginning to look more leniently on the winning side, and opponents are shifting their ground.

Let it be allowed, however, that the average woman can do the average amount of intellectual work required by our universities; that exceptional women can be found who can take the highest honors; let it be admitted that the facilities for study given to women and all the detailed arrangements of their college life are admirable, the question still remains, how are we better than our forefathers? And, if better, do we not pay too dearly for the new way? Is there not an eternal order in Nature which gives one set of duties to the woman and another to the man; an order which we can but at our peril alter or subvert? Such questions as these belong to these later days. Let us see how far such difficulties can be removed.

To those who regret the good old times in which our grandmothers lived retiring, unobtrusive lives, giving way in all matters intellectual to the opinion of men, who dogmatized with unfailing vigor on every insignificant detail,—to those it is only necessary to point out, that to ask of one age, is it better or worse than another, is merely to state an insoluble problem which can never be fully discussed. Of generations, like individuals, it may mercifully be said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" each has a strength and weakness of its own, while each presents multitudinous points of difference from the other; change is the chief factor with which we have to deal; things are not as they were: how shall we best adapt ourselves

to the new order, how shall we best satisfy the needs of our time?

In comparing the present with the past we cannot fail to notice in intellectual spheres a wider diffusion of superficial knowledge in proportion to what is really known than in former years. Books and pamphlets have been multiplied; questions of deep importance, which were once only touched upon in the study, are now discussed in the drawing-room; as a consequence, ease and readiness in handling known subjects is soon acquired at the expense of accuracy and reverence for the unknown, and this is more especially the case where systematic mental training is absent, because the difficulties in the search after truth are not fully realized, and where there is little depth of thought a passing interest is more easily aroused. Surely in these days, then, there is room for sounder mental training for women. Is it fair to expose them to dangers unknown in former years, and withhold the natural antidote? Besides the new condition with which women have to deal, they are confronted in the present generation with new duties. Let us beware, in appealing to the womanly sphere as eternally distinct from that of men, that we do not assume such a sphere to be already bounded by final limits or incapable of growth or expansion. The needs of our time have altered—so have its duties—there is more work to be done, and women must take their share of the burden. Every year we find an increasing number of women who are compelled to provide for their own maintenance, and a higher principle than that once received leads them to give conscientious work for payment taken, and such supply is met by demand. Work amongst the poor in our own large cities is now possible, and carried out, in ways unknown in former years: but to do good and womanly work amid our complicated modern civilization requires some business capacities and a disciplined judgment, without which the kind heart would inevitably lead astray.

But perhaps the best evidence we can have of the advantages of a thorough education for women in modern times is presented by the various careers after leaving Girton of the women—nearly

two hundred—who have been in residence since the opening of the college. The majority have been occupied in teaching, and certainly more honest work, wider views, deeper insight into character and more tolerant judgment, seem to have been produced by their previous training. At least six high schools have been entrusted to old Girton students, and most of those teaching are to be found in responsible positions. If the system of free competition awards merit to the deserving, then it is clearly proved that for the work of teaching at least, the Girton training has been tried and not found wanting. Others of those women are doing literary work, some are following the medical profession, some are helping "time to take its stand" by laboring in philanthropic and social reform, some even dare after this great "emancipation" to live at home and brighten the life there with the fresh interests and varied thoughts acquired at college—others have become wives and mothers. Thus we see that in many vocations success has been obtained.

Advantages may be offered in vain, it

is true, and opportunities lost; the highest intellectual training does not necessarily ensure wisdom or moral strength, so much needed in the conflict of life; but, nevertheless, we may rejoice that the chance is given to those who can avail themselves of it, and that women are no longer handicapped in the great race before them. Reforms must be worked slowly, and it is well that social experiments should be jealously watched and criticised; we are dealing with human factors, and any failure would produce fatal disaster. But it is the gift of the reformer to see beyond his time, and to estimate the needs of the future while they yet lie dormant and unfelt, and so every revolution of the wheel of human progress throws a new light which dawns with a great surprise on the sleeping world. Time and practical experience alone can prove the genius of the discoverer, and looking back over the history of this educational movement in England, it seems impossible any longer to doubt the foresight of the promoters or to question the ultimate verdict of the world at large.—

Westminster Review.

COUNCILS AND COMEDIANS.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

I FIND it to be the very general opinion of those who, from their position, ought to be able to form a fairly correct one on the subject, that the English Stage, as distinct from the English drama, was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present moment; and they also assert that however low, admittedly, might have been the estimation in which the actor's profession was formerly held by the majority of the community, the professors of the histrionic art are now respected by all classes, except by, here and there, a few narrow-minded individuals who still cling to old-fashioned prejudices; and that, outside certain bigoted circles, the actor's society is courted, and wherever he chooses to appear as a guest he is received with open arms. Not only do the comedians amuse and interest the theatre-going public, but they are the

ornaments of the very highest society; and in the full blaze of light in which they live, move, and have their being, they are, as a body, without fear and without reproach among their fellow-citizens, from the highest to the lowest.

On the hypothesis that the facts will, on examination, bear out the above assertion, I accept, in an unquestioning spirit, and heartily welcome this statement of the case as an unmistakable sign of the spread of a genuinely liberal tone of thought, and as evidence of a marked improvement on such a state of society as unquestionably existed up to within a very recent period.

It is not so much my purpose now to inquire how this change for the better has been brought about, as to ascertain how it ever happened that a calling, which in its rude commencement was almost inseparable from the external

practice of the most solemn religious rites, false as was the object of that worship, and which in later times was one of the most ordinary, as it was one of the most impressive, means of instructing the people in the verities of the Christian faith, should have sunk so low that its followers all over Europe received scant consideration from the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and in England, with which we have specially to do, the majority of them, under certain conditions, were classed by the law with rogues and vagabonds. There is an opinion widely spread, occasionally expressed with more or less distinctness, and where not expressed pretty generally understood, that the Church is primarily responsible for the ill repute into which the stage for so long and so universally had fallen.

Before proceeding I wish to explain that, in this article, "the stage" must be taken first and foremost to mean "professional players." "The drama" includes the stage, and is incomplete without it; for the stage cannot exist without the drama, although the drama, as literature, can exist without the stage. The sins of dramatists have been visited on the performers, and the moral character of dramatic authorship has suffered by the bad reputation of the players. Both actors and authors, though not by any means inseparable, have been for the most part so closely allied as to be tarred with the same brush. In the eyes of the merchant, the tradesman, the noble inheritor of wealth, and the squirearchy, to adopt the profession of any art, or to take to the pen as a means of obtaining a livelihood, has always appeared to be the merest folly, the characteristic of a Ne'er-do-well who preferred the chance of coming in for an occasional feast to the certainty of earning his daily bread by regular attendance to business.

The secrecy usually hitherto necessary at the very outset in adopting the stage as a profession, the chances and changes of the career, its ups and downs, the varied associations, the good-fellowship, the immediate rewards, the triumphs of the theatre, the suddenly achieved celebrity, and then the chance of having the freedom of behind-the-scenes conferred upon the novice who, thenceforward,

can enjoy this coveted privilege as a right, and the fact of belonging to a caste entirely separated from the general public,—all this would exercise a most powerful fascination over the youth possessed of that "artistic temperament" which counts for so much in the consideration of this question, and which is so dangerous to its possessor.

All this, in a less degree, is true of those who prefer gaining their livelihood by painting, sculpture, or music, to the ordinary routine of trade, the counting-house, or to becoming a member of one of the recognized professions. But though the respectable friends of the youth who selects an artistic career would shake their heads over his wilfulness, yet as painting, sculpture, or music involve palpable study, they would not see in it such probabilities of an utterly wasted life, as would at once strike them if he had announced his intention of going on the Stage. The artist in oils or water colors, the scribbler for the paper or for the stage, the composer without pupils, were all, in the opinion of these steady-going, commonplace worthies, wasting their time and doing very little good; but the youth who went on the stage was looked upon as doing positive harm, or at the least as having seriously imperilled his title to respectability, and, by some very strict sectarians, he would be considered as having become a son of perdition.

I shall be quite prepared to hear it stated by those who are incapable of appreciating the case, or who wilfully misunderstand my meaning, that these opinions in regard to the stage as a profession are held by me, and that I myself consider the actor's calling essentially disreputable. I do nothing of the sort; I have never said it, written it, or thought it. It may be accidentally disreputable, just as the clergy of a whole province, at one particular time, may be disreputable. But no unprejudiced person can refuse to acknowledge the fact that the profession of acting, *i.e.* the stage, from almost the earliest times up to within a very few years of the present date, has been considered as incompatible with God-fearing respectability, and with the practice of that outward decorum which should be the visible sign of the well-regulated interior life,

though, as we all know, it is only too frequently "the tribute that vice pays to virtue." I am delighted to think that the theatrical profession is growing in public favor, and that in adopting it an educated lady, possessed of no specially striking histrionic qualifications, but to whom no other employment may happen to be open, will not be any longer looked upon as having sacrificed her social position. The actor's calling has fallen from its high estate, but to this it may, by those who respect themselves, be restored. It will not be uninteresting, then, just at this transitional period of the existence of the English stage, to inquire how it fell into such bad repute? on what the prevailing opinion as to the laxity of its professors was founded? how this opinion grew, by whom was it fostered, and whether the Church is responsible for the opprobrium attached to the name of player, or whether it was not, after all, the players themselves who are alone to blame?

I have already said that the explanation which will be generally given is that the Church was, everywhere and always, the bitter and uncompromising foe of the stage, and that civilised society took its tone from the Church which had condemned the stage, especially and particularly the professional players and all their works. This is what I have heard and seen asserted, and the first part of this assertion is what I am prepared to deny. The Church must always be the bitter and uncompromising foe of evil, and if the stage inculcated evil, if the life of the players as a body was loose and immoral, were the stage, in fact, intrinsically evil, then the Church, as the divinely appointed *censor morum*, with a commission to speak when She judged the occasion fit, could not choose but condemn authors, plays, and players. Wherever such a case arose, the loyal servants of the Church, the watchmen at their posts, warned their people; there was no necessity for the Church to speak authoritatively, authors and players stood self-condemned. The simple question is, has the Church ever pronounced the stage anathema? The answer is clear and emphatic: the Church has never pronounced the stage anathema. But, it will be at once objected, the clergy have

rarely shown themselves favorable to the stage. This, if true, would not suffice to prove that the Church had ever spoken authoritatively on the matter; for what the clergy of any particular time or place, or on any special occasions, or even as a general rule, may do, is not, nor need it represent, the authoritative voice of the Church. Until the Church has condemned the stage, the stage is open to all as an honest profession, in which men and women may save their souls, as well as in the practice of music, dancing, painting, and literature. The conduct of a portion of the French clergy in regard to the burial of Molière must seem to all liberal-minded Christians of the present day morally inexcusable, though not professionally, that is ecclesiastically, indefensible, as I shall presently demonstrate. That it was as a mere question of policy a blunder, there can scarcely be a doubt; but, the case suggests that, with the exception of those good but mistaken men who considered their rigor warranted by the circumstances of the times, the profligate French clergy thought they were in some way compounding with Heaven for their own vices, by their intolerance towards the unfortunate play-actors. I have dealt with this stock historical difficulty at once, as the one most likely to occur to every one, and shall have occasion to return to it again briefly a little later on.

My first point, however, is to show that the degradation of the players' calling was not owing to any authoritative condemnation by the Church.

To do so it will be necessary to refer to the Councils in which the Church has spoken authoritatively on the subject; for what eminent ecclesiastics, or even the greatest fathers of the Church, may have said, or written, on the matter has no more value than what may be derived from their individual or collective weight of character. Such utterances command our respectful attention, but as positive rules of conduct carrying with them the obligation of observance, they have no claim on our obedience.

In the treatise on comedies by Armand, Prince de Conti, written between 1650 and 1665, is to be found a collection of the Church's conciliar pronouncements on the stage; and as some

of these canons were, centuries after their enactment, quoted by Bossuet as applicable to the circumstances of his time, and were adapted to the occasion and actually enforced by the French clergy, their quotation here, with a short reference to their history, will show, not that the Church has ever condemned the stage, but that in Bossuet's opinion (as may be gathered also from the Prince de Conti's preface) French society had returned to that state of paganism for which these disciplinary canons of the Church had been originally intended. Let us now see what they were :—

Council of Elvira, A.D. 305, Canon ixii. The actors who wish to embrace Christianity must renounce their profession.

Canon lxvii. forbids Christians to marry actors on pain of excommunication.

Canon v. of the Council of Arles, A.D. 314. Comedians who continue in their profession after becoming Christians to be excommunicated.

Canon ii. of the Council of Carthage forbids all laics to assist at the shows, "because," it adds, "Christians have always been forbidden to go to places which are defiled by blasphemies."

Here it will be at once seen that these canons are directed against the pagan spectacles and the pagan theatrical representations in which the Christian rites were ridiculed in the grossest manner. The canon as quoted by Armand goes on to say it is "*défendu aux Chrétiens d'aller aux lieux où l'on ne fait que des actions désordonnées et honteuses ; et où, par conséquent, les Chrétiens, qui y sont présents, font cause que le nom de Dieu est blasphémé par les Infidèles voyant le mépris que les Chrétiens font de la tempérance et de l'honesteté.*" Now herein is the justification of the action of the French clergy in the seventeenth century ; for as society in France was in such a state that the lower classes were brutalised and the upper only "baptised pagans," and as unbounded license was permitted to dramatic authors and players, so that the plots of the pieces were "immodest and scandalous," and the plays could not be witnessed by decent Christians without participation in the sin of the writers and actors, was it not natural that those of the clergy who still possessed a conscience should have considered them-

selves warranted by the circumstances of the time in applying the discipline which the Church had deemed necessary for her children in the third century to some of her children in the seventeenth? The Church had never condemned the right use but the abuse of the stage, never condemned the players except when the profession had disgraced itself, and when it was impossible for a Christian to remain a player and to persevere in the practice of his religion. In the fifth century, the Council of Africa, exercising extreme prudence in its dealings with the spectacles, which were so popular with the people that even the emperors dared not entirely abolish them, demanded that the performances should not be given on holy days nor during the hours of divine service ; that Christians should not be compelled to assist at the *jeux défendus* either as actors or spectators, and finally the Church launched her anathemas against those of her children who should disobey the orders and discipline of this Council.

A.D. 398. The Council of Carthage forbade Christians to resort to the theatre instead of church.

In 424 the African Council speaks of "the infamous tribe of comedians" as of a caste apart. Now up to this time paganism had been dying hard. The Christian monks were to the worshipper of the gods a race of "filthy animals, to whom Eunapius is tempted to refuse the name of men ;" the Christians, the meanest of mankind, were the objects of public scorn and derision, and their rites and ceremonies were publicly ridiculed on the stage. It was at one of these performances that Genesius, a player, acted the part of a dying man, to whom came two other comedians impersonating a Christian priest and an exorcist, when suddenly the jest became earnest, and Genesius, illuminated by a divine grace, declared himself a Christian. He was immediately martyred, and his festival is down in the Calendar of Saints for the twenty-sixth of August. "Fleury places his death in 303," says Alban Butler, who records the conversion of another comedian A.D. 297, who on the stage was burlesquing the ceremony of baptism.

This then was the sort of stage and players condemned by the Church. As paganism died out, the necessity for disciplinary canons against the "infamous race of comedians" gradually ceased. An imperial edict in 435 forbids shows on Sundays, and releases every one from the penalties of non-attendance. The Council of Arles, 452, re-enacts the canon of 314, and then there is silence on the subject until the Council of Trullo, at the end of the seventh century. Among its canons, which were accepted with a qualifying clause by Pope Hadrian, is to be found a condemnation of comedians, and a decree against spectacles and dances at the theatres on account of their "dissolute and immodest character." At the beginning of the ninth century a provincial council of Chalons-sur-Saone warns priests against "*comédiens, les farces, et les jeux deshonestes.*"

Toward the end of the sixteenth century another provincial council, the Council of Bourges, exhorts all Christians to avoid "as much as possible" dances, public games, comedies, masques, and gambling. But this was only a fatherly admonition, and even if any pains and penalties had been attached, the enactments of a provincial council are not the solemn authoritative pronouncements of the Church.

In all this there is no condemnation of the stage when put to its legitimate use of representing and illustrating the drama, for the instruction of the unlearned, for the recreation of the educated, for the improvement of art, for the edification and the harmless amusement of all classes.

Now we pass to the time when the clergy—and here I limit myself to England—found in the drama a most usefully in the task of the religious education of the people.

We all know how sacred subjects were alone chosen for dramatic treatment; how the stage was in the church, and how priests, nuns, and scholars were the dramatists; how clerks in orders and lay clerks, with the choirmen and choirboys, were the actors. The audience was the congregation, and when the performance was a very grand one on some great solemnity, the people would come

from far and near to assist at it, making a pilgrimage of devotion to the cathedral town or to the abbey on the occasion.

"In 1509," writes Collier, "acting had become an ordinary occupation; but notwithstanding the patronage extended by the nobility to players, it seems not to have been considered by any means a respectable vocation." Now considering that the representation of plays was originally in the hands of the clergy, and that the subjects were sacred, dramatically treated with the highest object in view, so that by illustrating the mysteries of the Christian faith in such a way as to make a profound and lasting impression on the unlearned audiences, and as these performances were given in churches, the actors being members of religious confraternities assisted by choristers, it is reasonable to suppose that those persons who were selected for the impersonation of such venerable characters as necessarily belong to every sacred drama, would have stood as high in the estimation of their fellow-citizens as at the present day do the exceptionally talented villagers who take the leading parts in the celebrated passion play of "Ober Ammergau." Arthur Pougin, an authority on all matters connected with the stage, while acknowledging that the Christian Church was the nursery of modern dramatic art—he is including acting and authorship—falls into the mistake of saying that the dramatic art was subsequently under the Church's ban. He says, "*C'est donc dans l'Eglise chrétienne que l'art dramatique moderne, qui devoit plus tard être maudit par elle, begaya ses premiers accents,*" and he points out that the first recognised theatrical company with a royal license was the Religious Confraternity of the Passion. Yet even as early as the twelfth century, when these performances of sacred plays were given in the churches under the direction of the clergy, there were not wanting rigorists who objected to the custom, and this apparently not because such representation was in itself wrong, but because the clergy and the ecclesiastics were lowering themselves by temporarily adopting the players' calling; for the players then were vagrants, to

whom a meal might be given out of charity because they were poor, but not because they were players.

"Histrionibus potest dari cibus, quia pauperes sunt, non quia histriones; et eorum ludi non videantur, vel audiantur, vel permittantur, fieri coram Abbate vel monachos."

From this it seems that these *histriones*—whatever may be the precise distinction between *histriones* and *lusores*—were unlicensed itinerant players whose performances had neither the patronage of the nobility nor the sanction of the clergy. It is perfectly intelligible that when the clergy saw the monopoly of dramatic entertainment taken out of their hands, that when they could no longer use the performances solely for the religious education of the people, they refused to countenance a state of things which appeared like an infringement of their rights, and which was tantamount to a repudiation of their claims to direct public amusements by a set of irresponsible persons over whom they could exercise no sort of control. Now in this we may see the germ of an antagonism between the clergy and the stage, for the players, by starting on their own account, acted in direct opposition to the interests of the clergy. I am not now speaking of those players who formed part of the King's household—"his Majesty's servants"—nor of those who belonged to the retinues of the most powerful nobles of the time, but of those who preferred to make a regular livelihood out of their irregular mode of life, who despised authority, and who, under the cloak of the professional itinerant player—if he were lucky enough to possess such an article of apparel—could secrete the material for next day's dinner with which the previous night's poaching had provided him. There was, as there always will be, an indefinable, an irresistible charm about this sort of life to the youth of true artistic temperament. What Mr. Dutton Cook has said of the strolling player is true of him at any time since strolling began. "It was a free, frank, open location he had adopted; it was unprotected and unrestricted by legislative provisions in the way of certificates, passes, examinations, and diplomas. There was no need of ticket, or voucher, or preparation of any kind to obtain ad-

mission to the ranks of the players. . . . But carry a banner, walk in a procession, or form one of a crowd, and you may still call yourself actor, though not an actor of a high class, certainly. The histrionic calling is a ladder of many rungs. Remain on the lowest or mount to the highest—it is only a question of degree—you are a player all the same." Mr. Cook is writing of a much later time, it is true; but though when the first strollers started the circumstances were vastly different, yet the spirit that animated the movement was the same. Then the comedian was recognised and his dress regulated by Act of Parliament. Then, as the players were taken up and patronised by the "nobility and gentry" of that day, the great ecclesiastics could not be behindhand, and luxurious and courtly Churchmen supported their own private performers. Surely these were indeed "the palmy days of the drama!" Cardinal Wolsey had a company of players belonging to his household establishment, whose representations were by no means confined to sacred plays. But the Cardinal was his own licenser of plays, and nothing was said or done in his own hall without his permission; and when John Roo ventured to put into the mouths of the players at Gray's Inn some "free reflections on the clergy" in the presence of the Cardinal, his Eminence had the injudicious author and actor laid by the heels, "degraded and imprisoned." One of the theatrical company kept Roo company in the Fleet on this occasion; but both were subsequently released on its being explained to the Cardinal that he had misapprehended the meaning of the dialogue.

Then came unsettled times, and authors and players alternately held up to ridicule Luther with the Reformers and the Catholic clergy, until an Act of Parliament silenced them; and then later on, impatient of all authority—a characteristic of the artistic temperament—when it became a question of "under which king, Bezonian?" the players plumped for the authority of the Court, and broke there and then with the orthodox clergy. But for this they had to pay a heavy penalty, for the Reformation gave birth to Puritanism, and the player who had turned against the Papist

had to a certain extent to share the persecution with which the latter was assailed, and, unable to practise his calling, he was compelled to beg from door to door, and was probably among the first to feel severely the suppression of those monasteries where their sometime professional rivals, the monks, were bound to relieve their necessities and to give them food, *quia pauperes sunt, non quia histriones*.

Now, had the Church ever authoritatively condemned the stage we should have heard of it from one side or the other; but not a word at present. The testimony came in due time, as we shall see. When Mary ascended the throne, the stage was once more occasionally used for the illustration of sacred subjects, and her Majesty supported music and the drama at the cost of £3,000 a year. Certainly this queen would never have countenanced a form of amusement on which the Church had pronounced anathema. Queen Elizabeth established licensers of plays and of players, and ordered all players not having "the license of two justices of the peace at the least" to be "dealt with as rogues and vagabonds." The clergy had never been so hard upon the poorer players as was the State in the time of Good Queen Bess. The next step was to prohibit all public performances of plays on Sunday, an ordinance indicating the rapid advance of the Puritanism which subsequently was to handle the actors so severely. The Lord Mayor and the City authorities had not been particularly favorable to stage plays at the best of times, and were only too ready to get rid of them out of their jurisdiction. In 1605 the King's Parliament passed "An Act to restrain abuses connected with the Stage."

The necessity for this Act was evidently the taking in vain of holy names, for which the actors were to be fined ten pounds. Two years before this the King had granted his gracious license to William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage & Co., "freely to use and exercise the Arte and facultie of playing Comedies, Tragedies," and so forth; and as this company was not specially exempted by name in the subsequent Act, it may be presumed that they too had fallen into careless ways, and had

brought themselves within its operation. Later on, in 1616, the Drama and the Stage seem to have been in a very bad way. A contemporary publication, which appeared in the year of Shakespeare's death, after owning that the profession of player was "at the first both a glory and a commendation"—so that by the action of players "vice was made odious, virtue set on a throne of imitation, punishment warranted to the wicked, reward afforded to the well-deservers,"—proceeds to affirm that now, in 1616, "Player is a name of contempt," and gives sufficient reason for this deterioration, bringing heavy charges against the comedians and the dramatists. The paper goes on to say that if "the player has no better support than his profession, he is neither admitted in public, nor, if he be a roamer, dare he justify himself in private, being a flat rogue by the statute." In this last paragraph the distinction is clearly shown between the licensed and unlicensed player; yet both, as players, are considered disreputable.

Later on, 1625, a short treatise was published by the authority of Parliament, in which the Roman Church and the Popes are distinctly charged with having fostered and encouraged plays and players; and it quotes certain fatal accidents that had happened during theatrical performances given by Pope Nicholas V. in 1450, and by the Jesuits in 1607—dates rather wide apart—as indicating the Divine displeasure with all such wicked representations. What can be stronger evidence for my purpose? I assert that the Church has never condemned the Stage. The Church's deadliest enemies charge her with having encouraged it.

Gradually, with the growth of Puritanism, every man's hand was against the poor players, and whether they were licensed or unlicensed did not make much difference to Boanerges Hewthem-asunder, who classed them with Papists, and considered them as all on the broad path leading to eternal destruction. But the players had brought it on themselves. Puritan and player had despised the clergy, and now, freed from all ecclesiastical and royal restraint, the Puritan fell tooth and nail on the player. The player had at one

time incurred the displeasure of the clergy, but he had been taken into favor again, and when he could not keep a civil tongue in his head the law properly bitted and bridled him. With the Restoration came a great reaction in favor of the drama and of actors, and—a novelty in England—of actresses. No return to the palmy days of the drama, when the players were under the patronage of his Eminence and the clergy, was possible. There was a new and great attraction in the first appearance on the English stage of an English actress, and unfortunately for the respectability of the innovation, she was not a lady of irreproachable character.

That the female element should have been first introduced on the Stage at the most openly licentious period of our national history was not an unmixed blessing to the player's profession. The good reputation of any artistic calling, as a profession to be socially honored, depends entirely upon the moral worth of its professors. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus;" and therefore had the introduction of actresses created a marked improvement in the moral tone of the theatrical profession, it would have been a turning-point in the social history of the Stage, and puritanical prejudices against the comedians would have gradually yielded to the clear evidence afforded by the virtuous lives of the players, especially of the actresses. But the case was generally otherwise; and in a loose and immoral time dramatists pandered to the prevailing taste. Actors and actresses were only the puppets of the dramatist on the stage, while, off it, they were but men and women beset by exceptional temptations. Except we go back to the "Confraternity of the Passion," it is difficult to select a period when to belong to the theatrical profession was in itself considered as conferring an honorable distinction. Now I am not to be understood as meaning that the player's profession is not abstractedly an honorable one, nor as meaning that it cannot be and ought not to be so. Very far from it. The honest following of Art in all its various forms is ennobling; and as to be an actor is to practise in one department of Art, the conclusion is obvious. If, then, the

Church has never condemned the Stage as such, if at its commencement the clergy encouraged and fostered it, if royalty and the nobility patronised it, how comes it that, even when the players were all men, the profession was in disrepute; that the law in early times treated them as vagabonds; that in later days, and during the Puritan ascendancy, they were cruelly persecuted; and that afterward, when the players were once more in favor with the public, the actor's profession was never held as one worthy of adoption by educated gentlemen and gentlewomen? The answer is, that this profession would have been esteemed as honorable, but for its professors.

It is as incorrect to say that the Stage, as such, is under the ban of the Church, because at certain times She has condemned particular abuses of the theatre, as it would be to say that the Church had condemned Literature, as such, because the Congregation had placed a certain book on the Index. However we may account for the low estimation in which the theatrical profession has been generally held, it certainly is not due to any authoritative condemnation by the Church, whose ministers have generally encouraged true dramatic art, as they have fostered both music and painting.

Voltaire, who certainly would have charged the Church with intolerance toward the players could he have done so with the slightest chance of remaining uncontradicted, knew perfectly well on whom to lay the blame, when he wrote about Crébillon's obsequies: "Pourquoi traiter les comédiens plus mal que les Turcs?" he asks. "Ils sont baptisés; ils n'ont point renoncé à leur baptême. Leur sort est bien à plaindre. Ils sont gagés par le Roi et excommuniés par les curés." This is exactly stated. The clergy, at their own risk, had refused the sacraments to the players. But the Church had not excommunicated them, and the scandal about the mass said by the Curé Huot at Crébillon's funeral seems to have been the result of private jealousies and party squabbles. In a former article I quoted Monseigneur Affre's answer to M. Regnier, when the latter asked him to obtain the removal of the Church's excommunication of the comedians. "There

is no excommunication to remove," was Archbishop Affre's reply. "The sacraments of the Church are open to all French players as they are to the comedians in all Catholic countries."

In Molière's case the fault lay entirely with Monseigneur Harlay, not by any means a model archbishop; and even in this instance, as M. Auguste Vitu has pointed out, it was to the remains of Molière as the author of *Tartuffe*, and not to the comedian, that religious rites were refused; and the same writer reminds us that it was this very Monseigneur Harlay who, in 1672, gave his special sanction for a magnificent religious service at the funeral of Madeleine Bejart, actress, and so publicly styled in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

No one connected with the Stage has its social advancement as a profession more at heart than I have, and I do not consider its true interests best served either by silence or by refusing to look facts in the face, acknowledging faults, and recognising the necessity for reform. One glaring blot is the style of

advertisements for actors and by actors in their what may fairly be called "trade journal." What was to be gathered from the advertisements that appeared from time to time, intimating that only sober actors need apply for the engagement in question? These and others of an objectionable character were a reproach to a profession which hoped to find its recruits among educated gentlemen and gentlewomen. Such advertisements may have been exceptional, they may be nowadays still rarer; in the future I hope they will be impossible; and I sincerely trust that those who, respecting themselves and loving their art, are working together for the good of their profession, will not be satisfied until they are in a position to claim for the Stage the same recognition as is accorded to the Royal Academy and kindred institutions. So, as Mat Flecknoe has it, "Thus much suffices it briefly to have said of all that concerns our Modern Stage, only to give others occasion to say more."—*Fortnightly Review*.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

BY H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

Quest' una ha non pur sè fatta immortale
Col dolce stil di che il miglior non odo,
Ma può qualunque, di cui parli o scriva,
Trar del sepolcro, e far ch' eterno viva.

ARIOSTO.

THE life of Vittoria Colonna extended over the years from 1490 to 1547. This period covered the occurrence of the most remarkable events, and included the careers of many of the most eminent men who lent such distinction to Italy and to Europe in the sixteenth century. Two years after her birth Columbus sailed on his first great voyage, and Rodrigo Borgia purchased the Papacy. Luther was born in 1483; Savonarola was burned in 1498. She was the contemporary of Karl V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., and also of Rabelais. Her husband was the hero of the battle of Pavia, and she lived in the time of the Sack of Rome. During her lifetime occurred the Reformation, and, in Italy, some years of the counter-Reformation.

She belongs to the Renaissance, and knew the restorers of Italian literature. Of princely rank, of distinguished genius, of loftiest character, she was a woman of the Renaissance; and yet, in virtue of her individualism, was much more than a woman of the Renaissance. Her great works were her poems, her letters, and her life. She witnessed the most troublous time of Italy. She knew, or knew of, the Popes of the Renaissance, Paolo II., the unspeakably infamous Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., the loathsome monster Alexander VI., Julius II., the sumptuous Pagan, Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., Paul III. All that was noble and fair, much that was foul and base, of that distracted time was known of her and knew her. She passed among

all the murky clouds of the vile time like a pure moon that we know to be stainless, even when it is hidden from full view by shadow and by mist.

In Italy there was no central government and no controlling power; the country was not a nation. Incessant strife produced constant misery. The "trade of war" produced continual *condottiere* warfare in a hapless land; and the soldier by profession, the hireling of arms, was as fully developed in Italy in the first half of the sixteenth century as he became afterwards in Germany in the Thirty Years' War. The princes, republics, nobles, if not quarrelling with the Papacy, were fighting among themselves. The land was torn by the hatred and jealousy of State against State, of party against party, of family against family. Rancors, intrigues, hostilities, raged incessantly; and the distractions of politics co-existed with the utmost depravity of public and of private morals.

The ceaseless petty warrings of the despots with the *condottieri* opened a path for the stranger into Italy; but the great foreign powers—as France, Spain, Germany—each one of which was a compact and homogeneous nationality, would not, when called in, fight merely to attain petty Italian ends, and soon treated the lovely but distracted land as a battlefield for the objects of their own ambition. The feudal system did not really exist in Italy, and the rule of the despots, depending upon the help of mercenary soldiers, was based upon force and fraud; while tyranny relied upon crime when force fell short. They acquired illegally and ruled ruthlessly. Ezzelino da Romano, Gian Maria Visconti, Barnabo Visconti, are types of the true Italian despot. "The corruption of the Papal Court involved a corresponding moral weakness throughout Italy." Machiavelli says that the Papacy caused the moral depravation and political disunion of Italy. Guicciardini writes: "It would be impossible to speak so ill of the Roman Court, but that more abuse would not be needed, seeing it is an infamy, an example of all the shames and scandals of the world." Machiavelli, the admirer of Cesare Borgia, the Duc de Valentinois, writes:—

Italy was more enslaved than the Hebrews, more downtrodden than the Persians, more

disunited than the Athenians; without a chief, without order; beaten, despoiled, mangled, overrun, subject to every sort of desolation. . . . The contrast between the sacerdotal pretensions and the personal immorality of the Popes was glaring. . . . A succession of Popes filled the holy chair with such dramatic propriety, displaying a pride so regal, a cynicism so unblushing, so selfish a cupidity, and a policy so suicidal, as to favor the belief that they had been placed there in the Providence of God to warn the world against Babylon. . . . Undisguised sensuality, fraud cynical and unabashed, policy marching to its end by murders, treasons, interdicts and imprisonments, the open sale of spiritual privileges, commercial traffic in ecclesiastical emoluments, hypocrisy and cruelty studied as fine arts, theft and perjury reduced to system—these are the ordinary scandals that beset the Papacy; yet the Pope is still a holy being. He rises from the bed of harlots to unlock or bolt the gates of Heaven and Purgatory.

Strong, indeed, are the pictures of the Papacy of the Renaissance painted by contemporary and Catholic Italian historians; and the amplest information on the subject will be found in Mr. J. A. Symonds's admirable work on the Renaissance, from which the latter two passages are quoted. Into such a world Vittoria Colonna was born; and, among so much that was profligate, venal, wanton, blasphemous, dissolute, and depraved, she kept herself unspotted from the world which surrounded her, and walked her lofty path in purity, in sanctity, in nobleness, and, mainly, in solitude of the sad soul.

The gloom and austerity of the Middle Ages produced, in part, the license and the crime of the Renaissance. The emancipation of the conscience was co-existent with the stupefaction of the conscience. Sensuous enjoyment took the place of sombre rigor. The reaction was great, and resembled somewhat the change from our Commonwealth to the Restoration. Manners both softened and depraved. Its literature is the true type of the poison-flower period of the re-birth, and the animal joy of life which succeeded to centuries of repression is reflected in the writings of the Renaissance. Monkish legends gave place to Pagan poetry. As you disinter a Pompeii, so the Renaissance dug out the classical humanities and the antique culture of Greek and Roman literature. In restoring joy to life they divorced religion from morality, and revelled in the very wantonness of new-found freedom.

One consequence of the spirit of the rebirth was the emancipation of women, who emerged from the comparative seclusion to which they had been condemned in the Middle Ages into liberty—a liberty which soon degenerated into boundless license. It was a godless and a shameless time, but yet “natures rich in all capacities, and endowed with every kind of sensibility, were frequent in it.”

Vittoria Colonna was born in 1490 at Castel Marino, a fief of the Colonna family, a hill fortress perched upon one of the Alban summits between Rome and Terracina. Close together were castles of a similar type belonging to the great princely baronial houses of Colonna, of Orsini, of Savelli. These great old races had risen to their highest power and glory in the second half of the thirteenth century; but, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, they had been greatly depressed by the superior influence of the new *nepoti* families, which were, in fact, composed mainly of the bastards of Cardinals and of Popes. The father of Vittoria, a Christian name which she derived from a great aunt of the Malatesta house, was Fabrizio Colonna; and her mother was Agnese di Montefeltro, the youngest daughter of the Duke Federigo d'Urbino and of a lady of the house of Sforza of Pesaro. Fabrizio Colonna was Grand Constable of Naples, the lord of Paliano, and Prince of Tagliacozzo. Vittoria came of noble descent and of distinguished historical race. She was born into stirring and troublous times; but, while the public events which surrounded her youth are well known to us, there is but scanty record of her childhood or her girlhood. Her early biography is a blank, except that we find her, in her childhood's years, betrothed to Ferrante Francesco d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara. This betrothal was brought about by the young king Ferrante II. (Ferrandino) of Naples, who desired to cement the coalition in his favor of the great barons by a union between the daughter of his *condottiere* supporter Colonna, and the leading representative of those noble Spanish families which had settled in Italy. When Charles VIII. made his fruitless promenade into Italy (1494) Colonna supported French interests, but had afterwards, with the political

levity which was the fashion of the times, seen it good to transfer his allegiance to the Neapolitan monarchy.

Inigo d'Avalos, son of the Conte de Ribadeo, Constable of Castile, accompanied his king, Alfonso of Aragon, to Italy, when Alfonso sought to enforce his claim to Naples against René of Anjou. This Spanish grandee had two sons, Alfonso and Inigo. Their mother was Antonia d'Aquino, sister of the childless Marchese di Pescara, whose title and estates descended to his elder nephew, while the younger, Inigo, received from Ferrante the title and accompanying possessions of Vasto. Alfonso, Marchese di Pescara, was treacherously killed, in 1495, in the fight round the Castel Nuovo, in Naples. He had married Diana de Cordona, a lady of a noble Spanish-Neapolitan house; and King Ferrandino was very early active in arranging a match between the young Ferrante Francesco, son of Alfonso, and the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna.

This marriage took place on the 27th of December, 1509, at Ischia. The young couple moved to Naples, and the early days of Vittoria's married life were passed amid the rich nature and splendid scenery of the siren city by the sea.

The marriage was one of policy, and was arranged by parents and by politicians; but it is certain that there was on the side of Vittoria a passionate and steadfast love for her young husband. Whatever he afterwards became, the Marquis of Pescara was, at the time of his marriage, young, gallant, chivalrous, courteous; and Vittoria, whose generous nature was full of genius and of grace, could, and did, idealise the showy young cavalier. Vittori Sommarino said later of Pescara that he was proud, envious, cruel; without religion or humanity. No historian of that day would reckon perfidy or intrigue as faults in the character of a *condottiere* chieftain; and it is clear that the lover of her youth remained throughout her life enshrined in the faithful memory of the noble Vittoria. The politician must be distinguished from the lover and the husband, and Pescara was so constantly absent from his wife that his image could suffer little injury from his personal presence. Indeed, the lives of the Marchese and Marchesa di Pescara were

typical lives of lady and of knight during those stormy times. The lord, exposed to danger, wounds, and death, was nearly always away from home, occupied in incessant warrings; while the lady spent the weary and lonely hours in her castle, thinking the long thought, and looking anxiously for the news, good or bad, which came so seldom. Vittoria occupied herself sedulously with culture, and, in so far, was better off than many other ladies of her day; but she had none of the lighter distractions, or illicit attachments, which, in so many other cases, winged the flight of time and quickened the lonely hours. Her strenuous and lofty spirit lived in widowhood during her lord's frequent absences. Her first poem, a sonnet to her husband, paints pathetically the lot of woman and man when they are separated by cruel wars. She longs to be with him, to share his dangers, toils, and conflicts. When Pescara returned home, Isabella d'Aragona, sister of King Ferrandino, said to him, "I wish I were a man, Lord Marquis, if it were only to receive wounds in the face, as you have done, and to see if the scars would become me as they do you." Isabella spoke the thought of Vittoria. These wounds were received by Pescara at the battle of Ravenna (1512), a French victory, saddened for the French by the death of Gaston de Foix. Fabrizio Colonna and Pescara were both engaged at Ravenna, and the father of Vittoria was taken prisoner and was sent to Ferrara, then under the rule of Alfonso d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia. In the time of the Renaissance the ransom of prisoners was a matter of trade, and captivity was not harsh. Colonna was well treated at the Court of Ferrara, and refreshed himself, after the toils of war, by a little love affair with Nicolina Trotti, a beautiful lady in waiting on the Duchess.

Pescara had behaved with distinguished gallantry. He led a body of four hundred light horse, which was always in the thickest of the fight. The Marchese was severely wounded, and received two hurts in the face. He was taken prisoner; was sent first to Ferrara and thence to Milan, where he was ransomed for 6,000 ducats. His wife was all the while at Ischia. During his Milan captivity Pescara attended the

funeral of the heroic Gaston de Foix. It is on record that, at Ravenna, Colonna wore six great feathers in his helmet, and these were preserved by the Ferrarese Duke's brother, Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. The son of Inigo, Conte del Vasto, and of Laura Sanseverino, was left an orphan; and the childless Marchesa di Pescara took upon herself the charge of the young Alfonso d'Avalos. In later life the Marchese del Vasto showed signs of her training of his boyhood by valiant captaincy and by writing verses. In the next year (1513) we find Pescara at his old work of fighting. This time the theatre of war was Lombardy, and Pescara was joined in command with Ramon di Cardona. Pescara took Genoa, and, together with Prospero Colonna, defeated the Venetians at Vicenza. Vittoria's life was sad, lonely, thoughtful. She felt pride in her husband's glory and success; but there is good ground for believing that she suffered much from his continual absences.

In the shifting scene of Italian politics great changes were introduced by the rise of new actors. In 1513 Julius II. died, and was followed by Leo X., who entered upon the pontificate with the avowed and cynical principle, *Godiamoci il Papato, poichè Dio ce l'ha dato*. In 1515, Louis XII. was succeeded by Francis I., and the new French king and the new Pope became allies. In 1519 Charles V. succeeded Maximilian I.

During these years the evidence about the life of Vittoria Colonna is meagre. Her husband was but little with her, and she lived the quiet life of solitude and of thought. In 1517 a splendid marriage was celebrated at Ischia, at which she certainly was present. Costanza d'Avalos, sister of Alfonso del Vasto, wedded Alfonso Piccolomini, Duke of Amalfi. In the same year, Bona, daughter of Isabella of Aragon, married, at Naples, King Sigismund of Poland; and Vittoria Colonna was, perhaps, the most distinguished of the lofty ladies who appeared in the bride's train. We have a picture of Vittoria as she took part in the splendid ceremony. By her horse walked six equeuries. Her robe was of crimson brocade and velvet, with a hood of gold, worn under a barrett-cap of crimson silk. Her noble and earnest beauty adorned the royal procession. Her attendants

were six young ladies, of noble houses, attired in light blue damask. Pescara arrived on the evening of the nuptials, and, on the following day, he accompanied the new queen to Apulia. About this period Galeazzo di Tarsia conceived a passion for the fair Marchesa, who applauded the poet, but repulsed the lover. After the wedding march the funeral dirge, and death became busy with the race and relatives of the Colonnas. In 1516 her elder brother, Federigo, died. In 1520 she lost her father, and two years later, her mother. Of her own family, her brother, Ascanio Colonna, was the only one left.

We next find her (although the year is uncertain) in Rome, and with her husband. It is probable that, during this Roman visit, she became first acquainted with Pietro Bembo, and with Jacopo Sadoleto; with Baldassare Castiglione, and with Gian Matteo Giberti. It was the splendid time of Leo X.'s papacy, and the Pope had just given the red hat to Pompeo Colonna, the nephew of Prospero Colonna. Leo X. was well disposed toward the house of Colonna. It is certain that Vittoria saw all that was noble, gifted, fair, at the then Court of Rome.

It is not clear at which date she first met Ariosto in Rome, but it may have been during the visit of which we are now speaking. "No one can be surprised," says Ariosto, "if I praise her (Vittoria Colonna) above all other women, since she stands high above all envy." His mention of her is so warm and full that he must have known her personally; and they could only have met in Rome. Different as their character and tendencies were, she had yet some sympathetic relations with the passionate and gifted poet, Francesco Maria Molza, who wrecked his life so early amid the characteristic excesses of the sensual and dissolute Renaissance.

The reputation of Vittoria Colonna was rapidly spreading among the cultured classes of the Renaissance time. Not only was she known to her own class, to princes and to nobles, but she was recognised by the followers of Ariosto and the disciples of Boccaccio.

In May 1521, Leo X. concluded an alliance with Karl V.; and Prospero Colonna and Pescara were appointed

leaders of the Imperial Papal forces. Pescara was childless, and his heir was the young Alfonso del Vasto. The Marquis hesitated to expose the young heir to the dangers of war; but it is a characteristic trait of his noble wife that she said to her husband—"Take the lad with you. If an accident should happen to him, even if your family should end with him, that were a lesser evil than it would be if the glory of your ancestors should be lessened by the inactivity of your successor." The heroic poetess, Vittoria, could a warrior's feelings share, and weep a warrior's shame, buckle the spurs upon his heel, and send him forth to fame. She could not sympathise with a knightly heir who should shun danger and dread war. She herself presented a tent to young Alfonso, and over the entrance she embroidered the words, once applied to Vespasian—"Never less idle than when most at peace."

In August 1521, the war began. The French, supported by Venice and by Alfonso d'Este, could not save Parma from the clutch of Pescara, who, on the 19th of November, succeeded, after a bloody fight, in taking Milan. On the 1st of December Leo X. died suddenly. His death caused a momentary interruption to military operations; but on the 27th of April, 1522, Lautrec, assisted by Italian and Swiss troops, attacked Prospero Colonna and Pescara, who defeated him at Bicocca. Pescara took and plundered Genoa; and French conquests in Italy shrank to very few possessions. On the 17th of August the new Pope, Adrian VI., arrived from Barcelona. His reign was short, and on the 19th of November, 1523, Clement VII. was chosen Pope. The Constable Bourbon deserted his own people, and went over to Karl V.—a step pregnant with after-consequences for Rome and for Italy.

Vittoria Colonna was delighted with the accession of Clement VII.; but she did not foresee the evils which the weak and vacillating bastard of Giuliano dei Medici would bring upon Italy. Clement, being confused, thought himself profound. He caused the Sack of Rome, and met the Reformation by the Inquisition.

Once more Vittoria saw her husband,

who, in October 1522, was with her, for three days, in Naples. It is probable that this was the last meeting of warring husband and of lonely wife. "I have leisure in plenty," she wrote to Giberti, with whom she carried on an active correspondence. She also knew Francesco Berni; and showed herself to be, in part, a woman of her time by an inexplicable intimacy with the abominable Pietro Aretino. Through the life of Vittoria the blare of trumpets alternates with the still pursuits of literature, with sonnets and with letters—*Rime e Lettere*. Clement hoped, by temporising, to establish peace between Charles and Francis; and Vittoria wrote a letter to the Pope congratulating him upon his vain efforts.

Meanwhile Pescara found always his dearest action in the tented field. Bourbon gave him (1523) the post, under himself, of general captain of the army which defeated the French at Robecco; which destroyed the French camp at Biagrasso; which won the fight at Romagnano, in which Bayard was killed. Pescara treated the wounded and dying Bayard with chivalrous courtesy. Bourbon wrote to the Emperor to excuse himself, while explaining that, without orders from the Emperor, he had appointed Pescara to so high a post because he considered that the services of the warlike Marquis were most valuable to his Majesty, and because Pescara was fully worthy of such an honor. Karl V. would, for some now unknown reason, seem to have somewhat distrusted Pescara. The Emperor may, however, have known many things which have now fallen very dark to us.

Burning to retrieve French fortunes in Italy, Francis I., flushed with hopes of easy victory, hurried to the scene of war. The Imperial leaders were prepared to receive him; and, on the 24th of February, 1525, was fought the renowned battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. and his army were made prisoners.

The hero of Pavia, on the Imperialist side, was the Marchese di Pescara. He planned the attack. He advised and encouraged Lannoy. Though bleeding from three serious wounds, he continued to fight desperately, in the very thick of the battle; and he was there where the

flower of the French nobility—La Tremouille, La Palice, Saint Pol, De Foix, Bonnivet—fell, before Francis surrendered.

Pescara became highly dissatisfied with the Emperor. He found Lannoy preferred before him; and there was a further cause of complaint. The death of Prospero Colonna left the countship of Carpi in the Emperor's gift. Pescara applied for it, and his application was refused by Charles. The Emperor, however, was pleased to write a letter of thanks and praise to Vittoria Colonna. He speaks with recognition of her husband's bravery, experience in war, and successful leading; and suggests that the Marquis may well expect from the Imperial gratitude due reward for his long and brilliant services.

Vittoria, who doubtless shared her husband's feelings of discontent, was in Ischia when this letter reached her. On the 1st of May she replied to the Emperor. Her letter is proud and dignified, nor is a touch of sarcasm wanting. She refers to the devotion of her husband, and of her whole house, to the Emperor; and says that their long and true services were not unworthy of the gracious gratitude of his Imperial Majesty. She adds, that she desires Imperial recognition, not out of greed or desire for advantage, but because due recognition and reward would be only a fitting acknowledgment of such zeal. She is conscious that she herself has deserved much of his Majesty, inasmuch as she has always been willing that her husband should incur so many dangers for the Emperor, instead of enjoying peace at her side. "I am proud of my own name," she declares.

Her letter would not seem to have had much effect upon the obstinate and suspicious monarch, who distrusted Italians, and favored Spaniards and Netherlanders. No rewards or honors were conferred upon Pescara, who had become somewhat impoverished during his long and active military career. Indeed, both Pescara and Del Vasto died in disgrace with Charles. The importance of Pescara was, however, fully recognised by the enemies of Charles, who knew the Marchese's profound dissatisfaction with his treatment by the great Emperor, and Pescara's loyalty was exposed to temptation.

The Papacy and France were both opponents of Karl V., and a plan was concerted in Paris and in Rome which had for its object the destruction of the Imperial power in Italy. Girolamo Morone, Grand Chancellor of the Sforza's Duchy of Milan, confided the intrigue, as a secret, to Pescara; and sought to detach the discontented warrior from his allegiance, by offering him both the command of the allied armies which were to fight against Charles and the crown of Naples. Vittoria, it would appear, dissuaded her injured husband from engaging in the plot. Pescara was, perhaps, at first dazzled by the splendid bribe, and felt that the unrewarded could revenge; but, whether actuated by loyalty or by policy, perhaps because convinced that the coalition would have no chance of success against the powerful Emperor, he decided not to cast in his lot with Rome and France and Italy.

The step which Pescara took was highly characteristic of the days of Machiavelli. He concealed Antonio de Leyva behind the arras, and caused Morone, who did not know of the hidden hearer, to repeat all the plot. Pescara then wrote a full account of the whole intrigue to Karl V.; and remarks in his letter, "such practices do not suit me." He refers, of course, to the proposals of Morone, and not to the manner in which he, Pescara, had outwitted the astute Chancellor.

Morone had been led to believe that Pescara was fully inclined to join the enemies of Karl V.; but he was rudely undeceived. Pescara, who was lying ill at Novara, invited Morone to join him there. The Chancellor arrived, full of trust in his supposed coadjutor, and was arrested in the name of the Emperor and imprisoned in the castle of Pavia. From Pavia, Pescara marched to Milan, and once more seized city and castle in the name of Karl V. Francesco Sforza was a prisoner.

But the long warrings and intrigues of Pescara were about to cease. He had not recovered from the wounds received at Pavia, when he was seized with serious illness at Milan. After the fashion of the day, his illness was attributed to poison; but there is, perhaps naturally enough, no evidence now extant that would support the suspicion. He summoned his wife to Milan; but when she

arrived at Viterbo, Vittoria learned that her husband was no more. On the 25th of November, six-and-thirty years of age, died Ferrante d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara.

He was buried in Naples; but the monument, which was to bear an inscription by Ariosto, was never completed. The victor of Pavia rests in the vaults of the royal line of Aragon in the church of San Domenico Maggiore.

By his will Pescara chose Alfonso del Vasto as his heir. He left to his widow considerable sums of money, encumbered with heavy debts—debts which would seem to have been contracted mainly in the service of the ungrateful Emperor.

Pescara had left but a tarnished name in Italian history. Gucciardini attacks him with peculiar bitterness. Of Spanish descent, and with Imperial leanings, Pescara was no Italian patriot; but his convictions, such as they may have been, coincided with his ambitious *condottiere* career. In his dealings with Morone, Pescara no doubt thought that he was outwitting a traitor by treachery; and his treachery was of a kind which the political morality of the day would wholly approve.

Paolo Giovio, in his "Life of Pescara," mentions a letter (not now extant) which was written by Vittoria to her husband when the crown of Naples was dangling before his eyes. She reminded Pescara of his magnanimity, in which quality he surpassed many kings. Not, she says, through extent of territory or greatness of title, but through noble sentiments, do men attain to the true honor which descends without blemish to later times. She does not care to be the wife of a king; but she is proud of being the wife of a great captain, who, through courage in war, through magnanimity in peace, has overcome the greatest kings. A noble letter, which shows that, though a daughter of Italy, Vittoria ranked fidelity to Karl V. more highly than devotion to the cause of Italy; and proves that to the last she estimated highly her husband's prowess, wisdom, and political attitude. She was an opponent of Morone's schemes.

II. 

Vittoria Colonna is now a widow, com-

paratively young, still beautiful, high-souled, cultured. The second division of her life—that of widowhood—has been entered upon. Love, for her, was buried in Pescara's grave. Her widowhood was a time of sorrow, of song, of friendship, of saintly life. She had always lived the lonely, inner life; but while yet a wife her loneliness was the solitude of separation, and not the terrible void which was afterwards caused by death. During the lifetime of her husband she had almost effaced herself, politically; but after his death she stood in nearer relation to public events and to the eminent actors in the struggles of politics. She saw more of poets and of popes; she mixed more with nobles and with politicians. Italy was a geographical expression, indicating a land torn by internal dissensions, the seat of the Papacy, but also the battle-ground of the marauding foreigner, the divided booty of the stranger. Her interest in Italy was devoted chiefly to its literature and its religion. Karl V. did nothing for the widow of Pescara, and her fortune was never large. We know her residing places; we know the public, and even the private events which affected her; we know her intimates, and, through letters and sonnets, by means of the records of contemporaries, we can attain to some insight into her inner or spiritual life. In her correspondence she has—as she also has in her poetry—two styles. One style is tainted with the affectation, the adulation, the *conceits* of her land and time; while the other is fervent, sincere, natural, and vital. Her *Rime spirituali* are the fairest outcome of her poetical talent. In them she rose to her highest flight. In them she imitated no model and followed no master. In them is mirrored the purity of her soul, the loftiness of her character, the truth of her religion.

It is interesting to note which contemporary books, in prose as in poetry, she liked best. One of these is Baldassare Castiglione's *Cortegiano*. This treatise may be called an "essay on the character of the true gentleman as he appeared in Italy," a country in which, in the days of Castiglione, he could only seek secular advancement as a courtier to some prince or noble. *Il Cortegiano*

was shown to Vittoria in manuscript; the book was published, in print, in 1528, by Aldus, in Venice. She was delighted with the treatise. She writes to Castiglione: "Never have I seen a work in prose which has pleased me better, or so much as this one; nor is any other to be named with it." Next speaks the true *virago*, or learned woman of the sixteenth century, when she adds, critically: "He who writes in Latin distinguishes himself, according to my judgment, from those who write in other tongues. He is like a goldsmith compared with one who works in copper. . . . Your style in the vulgar tongue attains to such dignity that it may be compared with any work written in Latin. It does not surprise me that you should have depicted a perfect nobleman, because, as a model for such a one, you have only to look in your mirror." Her praise was warm and high, generous and graceful.

The first period of her widowhood she spent as a boarder in the convent of *San Silvestro in Capite* at Rome. Clement VII. dissuaded her from taking the veil, for she seems at first to have desired to accept a nun's vows. She sang spontaneously out of a full heart, and wrote many sonnets to the memory of the husband whom death had made for her heroic. She calls Pescara *il mio bel sole*; *mio lume eterno*; and bewails her bereavement while she idealises his glory. But trouble was near at hand for Rome and for the Papacy. The Pope, Venice, Florence, and Francesco Sforza allied themselves with the French king. The answer of Karl V. was the sack of Rome, which began on September 20, 1527. The troops of the Constable Bourbon (who was killed in the assault) and of Frundsberg, seized the very Vatican, and Rome was given up to pillage and to slaughter. During the siege Vittoria was conducted by her brother, Ascanio, to Marino, and from Marino she retreated to Naples and to Ischia. Of course the turbulent Colonnas were attached to the interests of Karl V., and, after peace was restored in Rome, the Colonnas became objects of dire Papal vengeance. Cardinal Pompeo was thrust out of the Sacred College, and many of the Colonna possessions were given to

the flames. Vittoria sought, but vainly, to appease the Papal anger through the intervention of Giberti.

Guicciardini gives a full and vital picture of the sack of Rome in 1527. Byron sings it in "The Deformed Transformed," in which the soldiers' chorus rises :—

Oh, the Bourbon ! the Bourbon !
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon
To plunder old Rome !

Spaniards, Italians, Germans, revelled in the pillage of the seven-hilled city ; and the misery was great. Clement VII. returned, on the 6th of October, 1528, to Rome ; but the Pope was visibly nearing his end. Vittoria was in Rome when Clement returned to it. The "Lady's Peace" of Cambrai led to a cessation of hostilities between Karl V. and Francis I., and Ascanio Colonna was restored to favor in Rome.

Vittoria's only brother was married to Giovanna d'Aragona, the daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Montalto, who was a natural son of King Ferrante I.

Giovanna was a celebrated beauty, whose charms received the homage alike of painter and poet. In the *Orlando Furioso*, Ariosto sings that all other beauty paled before that of Giovanna. Raffaele painted her portrait, which, hanging in the Louvre, was long wrongly described as that of Queen Joanna. Vittoria stood in close intimacy with her sister-in-law, who was of distinctive intellectual power, of manly courage, and of sincere piety. Vittoria addressed to her a sonnet, of subtlest praise, in which the poetess explains why she does not sing her sister-in-law's praise. She is not worthy, says Vittoria, to sing the praises of a woman who stands above all praise.

Maria d'Aragona, the sister of Giovanna, married Alfonso del Vasto ; and the brother of these two ladies, Antonio, Duke of Montalto, wedded Ippolita della Rovere, daughter of the Duke of Urbino and of Elisabetta Gonzaga. The first-born son of Ascanio and of Giovanna was christened Fabrizio, after Vittoria's father. The second son was Marc Antonio ; and there was one daughter, who bore the honored name of Vittoria. The Renaissance was born in Italy, and, in a certain sense, the Refor-

mation, or, at least, the revolt from the enormities of the Church of Rome, may be said also to have originated in Italy ; though a want of earnestness and depth of national character left it to robuster and more manly nations—as Germany and England—to carry into full effect a great spiritual movement. The tendency to a Reformation was stamped out in Italy by the Inquisition ; but the Italian was born in and lived close to the Church which divorced religion from morality. The Italian did not penetrate to the depths. He sought chiefly an improvement of the unimprovable.

Savonarola remained a monk, and tried only to better a Papacy which, in the person of Rodrigo Borgia, sent the over-zealous priest to the scaffold. Although she never by overt act separated herself from the Church, it is yet abundantly clear that Vittoria Colonna had abandoned the Church of Rome for Christianity. She escaped from a Church which she did not seek to overturn. "She overcame the world, and then herself," says Annibale Caro. Always genuine, she sang of her dead love to ease her heart ; but, as the lonely years crept on, she strove more and more for a peace that the world cannot give, and her religious poems are her highest productions. Pietro Bembo said of them that "she clothed holy thoughts in heavenly words." Any sincerely Christianly religious person may read the religious poems of Vittoria Colonna. She does not deal with priests or saints, but strives to pierce direct to the living Christ. She is in all her poetry receptive rather than creative, but her sacred songs rise to a high pitch of fervent aspiration toward the divine. She stood in intimate and sympathetic relations with such men as Juan Valdez, Contarini, Carafa, Bernardino Ochino. She shared their views and furthered their objects. Ochino, born in Siena, 1487, was but eleven years old when Savonarola perished amid the faggots of the Borgia. Catarina Cybo, Duchess of Camerino (the sister of Eleonora, widow of the Count of Lavagna, Schiller's *Fiesco*), and Vittoria Colonna, were the two protectresses of Ochino and his reformed Capuchin order. Both these noble ladies interceded with the Pope to save Ochino, the daring and eloquent

priest who denounced the sins of priests and the crimes of the Papacy. Catarina adopted fully the Protestant doctrine of Justification by Faith, while remaining within the pale of the Church.

Vittoria Colonna had, as a poetess, a rival. This was Veronica Gambara, a noble lady, whose lyrics were held by contemporaries to rank with those of Vittoria, though the laurel awarded by the public of her time to Veronica has somewhat faded in the long trial of slow time. Veronica was five years older than Vittoria. The former married, in 1509, Giberto di Correggio, lord of a small countship in the neighborhood of Parma. After a union of ten years Veronica lost her husband, and she wore ever afterwards a widow's mourning garb. One of her best poems is a homage to Vittoria; and Veronica was also honored by the praise of Ariosto. It is highly probable, though not certainly proved, that the two ladies met and knew each other well. Both were, in so far, daughters of their time that both flattered the worthless Aretino; and both enjoyed the highest worship of their day. In the thirty-seventh canto of the "*Orlando*" Ariosto pays a high tribute to the virtues and the genius of Vittoria. Both ladies were models of widowed devotion. In one of her many poems to Pescara, Vittoria says that he, absorbed in the glory of his laurels, did not sufficiently consider how his love was wanting to her lonely life.

In the Renaissance, the deepest enmities were often healed by policy. On April 5, 1536, Karl V. came to Rome and was lodged in the Belvedere. The mighty Emperor paid visits to two ladies—to Giovanna d'Aragona Colonna and to Vittoria Colonna. He stayed twelve days in Rome. The terrible sack of the city seemed to be forgotten by those who welcomed the conqueror.

Karl V. had to do with a new Pope. Clement VII. was dead, and had made room for Alessandro Farnese as Paul III. Ascanio Colonna held a great tournament in honor of the new Pope; but Ascanio did not foresee the woe that Paul III. would bring to the great restless house of Colonna.

As time rolled on, religious feeling became the predominant interest in Vittoria's life. She zealously protected

Ochino, and became mixed up with all his struggles and sufferings. She desired heartily to go to Venice, and thence to take ship for the Holy Land; but the difficulties in the way of such a journey were probably too serious.

Instead of visiting the Holy Land she went to Ferrara, arriving there on April 8, 1537. The reigning Duke was Ercole II., the son of Lucrezia Borgia. Ercole was married to Renée de Valois, younger daughter of Louis XII. of France, and sister-in-law of François I. This princess was an anomaly. A zealous Protestant, she occupied a ducal throne in Italy in the sixteenth century. When Vittoria came, Calvin and Clement Marot had been guests of Renée. Ariosto had died in Ferrara four years before Vittoria's arrival. It seems certain that there was sympathetic intimacy between Renée and Vittoria. The latter became godmother to the daughter of Ercole and Renée—to that princess who was afterwards Tasso's Leonora. Vittoria was treated with high distinction at the Court of Ferrara. We find her on one occasion reading aloud several of her own sonnets before the court. Alfonso d'Avalos, who had become Captain-General of the Forces of Karl V. in Italy, visited Vittoria in Ferrara; and Aretino, the greatest begging-letter impostor of the day, wrote to her for sixty scudi. Under the plea of poverty, Vittoria gave the scoundrel only thirty. She enjoyed highly her stay in Ferrara, and her temporary residence at the ducal court remained a pleasure in memory. She left the place in February, 1538.

Renée made Vittoria known to the renowned Marguérite, Queen of Navarre. Marguérite at that time leaned to Protestant doctrines, and protected Protestant refugees. The sister of François I. was cousin of Renée de Valois. In contact with such a woman as Vittoria Colonna, the fair, wanton queen would probably show the best side of her able character; and Vittoria sent a manuscript collection of her sonnets to Marguérite. The Constable Montmorency told François I. that there was much in the sonnets which was antagonistic to the Christian religion. The Queen of Navarre, herself more than suspected of heterodoxy, made herself merry over this accusation against the Marchesa di

Pescara, and kept the sonnets. . Jeanne d'Albret allowed very free theological discussion in the château at Pau ; but though the mother of Henry IV. must have heard of Vittoria Colonna, no correspondence between them is in evidence.

Vittoria had a private secretary, Giuseppe Jova di Lucca, to help her to conduct her increasing correspondence. She still remained in closest intimacy with the Italian Reformers, Contarini, Bembo, Jacopo, Sadoletto, Giovanni Morone, Marcello Cervini, Federigo Fergoso, Claudio Tolomei, Caro, Giovanni Guidiccioni. Her letters to great personages are sometimes tainted with the artificial style of the time ; but her familiar letters are always simple and sincere. After her death Jova fell under suspicion of heresy. He was condemned to death, but managed to escape to Lyons, where he seems to have dwelt in safety. Perhaps the warmest of all her many friendships was that which existed between Vittoria and Michael Angelo. It was a passionate friendship, glowing with a force and fire which were characteristic of the ardent Titan artist. The date of their first acquaintance is uncertain ; but Michael Angelo settled in Rome on the 27th of September, 1534, and Vittoria was then residing in the seven-hilled city. Michael Angelo, born 1474, would at that date be sixty, and he had to execute for Paul III. frescoes in that Sistine Chapel in which he had labored for Julius II. Of Michael Angelo, Berni said : " He speaks things while others speak only words ;" and his fiery nature could not be contented with a half-friendship for such a woman.

The fair Marchesa had all the qualities which would most strongly fascinate his virile, intense, powerful nature. She was beautiful, with a rare dignity of widowed charm. She was highly cultured, intellectual, a poetess ; and was of lofty character and of steadfast faith. Buonarroti was attracted by her with a power which was commensurate with his intense, energetic, and noble mind. Francesco di Olanda was in Rome in 1538, and he thus describes Vittoria, and a visit to her, which he owed to the introduction of Lattanzio Tolomei :—

In his [Tolomei's] dwelling I was told he had given orders to let me know that he would be at Monte Cavallo, in the Church of San

Silvestro, with the Marchesa di Pescara, to bear a discussion upon the Epistles of St. Paul. Madonna Vittoria Colonna, sister of Ascanio Colonna, is one of the most excellent and famous ladies that are to be found in Europe, or in the world. Of a morality as lofty as her beauty, intellectual, and mistress of the Latin tongue, she possesses all the qualities and virtues which adorn a woman. Since the death of her heroic husband she lives, in retirement, a quiet life. Sated with the pomp and glory of her former circumstances, she now loves nothing but Jesus Christ and earnest studies ; although she is always beneficent to poor women, and is a model of Catholic piety.

The picture is valuable, and we know it to be true. Olanda was a Portuguese painter. In his presence, Vittoria said to Michael Angelo : " Your friends rank your character as something even higher than your works ; while those who do not know you value most that which is less perfect—that is, the work of your hands." Ascanio Condivi, the biographer of Buonarroti, records :—

Above all persons he loved the Marchesa di Pescara, whose divine spirit attracted him strongly, and who felt the warmest attachment for him. He possesses many letters from her, full of the purest and the sweetest love, such as is nourished in such hearts. He addressed to her many sonnets, full of intellect and tender feeling. She often left Viterbo and other places of summer residence, and came to Rome solely to see Michael Angelo.

His verses, strong and rough as the line of Ben Jonson, were replied to in gentle and graceful strains by the Marchesa. The years of their greatest intimacy were 1538 to 1540. During a part of this time he was engaged in painting the " Last Judgment ;" and Michael Angelo, who was in *miseria di speranza piena*, was helped and furthered by the sympathy as by the judgment of his fair and noble friend. Desiring to present to her some work of his own hands, Michael Angelo painted for her, and gave to her a " Christ upon the Cross." It was a fitting present from the painter to a saint, and it awoke the admiration and aroused the gratitude of Vittoria Colonna.

In 1540 a Papal *breve* announced a considerable rise in the price of salt ; and this measure impelled the Colonna to revolt against the Papacy. Vittoria, who always loved her own great race, attempted to influence Paul III. in favor of Ascanio. She wrote to the Pope : " Where should one expect to find good-

ness and mercy if not with the heir and rightful possessor of the keys of the true Shepherd, Peter, who should stand above all other men as a living example of the humility and mercy of the Saviour?" She wrote more to the same effect, but such appeals were made in vain to the Pope. The power of the Colonnas seemed broken, nor was it until after the death of Paul III. that Ascanio recovered his possessions. Vittoria felt deeply in this matter of the misfortunes of her kin, and she addressed two sonnets to the Pope, which may be read now with pleasure, but were read then without result. She herself was not included in the Papal resentment against the house of Colonna. The governor of Orvieto, Brunamonte de' Rossi, wrote to Cardinal Farnese that Vittoria was living in strict retirement in the cloister of St. Paul; and adds that her life and walk were such as becomed a person who loved virtue and feared God.

Karl V. wrote to her a very friendly letter to soothe her under the troubles which had befallen her race; and assured her that he would never forget the loyalty and service of the house of Colonna. The Emperor adds that Ascanio had gone too far in revolt; but promises Imperial intervention to arrange all amicably.

In October, 1541, Vittoria withdrew to the cloister of Sta. Catarina at Viterbo, in which she remained three years.

Meanwhile, Ochino had been pursuing his devoted career with ever-increasing danger to himself. As his convictions deepened he became more daring, and he was running counter to the Counter-Reformation. His friends dissuaded the earnest preacher from going to Rome. He himself well knew his danger. He writes to Vittoria Colonna, 22nd of August, 1542:—"In Rome I must either deny Christ or be crucified as He was. Deny Him I will not, but I am ready to be crucified when He, of His grace, shall will it so; but I do not feel myself called to run voluntarily into death. Christ has shown me how to flee—to Egypt or to Samaria; and St. Paul teaches me the like. . . . I am accused of heresy, and other hateful matters; but I rejoice that the reform of the Church begins with me." Ochino had to take to flight, and was met with in Geneva by a Floren-

tine merchant. The Florentine heard from Ochino that the Pope was incensed against him; and that if he, Ochino, went to Rome he must either suffer death or deny the Christ. Ochino said, he had "formerly preached Christ in a mask, but hoped in future to preach Him naked." Accused of atheism, Ochino wandered far and wide in search of safety and freedom to preach freely. He was in Geneva, Zürich, Strasburg, Augsburg, England; and at the age of seventy-seven he died, unknown, of pestilence, in a little Moravian town. Ochino married late in life, and had children. He was a victim of the Counter-Reformation.

Vittoria stood also on terms of intimacy with Reginald Pole, and many of the letters which passed between them are still extant. When Contarini, the great friend of Pole, died, Vittoria wrote a noble and pious letter of exalted Christian consolation to Contarini's sister, Serafina. To the memory of Contarini she also indited a lofty sonnet. "Contarini ought to have been Pope, to make the age happy," says Vittoria.

In the time of Clement VII. Pole was a member of the body of Italian Church Reformers, and was suspected of a leaning to Lutheranism—faults which the arrogant priest, become a persecutor, fully expiated by his eagerness in burning heretics in England. Vittoria Colonna knew the royally-descended "Cardinal Anglicus" in his best time. The red hat was conferred upon Pole, 22nd of December, 1536, by Paul III. Pole was then reputed to have great knowledge of the world, and to have read much. He was also said to be of a pleasant conversation and to have courtly manners. It is certain that there was great friendship between Vittoria and Reginald Pole. On the 23rd of May, 1555, the terrible Paul IV. was elected Pope, and he took from Pole his post of Legate. He also accused Pole of heterodoxy; of the same sort of heresy which condemned Cardinal Morone (who could be laid hold of) to an imprisonment in San Angelo, which lasted until the fierce Pope's death.

In 1543 Vittoria passed through a dangerous illness, and in 1544 she returned to Rome. We find her on this occasion a boarder in the Benedictine cloister, Sant' Anna de' Farnesi. The

famous Council of Trent began its sittings on the 13th of December, 1545. Lasting over the reigns of three Popes—Paul III., Julius III., Pius IV.—it closed its sittings on the 4th of December, 1563. On the 14th of April, 1544, Del Vasto lost the battle of Ceresole, and retired to Asti, seriously wounded in the knee. The peace of Crespy, the last one concluded between the great royal rivals, Francis I. and Karl V., was signed on the 18th of September, 1544. Del Vasto, the defeated, was treated with coldness by Karl V., and the heir of Pescara died 31st of March, 1546, at Vigevano.

On the 7th of June, 1546, Count Fortunato Martinengo writes about Vittoria Colonna:—

Certainly she is a most rare and distinguished woman, filled with the love of Christ. . . . How great is her humility; how princely is, in accordance with her rank, her whole conduct! . . . I have often visited her, and had I not feared to become wearisome to her, I would never have left her. She has such a talent for conversation that it seems as if chains issued from her lips to bind the hearer to her. . . . So far as was possible I have filled my soul with her sweet and sacred words; and I delight in the thought that I have made the acquaintance of the most excellent and the worthiest woman upon whom the sun shines, and that I have become her servant.

In 1546, Michael Angelo was so seriously ill that his life was despaired of. The intimacy between the great painter and the great lady remained unbroken. Writing on March 7, 1551, to his nephew Leonardo, Buonarrotti says: "I possess a little parchment volume, which she gave me about ten years ago, which contains 103 of her sonnets; and besides these, I have forty others, written on ordinary paper, which she sent to me from Viterbo, and which I have had bound into the same volume with the others."* In the beginning of the year 1547, Vittoria Colonna again fell dangerously ill. Giuliano Cesarini had married Giulia Colonna, and the dying poetess was moved from her cloister to the Palazzo Cesarini. Her last days were surrounded by the loving care and sympathy of near relations. She said of her own life, that it "had known many bitter, few happy years." She made her will. Her heir was her brother, As-

canio Colonna. To each of the four cloisters in which she had resided, San Silvestro and Sant' Anna in Rome, San Paolo and Santa Catarina in Viterbo, she left 1,000 scudi; to Reginald Pole, 9,000. For the poor, and for her servants, she also cared liberally. Her executors were Pole, Sadoletto, and Morone, all "liberal" cardinals. She signed, with her own hand, *Ita testavi ego, Vittoria Colonna*. Her letters were nearly all signed, *Marchesa di Pescara*. The end came on February 25, 1547. She died in the afternoon of that day. Her age was fifty-seven.

She was buried in the ordinary burial-ground of the nuns. The ceremony was of the simplest, and no stone marked the grave in which the noble Vittoria Colonna reposed.

Ascanio Condivi records, in his "Life of Michael Angelo:" "I remember to have heard him say he regretted that, when he looked on Vittoria Colonna lying on her deathbed, he had not kissed her forehead and face, as he did kiss her hand." On August 1, 1550 (three years after her death), Buonarrotti writes to Francesco Fattucci: "I send you some of my poems, which I address to the Marchesa di Pescara. She held me very dearly, and I felt no less warmly for her. Death has robbed me of a dear friend." (*Morte mi tolse uno grande amico.*)

In the same year, 1547, both Francis and Henry VIII. died; the Emperor, Karl V., seeming, by the overthrow of the Smalcaldic league, to be master of Germany.

Vittoria's nephew, Marc Antonio Colonna (after the death of her brother Ascanio in prison in Naples, year unknown), married Felicia Orsini, and so fused the two great old baronial houses. The marriage resembled somewhat, though on a smaller scale, the fusion by marriage between the houses of York and Lancaster.

Not yet has the world of culture ceased to take an interest in the life and poems of the fairest and noblest lady of the Italian Renaissance. Apart from the homage of contemporaries, Italy has produced, between 1538 and 1840, fourteen editions of the Poems and Letters "della divina Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara." In 1840 Prince Torlonia, the Roman banker, married

* This volume is now in the British Museum.

Teresa Colonna, and the prince employed the Cavaliere Pietrio Ercole Visconti to edit a splendid edition of Vittoria's works, and to prefix to the work a "life" of the illustrious poetess. In 1881 Alfred von Reumont published his "Vittoria Colonna: Leben, Dichten, Glauben, im XVI. Jahrhundert," and to the labors of this painstaking writer I am greatly indebted. In 1840 a medal was struck in honor of the Marchesa. In her lifetime several portraits, I believe three, were painted of her, but no one can now be identified with certainty as a likeness of the *Diva*. The picture by Sebastian del Piombo is certainly not a portrait of Vittoria Colonna; the "Colonna portrait" by Muziano is, at best, doubtful.

The evidence of contemporaries is overwhelming as regards her beauty; but every admirer of her in these latter days must paint her portrait in his imagination. She was tall and stately, with a dignified carriage and a most gracious manner. Her bearing was ennobled by conscious virtue—in the Renaissance a pure woman could not but be conscious of virtue—and tenderness, religion, purity, nobleness, were all expressed in figure and in face. She was also *grande dame*, and a Colonna, and may until her latter years have had some touch of pride of birth. Genius, sanctity, and grace lend additional nobleness and ideal elevation to the beauty of Vittoria as a woman.

She was a *virago*, a name which, however misapprehended now, bore a different and a worthy signification in her day. Ferdinand Gregorovius, in his "Lucrezia Borgia," says: "This title was entirely honorable. It meant the woman of the Renaissance who, by means of courage, culture, and understanding, raised herself above the common level of her sex. She received a higher homage if she added to the distinction of learning, beauty and charm." Vittoria united charm with learning and with worth.

The Renaissance in Italy is said, roughly speaking, to have extended from 1453 to 1527. In or soon after the latter year the sensuous southern temperament ceased to revel in the new-found pleasures of Pagan joyousness and the zest of animal life. With the Counter-Reformation came (July 21, 1542) the

terrors of the infernal Inquisition; and fair, soft Italy was gloomed by the shadow, brightened only by the glare of the faggot, of the terrors and the horrors of the Holy Office. A thoroughly frightened Church carried out savagely its one means of repression. The last years of Vittoria Colonna were certainly saddened by the operations of the Inquisition. Her friends were in flight or in danger. Carnesecchi was burned at Rome, and she herself, but for high protection and for the singular respect in which she was held, would have been in danger. Many of her religious poems were emphatically Christian in tone and sentiment. She went to the very brink of the gulf which separated the Church of Rome from the Reformation, and in her deepest soul she had abandoned the essence of the Church of her birth.

Vittoria Colonna is, perhaps, the first poetess who excelled in religious poetry. She, indeed, may be said to have originated the high poetry of sacred song. At first, as she tells us, *scrivo sol per sfogar l' interna doglia*; and this mirror of widowhood poured into song her passionate grief for the loss of a most deeply-loved husband. Whatever Pescara may have been, or seemed to be, to the Italian politicians and historians of his time, he certainly was to her an ideal hero, worshipped for his valor, tenderly loved for himself, and, after his early death, her heart found relief in the song which mourned and honored him. *Ch' io di lui sempre pensi, o pianga, o parli*. But a time came in which she turned wholly to the Lord of earth and heaven, and then she was *a solo a sol con Lui*. A *virago*, she was never masculine; she never was the "man-woman" into which modern thought translates the now debased title. She was exquisitely womanly, and was always magnanimous; was ever full of love, faith, humility, and heavenly hope. Important as were the historical occurrences which surrounded her life, the events of her career were, like the mere action of Shakespeare's plays, chiefly important in so far as they educed and illustrated character. She was greater than the adventitious. We picture her in gloomy palaces, in stern castles, in doleful cloisters; we visit her in Rome, Ferrara, Viterbo, Naples; or on the *superbo scoglio*, the

proud rock of sea-girt Ischia ; but her image remains ever that of the same gracious, gifted, and graceful lady. The skaters who glide about on white and wintry ice seem always dark and sombre figures, and the characteristic persons of the Renaissance seem always dusky figures when contrasted with the pure white ideal of a church.

Vittoria Colonna was surrounded by men and women, romantic and picturesque, foul and fierce ; but they only

throw out into clearer relief the unsullied purity of her white and stainless soul. Her glory is that she stands out so clearly against the dull red background of the licentious, turbulent, and wicked time in which she lived and moved and had her being. A woman of the Renaissance, she yet remains a wholly noble and ideal figure. Indeed, the best, the purest, the most gifted woman of her land and day is Vittoria Colonna.—*Nineteenth Century*.

M. RENAN ON HIMSELF.

THE interesting dissertation on himself, which M. Renan delivered last week in his speech to the Celtic Society at Quimper, in Lower Brittany, was in every respect characteristic. M. Renan resembles one of our own great men, Matthew Arnold, in a certain gift for talking well concerning himself. We used to hear of the tediousness of egotism. But the man who has a genius for egotism can never be tedious when he devotes himself to one of the chief subjects of his genius. Certainly M. Renan, like Mr. Arnold, has not yet exhausted the significance of the world within him. Even in the brilliant book which he wrote on his memories of his youth he hardly wrote better of himself than he spoke last week, for he delineated with greater power than ever that curious blending of a disbelief in truth and a distaste for error, a dislike of dogmatism and a repulsion for religious indifference, a joy in the delivery of moral shocks and sympathy for that moral and intellectual quiescence which is most susceptible to such shocks, by which his writings have been so conspicuously distinguished. And while manifesting all these qualities with the full freshness of earlier years, M. Renan throughout goes on caressing himself with the quaint tenderness of one who knows that no one else can caress him with half the insight with which he can caress himself. When he disclaims for the Bretons any touch of fanaticism, and claims for them in its place a superstition which imposes its caprices on no one, he is but uttering an apology for himself. When he inveighs against the

harshness and rigor of judgment which appears to be turning the world into the semblance of a boxing-match, he inveighs against qualities which are the very opposite of his own. And yet, when he passes an animated panegyric on the qualities of a torpedo, and remarks with pleasure that one of the crew of a torpedo-boat which had recently passed down the Seine had borne the name of Renan, he admits that the incident had interested him chiefly because he also had been a torpedo-man, and had administered a tolerably severe electric shock to a world which would much have preferred to go on slumbering. Probably, too, that was the one "good deed" on the performance of which he felt that he might pride himself, and which gave him a right, as he said, to the habitual cheerfulness in which his life is wearing away. He was the outcome, he declared, of long generations of ignorance and unconsciousness, the heir of peasants and sailors who had passed their lives in that tranquil calm of which genius is the ultimate flower. He felt very grateful to those peasants and sailors who had hoarded for him the imaginative qualities for which at length he had found a voice,—a voice, apparently, if we may judge by the effect of what he taught upon his own mother, which was anything but the interpretation of the brooding ancestral reveries out of which his own intellect grew. He claimed for the Bretons,—and again he meant himself,—an illimitable tolerance even for intolerance, so long as intolerance was confined to opinion, and did not pass from theory

into action. The Bretons he accounted a very religious people, a people quite willing that everybody "should compose for himself his romance of the infinite." Evidently M. Renan has been engaged all his life in doing this for himself; yet he told his audience at Quimper that he sometimes caught himself furnishing his memory against the future life with thoughts that might occupy it "throughout all eternity." One of the best of these thoughts would be, he told them, the remembrance of that day's festival, and of the kind feelings which had been expressed toward him. We shall, we hope, hardly be thought guilty of that inference with other people's "romance of the infinite" which M. Renan so much condemns, if we remark that for a thought on which he is to feed "throughout all eternity," this does seem to us a little poverty-stricken,—wanting at once both in romance and in infinitude. Surely it did not take the brooding reveries of generations of sturdy peasants and sturdier sailors to bring to perfection an imagination which could feed "throughout all eternity" on the kind flattery of a Celtic Society for a distinguished Oriental scholar and still more distinguished sentimental heresiarch! Would not a day's,—or perhaps an hour's,—meditation on the friendly compliments of such a Society pretty well exhaust their significance, and leave eternity free for meditations in a higher key?

We call attention to this genial anticlimax, not because we take it quite seriously, but precisely because we take it, as M. Renan means a great deal that he writes and says to be taken, not very seriously. How is it possible to take a man very seriously who puts forth pleas for religion in the shape of any "romance of the infinite" which it pleases human caprice to construct, and at the same time takes nothing but delight in the delivery of any shock which will most completely shatter such "romances of the infinite" as most of his own contemporaries and compatriots do actually construct? What M. Renan really pleads for is the exercise of the understanding and the imagination, whether in construction or in destruction, or in both ways. He professes almost ostentatiously in the same breath his disbelief

in truth and his contempt for error. If he delights in genius and the romantic virtues, like instinctive courage and instinctive chivalry, which grow out of long ages of reverence, yet he takes care to insist that it is only because genius, courage, and chivalry provide the world with keen emotions, vivid awakenings from sleep, vivid admirations, vivid passions, that he feels this delight. He does not attach to the "dreams of the infinite" which even genius constructs, any solid worth as indicating the final goal of man. On the contrary, he finds the key to his own unabated cheerfulness in what he calls the "freshness of his illusions," and in the pride with which he recalls the shock he has given to those who really supposed that they had grasped eternal truth. When he realises that he has run much the greater part of his own career and is near the end, and yet fortifies himself for eternity with the flimsy cordiality of after-dinner praises, he must mean to proclaim to all the world that his conception of eternity is so far from serious, that he loves to piece out his picture with a great deal of acknowledged tinsel. The illusions he has dispelled will furnish him with a great part of his theme for eternal meditation, for is it not those dispelled illusions which have brought him fame? The illusions he has cherished and refused to part with, will furnish him with other portions of that theme, for are they not essential to his own "romance of the infinite"? and if he had not a "romance of the infinite" of his own, he would hardly have been the man to dispel the "romance of the infinite" dear to most of his contemporaries. But, alike for the illusions he has dispelled and the illusions he has retained, he makes no claim beyond that which a child makes for the soap-bubbles which it sends up into the air to glitter for a moment and then burst for ever,—namely, that they are bright, and buoyant, and add a charm to the passing hour.

Nevertheless, M. Renan, though he encourages people to cherish illusions which they know to be illusions, is very eager to insist on a kind of learning which shall go hand-in-hand with imagination, and which shall undermine convictions which claim to be built on any-

thing but the vagaries of romance. Exact knowledge, adequate for the purposes of scepticism, he rates almost as high as he does the mist of sentiment which is to succeed to the inheritance from which every genuine faith is to be ousted. The gift of learning is necessary in order that serious belief may be compelled to give place to conscious romance; but the gift of romance is necessary in order that learning may not exhaust the air in which alone the mind and heart can live. Such appears to be M. Renan's thought, and he felicitates himself on having manifested the exact compound of learning with delight in illusion, which first undermines austere creeds, and then fosters mild superstitions in their place. A superstition that does not impose itself on others, but just

amuses us with its glimmering of moral foreboding, is M. Renan's beau-idéal of religion. "Sublimate your faith into legend, but saturate yourselves with the legend, even so far as to mould your action after your conviction is gone,"—that is the upshot of M. Renan's teaching; and he flatters himself, not without justice, that he has embodied that teaching in his life. We believe he has; that his honeyed words have not only robbed his readers of much truth, but soothed them into acquiescence in an airy and fanciful suspense not inconsistent with Epicurean enjoyment. He could hardly have done more than he has done, first to undermine a true creed, and then to lull to sleep the wild cravings by which unbelief is sometimes brought back to faith.—*Spectator*.

ANTIPATHY.

IN writing last week of Lord Houghton, we remarked that he had in some sense discovered the social value of Antipathy, and had turned it to good account in his breakfast parties. But there is one kind of antipathy which Lord Houghton would probably have been quite too accomplished a man of the world to attempt to turn to account in this way,—we mean the antipathy caused by rivalry originating in an excess of the same qualities and foibles. Tradition says that Macaulay and Sydney Smith were as mutually repulsive to each other as the pith balls of an electrometer charged with the same sort of electricity, and that was a species of mutual repulsion which could hardly be overcome. For it rests not chiefly on the feeling of rivalry,—a feeling which in generous minds has sometimes been made the ground of true friendship,—but on the tendency of any moral excess in one's own character, when observed in another, to excite a certain nervous irritability,—an emotion natural enough when one sees, as in a mirror, the vanity or folly of which one suspects oneself to be frequently guilty. Just as a clever dog which has been taught a number of amusing tricks will sulk or perhaps grow angry if a rival exhibit his accomplishments in his presence, so the an-

tipathy which rests in any sense on injured vanity or lowered self-respect in men is not easily to be got over by any amount of social *bonhomie*. The antipathy which may sometimes be made into the ground of a genuine attraction, is antipathy founded on great differences of character rather than on great likeness of character. It is frequently found that those great differences of character which lead to the most vehemently opposed views of life, are mutual needs in disguise rather than mutual repulsions; and though mutual repulsion is the natural superficial result of very great and antagonistic earnestness, it often happens that the man who is earnest in one direction finds so much help that he had needed to find from the man who is earnest in the opposite direction, that the superficial antagonism is merged at last in a very hearty personal regard,—the regard founded on a really wholesome mutual influence. It is a necessary condition, however, of any such regard that there should be no insuperable disposition in one of the two moral opposites to look down upon the other. Goethe has given a memorable picture in his play of *Tasso* of the difficulty with which a weak and soft nature endures the pity, not to say the contempt, of the strong man, who can neither enter into

the intenser feelings of the other, nor comprehend his vacillation. Antipathy frequently exists where the warmest possible regard might exist but for the flavor of contempt in the demeanor of the stronger character toward the weaker. The truth doubtless is, that it is much easier to look down upon weakness than it is to look down upon mere barrenness or hardness of nature; and yet the barren or hard nature may have much more to gain from the richer and weaker nature, than the weaker nature has from the harder. Antipathy between men who might gain much from each other is oftener generated by the spirit of contempt which the stronger feels,—and feels unjustly,—for the weaker, than by any other cause. When, at the conclusion of Goethe's play, Tasso throws his arms round Antonio, and declares that he clings to him much as the shipwrecked sailor clings to the rock on which his ship had been wrecked, he did not recognise in his humiliation that he might have much more to give to Antonio than he could possibly receive from him; and yet so it certainly was. And so, too, it often is between men and women who have been estranged by the half-contempt with which men so often treat women,—their sisters for example. Probably the man has much more to receive from the woman than he would have had to give her. Were it not for contempt, the chief source of antipathy between natures of opposite kinds, it constantly happens that there might have been a tie in which the one who feels the contempt would have gained infinitely more than the one who is the object of it. It is not a hard character which usually has the greatest power to confirm and strengthen weaker and softer natures; but it constantly is a weaker and softer character which has most power to soften the harder character, and to open it to new worlds of experience, were there not this spell against mutual understanding between them. Just as some dogs hardly ever forgive being laughed at, so, even amongst men, contempt, or even the vestige of it, is a very adequate explanation of very needless and mischievous antipathies.

But there are certainly some antipathies which are not explainable in that

fashion, and yet are as keen and as enduring as if they were founded on a perfectly legitimate and clearly understood cause. Nothing is more capricious than antipathy, and not unfrequently the antipathy which appears to be most capricious is not the antipathy which succumbs easily to mutual knowledge,—as did the antipathy which Elizabeth Bennet bore to Mr. Darcy in "Pride and Prejudice,"—but one which outlasts every attempt to break it down. Antipathy due to mutually supplementary qualities often ends, as we have said, in the closest attachment; but there is an antipathy which appears to be due to some indefinable note of character that makes the same sort of painful impression on particular minds which the scratch of a slate-pencil on a slate makes upon the ear,—one that curdles the blood with a nervous dislike of which it is impossible to state the cause. That, we suppose, is the antipathy described in the schoolboy's expression of aversion for Dr. Fell, and such an antipathy is, perhaps, more formidable than any other kind of antipathy, more even than the antipathy founded on a resemblance in the excess of some such quality as vanity. Celia, in George Eliot's "Middlemarch," expresses some such antipathy as this when she says that she dislikes Mr. Casaubon for scraping his soup-plate with his spoon. That, of course, only meant that she felt so strong an aversion to the general impression produced by his character upon her that the first trifle she could find to criticise at all became the excuse for an antipathy. There was something in the note given out by his character which repelled and angered her. There is a story in *Chambers's Journal* of a dog who was very fond of a lady, whose high, brilliant soprano voice, however, was intolerable to him; and she no sooner began to sing than he began to howl, and this though no other person's singing annoyed him at all. There was something in the timbre of her voice which struck painfully on the dog's ear, and made him feel his sensations intolerable. The present writer has a little dog who cannot endure the note of a musical-box, though he does not seriously object to the piano,—protesting against it, indeed, but soon subsiding into com-

posure ; while the musical-box irritates him to madness. There seems to be something analogous to this in the intolerance men sometimes display of the note struck by certain persons' character. It need not necessarily be the note of a specially evil character ; but there are characters every manifestation of which seems to excite an intolerable nervous irritability in the few persons, or, it may be, the only person, with whom they are wholly out of tune. In *King Lear*, when Kent says of Goneril's steward,—“No contraries hold more antipathy than I and such a knave,” and he is asked by the Duke of Cornwall, “Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?” he replies merely, “His countenance likes me not ;” which is as much as to say,—“I dislike him, because his countenance repels me ; and that is all the reason I have to give.” And if you come to think of it, it is rather strange that one does not hear more of these uncontrollable and capricious antipathies, than it is that one hears so much of them. There is, perhaps, hardly a person in existence who has not some uncontrollable antipathy to some one sound, taste, or smell which to other persons appears delightful, or at worst indifferent. And yet uncontrollable antipathies to persons, apart,

of course, from the solid grounds of injury or ill-usage, are comparatively very rare, far rarer than equally capricious aversions to simple sounds, flavors, or odors. We should think that such pure antipathies are rarest in the highest races,—chiefly, perhaps, because in those races the area of human nature is larger and the substance more complex, so that it is difficult to find anything purely repulsive which is not mixed with other qualities more or less tolerable, if not even interesting. The antipathies springing from the mutual repulsion of common defects or faults are common enough ; the antipathies springing from a superficial antagonism of nature are still commoner and not unfrequently the origin of ultimate friendship ; but the pure antipathies, as one may call them, arising from inscrutable and insurmountable discord of nature, are extremely rare in men, and probably little more than survivals of a state in which human nature was a far thinner, poorer, and less complex affair than it is now. It is easy to be revolted by a sound, a taste, or a smell ; but it is not easy to be simply and absolutely revolted by anything so full of different and miscellaneous characteristics as a human being.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC. *PÈRE GORIOT*. Boston : *Roberts Brothers*.

AS IT WAS WRITTEN. *A Jewish Musician's Story*. By Sidney Luska. New York : *Cassell & Co., Limited*.

WITHOUT A COMPASS. *A Novel*. By Frederick B. Van Voorst. New York : *D. Appleton & Co.*

AT BAY. *A Novel*. By Mrs. Alexander. New York : *Henry Holt & Co.*

HEALEY. By Jessie Fothergill, Author of “*The First Violin*,” etc. New York : *Henry Holt & Co.*

The novels composing the above group have been selected as making up a fairly characteristic representation of the autumn fiction which our publishers are giving to the public. That, on the whole, it is of a superior order cannot be questioned. The attempt alone of a Boston

firm to present to the American public some of the more notable productions of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of French novelists is an interesting fact. It is singular that Balzac, whose profound knowledge of the human passions is Shakespearean, and whose literary style is as flawless as a crystal, should be so little known to English-speaking readers, while the book-marts are flooded with translations of the third-rate fiction which Paris spews forth in an exhaustless supply. The lovers of good literature, who do not read French, may be congratulated that they are now promised a succession of some of the greatest products of Balzac's art, more especially those constituting the *Comédie Humaine*. Balzac wrought his books with an agony of spiritual wrestling and bloody sweat. Fury of enthusiasm burning at white heat was united with an iron patience and care of detail in ex-

ecution. No pains were too great, no revision too studied for this master of literary form. The father of the realistic school which has reached such perverse eminence under Zola, his studies of the actual world were informed with an imaginative power that pierced to the core of fact, and laid bare the anguish and sorrows, the virtues and vices, the grovelling and the aspirations of his age with an impartial and searching illumination. This is specially the case in the series of studies known as the "Human Comedy," in which he attempted to evolve the structure of society out of the forces which work within its bosom like the fire which throbs beneath the snow of Hecla. Balzac's essay on his own methods and conceptions and the meaning of the *Comédie Humaine* is given as a preface to "Père Goriot," the novel before us, and the thoughtful reader will find it worth his while to study this carefully.

The conception of Père Goriot is that of a French Lear, and if the anguish and outraged sensibility which quiver so piteously under the brush of the creator are made to depend on conditions which shock the decencies of Anglo-Saxon decorum, the fact is quickly forgotten in the power with which the central figure is drawn. Père Goriot rises, martyr-like, against a background of luxurious and heartless sensuality; but the image of paternal heroism and anguish loses no whit of its pathos, appeals no less forcibly to our sympathies because of the hot-bed of lust and reckless passion out of which it grows. We can only speak passingly of this masterpiece of Balzac's genius, and call attention to the fact that, as an unsparing picture of the vices of the time, it fastens attention on a corollary which the most austere moralist will approve. The un-failing Nemesis hovers, close in the wake of sin, and amidst the hours of rosiest dalliance the awful shadow lingers, shaping the swiftly coming doom. "Père Goriot" is a social tragedy, which points its own moral without a word of preaching. The readers of the book will be delighted to know that it will be shortly followed by other masterpieces of the same author.

"As It Was Written" within a few weeks has become one of the much-talked-of books. It strikes a fresh key-note, and is novel in motive, though it follows pretty closely the methods of romancers like Hawthorne and Poe, with but little of the artistic skill which made them so great. The conception is far more noticeable than the execution, and we believe we are not far wrong in supposing it to be the

first book of a young and inexperienced writer. The book is potent to carry the imagination of the reader, but the charm quickly passes in reviewing the machinery of the story; for, aside from the dignity and power of the motive of the story as an art-impulse, the steps by which the tragedy is wrought out to its ending are crude, ill-fitted, and of the nature of the rickety old melodramatic apparatus which is immemorial. The story is that of a young musician who murders his betrothed, under the overpowering influence of a fate laid on him by the vindictive hate of an ancestor, seconded by the still nearer curse of his own father. Having committed the crime under a cataleptic condition, and having been acquitted on the trial, he finally learns in a mysterious way, in which his skill as a violinist plays an ingenious part, that his own hand, governed by the will of a *daimon* or supernatural agency, took the life which he would have gone to the stake to have saved. With this blasting revelation the story ends. The central motive is an admirable one, but the method of progression by which it is carried out is often so violent, crude, and extravagant, that good taste and the law of artistic probability are offended. We only become conscious of this, however, on reflection. The movement of the book to its fateful close is so direct and steady, its power so well sustained, that the imagination quickly passes by mere errors of construction and crudities of taste. Whatever fault may be found with the book, we detect something very like genius in it, and its promise foretokens a writer of romance who, with growth and practice, may have it in his power to make a distinct mark on American literature.

Mr. Van Voorst's novel excites mixed feelings. The writer of "Without a Compass" is evidently a man of thought and culture and not without literary skill, however amateurish the style becomes at times. His purpose seems to be not merely to write a novel, to make a book, but to ventilate certain social theories which, we fear, are not fully settled and clarified in his own judgment, as well as to paint certain phases of the great conflict the perplexing problem which modern marriage involves. Faithlessness to the marriage vow is a common enough motive of the current novel. Generally a very unpleasant theme, in spite of its being so germane to the truth of society, the dignity and propriety of its selection can only be fully justified by its handling. The present author treats the matter with the least possible suggestion of lubricity, yet we

are not satisfied that he deals with the complications in such a way as to justify himself in handling the topic. The heroine of the book represents an unbalanced, sensitive, gifted, noble nature unhappily wedded. The gradual steps of her seduction by the man who ruins her are covered up by all manner of lofty aspirations and poetic talk on the part of the couple whose Platonic dalliance masks fatality, and she suddenly wakes from her dream of passion, her ecstasy as a sentimental Egeria, to find that illegitimate maternity is close at hand. Ruin follows hard apace. Her husband returns, and all is discovered. She pays the penalty of her crime in a terrible fashion. Her seducer, who is drawn as a noble, strong, essentially high-minded man, goes scot-free, is entirely unpunished, and has the world at his feet. This we think to be the damning immorality of the novel. The greater criminal is not only left untouched, but is systematically held up to our esteem and sympathy, and thus his sin is condoned. The victim of a loveless marriage, of marital neglect and tyranny, who sacrifices her honor through a love which has not a taint of lust, is laid groaning on the altar of expiation. We demand for the ethical justification of the motive of adultery in a novel something more of justice than this. Conventions of society may draw the line that the erring woman *must* not be forgiven, though erring man may always be, but in art and ethics we must strike deeper than this.

Mrs. Alexander's "At Bay" (Leisure Hour Series) is a clearly written book of a more sensational type than she ordinarily allows herself to follow. This author's studies of English life and character are always agreeable, though careful criticism finds her heroines and her heroes fashioned after pretty much the same pattern. She has a distinct ideal for both sexes which she dearly loves, and unconsciously embodies whenever she writes a novel. Perhaps all novelists do this, but Mrs. Alexander betrays it in a more open fashion. This uniformity of type, we think, does not materially lessen the interest in her stories. She has ingenuity in surrounding her characters with conditions that involve a well-constructed plot, and though she often uses the more sensational elements, as in the present case, to impart a turbulent and stormy impulse into the order of English life, they rarely, if ever, violate the law of probability and reason. "At Bay" has several murders and a railway accident in it, but they are not so melodramatic or forced as to be out of the logical

sequence of things. Most of the characters in the story are skilfully and strongly drawn, and this trained and artistic writer is, as usual, always charming and attractive in style.

Another volume in the "Leisure Hour Series," Miss Fothergill's "Healey," fully justifies Holt's well-deserved reputation as a publisher of excellent taste and literary insight. By far the best series of American publications in fiction has been given to the public by this publishing house, and we naturally look for something thoroughly good in each addition. "Healey," by the author of "The First Violin," is no disappointment. The story is simple, tender, and strong, the scene being laid in an English manufacturing town. The principal woman character derives a charm entirely devoid of association with those conventional charms of person which the novelist generally finds indispensable. She is, indeed, absolutely plain, if not ill-favored, prematurely aged and worn by responsibilities. Yet her nature gradually unfolds itself to us with a pure, grave sweetness, which leaves an aroma like that of some delicate flower. Strength and tenderness are wedded in her, and she bears the burdens of her life with such simple dignity as to win a sympathy not to be conquered by beauty. She finds her correlative in her brother's overseer, a man of far inferior birth and education, but gifted with a strength, force, and sincerity of nature which appeal irresistibly to her own. It is not necessary to trace the complications, growing out of the headstrong sins of others, that gradually break down the barriers of pride and make her welcome the affection of her humble lover as the truest and sturdiest resting-place for a sorely wounded heart. The picture given us of life in an English manufacturing town, subject to the social and industrial convulsions so frequent in this age, is vividly and carefully drawn, and the different characters, whose interplay furnish the material of the plot of the story, are keenly discriminated. Altogether "Healey" is a book far above the common, and well worth the reading of those who look for something more in a novel than a conventional or sensational story.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Edited by Sidney J. Low, B.A., and F. S. Pulling, M.A. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

This is designed as a convenient hand-book for the study of English history. In the great multiplication of books and authorities it has become very important to have some guide-

book, so to speak, which enables us readily to find out special matters, or at least to get easily at a clue whereby we may recall our own impressions, and learn where to find details, if we choose to have them. The plan of the publisher and editors has been to produce a book which should give concisely the information, biographical, bibliographical, chronological and constitutional, which the reader of English history would be apt to need for reference. The work is not exhaustive, but so far as any handbook can fill the purpose of the needs of historical reference this one seems to have achieved the purpose. At the end of each paragraph or subject, the authorities are given where the reader may dip more deeply into the matter if he so elects. The editors have been assisted in the work by a number of well-known English scholars, and every pains appears to have been taken to make this dictionary accurate and reliable. Probably there are few books of 1119 royal octavo pages which contain more valuable matter for reference use by the student. There is also an exhaustive index which adds considerably to the practical worth of the book.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. ALEX. GARDNER will shortly publish a sumptuous edition of the Waverley Novels, edited by Scott's great-grand-daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. The new Abbotsford Edition, as it is to be called, will be distinguished from others by specialties in type and paper, and by new illustrations.

M. PAUL MEYER is editing for the Société des anciens textes français a MS. discovered two years ago at Courtrai, containing a life of Thomas à Becket in French, of about five hundred verses. This differs from two other similar lives already known in that it describes an interview between Becket and Pope Alexander III. at Sens in 1165, after which the two travelled together to Bourges. But the chief interest of the MS. is linguistic and archæological. From certain peculiarities of style M. Meyer is led to believe that the author was an Englishman, writing at the beginning of the thirteenth century. On every page are one or two illuminations, showing interesting details with regard to the dress of the time. Some of these illuminations will be reproduced by heliogravure.

THE Swiss poet, August Corrodi, died at Zürich on August 17. He was born in 1826,

and studied theology at Zürich and Basel; but after completing his course, went to the Kunstakademie in München and devoted himself to art. His poems and popular stories for children were written while he was working as drawing master at Winterthur. His dialectal poetry is remarkable for its humor and naturalness.

AN anecdote, which admirably illustrates the character of the lamented antiquary, Mr. Thoms, relates to a conversation he had with Lord Macaulay in the Library of the House of Lords. Mr. Thoms mentioned to Lord Macaulay that he could not quite understand why Pope had satirized Dryden in "The Dunciad." Lord Macaulay said that Mr. Thoms must be mistaken, and, with his usual energy and eloquence (before an audience of a score of peers), he spoke for nearly half an hour in support of his opinion, and proved beyond all doubt that it was impossible that Pope *could* or *would* have lampooned Dryden. Mr. Thoms had all this time a copy of "The Dunciad" in his pocket, with the page turned down at the passage. He was, however, much too kind and too well bred to produce the volume.

THE various religious communities in the Smyrna region are vying with each other in promoting education. The Greek community maintain the lead they have long held. The Armenian community have appointed an honorary inspector, Mr. Papasian, to visit their schools in the viceroyalty of Aidin, at Smyrna, Aidin, Nazlu, Manisa (Magnesia ad Mæandrum), Cassaba, Keurk Aghaj, Bergamo (Pergamus), &c. The Jews, under the influence of the association in London, have given new life to their people by the introduction of Western studies. The Turks are setting up middle schools.

THE Portuguese authorities in Goa have been following the example set by their neighbors in British India in aiding female education. A college for females is about to be established at Goa, and the archbishop has interested himself in the project. The college will be under the management of two trained teachers to be imported from Europe.

THE Government of India have recently communicated to the various newspapers in India the text of a copyright bill which they intend to introduce into the Legislative Council. Since so far back as 1864 the Government have been urged to take some steps toward amending the existing law, which was enacted

in 1847. The new bill is based mainly on the provisions of the English bill which was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord John Manners in 1879, and which was intended to give effect to the recommendations of the Copyright Commission of 1878. An important section of the Indian Bill is that which declares the translation of a book an infringement of copyright, with a proviso barring the operation of the section if the author has not published a translation within three years from the publication of the original. Another important innovation is the proposal to give, with certain limitations, copyright in lectures. But the most novel provision of the bill is that which proposes to confer on newspaper proprietors copyright for twenty-four hours in telegrams provided at their own cost. Many of the newspapers naturally complain of this restriction, while the more important object that the duration of the copyright to be granted is too short to be of any practical use.

THE municipal libraries of Paris, the first of which was opened in 1865, now number forty-two. The total number of books read or consulted during the past year was nearly 700,000, of which no less than 400,000 were novels; next in order of attractiveness come belles-lettres, science, geography, and history.

AN historic café in Paris has just been closed—the café Procope, in the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, which is said to be the oldest in France and the first where ices were introduced. During the eighteenth century it was the favorite resort of the Academicians, many of whose portraits are painted on the walls. In modern times it was the meeting-place of a political club.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has been placed on the house No. 120 rue de Bac, where Chateaubriand died.

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome, the Pope recently distributed among the cardinals copies of an edition of his Latin poems, which he has had printed on rose-paper, in fine Elzevir type, with a border of engravings. The poems are arranged in chronological order, beginning with 1828. Their total number is thirty-three, including translations into Italian verse by the Pope himself. The volume is an octavo, bearing the title *Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina*.

AN important resolution on the subject of Mohammedan education has recently been issued by the Government of India. It is pointed out that since the time of Warren

Hastings the backwardness of Mohammedans in educational matters has always been a subject of regret to Government, and a review is given of the various remedies which have been adopted. It is not proposed, however, to institute at present any special inquiries on the subject, the labors of the recent education commission leaving little to be done in this respect. The Government cannot promise any special assistance to Mohammedans with regard to appointments in the public service usually awarded by competition, but they will direct that in the case of appointments made by selection Mohammedans shall have their fair share. The best advice, however, which Lord Dufferin can give to the Mohammedans is that they should frankly place themselves in line with Hindus and take full advantage of the Government system of high, and especially of English, education.

A WELL-KNOWN Sanskrit scholar, Pandit Tara Nath Tarkavachaspati, has recently died at Benares. He was upward of thirty years a professor in the Calcutta Sanskrit College and was well known to most of the Sanskrit scholars of Europe. He was the author of many Sanskrit works, including the "Vachospatya Encyclopædia," which he compiled single-handed.

THE "Library" Edition of Thackeray's works, now being published in England, which has been appearing volume by volume during the last two years, is now approaching completion, and the two additional volumes which will conclude the set may be expected shortly. Much interest will be felt in these two extra volumes, which are to consist entirely of Mr. Thackeray's hitherto uncollected writings. It is of course well known that much of his work, especially that belonging to an early period of his literary career, is scattered through old magazines and periodicals, and is thus practically out of reach of the ordinary reader. The copyright of some of these early writings has just expired, or is about to do so, and they would of course be immediately and indiscriminately reprinted.

It is said that a large and interesting collection of letters and papers bearing upon the social and rural history of East Anglia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has turned up among the archives of the Marquis Townshend at Ralgham-park. It was known that Sir Nathaniel Bacon, second son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, had left a number of manuscripts behind him, and that

these had come into the possession of the Townshends at the death of Sir Nathaniel in 1622, but they had never been examined or arranged. This correspondence is said to contain some remarkable illustrations of the working of the vagrancy and bastardy laws, the legislation against Popish recusants, the hardships experienced by poor people with common rights, the character of the clergy, and other kindred matters during the period which the correspondence covers.

THE Asiatic Society of Bengal has just issued a centenary review of the work accomplished by it. The first meeting of the Society took place during the governor-generalship of Warren Hastings in the year 1784.

THE Italian Minister of Public Instruction, in order to encourage the study of national bibliography, has decided, upon the recommendation of a commission nominated by him, to offer a prize of 3,000 lire for the best catalogue of Italian bibliographical literature. The work is to comprehend: (1) General and special bibliographies written by Italians; (2) bibliographies concerning Italy compiled by foreigners; (3) catalogues of MSS. and printed books in Italian libraries; (4) catalogues of MSS. and printed books relating to Italian matters preserved in foreign libraries.

A RESIDENT at Tangiers, in a private letter dated August 1st, says:—

"The Sultan wants to have some school-books printed in the native language, and has especially named geography, arithmetic, outlines of history, and elementary chemistry; also a first book on astronomy. Cannot some one manage to get up a publishing company in Tangiers? It would soon pay a good dividend on the capital invested, and would effect a vast amount of good."

THE death is announced of Prof. Ludwig Lange, the author of the well-known "Manual of Roman Antiquities" published in Weidmann's series of classical hand-books, and colleague of the late George Curtius at Leipzig.

THE collection of Oriental MSS. belonging to the late Prof. Ernest Trumpp has been bought by the University Library at Munich. It is particularly rich in Pushtu and Sindhi texts, partly originals, partly copies.

THE Louvre has recently acquired about thirty-one demotic papyri, chiefly dating from the reigns of Psammetichus and Amasis, the addition of which makes the collection under the charge of M. Réveillout undoubtedly the most complete in Europe.

MISCELLANY.

THE BISHOP'S COPY. — Careless penmen know little or reck little of the loss of time and temper consequent on the obscurity of their hieroglyphics. I hold that, as a rule, there is a beam in the eye of the author for every mote that he detects in the eye of the printer. Such expressions as "printer's errors" and "errors of the press" are often very unfair. The author himself is most frequently the primary cause of the errors which provoke so much annoyance. They are the Nemesis of the injury he inflicts by his bad handwriting on the humbler "man of letters." Surely authors have only themselves to blame when the interpretation of their handwriting is rendered a matter of speculation rather than a plain matter of fact. Where the copy is a smudgy mass of dark hints and subtle suggestions as to what the author wants to have printed, errors occur of necessity; but why blame the printer? According to my experience it is a wonder that "errors of the press" are not more frequent and more flagrant than they actually are. Generally speaking, authors are almost as careless with their proofs as they are with their copy, but they seem remarkably dexterous in detecting, after publication, errors which they had ample opportunity to correct in the proof sheets. How vile some copy is may be dimly understood upon just consideration of the following mild illustration: A living Bishop writes such an atrocious scrawl as passes description. Upon one occasion a compositor groped his way through this copy until he came to a phrase which baffled his understanding and staggered his imagination. He was fain to pray in aid: "Egsplain this, men and angels!" After a long conference some one was seized with an inspiration: "Perhaps it's Greek." So the passage was set up in such Greek characters as desperation suggested. There ensued a fine confusion of letters; Greek met Greek in fierce antagonism. Only think of the philological acumen which would have been employed on that "Greek" passage! or imagine its blood-curdling effect on the Bishop, if the printer's reader had not discovered—by some Owen-like exhibition of inferential sagacity—that the words were, after all, very commonplace English! After this the "reader" was not at all shocked to find that, a little further on, the compositor had "reversed the spell" by mistaking some of the Bishop's Greek for English! As I had a hand in the matter I can vouch for the truth of the story. Compositors on piecwork

have reason to dread the Bishop's copy, for it will only yield them sixpence while they ought to be earning eighteenpence.—*Notes and Queries*.

MUSICAL PITCH.—It was during the dictatorship of Costa that musical pitch in England rose to the height at or about which it now stands, and a full recognition of the merits of that great conductor should not blind us to the two evil effects entailed by this supposed gain of general brilliancy and sonority—we mean the harm done to the voices of public singers, and the wrong inflicted upon composers whose works had to be mutilated in order to bring them within the range of the human voice. For instance, the enormous intrinsic difficulties presented to vocalists by Beethoven's mass in D were so far enhanced by the pitch adopted by Costa, that at the performances of that work in 1854, 1861, and 1870, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, he was obliged to transpose, or even alter certain numbers of the vocal score. The resolution of the meeting of the Society of Arts was a dead letter, and when a crisis did occur nine years later it may fairly be said to have been forced on by the single action of a great vocalist. Mr. Sims Reeves declined to sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society, giving as his reason in a letter to the *Athenæum*, the abnormally high pitch then prevailing. Detractors were not slow to insinuate that he was merely consulting the interests of his own organ, and not those of musicians as a whole. The *odium musicum* was aroused, and the papers of the day were filled with correspondence on the subject. But the matter did not end here, for this "strike" on the part of an invaluable artist gave an entirely practical turn to the controversy. An enterprising firm of musical publishers took up the cause, and organized a series of oratorio concerts, with Mr. Sims Reeves as their chief attraction, and the adoption of the French pitch as the chief novelty of their programme. A new organ, tuned to the *diapason normal*, was built for the purpose, the necessary wind instruments were purchased in Paris, and the services of Mr. Barnaby secured as conductor. Now, as no mention whatever was made at the recent public meeting held in St. James's Hall of this practical test of the lower pitch, which extended over several seasons and was attended with remarkable success, we may be allowed, in order to complete this brief historical survey of the pitch question, to summarize the net results of this experiment so far as they can be gathered from contemporary press

notices. From these it is evident that while undoubted relief was afforded to the singers, no perceptible falling off in brilliancy or sonority was apparent. The critics were almost unanimous in following the lead set by the writer in the *Times*—presumably the late Mr. Davison—who candidly confessed that the difference between the pitches seemed so slight as hardly to be worth taking into serious account. A great number of these gentlemen took no notice of the change at all; and after the first season, press references to the altered pitch were almost exclusively confined to the statement that it was still upheld. One newspaper which had assailed the innovation at the outset, was obliged to admit, on the occasion of the performance of the mass in D, that the adoption of the French pitch was a great advantage; and in another journal the *diapason normal* was attacked for the grotesque reason that, no grand piano tuned to that standard being available, the "queen of pianistes"—Mme. Arabella Goddard—was compelled to submit to the indignity of performing the pianoforte solo in the Choral Fantasia upon a semi-grand. Eventually the need of more extended accommodation for the performers induced the promoters of these oratorio concerts to migrate to Exeter Hall, where they were obliged to conform to the pitch of the organ, and abandon the *diapason normal*. The general public had ceased to take an interest in the question of pitch, and the musical world at large refused to be convinced of the expediency of the alteration. Thus the movement may be said to have died a natural death, but not before it had practically demonstrated the feasibility of the change where the question of expense was not allowed to stand in the way.—*The Spectator*.

TEA AND COFFEE IN INDIA.—Of late years much attention has been given to the growth of tea and coffee in India. The soil and climate in many parts have been found very favorable to their production. During years of residence in the hill province of Kumaon we had tea plantations all around us. The Government led the way in this enterprise. Chinamen, trained in their own country to grow and manufacture tea, were brought to the province, and under their management tea of excellent quality was produced. The Government gradually retired and left the field open to private enterprise. Many plantations are now in the province, a few belonging to individuals, but the greater number to companies, originated and sustained mainly by European capital. The

management of some of the largest plantations has been intrusted to experienced Scotch gardeners, who have soon made themselves acquainted with the process of tea-growing and tea-making, and have dispensed with the services of the Chinamen, most of whom have returned to their own country. The entire work is now done by natives of the province under European direction. Most of the gardens are laid out on tracts of mountain and forest which had been the property of the Government, and the land has consequently been acquired with an ease which would not have been practicable had it belonged to natives, who in such matters are manœuvring to a degree which few Europeans can follow and haggling to an extent the most patient can scarcely bear. Difficulties have sometimes risen regarding the right of pasture over these tracts, but they have not been formidable, and they have been soon settled by the Government. There is no forced labor in these plantations. From many miles around the people have flocked for employment, and by the wages paid to them their position has been immensely improved. Of the many thousands of pounds laid out on these plantations a large portion has gone to the workmen in the shape of wages. We have often seen the people in the fields and in the factory, and we do not remember to have seen them once subjected to the whip or the stick. They are well looked after to prevent them from shirking work and from stealing tea, but we have observed no instance of cruel treatment. In fact they know well that if cruelly or unjustly treated they have only to go to the authorities to obtain a patient hearing. The sick are supplied with medicine. We have occasionally approached a tea plantation on a Saturday afternoon, and we have seen them trooping away merrily to their homes—which, we were told, were miles distant—with their week's wages to spend the Sunday with their families and return on Sunday night to the plantation to resume work on Monday morning. Among tea planters there is no doubt the diversity which is found in every class, but if we can judge from what we have seen—and we have seen much—of their relation to their workmen, we can say the relation is as pleasant as can well be found between employers and employed. Where, as in Assam, labor is not procurable on the spot, and has to be imported from a distance, the relation is more difficult, as there is a danger of persons, brought from a distance and paid in advance, failing to fulfil their engagements, and, on the other hand, of managers abusing their power

over a people far from their homes.—*The British Quarterly Review*.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.—At the age of 14 William left school to enter his father's profession. It was fortunate for him that he had not to pass an examination, for he would have had less chance of doing so than the youngest child in a modern infant school. Hardly a line in his letters was free from mistakes in spelling, and punctuation was a refinement of which he had not so much as an idea. But he had not suffered from overpressure; his mind, following Nature's prescription, had devoured and assimilated the food that suited it; and he had fought and played and run till his body had become vigorous and active as that of a young lion. Indeed, it may be said of him, as of other distinguished men whose early want of education their biographers have deplored, that he had learned what fitted him best for the work which he had to do. After passing through two regiments he was presented by his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, with a cornetcy in the Blues, and went to Canterbury to join that regiment. But something better was in store for him. Gen. John Moore, who was then at Shorncliffe, training the brigade which he was to make famous, offered him a Lieutenancy in the Fifty-second Regiment. Napier accepted the offer, and Moore was so delighted with the readiness with which he gave up the high pay of the Household Brigade and the pleasures of London in order to study his profession, that from thenceforth he took a special interest in watching and assisting his progress. In 1804, Napier was made a Captain in the Forty-third, another of the regiments of Moore's Brigade. This regiment was at that time one of the worst in the army; and Napier's company was the worst in the regiment. But the boy was resolved to become a real soldier. Before he had been three months at Shorncliffe he was admitted to be one of the best Captains in the corps; and his company was reduced to perfect order. The influence which he gained over his men was in great part due to the fact that, while vigorously enforcing their obedience, he heartily joined in all their sports. With some of his brother officers, however, his relations were less smooth. "The greatest pleasure," he wrote, "I have had since I came was, when Gen. Moore was made a knight, to make them drink his health. My fingers itched to throw the bottles at their heads when they seemed to make difficulties about it. Had they refused I would have by myself drank a bum-

per, broken the glass on the table, and left the mess immediately." In spite, however, of disagreements like these the years that preceded his first experience of active service were singularly happy. He yearned, indeed, to be with his mother; but he wrote to her continually, and his letters, ill-spelled and ill-written as they were, are delightful to read, now tender, now sparkling with fun, and abounding with warm expressions of love for his relations and of admiration for his chief. Fond as he was of athletic games he spent much time in quieter pursuits—studying military history, and amusing himself by learning to draw. At this period of his life he was at times almost drunk with animal spirits. Many years afterward he described how one afternoon, while staying at Putney with William Pitt, he and Lady Hester Stanhope and her two brothers had fallen in a body on their laughing host, and had ended by holding him down on the floor and blacking his face with burned cork.—*The National Review*.

CONSUMMÉ OF CAVE BEAR.—There is something at first sight rather ridiculous in the idea of eating a fossil. To be sure, when the frozen mammoths of Siberia were first discovered, though they had been dead for at least 80,000 years (according to Dr. Croll's minimum reckoning for the end of the great ice age), and might, therefore, naturally have begun to get a little musty, they had nevertheless been kept so fresh, like a sort of prehistoric Australian mutton, in their vast natural refrigerators, that the wolves and bears greedily devoured the precious relics for which the naturalists of Europe would have been ready gladly to pay the highest market price of best beef-steaks. Those carnivorous vandals gnawed off the skin and flesh with the utmost appreciation, and left nothing but the tusks and bones to adorn the galleries of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington. But then wolves and bears, especially in Siberia, are not exactly fastidious about the nature of their meat diet. Furthermore, some of the bones of extinct animals found beneath the stalagmitic floor of caves in England and elsewhere, presumably of about the same age as the Siberian mammoths, still contain enough animal matter to produce a good strong stock for antediluvian broth, which has been scientifically described by a high authority as pre-Adamite jelly. The congress of naturalists at Tübingen a few years since had a smoking tureen of this cave-bone soup placed upon the dinner-table at

their hotel one evening, and pronounced it with geological enthusiasm "scarcely inferior to prime ox-tail." But men of science, too, are accustomed to trying unsavory experiments, which would go sadly against the grain with less philosophic and more squeamish palates. They think nothing of tasting a caterpillar that birds will not touch, in order to discover whether it owes its immunity from attack to some nauseous, bitter, or pugent flavoring; and they even advise you calmly to discriminate between two closely similar species of snails by trying which of them when chewed has a delicate *souffron* of oniony aroma. So that naturalists in this matter, as the children say, don't count; their universal thirst for knowledge will prompt them to drink anything, down even to *consommé* of quaternary cave bear.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

THE TURKISH SOLDIER AND SAILOR.—Universal conscription is the order of the day in Turkey. Every male Mohammedan is liable to service except those fortunate enough to have been born in Constantinople, the Turkish capital possessing the privilege of conferring exemption on its citizens by birth. On attaining the age of 21, every Turk has to present himself at the military centre of the district wherein he resides, and draw for the ballot. Those fortunate enough to obtain lucky numbers pass at once into the "Iktihat," as also those for whom there may be no room in the "cadres" of the peace establishment of the army. Six years is the regular period of service in the "Nizam," four with the regiment, and two in its "Iktihat." After leaving the "Nizam," the "reservist" becomes a "Redif" for eight years, and then passes into the "Mustafiz" for the full period of his life during which he is capable of bearing arms. The "Redifs" are divided into two classes, first and second, of equal periods in respect to service. Curious, however, as it will no doubt appear in the eyes of Western military critics, it is the second class of the "Redifs"—that is, the older men—who are called out first. The reason of this is, as I am given to understand, that the Government is thus enabled to get a few years' more military service out of the men in case of need than it otherwise would, from the tendency of this measure to arrest the movement of the seventh year's "Redifs" into the "Mustafiz." The manning of the Ottoman Navy is on the military system. A line-of-battle ship, or iron-clad of the first class, is a regiment, and a smaller vessel a battalion.

The officers all bear military titles identical with those of the army, and the crews are divided into and worked by "buluts" or companies, instead of watches. The conscripts for both services are drawn by the War Office, which drafts off to the Admiralty each year the number of men that may be required. Just as each corps d'armée has its reserves residing at home, so the navy has its reserves immediately available for manning the fleet to its full strength at the shortest notice. The men for the navy are selected from the population of the districts bordering the Black Sea. A large proportion of them are Lazes, a race with special aptitude for a seafaring life. Here and there a man may be met with more familiar on first arriving at Constantinople with a plough-tail than a windlass or tiller, but as a rule they either hail from Trebizond or one of the many small ports beyond. All that has been said in favor of the Turkish soldier may be said with equal truth of the Turkish sailor. He is the same good fellow, patient and docile, with the instinct of discipline very strongly developed in his mental constitution. He is very easily trained, for he follows instruction with unquestioning obedience, and has in him the making of a seaman and gunner of whom any nation may well be proud. I have had great experience of the Turkish sailor, both in placing torpedoes and mooring beacon buoys, and have ever found him as quick to learn as he was to obey. It has also fallen to my lot to find myself on board of a Turkish ship of war while on fire, and on another occasion when there was danger of the vessel becoming a total wreck from having grounded upon a sunken reef in the Red Sea. These were circumstances well calculated, as I think the reader will allow, to try the seamanlike qualities of any crew, and I am happy to say that on each occasion the vessel was pulled through her difficulties by the unaided exertions of those on board. So much for the quality of the men.—*Woods Pasha, in the Nineteenth Century.*

OMAR KHAYYAM.—Edward Fitzgerald, that accomplished Cambridge scholar and sensitive literary recluse, lived almost all his life in the retirement of the country. He was master of many languages, and of an admirable style both in poetry and prose. His singular intellectual temperament, in which originality and culture bore equal parts, found its best expression in verse translations, which were in truth not so much translations as highly finished

variations on the theme furnished by his text. The best known of these is his beautiful rendering of a selection from the quatrains of the pathetic and profound Oriental sceptic, mystic, and hedonist, Omar Khayyām :—

"Up from Earth's Centre to the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road,
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key ;
There was the Veil through which I might not see ;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THOU
There was—and then no more of THOU and ME."

When in the mind of the lover of literature there rises up the music of these or other such-like haunting cadences from the English version of Omar Khayyām, he must feel that his debt for a high and peculiar poetic pleasure is at least equally divided between the old astronomer-poet of Nalshapur and the latter-day retired scholar of Woodbridge. No man was in truth ever more genuinely and shrinkingly averse than Fitzgerald from notoriety and from the crowd. Many of his compositions he would never print at all ; others, including the "Omar Khayyām," for a long time only privately ; and when at last he suffered this masterpiece to be published, he even then withheld his name, which remained unknown to the end except to a very narrow circle of students and friends. Among the latter were several of the chief men of letters of his age, as Thackeray, Tennyson, and Carlyle, who were accustomed from time to time to come down and visit him in one or other of his Woodbridge haunts. Very familiar to my own boyhood was the somewhat eccentric figure and melancholy face of this recluse, as one met him wandering absently among the lanes, with hat thrown back, blue spectacles on nose, and a gray plaid cast about his shoulders. A great lover was he, too, of the Deben water, and his favorite source of amusement for many years was a little yacht, in which he used to ply to and fro about our coasts and creeks.—*Sidney Colvin, in the "Magazine of Art."*

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.—The law does not give encouragement to the adoption, by kindly disposed persons, of children whose natural guardians have forsaken them. Three cases came before the metropolitan magistrates last week which tend to justify the conclusion that some alteration in the existing state of things is necessary. In one instance a young married woman said that three years ago she adopted, with the consent of the mother, an infant of three weeks old, and complained that

now her husband and herself had learnt to regard the child as their own the mother had reappeared and proposed to forcibly take possession of her deserted offspring. In another case a married couple who for some years had taken charge of a boy abandoned by its mother, wanted to know whether they were obliged to comply with the claim of a solicitor who was instructed by its parent to demand that it should be returned, and refused to pay for the cost of its maintenance; and, in a third, the father of an illegitimate child sought to obtain the aid of a magistrate to enable him to secure the custody of the infant. The first of the applicants extorted an expression of sympathy, the second was assured that he must give up the child to its mother, and the third was told that there was no power in the Court by which the custodians of the child could be compelled to surrender the child to its father. The last is not a very hard case. A man who has an illegitimate child must not expect much compassion, and a man who only manifests an interest in his child when the mother is dead, cannot suppose that he will be credited with fine parental solicitude. The law in regard to bastards is not satisfactory. It is as essential to protect men from the machinations of designing women as women from the duplicity of unprincipled men. The social stigma that attaches to women cannot be imposed upon men. But the rich seducer can, if he thinks proper to take advantage of an Act of Parliament which presses heavily enough upon a poor man, escape with a penalty he does not feel; and this ought not to be. Sir William Grenville Williams, whose youthful sins appear to have entailed a punishment beyond their proportion, chose the more honorable way; but the exceptions, we are afraid, only prove the rule. Whatever may be the defects of the bastardy law, it is greatly to be regretted that any impediments should be thrown in the way of those who are willing and able to undertake the bringing up of other people's children—of some of the thousands of waifs and strays whose welfare should be one of the considerations of statesmen and philanthropists.—*Figaro*.

THE "STAR CHAMBER" AND THE COURT OF HIGH COMMISSION.—The courts of the Star Chamber and High Commission were tribunals unknown to the common law of the land, exercising a jurisdiction quite incompatible with the existence of liberty, and apt to become the means of all sorts of oppression. It would take too much space to examine the whole his-

tory of these courts. With regard to the former of them, the Star Chamber, much ignorance prevails, and advantage has been taken to throw a sentimental and false color upon its actions, with a view to making it an element in the composition of historical romances. It will be sufficient to say that it was a court composed of the king himself, and such members of his privy council as he chose to summon; that it took cognizance of certain offences not then noticed as such by the ordinary law courts, such as libel and slander, and also assumed a right to take any case it chose from the consideration of the regular courts of law, and especially the criminal courts, and deprived a man in this way of the right of trial by his peers, which had been secured for him by Magna Charta. The lords of the council were at once judges and jury, even in cases where the Crown was concerned; there was not any appeal from their decision, and the sentences of the court were often most ruinous (notwithstanding the clause of the Great Charter which forbade any man to be fined to such an extent as would prevent his getting a livelihood), even where they did not condemn a man to imprisonment, and sometimes to torture. Any punishment short of death—and many of the punishments came only just short of it—the court of Star Chamber asserted its power to inflict; and the claim having been put forward in action at a time when men were not able to question it, came at length to be looked on almost as a matter of course, except by those who suffered by it, and by those faithful guardians of the liberties of England who only bided their time to announce that the court itself was an illegal thing, and ought to be abolished. The High Commission was a tribunal invented under Queen Elizabeth, a sort of ecclesiastical Star Chamber, composed of ecclesiastics, who made it their business to "sniff out moral taints," and to persecute any one who worshipped God in any other way than that prescribed by the Church of England. It was armed with power to fine and imprison, and this power it used till resistance became so strong, even under Elizabeth, that it was deemed prudent to admonish it from above. It was a sort of Protestant Inquisition; but Englishmen were not Spaniards, and the seeds of priestly tyranny were crushed ere they could grow into a plant. Still it existed, in company with the Star Chamber, which ever waxed more and more intolerable in its administration under the successors of Elizabeth.—*Cassell's Popular Educator*.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS ERROR.

BY JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It would be easy to expose the errors about me, both in fact and in logic, for which Principal Fairbairn has made himself responsible in his May article in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, but that would not answer the purpose which leads me to write. Such an outlay of time and trouble is not what those who take an interest in me would thank me for. They would rather wish me to say what I myself think upon the subject he has opened, and whether there are any points for explanation lying about in the vehement rhetoric he has directed against me. Certainly they will not think there is any call for my assuring them that I am not a hidden sceptic; and I can meet them with the thankful recognition that for a long seventy years, amid mental trials sharp and heavy, I can, in my place and in my measure, adopt the words of St. Polycarp before his martyrdom: "For fourscore years

and six I have served my Lord, and He never did me harm, but much good; and can I leave Him now?" But this immunity neither has, nor ought to have, hindered me from entering with sympathy into the anxieties of those who are in this respect less happy than myself; and be it a crime or not, I confess to have tried to aid them according to my ability. Not that I can pretend to be well read in mental science, but I have used such arguments and views as are congenial to my own mind, and I have not been unsuccessful in my use of them.

As I have said in print, "A man's experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others. . . . He brings together his reasons and relies on them, because they are his own, and this is his primary evidence; and he has a second ground of evidence in the testimony of those who agree with him. But

his best evidence is in the former, which is derived from his own thoughts. . . . He states what are personally his own grounds in natural and revealed religion, holding them to be so sufficient that he thinks that others also do hold them implicitly or in substance, or would hold them, if they inquired fairly, or will hold if they listen to him, or do not hold from impediments, invincible or not as it may be, into which he has no call to inquire." ("Gram. of Assent," pp. 385-6.)

II.

Enough of introduction. I begin with what is of prime importance in Dr. Fairbairn's charges against me—the sense in which I use the word "Reason," against which Reason I have made so many and such strong protests. It is a misleading word, as having various meanings. It is sometimes used to signify the gift which distinguishes man from brute: I have not so used it. In this sense it is mainly a popular word, not a scientific. When so taken it is not a faculty of the mind, rather it is the mind itself; or it is a generalization, or it stands for the seat of all the mental powers together. For myself, I have taken it to mean the faculty of Reasoning in a large sense, nor do I know what other English word, to express that faculty, can be used instead of it. Besides, "Reason" is of a family of words all expressive of Reasoning. I may add that it is the meaning which Dr. Johnson puts upon the word, and the meaning which he traces through all its derivative senses, corroborating his account of it by passages from English authors. "Reason," he says, is "the power by which man deduces one proposition from another, or proceeds from premises to consequences; the rational faculty; discursive power." Also it is the sense, I suppose, which Principal Fairbairn himself gives to the word, for he speaks of "the region of reason and reasoning" (p. 667).

III

This being the recognised sense of the word, it is quite as important for my present purpose to show it to be the sense in which I have myself used "Reason" in what I have written at

various times; though Dr. Fairbairn, as having "studied all my books" (p. 663), must be well aware of it already. For instance:

First, I discard the vague popular sense of it as the distinguishing gift of man in contrast to the brute creation. "Sometimes," I say, "it stands for all in which man differs from the brutes; and so it includes in its signification the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong and the directing principle of conduct. In this sense certainly I do not here use it." ("Univ. Sermon," p. 58.)

This is but a negative account of it, but in another sermon I speak more distinctly: "By the exercise of reason is properly meant any process or act of the mind, by which, from knowing one thing, it advances on to know another." (*Ibid.* p. 223.)

Again: "It is obvious that even our senses convey us but a little way out of ourselves, and introduce us to the external world only under circumstances, under conditions of time and place, and of certain media through which they act. We must be near things to touch them; we must be interrupted by no simultaneous sounds in order to hear them; we must have light to see them; we can neither see, hear, nor touch things past or future. Now, Reason is that faculty of the mind by which this deficiency is supplied; by which knowledge of things external to us—of beings, facts, and events—is attained beyond the range of sense; . . . it brings us knowledge—whether clear or uncertain, still knowledge, in whatever degree of perfection, from every side; but, at the same time, with this characteristic, that it obtains it indirectly, not directly, . . . on the hypothesis of something else . . . being assumed to be true." (*Ibid.* p. 206.)

And again: "Reason, according to the simplest view of it, is the faculty of gaining knowledge without direct perception, or of ascertaining one thing by means of another. In this way it is able, from small beginnings, to create to itself a world of ideas, which do or do not correspond to the things themselves for which they stand, or are true or not, according as it is exercised soundly or otherwise." (*Ibid.* p. 256.)

IV.

These passages are on subjects of their own; but they will serve the purpose of making clear the account which in times past, as now, I give of the reasoning faculty; and, in doing so, I have implied how great a faculty it is. In its versatility, its illimitable range, its subtlety, its power of concentrating many ideas on one point, it is for the acquisition of knowledge all-important or rather necessary, with this drawback, however, in its ordinary use, that in every exercise of it, it depends for success upon the assumption of prior acts similar to that which it has itself involved, and therefore is reliable only conditionally. Its process is a passing from an antecedent to a consequent, and according as the start so is the issue. In the province of religion, if it be under the happy guidance of the moral sense,* and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form, but certainties, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that their arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premises, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except if viewed as identical with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a “division,” a “contradiction,” and “a radical antagonism of nature,” and “the death of the natural proof” of a God. The eyes, and the hands, and the tongue, are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye, and a murderous hand, and a blaspheming tongue, without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as for bad.

V.

It must not be supposed then that I think a natural faculty of man to have

* I believe that some philosophers, as Kant, speak of the Moral Sense as a Divine Reason. Of course, I have no difficulty in accepting “Reason” in this sense; but I have not so used it myself.

been revolutionized because an enemy of truth has availed itself of it for evil purposes. This is what Dr. Fairbairn imputes to me, for I hold, it seems, that “in spite of the conscience there is” not a little “latent atheism in the nature, and especially in the reason, of man” (p. 665). Here he has been misled by the epithets which I attached in the “Apologia” to the Reason, as viewed in its continuous strenuous action against religious truth, both in and outside the Catholic body. I will explain why I did so. I had been referring to the fall of man, and our Catechisms tell us that the Fall opened upon him three great spiritual enemies, which need to be resisted by means natural and supernatural. I was led by my general subject to select one of the three for my remarks, and to ask how did it act, and by what instruments? The instruments of the Evil One are best known to himself; the Flesh needs no instruments; the reasoning Faculty is the instrument of the World. The World is that vast community impregnated by religious error which mocks and rivals the Church by claiming to be its own witness, and to be infallible. Such is the World, the false Prophet (as I called it fifty years ago), and Reasoning is its voice. I had in my mind such Apostolic sayings as “Love not the world, neither the things of the world,” and “A friend of the world is the enemy of God;” but I was very loth, as indeed I am on the present occasion, to *preach*. Instead then of saying “the World’s Reason,” I said, “Reason actually and historically,” “Reason in fact and concretely in fallen man,” “Reason in the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany,” Reason in “every Government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind,” Reason in the “wild living intellect of man,” which needs its “stiff neck bent,” that ultra “freedom of thought which is in itself one of the greatest of our natural gifts,” “that deep plausible scepticism” which is “the development of human reason as practically exercised by the natural man.” That is, Reason as wielded by the living World against the teaching of the Infallible Church.

And I was sanctioned in thus speak-

ing by St. Paul's parallel use of the word "Wisdom," which is one of the highest gifts given to man, and which, nevertheless, he condemns considered as the World's Wisdom, pronouncing that "the World by Wisdom knew not God."

VI.

In thus shifting the blame of hostility to religion from man reasoning to man collective, I may seem to be imputing to a divine ordinance (for such human society is) what I have disclaimed to be imputing to man's gift of reason; but this is to mistake my meaning. The World is a collection of individual men, and any one of them may hold and take on himself to profess unchristian doctrine, and do his best to propagate it; but few have the power for such a work, or the opportunity. It is by their union into one body, by the intercourse of man with man, and the consequent sympathy thence arising, that error spreads and becomes an authority. Its separate units which make up the body rely upon each other, and upon the whole, for the truth of their assertions; and thus assumptions and false reasonings are received without question as certain truths, on the credit of alternate appeals and mutual cheers and *imprimaturs*.

I should like, if I could, to give a specimen of these assumptions, and the reasonings founded on them, which in my "Apologia" I considered to be "corrosive" of all religion; but before doing so, I must guard against misconception of what I am proposing. First, I am not proposing to carry on an argument against Dr. Fairbairn, whose own opinions, to tell the truth, I have not a dream of; but I would gladly explain, or rather complete on particular points, the statement I have before now made in several works about Faith and Reason. Next, I can truly say that, neither in those former writings nor now, have I particular authors in mind who are, or are said to be, prominent teachers in what I should call the school of the world. Such an undertaking would require a volume, instead of half a dozen pages such as these, and the study too of many hard questions; and I repeat here, I am attempting little more than to fill up a few of the *lacunæ*

to be found in a chapter of the "Apologia," which, like the rest of the book, had to be written *extempore*; certainly I have no intention here of entering into controversy. And further, I wish to call attention to a passage in one of my St. Mary's Sermons, headed, "The World our Enemy," which is not directly on the subject of religious error, but still is applicable when I would fain clear myself in what I am saying of falling unintentionally into any harsh and extreme judgments. A few sentences will be enough to show the drift with which I quote it.

"There is a question," I say, "which it will be well to consider—viz., how far the world is a separate body from the Church of God. The two are certainly contrasted in Scripture, but the Church, so far from being literally and in fact separate from the world, is within it. The Church is a body, gathered together indeed in the world, and in a process of separation from it. The world's power is over the Church, because the Church has gone forth into the world to save the world. All Christians are in the world, and of the world, so far as Evil still has dominion over them, and not even the best of us is clean every whit from sin. Though then, in our ideas of the one and the other, and in their principles and in their future prospects, the Church is one thing and the world is another, yet in present matter of fact the Church is of the world, not separate from it; for the grace of God has but partial possession even of religious men, and the best that can be said of us is, that we have two sides, a light side and a dark, and that the dark happens to be the outermost. Thus we form part of the world to each other, though we be not of the world. Even supposing there were a society of men influenced individually by Christian motives, still, this society, viewed as a whole, would be a worldly one; I mean a society holding and maintaining many errors, and countenancing many bad practices. Evil ever floats on the top." ("Sermons," vol. vii. pp. 35-6.)

In accordance with these cautions I will here avow that good men may imbibe to their great disadvantage the spirit of the world; and, on the contrary, inferior men may keep themselves comparatively clear of it.

VII.

These explanations being made, I take up the serious protest which I began in the "Apologia." I say then, that if, as I believe, the world, which the Apostles speak of so severely as a False Prophet,*

* *Vide* University Sermons, "Contrast between Faith and Sight."

is identical with what we call human society now, then there never was a time since Christianity was, when, together with the superabundant temporal advantages which by it have come to us, it had the opportunity of being a worse enemy to religion and religious truth than it is likely to be in the years now opening upon us. I say so, because in its width and breadth it is so much better educated and informed than it ever was before, and, because of its extent, so multiform and almost ubiquitous. Its conquests in the field of physical science, and its intercommunion of place with place, are a source to it both of pride and of enthusiasm. It has triumphed over time and space; knowledge it has proved to be emphatically power; no problems of the universe—material, moral, or religious—are too great for its ambitious essay and its high will to master. There is one obstacle in its path: I mean the province of religion. But can religion hope to be successful? It is thought to be already giving way before the presence of what the world considers a new era in the history of man.

VIII.

With these thoughts in my mind, I understand how it has come to pass, what has struck me as remarkable, that the partisans and spokesmen of Society, when they come to the question of religion, seem to care so little about proving what they maintain, and, on the warrant of their philosophy, are content silently and serenely to take by implication their first principles for granted, as if, like the teachers of Christianity, they were inspired and infallible. To the World, indeed, its own principles are infallible, and need no proof. Now, if its representatives would but be candid, and say that their assumptions, as ours, are infallible, we should know where they stand; there would be an end to controversy. As I have said before now, "Half the controversies in the world, could they be brought to a plain issue, would be brought to a prompt termination. Parties engaged in them would then perceive . . . that in substance . . . their difference was of first principles. . . . When men understand what each other means, they see for the most part that controversy is either

superfluous or hopeless." ("Univ. Sermon," p. 200-1.) The World, then, has its first principles of religion, and so have we. If this were understood, I should not have my present cause of protest against its Reason as corrosive of our faith. I do not grudge the World its gods, its principles, and its worship; but I protest against its sending them into Christian lecture-rooms, libraries, societies, and companies, as if they were Christian—criticising, modelling, measuring, altering, improving, as it thinks, our doctrines, principles, and methods of thought, which we refer to divine informants. One of my "University Sermons," in 1831, is on this subject; it is called "The Usurpations of Reason," and I have nothing to change in it. I was very jealous of the "British Association" at its commencement; not as if science were not a divine gift, but because its first members seemed to begin with a profession of Theism, when I said their business was to keep to their own range of subjects. I argued that if they began with Theism, they would end with Atheism. At the end of half a century I have still more reason to be suspicious of the upshot of secular schools. Not, of course, that I suppose that the flood of unbelief will pour over us in its fulness at once. A large inundation requires a sufficient time, and there are always in the worst times witnesses for the Truth to stay the plague.* Above all things, there is the Infallible Church, of which I spoke so much in the "Apologia." With this remark I proceed.

IX.

I will take an illustration of the prospect before us in the instance of a doctrine which is more than most the subject of dispute just now. Lest I should be mistaken, I avow myself to hold it, not because of the disintegrating consequences of letting it go, but on the simple word of the Divine Informant; yet I want to show the prospective development of error. A century ago the God of Christianity was called a God of mere benevolence. That could not long be

* *Vide* one of my University Sermons, "Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth."

maintained, first, because He was the God of the Old Testament as well as of the New, and next and specially because the New Testament opened upon us the Woe thrice uttered by the Judge himself, the Woe unquenchable denounced upon transgressors. But the instinct of modern civilization denies the very idea of such a doom in the face of a progressive future. Yet consider—is there not now, as an undeniable fact, a vast aggregate of intense weary pain, bodily and mental, which has existed through an untold length of centuries, all round the earth. Consider only the long pain and anguish which are the ordinary accompaniments of death. Supposing mankind has lasted many thousand years, the suffering has lasted just as long; there has been no interval of rest. But you will say it has an end, and is comparatively brief, to each mortal; then you mean to say that your objection to future suffering would cease were it only for a thousand years and not for ever? Considering what is told us of the punishment of Dives, would that alleviation really content you? I do not believe it; you would not be satisfied with the curtailment of such punishment even to a hundred years; nay, not to twenty, not to a dozen. In spite of the word of Scripture, your imagination would carry you away; you would shrink from the idea of a course of suffering altogether; death indeed you could not deny, but "after death the judgment" and a trial before it, would cease to be a reality to you. It is a subject beyond you; it is not duration which you revolt from, but rather the pain. Indeed, are we sure that long duration intensifies pain? We have no positive notion of suffering in relation to duration. Punishment is not therefore infinite, because it has no end. What alone we know about eternity is negatively, that there is no future when it will be otherwise. All that is necessary for us to be told is that the state of good and evil is irreversible.

X.

But again, what do we know of the obstacles to a reconciliation between God and man? Suppose the punishment is self-inflicted; suppose it is the will, the proud determination of the lost

to breathe defiance to his Maker, or the utter loathing of His Presence or His Court, which makes a reconciliation with Him impossible. To change such a one may be to change his identity. Moreover, what do we know of the rules necessary for the moral government of the universe? What acts of judgment are or are not compatible or accordant with the bearing of a Just Judge? and by what self-evident process do we ascertain this? What of His knowledge who is able to "search the heart?" We are told He is one who "overcomes when He is judged;" ought we not to have the whole case spread out for us, as it will be at the Last Day, before we venture to pronounce upon its details? They are parts of a whole. Go to what is the root of the mystery, and tell us what is the Origin of Evil. Solve this, and you may see your way to other difficulties. Does not this greatest of mysteries, the "Origin of Evil," fall as heavily upon Natural Religion as future punishment upon Revelation? After all, the Theist needs Faith as well as the Christian. All religion has its mysteries, and all mysteries are correlative with faith; and, where Faith is absent, the action of "corrosive reason," under the assumptions of educated society, passes on (as I have given offence by asserting) from Catholicity to Theism, and from Theism to a materialistic cause of all things. Dr. Fairbairn calls it sceptical to preach Faith, and to practise it.

XI.

I have confined myself to the Divine Judgment; but this is only one of the doctrines which the abolition of the Woe to come is made to compromise. Here again modern philosophy acts to the injury of revelation. Those solemn warnings of Scripture against disobedience to the law of right and wrong are but the fellow of the upbraidings and menaces of the human Conscience. The belief in the future punishment will not pass away without grave prejudice to that high Monitor. Are you, in losing its warning voice, to lose an ever-present reminder of an Unseen God? It is a bad time to lose this voice when efforts so serious have so long been making to resolve it into some intellectual theory or secular motive. But there is another

doctrine, too, that suffers when future punishment is tampered with—namely, what is commonly called the “Atonement.” The Divine Victim took the place of man; how will this doctrine stand if the final doom of the wicked is denied? Every one who escapes the penalty of pain, escapes it by virtue of the Atonement made for it; but so great a price as was paid for the remission supposes an unimaginable debt. If the need was not immense, would such a Sacrifice have been called for? Does not that Sacrifice throw a fearful light upon the need? And if the need be denied, will not the Sacrifice be unintelligible? The early martyrs give us their sense of it; they considered their torments as a deliverance from their full deserts, and felt that, had they recanted, it would have been at the risk of their eternal welfare. The Great Apostle is in his writings full of gratitude to the Power who has “delivered us from the wrath to come.” It is a foundation of the whole spiritual fabric on which his life is built. What remains of his Christianity if he is no longer to be penetrated by the thought of that “so great death” from which he had been now “delivered?” Can the religion with which Society at present threatens us be the same as the Apostle’s, if this solemn doctrine is in this Religion and not in that?

XII.

Shall I be answered that it is only dogma which is left out in modern Christianity? I understand; dogma is unnecessary for faith, because faith is but a sentiment; vicarious suffering is an injustice; spiritual benefits cannot be wrought by material instruments; sin is but a weakness or an ignorance; this life has nearer claims on us than the next; the nature of man is sufficient for itself; the rule of law admits no miracles; and so on. There is any number of these assumptions ready for the nonce, and there is Micio’s axiom in the play, soon perhaps to come upon us, “Non est flagitium, mihi crede, adolescentulum scortari.”

When Reason starts from assumptions such as these, its corrosive quality ought to be sufficient to satisfy Dr. Fairbairn.

P.S.—This is all I think it necessary to set down in explanation of passages in my “Apologia.” As to my other writings, I can safely leave them to take care of themselves. Any one that looks into them will see how strangely Principal Fairbairn has misrepresented them. But perhaps, for the sake of those who do not know them, it is my duty to denounce in a few words the monstrous words which he has used about me.

His *organon* of criticism is the old “Fallacy of the Leading Idea,” viz., that of imagining to himself an hypothesis, by which he may proceed to interpret such phenomena of intellect as it pleases him to ascribe to me, and thereby to save himself the task of quotations, or any pains to which a conscientious critic would feel himself bound. In fact, though he professes to have read, or rather to have “studied,” all my “works, tracts, essays, lectures, histories, and treatises,” after all he has selected for adverse notice (over and above the “Apologia”) only some clauses in an Oratorian and two sentences in an Oxford Sermon.

As to what he considers my “Leading Idea,” it is in truth an imputation as offensive to the feelings of a Catholic as it is preposterous in itself; it is that I have been and am thinking, living, professing, acting upon a wide-stretching, all-reaching platform of religious scepticism. This scepticism is the real key to my thoughts, my arguments, and my conclusions, to what I have said in the pulpit and what I have written in my study. I may not realize it, but I am “a poet,” and “it is the unconscious and undesigned” revelations of self “that testify more truly of a man” (p. 663). This, he tells us, is his deliberate view, gained with pains and care, and on my part admits of no escape.

“It will be necessary,” he says, when starting on his search for it, “to discover, if possible, Dr. Newman’s *ultimate ideas*, or the *regulative principles* of his thought” (p. 663). Next, “It is difficult, almost a cruel thing,” still a necessity, “to attempt to reach the *ultimate principles* that govern his thought” (p. 664). “Unless his *governing ideas* are reached, neither his mind nor his method can be understood” (*ibid.*). Once more: only by holding certain

points distinct "can we get at those *ultimate principles* or *ideas* we are here in search of" (p. 665).

At last he has found the object of his careful searching: he quotes some half-sentences from my "Apologia," which he does not understand, accuses me of denouncing the faculty of Reason (*supr.*, p. 460), asks how I come to do so, and then announces his discovery: "The reason must be sought in Dr. Newman's *underlying philosophy*," which is "empirical and sceptical" (p. 667). From "leading ideas" and "fundamental principles" I have all through my life shrunk as sophistical and misleading, but I do not wonder that Dr. Fairbairn should like them, for they are to him, as I have intimated, of the greatest service. His "underlying philosophy," gained so carefully, enables him to dispense in his criticisms on me with quotations, references, evidences, altogether.

To this use he puts his "Leading Idea" in the very next sentence after he has discovered it; and by the sole virtue of it he at once utters a sweeping condemnation of my "Grammar of Assent," without any one quotation or reference to support him. Thus he writes: "The real problem of the 'Grammar of Assent' is, How, without the consent and warrant of the reason, to justify the being of religion, and faith in that infallible church which alone realizes it. The whole book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism: this supplies its *motif*, determines its problem, necessitates its distinctions, rules over the succession and gradation of its arguments. His doctrine of assent, his distinction into notional and real, which itself involves a philosophy of the most empirical individualism, his criticism of Locke, his theories of inference, certitude, and the illative sense, all mean the same thing" (p. 667). Not a shred of quotation is given to support this charge—not a single reference; but at the end of it, instead of such necessary proof, a sentence is tacked on to it, which after some search I found, not in the Essay on Assent, but in one of my Sermons, written above thirty years before, taken out of its context, and cut off from the note upon it which I had added in its Catholic edition. Such is

the outcome of Dr. Fairbairn's scrupulous care, that "lectures and treatises should be chronologically arranged" (p. 663). Such, above all, is the gain of a "Leading Idea," and it is irresistible in the hands of Dr. Fairbairn; it ignores or overrides facts, however luminous. The instance I have given is a strong one, but I will set down some others.

For instance: 1. When I have with warmth and strength of words denied that the alternative of atheism is my *only* argument for believing in the Catholic Church, and given evidence in contradiction of the charge, he answers that it is "*certainly true*," on the contrary, that "I believe it is the only *real* alternative" (p. 664).

2. When I express my recognition of the "formal proofs on which the being of God rests," and "the irrefragable demonstration thence resulting," he says that my "recognition must be criticised in the light of my own *fundamental principle*; it is to me entirely illegitimate" (p. 668).

3. He cannot help being obliged to quote me as saying that the "unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God;" still he boldly says of me that "in my intellect, as I know it, in my reason, as I interpret it, I find no religion, no evidence for the being of a God" (p. 669).

4. When I say that I am a Catholic because I believe in God, and that Theism is attainable even under paganism ("Univ. Sermon," p. 21), "No," he answers, "you really mean that you are a Catholic in order that you may continue Theist" (p. 665).

5. And when I say that the Church's infallibility is "far from being" the only way of withstanding "the energy of human scepticism" ("Apol." p. 245), he answers that my "*position* will not allow me to hold that Theism existed without and independently of Catholicism" (p. 665).

6. "Reason," I have said in my "University Sermons," "when its exercise is conducted rightly, leads to knowledge; when wrongly, to error. It is able from small beginnings to create to itself a world of ideas. It is unlimited in its range. It supplies the deficiency of the senses. It reaches to the ends of the universe, and to the throne

of God beyond them. Also, it has a power of analysis and criticism in all opinion and conduct; nothing is true or right but what may be justified, and, in a certain sense, proved by it; and unless the doctrines received by faith are approvable by Reason, they have no claim to be regarded as true" (pp. 182, 206, 207, 256).

How carefully he has "studied" my writings! The account he gives of their teaching about Reason is this: "There is another and still deeper difference—the conception of the Reason. . . . Dr. Newman's language seems to me often almost impious" (p. 673).

Such are the convenient uses to which he puts his fundamental principle. No wonder he gratefully recognizes and records the service which his fundamental principle has done him in dis-

pensing with any more of that anxious searching which he found necessary in attaining it.

"Detailed criticism," he says, "of Dr. Newman's position, with its various assumptions and complex confusion of thought, is of course here impossible" (p. 669). Of course; impossible, and therefore let alone.

Marvellous is the power of a Fundamental View. There is said to have been a man who wrote English History, and could not be persuaded that the Heptarchy was over or Queen Anne dead, I forget which; and who, when pressed with a succession of facts to the contrary, did but reply, as each came before him, "O but, excuse me, *that* was an exception!" Dr. Fairbairn reminds me of that man.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE NOVEL OF MANNERS.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

IN one of the most curious discussions which ever escaped being brought to an untimely close by a request for definitions, Dr. Johnson in his usual oracular fashion observed: "Sir, there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and *there* is the difference between the characters of Richardson and those of Fielding. Characters of manners are very entertaining, but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." By way of further illustrating his meaning the Doctor went on to remark that there was as great a difference between these two writers as between "a man who knew how a watch was made and a man who could tell the hour by looking on a dial-plate." The analogy, though not at all expressive of the real distinction between the two great masters, and though it seems at first sight even unfair to the inferior of the two forms of art thus compared with each other, will be seen on a closer view to be marked by Johnson's customary felicity of comparison. Undoubtedly there is a way of studying

men and women which exactly resembles a reading of the hour on the dial-plate of a watch, and another way of studying them which bears as exact resemblance to an examination of its works.

But Boswell, in remarking by way of reply that "the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial-plates are brighter," was talking more than usually off the matter. His true answer to his "venerable friend" would have been first to have disputed the soundness of the distinction between Richardson's and Fielding's characters as "characters of nature" and "characters of manners;" secondly, to have denied that the two forms of characterisation need be, or in the highest art could be, mutually exclusive; and, thirdly, to point out that the question for the critic is not how much a novelist *knows* about human nature, but how much of it, and with what accompaniments of artistic charm and intellectual interest, he succeeds in exhibiting to his readers. A character of manners which is not also a character of nature becomes a study of superficial eccentricities; a character of nature which is not

also, at least to some extent, a character of manners becomes a piece of bare psychological analysis. The one is not high art; the other is not art at all, but science, or quasi-science.

Of course the aim both of Richardson and Fielding—and whenever they are at their best their attained aim—is the exhibition of human nature; and the latter no more forgets this aim in his descriptions of manners than the former attempts to dispense entirely with descriptions of manners in his constant effort toward that aim. As to “diving into the recesses of the human heart,” both of the two men have done that, as every man must before he can tell other people what is to be found there. The difference between them is a mere question of method. One of them will not, or cannot, give you much information as to what is to be found in the human heart without compelling you to join him yourself in the diving process; the other allows you to remain on the surface while directing your imagination unerringly to what lies beneath. Which of the two methods implies the more artistic skill, and gives the more artistic pleasure, is a question which I should think it hardly open to doubt.

In the matter of truth of portraiture and vividness of representation, the two methods, no doubt, occupy more equal ground; but, even here, the analytic has certainly no advantage over the dramatic method. Nothing, surely, but Johnson's invincible prejudice against Fielding could have persuaded him that *Lovelace* is a more real and living character to us, a more thoroughly comprehended and appreciated individuality, than *Tom Jones*, or *Clarissa Harlowe* than *Amelia Booth*, or *Sir Charles Grandison* than *Squire Western*. The two last-mentioned characters stand at the two opposite poles in the matter of manners; and considering how strongly marked, in their own way, are the manners of each of them, their creators might alike have left them to tell their own story to the reader. True to his method, however, Richardson is perpetually “diving into the recesses” of *Sir Charles's* heart. Hundreds of pages are filled with minute accounts of what other people think of him, and a good many score with indications, direct or indi-

rect, of what he thinks of himself. But compare the effect of all these laborious efforts to complete and define our conception of the baronet with the enlightenment of a single dramatic stroke of self-disclosure on the part of the squire. “I don't know how 'tis, but, Allworthy, you always make me do just as you please; and yet I have as good an estate as you, and am in the commission of the peace just as yourself.” What is the illuminating power of all Richardson's thousands of carefully arranged candles to that of this one penetrating electric flash? But it is hardly fair, perhaps, to take such an example. Humor is the only generator of this sort of electricity; and Fielding was as consummately skilled in the production and storage of that force as Richardson was utterly incapable not merely of directing its action but even of comprehending its properties.

The essential unsoundness of Johnson's distinction is, however, too obvious to us in these days to need insisting on; nor, by consequence, is there any necessity for asserting the essential unity, as regards aim and criterion, of all fictive art under whatever forms. What was unperceived by this robust and well-equipped critic of a hundred years ago has become a commonplace in these days to men who do not aspire to be called critics at all. The effort of every novelist, and the demand of all but the most porcinely voracious of novel readers, is for as true and complete a representation of human nature as the insight and skill of the novelist enable him to compass. Whether his characters be “characters of manners” or not, he endeavors to make them, and his public resent the failure if he fails to make them, “characters of nature” also. So thoroughly, indeed, is this taken for granted, that no novelist for whom his admirers claim a place in the first rank would for a moment be admitted by them to be only a portrayer, however faithful and humorous, of mere “manners,” in Johnson's sense of the word—that is to say, if merely the more strongly marked, superficial characteristics, moral and intellectual, of men and women—of their “humors,” as they were called by an earlier Jonson and his contemporaries.

To take an example. Just as there were Pelagians and semi-Pelagians, so there are Dickensians and semi-Dickensians, who, while thoroughly united in their admiration of that master's portraiture of "manners," part company altogether in their estimate of its relation to nature. But the true Dickensian regards this last point as "the root of the matter." He would think his own creed not worth holding if he made any concession to the theory that Dickens was only a divine caricaturist, whose personages, or the more successful among them, are simply insulated oddities or personified foibles. A belief in their correspondence to some objective reality in nature is his *signum stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*: and this, indeed, is the criterion which is nowadays universally applied—at any rate to every novel whose writer and readers claim for it any place of importance as a work of art. The demand, in fact, for strict fidelity to nature has become so imperious that it is at last producing something like a revolt against the dramatic method of Fielding, so long predominant in English literature, and a reaction in favor of the analytic method of Richardson.

We have nowadays an increasing school of novelists, who are so afraid of being suspected of confining themselves to the delineation of the mere externals of character, that they will hardly give us any externals of character at all. Their men and women are almost disembodied emotions, which the reader is invited to study, not as they objectify themselves in incident or action—for of incident and action there is almost none—but subjectively and from the inside. The heroes and heroines of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James do not indeed, like those of Richardson, describe or have described for them, in interminable letters, their subtlest shades of feeling; but their creators do it for them, and with a minute delicacy which Richardson himself has not surpassed. Decidedly we have, under the guidance of the American school of novelists, travelled far enough from Fielding's conception of the novel, as a stage on which character might be left to unfold itself in action and dialogue, with as little assistance as possible from the

soliloquies of the chorus. In our modern novel of analysis Chorus is more often on the stage, and for longer periods together than any of the actors.

This reaction, however, is of very modern origin. For a full century after Johnson delivered the above-quoted criticism the method of Fielding enjoyed so complete a triumph over the rival method of Richardson—the objective and synthetic school succeeded in beating the subjective and analytic school so utterly out of the field, that even the distinction so dogmatically propounded by Johnson to Boswell would, to the ordinary modern reader, be unintelligible. To-day it requires reflection and study of its context to ascertain its meaning. What Johnson meant by "manners" is to the modern reader so indispensable an incident of "character," and so common an index to nature, that he does not readily apprehend what is meant by opposing "characters of nature" to "characters of manners." Every portrayal of human nature in fiction must be, it seems to him, a portrayal of manners, in Johnson's wide sense of the word—that is to say, a delineation of those individual peculiarities of conduct, speech, and action whereby the inner nature of a man is revealed to his fellows. Long familiarity with this method of portraiture, and a blessed ignorance of its opposite, has persuaded the ordinary modern reader that it is the only one possible in the nature of things. He has never pored hour by hour over Richardson's laborious engraving, and watched that great but exasperating artist portraying nature after his relentless fashion; with almost no assistance from the exhibition of anything which can in the loosest acceptance of the word be called "manners," but simply working away with his amazing complacency at "how he felt," "how she felt," "what he thought," "what she thought," until, little stroke by stroke, he has traced out for us a human soul.

The ordinary modern novel reader knows nothing, I say, of all this; and though I yield to no one in admiration of Richardson—though I would say ditto, in fact, to almost any praise of him which keeps short of the extravagance of Diderot's—I could not, in common humanity, recommend the or-

dinary modern novel reader to exchange an ignorance which, if not bliss, is contentment, for a wisdom which, if not folly, is fatigue. Knowing nothing, however, by painful experience, of Johnson's novel of "nature," he so confidently regards Johnson's novel of "manners" as the only possible novel, that he has virtually dropped, and forgotten the ancient meaning of, the qualifying suffix ; and, if any one should now speak to him of the novel of manners, he would understand the phrase in the later and more limited sense in which it is employed at the head of this article. He would take it, no doubt, as equivalent to the "novel of society," at least as that last word was understood before it underwent that process of fashionable vulgarisation which has made it a fellow-sufferer with the word "gentleman."

The novel of society, or the novel of manners, he would say, is the novel which professes to present only a picture of life as it appears to the student of a more or less restricted circle of men and women, and to portray human nature only as it displays itself under those limiting conditions. Now no such limitations were imposed, it is obvious to remark, either by Fielding or by Richardson on their respective exercise of their art. Jones and Andrews move freely among all sorts of company, and Fielding delineates nature as he conceives it on every level of the social scale. The unhappy Clarissa is brought into contact with many other sorts of people than fine gentlemen and ladies ; the virtuous Pamela has to do with housekeepers and lackeys as well as with amorous squires. Society as such, the ways and characteristics, the virtues, vices, and humors, of a world of actual or nominal equals, bound together by certain more or less elastic, but still perfectly definite and well-understood, conventions, may be regarded as still untrodden ground to the novelist after Fielding and Richardson had ceased to write.

By the comic dramatists of the Restoration, indeed, and by one inimitable poetic satirist of the age of Anne, "society" had been brilliantly depicted, and between 1775 and 1780 the comedies of *he Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* had signalled the rise of a wittier Con-

greve and a more masterly stage-limner than Vanbrugh. But no novelist had as yet held up the mirror to nature as she appeared at the drum and the rout, amid the fops and coquettes, the dowagers and *débutantes* of the polite world. Or rather, since universal propositions are dangerous, let us say that down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century no mirror held up by the hand of any novelist had as yet presented a reflection sufficiently clear and truthful to arrest the public gaze. The fame of that achievement was reserved for a London music-master's daughter, who, in the year 1778 and at the age of six-and-twenty, set all London in a buzz of curiosity and admiration by the production of the novel of *Evelina*.

There are two things which a critic of to-day would be glad to know about this young lady : the first, what had been the nature of her early reading ; and the second, what was the quality of her previous and unpublished attempts at fiction. Macaulay dwells much upon the advantages which she derived from the curiously mixed society which surrounded her in Dr. Burney's house ; and no doubt these advantages count for something. But in the presence of so palpable an imitation of Smollett as is the character of Captain Mervan, one may be slow to believe that all the other portraits in this singular gallery were studied from the life. And it is perhaps as permissible to doubt, upon internal evidences of style and structure, whether *Evelina* was not the result of a good many antecedent efforts at composition. The novel, as we know, was reported, before its author's name was known, to be the work of a girl of seventeen, and perhaps some part of its extraordinary vogue may have been due to this flattering mistake. But the main element in its success must surely, I should think, be sought in the fact that it was the first "novel of manners," in the later sense of the word, that had ever been offered to the public. It was a picture of life in London, life at Bath, life at the Bristol Hot Wells, in the later eighteenth century—principally, indeed, of modish life, but with just so much of a side glance at the gaieties and affectations of the middle class as would give it additional piquancy to the taste of

the superiors whom they strove to imitate. The delights of Ranelagh and the watering-place assembly rooms are varied by those of the suburban subscription ball. The amusements, the interests, the conversations, are all those of the polite or of the would-be polite world. The course of true love is hindered by the machinations of an unscrupulous baronet; the heroine marries a virtuous peer. Society was unused to finding itself made an object of such direct and minute presentation, unused to studying the history of fictitious personages whose circle of occupations, hopes, fears, desires, ambitions, was so exactly identical with its own. And while society read the book eagerly, and as eagerly sought out and lionized the author, so the literary coteries, or rather the one literary coterie of the day, partly following the fashion, partly led by its own autocratic leader, gathered round her also. Dr. Johnson was the warm friend of her father, and had an almost fatherly affection for Fanny herself. Macaulay's assertion that "Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were amongst her most ardent eulogists," requires probably as many grains of salt as the statement just before it, that the "timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame." But no doubt she was the rage of fashionable London, and had secured the high though clearly not the unprejudiced commendation of the first critical authority of the day. Others, or others at least who were men of critical capacity themselves, must simply have praised the book in that half-conscious, half-unconscious excess into which praise is so likely to pass in the case of a literary production which is at once new, popular, and the work of a young woman.

For no tenderness toward this subject of a hundred-years-old nine-days' wonder ought to induce a candid critic of to-day to conceal his conviction that *Evelina* is a very inferior performance. Macaulay, whose professed admiration for it was perhaps artificially heightened by his antipathy to Croker—who thought meanly of it—excludes it, we may observe, from his detached criticisms of its author's gifts and manner, and draws all his illustrations from *Cecilia*. The

only circumstantial reference to the earlier novel in his well-known essay on Madame D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters* is as follows:—

One favorite story in particular haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel, who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and hideous, surrounded the pretty, timid young orphan—a coarse sea-captain; an ugly, insolent fop blazing in a superb court dress; another fop, as ugly and as insolent a one, lodged on Snow Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet, lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence, the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible, and the result was the *History of Evelina*.

Unfortunately the shadows, in acquiring consistence, have too often become the crudest caricatures. The coarse sea-captain is as coarse as any of Smollett's "salts," and with less humor to redeem his brutality; the fops, less extravagantly treated, have no flavor of original study and first-hand drawing; the rouged and wrinkled old woman is sometimes a mere tedious infliction, at others a violent impossibility. The scenes of horse-play, in which she figures with her tormentor the captain, and in one of which she is actually made to spit in his face, cannot possibly have corresponded to anything within Miss Burney's personal experiences. They can only be the result of a purely imaginative attempt to describe what seemed to her the probable consequences of turning a "sea-dog" loose in a drawing-room. It is not necessary to have lived in the last quarter of the eighteenth century to feel certain that they desperately offend probability; for they plainly exceed what the author's own account of the conventions of the society she is describing shows to be the limits of the possible. The humors of Captain Mervan and Madame Duval are no doubt the worst blots on the book to the taste of a modern reader; but *Evelina* is a gallery of very coarsely handled portraits, di-

versified by a few feebly executed sketches, from end to end. The hero, Lord Orville, is a lay figure; Sir Clement Willoughby has but intermittent life; the Branghtons, though they are drawn with more spirit, and certainly seem to be sketches from nature, are but moderately successful. It is only in the characters of Lady Louisa and her indifferent *fiancé* that we seem to come upon traces of anything but the most superficial observation, and the most rudimentary art. Nothing, in a word, appears to me to explain the extraordinary popularity attained by *Evelina* except its mere novelty of *genre*, aided, it may be, by the purely accidental cause which has been suggested above.

At the same time it would be too much to say that the book shows neither ability nor promise. It shows something of the one, and more of the other; and *Cecilia* is undoubtedly an incomparably better novel than *Evelina*. Most of the conversations and incidents are at least possible; the colors of characterisation are less glaring; the heroine is a more clearly defined individuality; the story of the novel possesses far more variety and interest than that of its predecessor. It is admittedly Miss Burney's best work: it was certainly her most popular one (for *Camilla*, published fourteen years afterward, gained nothing like the reception of her two earlier novels), and it would be unjust to deny it the merit of a certain liveliness of dialogue and animation of narrative. But the language in which Macaulay speaks of it—even when he professes to be recording and not expressing opinion—cannot be read, I think, by any one who compares the book, not only with earlier but with later novels, with other feelings than those of blank amazement. As a novel of manners we may concede it a right to a certain artificiality of style and tone: as a novel of "humors," to adopt Macaulay's classification of it, we might make allowance for a certain considerable latitude in the way of caricature. But really, that any critic of such copiously informed if somewhat unequal judgment as Macaulay should seriously and without protest write of it that "those who saw *Cecilia* in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age," that "*Cecilia* was placed by gen-

eral acclamation among the classical novels of England," and that the critic who wrote thus should be capable of proving in the same essay that he was able to appreciate the genius of Jane Austen—this must surely be attributed rather to some persistent influence of early traditions than to any independent and deliberate exertion of the critical faculty. He says with obvious truth that "humors," meaning individual eccentricities, "ruling passions," hobbies, do exist, and are therefore proper subjects for the imitations of art; and he adds as truly, that though "the imitations of such humors, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order," though "they are rare in real life, and ought to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life," a writer "may nevertheless show so much genius in the exhibition of these humors as to be fairly entitled to a permanent and distinguished rank among classics." Sterne's is a case in point. He is essentially a portrayer of humors, but his genius for that order of portraiture has justly earned him a permanent and distinguished place among English classics. But can a claim to genius even under these limitations be seriously put forward on behalf of Fanny Burney? If it is admitted that we must not look in her pages for Fielding's vigorous truth to nature, or Goldsmith's delicacy and subtlety of delineation, can we look there without disappointment, I will not say for Sterne's mastery of the grotesque, but for any signs of a cognate power? To reduce the question to the simplest of all possible tests, are Miss Burney's caricatures funny even as caricatures? Speaking as one who may claim to have served a fairly long apprenticeship as a taster of the humorous, in every variety of age and body, I own that I can detect very little flavor in any of the Burney brands, and I have some difficulty in believing that it ever really outlived the year of their vintage. Is Mr. Briggs humorous? Is Mr. Hobson? Will any reader lay his hand on his heart and declare that the "skipping officious impertinence" of Mr. Morrice diverts instead of boring him? Or if he does find some drollery in these characters, will he contend that the "genius

shown in the exhibition of these humors" is sufficient to compensate for the monstrous outrages on probability which are committed whenever Mr. Albany appears on the scene? Miss Burney lays claim to wit as well as humor, but has she succeeded any better in her endeavors after this much commoner kind of excellence? Let the sarcasms of Mrs. Selwyn in *Evelina*, and those of Mr. Gosport in *Cecilia*—sarcasms almost comparable with the rude and flippant sallies which pass for epigram in the second-rate comedietta of the present day—supply the answer.

The fame of Miss Burney declined pretty rapidly after the publication of her third novel. This did not appear till fourteen years after *Cecilia*—namely, in 1796. But her publishers, from whom she is said to have received a large sum of money for *Camilla*, on the strength, it is to be supposed, of her previous reputation, must have burnt their fingers by the venture. It failed to hit the public taste—failed as completely as Miss Burney's subsequent memoirs of her father, and, indeed, as everything else that she subsequently wrote. She seems, in fact, to have been the "Miss Betty" of the literary world; and it is as difficult to understand in these days that she could ever have been the admiration of a lettered coterie, as it must have been for the friends of the "Young Roscius's" later years to realise in the person of that stout middle-aged respectable gentleman the juvenile prodigy for whom the play-going public had for the time deserted all the great actors of their day. Yet the tradition of her great merit as a writer, or rather of the great merit of her two principal novels, must have survived well into the present century, since it has so strongly influenced the mind of a man like Macaulay, who could hardly have spoken—consistently at least with his appreciation of far better art—in the terms in which he does speak of Fanny Burney, unless some of the purely imitative predilections of boyhood had been allowed by him to mingle untested with the judgments of his maturer years. The comparison which he institutes between the authors of *Evelina* and the author of *Emma*—the former highly skilled in "the exhibition of humors," but unable, like the latter, to set before

us an entire character—is perfectly sound, but at the same time so comically inadequate as to provoke a smile. It is as though one should gravely point out that Sir Joshua Reynolds is a greater master than an ale-house sign-painter *because* the faces of Sir Joshua's portraits display great potentialities of varied emotion, whereas the worthy sign-painter is content with having exhibited the single quality of rampancy in a blue lion. We admit the justice of the remark, but cannot feel that it is the last word of discrimination between the two pictorial styles. And without, of course, going so far as to say that the great novelist of manners of the early nineteenth century is raised so far above her immediate predecessor of the eighteenth as Sir Joshua excels the limner of the blue lion, one can and must say that the points of distinction between the two writers (points from which Macaulay has, for the purpose of his argument, selected one alone) are at least as numerous and as salient as those which can be traced between the two painters.

It must be admitted, however, at the outset, that the common subject-matter of the two writers had undergone an extraordinary transformation, to the advantage of the latter, between the dates of their respective writings. The French Revolution occurred within ten years of the publication of *Cecilia*, and before Jane Austen had reached her twentieth year. The chief works of the younger novelist are divided by less than a generation from the most successful production of the elder; but as pictures of society, what a gulf divides them! In truth, if we wish to gain an adequate idea of the social, moral, and intellectual changes wrought in Europe by the portent of 1789-93, we should look for them not in English poetry but in English fiction. The spirit, manner, and poetic canons of the school of Wordsworth do not differ so widely from those of the school of Pope as do the social tone and language, the social usages and ideas which pervade the pages of Miss Austen from those which we meet with in the pages of Miss Burney. Allowance made for the purely superficial distinctions of costume and outward behavior, a greater ceremoniousness of demeanor, and a few, a very few, occasional archaisms of

language, the men and women of *Pride and Prejudice*, or of *Northanger Abbey*, are the men and women of the Victorian age. With a few similar allowances, the men and women of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* would pass for the men and women of the age of Anne. It would seem as if the broader and deeper characteristics of English society had remained unchanged for nearly ninety years, and then had been suddenly transformed into a shape which they were to retain for eighty or ninety more.

The change, however, was one eminently suited, by its tendency to a greater simplicity, to promote the artistic development of the novel of manners. And accordingly, the highest point to which it has ever been, or to which perhaps it ever can be, brought, it has reached in the hands of Miss Austen. No other writer of fiction has ever achieved such great results by such insignificant means; none other has, upon material so severely limited, expended such beauty, ingenuity, and precision of workmanship. Her novels, indeed, are novels of manners in a sense in which certainly not those of Miss Burney—since not even those of Thackeray—can be said to deserve that name. For Miss Burney continually, and Thackeray in no inconsiderable measure—even in the novels of the *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* type—seek attractions for the reader in much else than the simple portrayal of character. Sentiment, not to say sentimentalism, plays a large part in the work of the former; plot and incident, though not abundant, are by no means wanting to that of the latter. The author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* is liberal of her moral reflections; the author of *The Newcomes* and *Barry Lyndon* is mainly prized by many of his admirers for a caustic criticism of life. But all these devices of the art of the story-teller—partly, no doubt, through limitations of personal experience, but also, I imagine, and in much greater measure, by her own deliberate choice as an artist acutely sensible of where her real power lay—Jane Austen entirely denied herself. The plots of her stories, though excellently conceived for her purposes, are usually of the simplest and most obvious description; her characters are, so far as their positions and circumstances go,

just such as might fall in the way of any young woman of the upper middle class, resident for the most part in the country, but varying her life by occasional visits to Bath or London; her incidents are just what might find daily entry in such a young woman's diary. The parson and the squire, the young military or naval officer, the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate, the retired professional man with his wife and daughters, and occasionally the titled Lady Bountiful of a rural parish—these are the commonplace personages who fill her pages, and in our presence live their commonplace lives. It has often been observed that Miss Austen never brings before us, except in the briefest possible fashion, any man, woman, or child of the poorer classes; she almost never introduces us to any of the nobility either; and when she does, as in *Pride and Prejudice*, it is perhaps with something less than her usually unerring felicity of touch. She confines herself all but wholly to the class in which she was born and bred, and which she had studied; neither, as has been said, did she invent interesting situations for her personages of this class, but was content to take them as merely performing the every-day acts and undergoing the unromantic experiences of the society around her. Never was drama so unsensational enacted on a stage so sternly denuded of scenic accessories of any sort; yet never was drama enacted from first to last in so resolutely dramatic a spirit. Passion, the word and the thing, is absolutely unknown to any hero or heroine of Miss Austen's; the mere excitement and exhilaration of rapid action she deliberately foregoes; but yet, while surrendering all these facilities and resisting all these temptations of the dramatic form, she never deviates from that form, never needs relief from it herself, nor, with the sublime presumption characteristic of genius, ever allows herself to suppose that her hearers can need such relief themselves. Neither does she turn aside, or imagine that you will care to turn aside, from the exquisite life-studies which she is executing before you, to gaze, even for the briefest interval, at external nature. That perpetual *diversorium* at which the novelist of to-day is perpetually "putting-up" is not for her.

It may be supposed that, if she had no high æsthetic sensibilities in that regard, she possessed at any rate that appreciation of the simple rural beauty of England which no country-bred Englishwoman of refined life and thoughtful disposition is likely to be without. Yet it would be difficult to find two consecutive pages, if even two consecutive paragraphs, of landscape painting in the whole of Miss Austen's works. Nor does she take refuge from her labors of minute portraiture in that other common solace of later novelists—the impersonation of Chorus. No one soliloquizes so rarely as she. Her characters hold a score of conversations with each other for one that she holds with the reader. Nothing can differ more than her manner in this respect from that of the inferior artist who doth so abound among us at this day—that keeper of the marionettes whose puppets explain so little of their characters in the course of their rare and ineffective dialogues with each other that the voice of their manipulator can never afford to be long silent at the wings. Miss Austen compels character to unfold itself in dialogue and action, unaided, or almost unaided, by comment and criticism of the writer's own. Only those who have attempted this feat for themselves can be fully sensible of its difficulty; but others may form some rough estimate of it by observing the regularity with which it is shirked by nineteen novelists out of twenty.

It is one of the great merits of Scott's vivid and faithful draughtsmanship that he makes this so constant an aim of his endeavors; but no one more generously admitted that difference of conditions which made it a so much easier achievement for him than for her. An often-quoted passage in the diary from Lockhart's Life contains the fullest recognition of this. "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting

from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" But much more, of course, than "truth of sentiment and description" goes to the creation of Jane Austen's power and charm. A profound insight into the workings of the calmer and commoner human feelings and motives—this and a marvellously subtle humor were the two gifts which she was the first to bring in anything like such profusion to the "novel of manners." And the purest novels of manners, in the sense in which I have endeavored to define the phrase, her stories are. They give, and they confine themselves strictly to giving, a picture of human life as it presents itself under the most rigid rules of social convention, with only such actions described, such characters and feelings depicted, as these rules permit of being displayed.

The problem which she proposes to herself is, in fact, this: Given just so many and no more inches of upturned mould on the surface of human nature, to determine the character and constituents of the subsoil to as great a depth as possible. That of course is the problem which every novelist of manners must propose to himself who wishes to rise above the level of a moral and mental *modiste*, merely doing for the manners of society what the fashion-books do for its costumes; but one may safely say that the marvellous success with which that problem might be attacked was never revealed nor could ever have been realised until the creator of the Bennets and the Dashwoods first took it in hand. Then for the first time a woman showed the world that human nature trimmed and parterred by the hand of the gardener, Society, in accordance with the primmest Dutch taste is human nature still, and that it was within the power of the botanical expert to trace the affinities of its most highly cultivated specimens with the wild growths, and sometimes even with the noxious weeds, that flourish beyond the garden wall. The saving qualities which redeem this operation from both the dulness and the repulsiveness of science are, of course, the qualities of sympathy and humor—qualities the utter absence and the apparently unus-

pected need of which form together the amply sufficient explanation of much of that dismal writing of the "analytical" order which nowadays imagines itself to be art. The quickness and the breadth of Miss Austen's sympathy with moods and temperaments the most various may be traced on almost every page of her writings; and that subtly humorous aroma which impregnates nearly every sentence would require a whole essay to do it justice. But what is still more striking about her, and, indeed, what probably is alike the secret of her extraordinary insight into character and of her admirable finesse in delineating it, is the unusually perfect balance which humor and sympathy seem to have always maintained in her mind.

It is sympathy which saves the novelist from over-drawing human foibles, humor which prevents him from over-estimating human virtues. To be reasonably just to his characters the novelist must possess at least a more than average share of both qualities. When both, as in Miss Austen's case, are equally balanced, and when, above all, the more wayward of the two instincts is held in check by an imperious artistic conscience, the result is perfect truth. But the artistic conscience—the power of self-restraint, the ability to hold the hand and to refrain from that last touch to which the undisciplined instinct of comedy so alluringly persuades us—this, after all, is the great thing to possess, and the difficult thing to obey. To those who are at all capable of measuring the humorous possibilities of a situation or of a character, there is something no less surprising, and to some, perhaps, no less disappointing, than admirable in Miss Austen's masterly reserve. Among all her delightful pieces of comic portraiture I know of but one instance in which her sense of humor has overcome her fidelity to nature, and strict artistic truth has been sacrificed to the desire of heightening the absurdity of one of the most exquisitely absurd of moral grotesques. I refer to the character of Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*. Here it seems to me that, for the first and last time, she found the humors of one of her own creations irresistible, and allowed herself to be betrayed into a caricature of which, however, even the

sternest of critics would be loth to part with a single ridiculous trait. It is this severe reserve of Miss Austen's which makes her seem to some readers tame and colorless. To such we can have nothing to offer but a recommendation of patience, and the assurance that, if ever they acquire the taste for this simplest and yet most delicate of literary diets, they will grow to wonder that their palates could ever have relished any coarser food.

What, the question of course arises—what, in this day of universal novel-writing, is the present position of the novel of manners? During the second quarter of the century it found, as every one knows, its most brilliant representative in the person of Thackeray. It would be preposterous to rank Miss Austen with Thackeray in respect of intellectual grasp, and both idle and invidious to attempt any comparative estimate of their respective styles of workmanship. In breadth both of stroke and canvas, they differ vastly from each other, and Thackeray is yet further distinguished from Miss Austen in having travelled, and with signal success, beyond the region of the novel of manners into that of historic romance and imaginative study. Miss Austen not only never attempted anything like *Esmond* or *Barry Lyndon*, but she never finds occasion even for the accidental display of these peculiar qualities which make an *Esmond* or a *Barry Lyndon* possible. Yet in his other books, and those perhaps on which his fame most securely rests—in *Pendennis*, in *Vanity Fair*, in *The Newcomes*—one may describe him, subject to the reservation made a few pages back, as hardly less emphatically a novelist of manners than Miss Austen herself. His range of characters is of course larger than hers, but their *caste*, their *order* is the same—or, rather, it is the same, with an addition in Thackeray's case which is practically no addition—that of the class of domestic servants; the butlers, footmen, valets, lady's-maids, housekeepers whom he has sketched so admirably, but who really mix with, belong to, and must be studied as adjuncts of those upper classes to whom in other respects his study was entirely confined. Thackeray, in short, lives, and will live, in our history as essentially the great

novelist of manners of the period during which he flourished—a period, be it remembered, which, among writers in the same order of fiction, included Disraeli (considered from the non-political side of him) and (when he was not in the big bow-wow vein) the first Lord Lytton.

The third quarter of the nineteenth century has been the flourishing time of perhaps the most popular novelist of manners who ever lived—the late Mr. Trollope: to whom no one can deny the merit of careful observation, and who, if he could have brought himself to recognise that a man may become a machine, that machines do not think, and that thought is as necessary as observation to intelligent portraiture, might have well deserved all the popularity which he achieved. Since Mr. Trollope's death it would be hard to name any living representative of the school. Indeed, there is some reason to suspect that the school, as a school, has perished. In one sense almost every novelist we have is a novelist of manners; in another sense none of them are. That is to say, there is not an inventor of sunsets and love-scenes, not a chronicler of "runs" and steeple-chases, not a delineator of theatrical life and character, not a feminine diarist of the doings of the wicked guardsman, who would not be seriously offended at the imputation that he or she fails in the accurate portraiture of contemporary manners; but, on the other hand, all of them—"spooning" novelists, sporting novelists, theatrical novelists—are concerned with scenery, passion, incident *first*, and with manners afterwards. They all make grandly *nonchalant* pretences of knowingness in the ways of the world in general, and of modern society in particular; but where the

novel of manners has not degenerated in their hands into that very different article, the "fashionable novel"—where it does not recall the vulgarity without recalling the unquestionable cleverness of the once famous Mrs. Gore, it is hardly to be recognised for what it professes to be. The novel of modern life and society, in so far as it does not rely for its attractions on mere sensational incident, is generally a study of male and female character—mostly, indeed, of one male and one female character—with a few elaborate sketches of scenery for a background, and a clumsy caricature of some two or three well-known contemporary personages thrown in to give it an air of actuality. The close objective study of social *types*—not of their superficial peculiarities only, but of their inner being—appears to be becoming a lost art. Where, indeed, are we to look for the observation, the humor, to say nothing of the *wisdom*, which was brought to bear upon this branch of the art of fiction by its great masters in the past? We have but one living novelist with the adequate intellectual equipment; but Mr. George Meredith is poet, philosopher and politician, as well as novelist, and we must be satisfied, I suppose, that brilliant studies of manners form an element, and an element only, in his varied and stimulating work. For the rest, we have pretty writers in abundance, and a few of genuine power in the creation of individual character. But the generalising eye, the penetrative humor, and the genial breadth of sympathy which is needed to portray the social pageant as a whole, appear to be gifts which are becoming rarer and rarer among us every day.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MEN AND MANNERS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY PHILO TURK.

To those who are not personally acquainted with the Queen of Cities, any phrase indicative of its social life, supplemented as it is by the delightful accounts of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's *fête champêtre* at Be-jcos—an event

which marks the social apogee of his visit—will suggest a host of attractive ideas. What a field for the observer of human nature, many may naturally exclaim, is here opened up; to what a conglomeration of nationalities and characters, to

what a cosmopolitan congeries of men and women, shall we not be introduced ; how instructive must it prove to see men of no common nationality, of no common creed, of no common interest, held together by the gregarious instinct and self-adaptiveness of humanity ! Alas ! I can only describe that which exists, and strict regard for veracity compels me to declare that society in Constantinople cannot be called cosmopolitan, although guests of many nationalities may at times be found in the same room. How could it be otherwise ? All creatures and all institutions must have some primary vital force, some central and inspiring main-spring. I see a great many wheels, spindles, and levers in a clock, but so long as they are not in motion, and the force to set them in motion is lacking, they can serve no useful interdependent purpose, however admirable be their finish and workmanship. This is just the case of society in Constantinople. The component parts are numerous enough, but there is no force to give them cohesion, no head to society, no social order.

His Majesty the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is a most high and puissant monarch. His will is law, and his nod is death. He has many palaces ; he rules despotically over a vast empire ; he makes quantities of pashas cross their fawning hands whenever he looks at them ; he has the power to do anything to any one of his faithful subjects—except recall him to life after he has killed him. But social power he has none. His life is passed in an endless round of official drudgery, nay, positive servitude. Each minutest detail of business, from the highest visions of diplomacy down to the opening of a new coffee-house on the shores of the Bosphorus, passes through his august hands ; and each incident of every transaction forms a focus of intrigues which, in their conglomerate mass, it would take twenty sultans with a hundred times Abd-ul-Hamid's power to disarm and defeat. What time, therefore, can he have to spare for society ? The Commander of the Faithful may be seen any week as he goes to his Friday's prayer. Then, before the gaze of an adoring populace, through lines of splendid troops, crowds of brilliant aides-de-camp and pashas, fair veiled ladies,

braying brass bands, and screaming dogs, there passes a thin-faced, long-nosed, grizzled-bearded, pale man in a half-closed carriage, nervously fluttering his hand before his face by way of salute, and receiving the low salaams of all in return. He hurries into the mosque, scarce giving himself time to throw a half-frightened glance round, and so is lost to view before he can well be seen. When one considers why that face is so worn and pale, why those hands are so nervous, how the heart behind that blue military coat must be beating like a roll of drums, one feels grateful that one is but a private individual, and not His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid the Second, living as he does in perpetual fear of assassination.

The head of the State neither caring nor daring to assume his position in society, no other Turk essays the rôle of social leadership. Not only might such an attempt cause him to be unfavorably regarded by his sovereign, but the Turk has neither, by temperament nor custom, any inclination to mix in European society. It is too gay, too animated for him. He is a quiet, sober, reflective creature, who, after his day's work, likes to return to his house, put on his old slippers and his old coat, and, after his evening meal, devote himself to contemplative smoking amongst his women-folk and children. Or, if he is in a more social mood, he will perhaps invite some of his intimates to smoke, and chuckle over childish stories with them in the outer chamber. Again, he cannot return hospitality ; the harem system puts that out of the question. Finally, he likes to go to bed and to rise early—habits incompatible with social duties.

It might be supposed that the Grand Vizier, the Ministers of the Cabinet, and the principal State officials, being more or less in constant relation with Europeans, might, for political reasons, develop social aspirations. Away from the Porte, however, one seldom sees them. *Apropos*, you may be permitted to make the acquaintance of the Grand Vizier. He is, physically, just the opposite of what one would expect a Grand Vizier to be. There peers up at you, from above a little insignificant figure of diminutive stature and rather crooked build, a deadly pale face with queer

irregular features, ornamented by a long black beard, and with no particular characteristic to strike your attention until you see a pair of glittering, piercing black eyes closely observing you. Those eyes do everything. As conversation proceeds, you forget all the rest of the man, and address yourself to the glowing orbs of the dignitary. His voice also is peculiar: cold, deliberate, passionless, every word carefully weighed and carefully spoken. Unquestionably you will have been talking with a very remarkable man, of keen intellect, clear design, and immense tenacity and strength of purpose. In a country where every minister, more especially a Grand Vizier, is looked upon principally as a target for volleys of intrigue, Saïd Pasha has for five years, with, I believe, only two interruptions of very short duration each, stood firm and unmoved, and is at this time more securely rooted in power than ever. But in society he never appears.

If none of the official class take any social position, are there, it may be asked, no great Turkish families which, breaking through tradition, favor society with their presence? The inquiry proceeds on the hypothesis that great Turkish families exist; they do not exist. The social tendencies of the despotically ruled Turks are eminently democratic. There is no hereditary or any other nobility. Such titles as pasha, bey, &c., are significant only of military or civil rank, not of any social distinction, and are theoretically bestowed for merit alone, never being made hereditary. The sons of the Sultan are mere effendis—Mr's. There are no laws of primogeniture. Land is unfettered. The son of a common peasant may end, often has ended, his life as a high functionary of State just as well as the son of a pasha or a bey. The Government alone is aristocratic—a relic of the past, a little altered in character, however diminished in extent, since the days when the roving tribe, under the hero Orthoguel, marched westward to the help of the Seljuk Sultan of Komiah. The modern Sultan of Turkey is the chief of the tribe. He selects from his tribesmen those whom he considers most competent to advise him. The tribe itself camps out in peace or in trouble as the case may be; and

when it is forced to withdraw itself and pitch its camp a little further away (as was the case after the late Russian war), it leaves, beyond a little waste, no signs of itself behind. From this old tribal spirit have sprung almost all the maladies, and, unless conquered, will proceed the death, of Turkey. In Constantinople there are certainly here and there Turks of considerable fortune. But a Turkish fortune never lasts long enough to confer any solid position on its possessor. A man's goods at his death are divided pretty equally amongst his children, and if he be rich his sons are certain to rush off to Europe and devour their portions in riotous living. Thus society in Constantinople is influenced in no way by the Turks, who are, with one or two exceptions, completely unrepresented.

Of these exceptions the principal is Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Sultan—a man of irreproachable character and courteous, dignified manner. There is rarely a party of importance given by an ambassador or ambassadress at which you do not see his big broad shoulders and dark bearded face, brightened by a cordial smile, in some convenient corner where he can talk with his friends, and contemplate the skittish European at his ease. It is he who has the privilege of introducing ambassadors, special envoys, travelling monarchs and princes, and persons of similar distinguished rank, to the Sultan. All of these, and perhaps in a special degree Sir Henry Wolff, will have kept a pleasant recollection of Munir Pasha.

Izzet Bey, a Turkish officer frequently to be met at social gatherings, is a man of very different stamp. He is the grandson of the great Fuad Pasha, celebrated for having run his country into debt at the fastest pace on record, and for having accompanied the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz on his European tour, a privilege which led to his downfall and ruin. Personally, Izzet Bey is uninteresting. Considered as a type of young Turk which affects ultra-European manners and contempt of all things Turkish, he is worth a glance. He is a short, fat, pompous man, whose eyebrows combine a perpetual upward cast—to express the consciousness of a careless elegance, unap-

proachable by others, but natural in him—with a perpetual frown denoting a legitimate pride in something which has not yet been discovered. He dresses in brilliant uniforms of the most superlative cut, wears a portentous eyeglass, and high, patent-leather boots; speaks beautiful French, and disappears with a regularity only equalled by that with which he reappears, apparently richer than ever—a standing puzzle to the good Constantinopolitans. He is an excellent revolver-shot and good fencer; in a word, a formidable duellist. He is one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp, and at this present moment graces Parisian society in the character of military *attaché* to the Ottoman Embassy. Most of Izzet Bey's characteristics are shared by his few and faithful followers. These are, in their way, the "mashers" of Stamboul. Like their British prototypes, they are not wholly devoid of meritorious qualities, but there is a decided impression in Constantinople that the good old honest, retrograde Turk is preferable to this more modern edition.

Other Turks, or types of Turk proper, are so rarely seen in society that it is needless to describe them. But something must be said about a Pasha, Italian by birth but, for half a century, Turk by adoption and feeling, of all the Sultan's subjects perhaps the most loyal and devoted—Rustem Pasha, the ex-Governor of the Lebanon. He is a man who has filled many of the highest offices of State with a capacity, integrity, and usefulness beyond all denial. Speak with him for a few minutes; note his spare, wiry figure, his aquiline features, his penetrating glance; hear the authoritative voice in which he delivers his opinion on any subject that may be discussed; and you will recognise in him a man of no ordinary calibre, and of inflexible will. He is a despot, though of a benignant and merciful order. Wherever he has governed or served, he has made the Turkish name obeyed or respected. He is an excellent linguist, speaking most European languages with equal fluency and correctness. Courteous in his address and manner towards men, he has an air of respectful, old-fashioned gallantry towards ladies. There is no man more thoroughly respected and liked in Constantinople than Rustem Pasha.

Hobart Pasha is the most distinguished officer in the Turkish navy, and has rendered conspicuous service to the Turkish State. He has been for twenty years in Ottoman employment, and the effective condition of the Turkish navy is notorious. He is, as he will lose no opportunity of telling you himself, the confidential adviser of the Sultan on all important State matters, and does not shrink, according to his own account, from addressing his Majesty with the simplicity and bluntness proper to the unsophisticated sailor. He is also understood to be the trusty councillor of the English Government, Liberal or Conservative, on Eastern matters. The Admiral is not one of those men who was born with all the trump cards in his hand. He had to find his cards; he has found them, and in his honest, jolly-tar way, has played them uncommonly well. He is now, after an eventful existence of some six decades, hale and hearty, with a dash of the salt sea in his face, an active and wonderfully juvenile figure, a merry grey-brown eye, and the power of physical endurance of a man half his age. He is a first-rate sportsman, possesses an endless fund of anecdote, and is a capital companion—when he is not in the political vein. At such times he is less amusing and more omniscient. His reputation of a "good fellow" is deserved, and in Constantinople it will be long before the name of Hobart Pasha is forgotten.

Turkish ladies, it is unnecessary to explain, are never seen in general society. There are, however, one or two of them who receive visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, at their own houses. Of these the principal are Madame Hilnis Pasha and her sister Zara. The rooms are European; the ladies wear Parisian dresses and talk Parisian French; and their nationality only reveals itself occasionally in the habit of sitting cross-legged on the floor and smoking cigarettes. Sometimes a reaction follows on the long seclusion of the harem life when broken through. Such was the case with Madame Kiazim Pasha, the mother of Izzet Bey. She received *à la Européenne* for some time, and no one thought much about it. But one day Constantinople was startled by the announcement that Madame Kiazim had eloped

with a Belgian Secretary of Legation, and would be seen no more. The happy couple married when they got far enough away, and are now, I believe, enjoying the pleasures of one another's society in Paris.

So very limited a sprinkling of Turks can evidently leave no perceptible influence on society, while the Armenians and Levantines, in spite of the strength of numbers and riches, make little more appearance than the Turks. There was a time when the Armenians might not only have ruled society, but have held the whole empire under their sway. Their intelligence, energy, and practical business-like qualities, give them immense advantages over the slower and more easy-going Turk. It was not so long ago that they seemed likely to hold the reins of government at the Porte, and to reign supreme at the Palace. And, indeed, so they still might. But they have two fatal defects—intense jealousy of one another, and boundless power of intrigue.

Some five-and-forty years ago or more, when reigned the Sultan Mahmoud of glorious memory, there lived a certain Djezaili, next only to his imperial master in riches and honor. His word with the Sultan was all-powerful. Never was a favorite more caressed. Estates and houses, riches of all kinds, were heaped upon him. He married a beautiful young wife, and heaven seemed determined that all should prosper with him. But the gods smile on those they would destroy, and—he was an Armenian. So one fine morning poor Djezaili's head was, by his master's order, severed from his shoulders. Madame Djezaili awoke to hear, not only that she was a widow, but that, of all her riches and possessions, her clothes alone were left her. What diabolical ingenuity of intrigue had compassed this ruin was never really known. But it was beyond doubt that the machinations had been prompted by the jealousy of Djezaili's own compatriots, and by them carried into execution. Madame Djezaili managed to retain a few jewels out of her own abundance. Gradually, to keep body and soul together, she parted with them. At last, in utter destitution, she was reduced to plying the trade of a washerwoman. And still an old woman of

over seventy years, arm-deep in soap-suds, may be seen reflecting in patient sorrow over passed glories in a miserable little street near the town of Galata. Many nearly equally striking instances of internecine jealousy might be given. If one Armenian begins to prosper, a dozen others will strive their best to ruin him.

Both from difference of habits and customs, and from a mistaken contempt in which they are held, the Armenians make no show whatever in European society. There is nothing they dislike so much as being on good behavior. Now and then, by a strong effort of will, they give great receptions in huge rooms all gilt and glass, hideously magnificent and supremely stiff and unpleasant. But of society, in the sense of constant intercourse with others outside the pale of the family, they know nothing. The ladies seem to spend most of their time in sitting in the windows and looking down on the streets, an amusement which they prefer to any other, even to the reading of French novels. The standard of morality amongst the Armenians used to be high, but civilisation is doing the usual work of its early stages. Civilised customs are misapprehended and wrongly acted upon. The Armenian ladies, in their desire to emulate the frisky reputation of European dames of fashion, are sometimes carried across the Rubicon, while their European sisters for the most part are not. But the tendency of the Armenian nature is good, and the failing just noticed is due to a fault of method rather than of morals.

The Levantines in the same way as the Armenians, but in a lesser degree, are not held in high esteem by Europeans, and in spite of their wealth, which is often considerable, have no appreciable weight in society. I have never yet known a man confess himself to be a Levantine. He is always English, or French, or a member of one or other of the great nations of Europe. And, indeed, whatever he may call himself, there is probably some grain of truth in his assertion, for the mingled blood of most peoples runs in Levantine veins. You never can tell in what language a Levantine will address you; for, having none of his own, he can speak five or six

tongues with perfect incorrectness. Levantine English, for instance, is simply another edition of "English as she is spoke." Levantine French is not much better, and so of all other Levantine languages.

The colonies of the different European nationalities are principally composed of English, French, German, Italian, and an enormous quantity of Greeks. But with the exception of bankers, these are almost entirely small shop-keepers or petty merchants, and, so far as society is concerned, have no existence. This remark, however, does not exactly apply to the English. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, at Scutari, Candilli, and Kadikieni, are established small settlements of English families, which in their sturdy British way have set up a little society of their own, independent of what is looked upon as society at Constantinople. Now and then on great occasions this little society joins hands with that of Constantinople proper; but they do not mix particularly well, and have but little intercourse.

Asiatic life is entirely lacking in Constantinople. There are no actors and no musicians. One solitary painter is there, a Turk, Hamdi Bey by name, whose pictures command great prices, by reason probably of their rarity, for from an artistic point of view they are almost worthless. But this lonely artist is not any very great addition to society; he is rarely seen, and is of a somewhat sombre and taciturn disposition. Literature is also represented by one single man, Mr. Edgar Whitaker. This gentleman is the editor of the principal local daily paper, correspondent of one or two London papers, and the author from time to time of articles in the leading London magazines. The daily press of Constantinople has a hard time of it. It is under a strict censorship—so strict indeed that not unfrequently large spaces left in expressive blank are to be seen in leading articles, traces of the heavy hand of the censor who, at the last moment, has excised some objectionable passage. No telegrams on public matters are allowed to be published, or even received. The space has to be wearily eked out by extracts from European papers of recent date, as much scandal as can be picked out or invented, odd bits of local

news, and advertisements. The surprising thing is that under such conditions the local press continues to exist at all. But where others fail Mr. Edgar Whitaker flourishes. His pretty turn for composition, and a talent which he has for covert sarcasm, give a zest and piquancy to his paper wanting in every other. His occupation has brought him, nevertheless, an eventful life. Twice, I believe, he has been exiled. Once certainly he has sustained a prolonged siege in his printing-offices against the infuriated authorities. How many times his paper has been suppressed, and under how many new names it has reappeared, I should be afraid to say. But nothing seems to affect him. Exiled or besieged, suppressed or in the full swing of editorship, he preserves the same imperturbable equability of temper and good-humor. Amongst other things he is a gifted musician, and in hard times of enforced idleness he will retire smiling to his music-room and play the violin. His energy is extraordinary. He is always trying to set on foot something to render life in Constantinople more passable. Is there a philharmonic society to be founded, a concert to be given, a public entertainment of any sort to be arranged, a charity to be furthered—Mr. Edgar Whitaker will plunge heart and soul into the whole thing. On the whole there are few persons to whom society owes more enjoyment than to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Whitaker.

This gentleman's name suggests naturally that of Halim Pasha, of whom he is the political guide, philosopher, and friend. Prince Halim is the uncle of the present Khedive Tewfik, and has a strong wish to replace his nephew on the throne of Egypt. Personally he is, like all his family, short, thickset, and dark. He has a cordial, pleasant address, and is a good sportsman; goes but little into society, and is ever ready to demonstrate to you that of all men living he is the most fit to mount the viceregal throne. To attain that end he is known to spend considerable sums of money out of his vast fortune; otherwise he is thrifty and economical. He has, however, a promising family of sons, who are doubtless educating themselves to spend freely in the future. Digitized by Google

I have now enumerated the only elements of society in Constantinople which exist, except *la haute finance* and the *société diplomatique*. To the embassies, an exaggerated importance, compared with that attributed to them in the other great capitals of Europe, is assigned: each ambassador is a king, each ambassadress a queen; the secretaries and *attachés* represent the highest aristocracy. It follows that some jealousy exists between the different embassies, and that they have little cordial intercourse with one another. Each seems to possess a little circle of adorers of its own. Thus, an already very limited society, which can ill-afford to lose what little substance it might have, tends to be broken up into *coteries*. Constantinople presents, in fact, the sight of a large capital with an essentially small town system of life. There being no recreations, no distractions, no intellectual resources of any sort, no political or artistic life, the soil is eminently adapted for the promotion of petty jealousies and discords, and society passes its time in disparaging its neighbor, in profitless gossip, in the discussion of scandal, or in the invention of scandal to discuss. A wonderful amount of pushing, of heart-burning, of toadying and intriguing, is perpetually on foot. To be on good-terms with your ambassador should hold a high place in your ambition; to be on good terms with all the ambassadors should be your ambition's extreme limit. It does not in the least follow that because your own embassy receives you into its arms the others will follow suit. You have to scale the heights singly, and in gaining one you run an exceedingly good chance of losing some of those your prowess has already conquered. Some people of independent spirit have at times affected to laugh this diplomat-worship to scorn, but it is of no avail; in the end they are either left out in the cold altogether, or obliged to bow down at the general shrine, and the latter is the course usually adopted. If the diplomatists themselves exhibit at Constantinople a consciousness of complete superiority which they do not show in the other capitals of Europe, is there anything to be wondered at? My only surprise is that they treat their votaries with as much of considerate condescension as

they do. On the whole, the moral tone of this society is good. It necessarily takes its cue from its leaders, and diplomatists being, by their very position—indeed, in order to keep their position—bound to behave in such a way as not to discredit the countries which they represent, any real scandal is rare.

Considering the lofty position assumed by the embassies in Constantinople, it may seem singular that their influence with the Porte, weak and helpless as this latter institution is supposed to be, is so feeble. The days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are gone forever. The Turks no longer put their trust in words and professions; they require a very substantial *quid pro quo* for everything they may do. They have tried the friendship of most of the nations of Europe, and found them wanting. Now, in spite of showers of diplomatic notes, and any number of ambassadors, they will quietly go their own way, and no one else's. But this does not detract from the social, and even semi-regal, position of ambassadors in Constantinople society. I have known, whilst reigning in the English Embassy, Sir Henry Eliot, courteous, and a traditional diplomatist from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; Sir Henry Layard, rough and rude in manner, the very reverse of what any diplomatist should be; Mr. Goschen, cordial and great-hearted, never resting until he has convinced himself of the true way to act in any given circumstance. The last occupant of the throne, Lord Dufferin, was the personified sum of the whole series of diplomatic talents and graces. His manner to every one was equally bland, gracious, and sincere. For every one he had the same pleasant smile, the same cordial greeting, the same exquisite politeness. With all this fascination of manner he combined the advantages of a first-rate reputation for talent. To my mind that talent was never better proved than by Lord Dufferin's treatment of the Turks. He knew it was useless trying to work with them, so he refrained from working. Once, just before the bombardment of Alexandria, it is said, he did apply his whole strength of mind and head to the task of persuading them to fall in with English suggestions. He failed; and from that time forward, taking

the right view of things, he devoted himself to the extraction of the largest possible amount of enjoyment from life. He painted, he yachted continually; he amused himself in a variety of ways. It will be long, too, before Constantinople sees the like of Lady Dufferin again. Her sweet and gracious manner, her boundless hospitality, her warm-hearted charity, the endless trouble she would take in any good cause, justly endeared her to Constantinopolitans of every degree. It was a day of very true regret which saw her take leave of them for good and all. Lord Dufferin's successor has not yet assumed his post. The affairs of the Embassy are being carried on *ad interim* by Sir William White, the English Minister at Bucharest. He is a big, hearty, energetic gentleman, with a powerful voice, a foreign accent, and an unfailing fund of strong, clear common sense.

English *haute finance* is represented in the first place by Mr. Foster, the chief of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. This gentleman occupies a unique position. By his straightforward dealing, his practical common sense, and an integrity rare amongst financiers in the East, he has succeeded in winning the confidence of every successive Minister of Finance. He is equally respected by society. His very appearance carries with it the conviction of honesty and rectitude of purpose. A man with his hearty English face, his venerable white hair, his portly figure, could, you would say at first sight, never be capable of anything but what is absolutely good. The Ottoman Bank never did a wiser thing than when it chose Mr. Foster to be its figure-head. He is now more seldom seen in society than formerly, and the hospitality which he rejoiced to dispense has become less frequent. But whenever he appears he is welcome; wherever he is he seems to shed a genial light around him. Mr. Vincent Caillard, the President of the Department of the Public Debt, is in many respects the exact opposite of Mr. Foster. He is young and reserved. His talents are reputed to be great. He is a frequent, if frigid, attendant in society's drawing-rooms, and, being married to a charming wife, his house is often thrown open.

The Marquis de Noailles, who reigns

over the French Embassy, has less in him of the diplomatist than of the intellectual literary man. He is the author of more than one work of solid merit; his spare form and bowed head are typical of the man of continued reflection and thought. Quiet and reserved in manner, he displays, on closer acquaintance, an unsuspected vein of dry humor. He does little for society, and is rarely visible at society's gatherings save upon occasions on which his absence might be interpreted as a slight. Madame la Marquis is seen as seldom as her husband, save at her every evening receptions. In the French Embassy, perhaps more than in any other, one is conscious of the small *côteries* into which society is broken up. Unless you are in the "French set," which is decidedly limited, you will probably find yourself, on entering the drawing-room, amongst people who are either entire strangers to you, or with whom you are on terms but of the slightest acquaintance, received by the master and mistress of the house, but the guests evidently look upon you in the light of an intruder. Except for these nightly entertainments, the French Embassy never throws open its hospitable doors.

It is different at the German and Austrian Embassies, where one finds society in its most cosmopolitan form. Monsieur de Radowitz, the German Ambassador, is one of those men who cannot bear a dull environment. He has a way of always looking at the sunny side of things, and he likes to see other people merry and happy too. It is no wonder that with his bright nature, his flow of sparkling conversation, he should be uniformly popular; and he is admirably assisted in his social duties by Madame de Radowitz. She also is endowed with the happiest and most kindly disposition; she is ready to welcome every one with the same sincere cordiality and goodwill. If she can only make people feel at home with her and enjoy themselves, she considers that one of her principal duties in life has been accomplished. Accordingly, you will meet in the German Embassy, English and French, Austrians and Italians, of course Germans, Greeks, Levantines, sometimes even Armenians, and you might almost persuade yourself for the time that no

such thing as a *coterie* existed in Constantinople. The same good feeling reigns in the Austrian Embassy under the auspices of Monsieur and Madame de Cabie, but the lady being unfortunately an invalid, it is necessarily less apparent.

Round the orb of M. de Radowitz revolves that constellation of lesser German luminaries which Germany, to mark her goodwill, has lent to Turkey. The greater number of these honest Teutons work conscientiously for their money, and, with a brave disregard of probabilities, consider their presence in Turkey will have extremely beneficial results, and will eventually lead to the regeneration of the Turkish Empire. This is the value they set upon themselves. The value which the Turks set upon them is different. As has been already pointed out, the Turk will regenerate his empire on his own lines, or he will not regenerate it at all. The honest German sends in long, painstaking reports on every imaginable subject connected with financial, military, or Government matters. The wily Turk receives them, and, smiling, pops them into remote pigeon-holes. Those are not what he wants. Being under the impression that the friendship of Germany and Prince Bismarck is of vital necessity to the Turkish Empire, he thinks that, by showing an apparent deference to German superiority, and a feigned yearning to be taught by German wisdom, that friendship will be gained. Thus, whilst English officers of the *gendarmérie* are dismissed with scant courtesy, and without their pay, one sees the Turks begging for more German tutors, and from time to time increasing the salaries of those whom good fortune has already sent to serve them. Whether this particular object will be gained is a very open question. But Prince Bismarck is too wise not to turn to account any advantage, however small, which may be placed in his hands. The Turkish service is used as a convenient place of honorable rustication for German officers of whom the home authorities desire for a time to be rid. I may instance Von der Goltz Pasha, a man of undoubted ability, and formerly an officer of considerable distinction on the German Grand General Staff. He wrote

a pamphlet in which he expressed ideas not in consonance with those of the powers that be. Such audacity had to be punished, and he was begged to retire for a season to Turkey until—being a very valuable officer—he might be received back into favor again. I might further instance Ristow Pasha. He once in public smote a brother-officer—the son of a great German banker—on the cheek for improper behavior on the occasion of the attempted assassination of the German Emperor. The banker's son refusing to demand satisfaction, a court of honor was held, and he was dismissed the service. Ristow Pasha had broken a regulation, and stern justice must be satisfied. He was therefore lent to the Turks for a time, until the affair could be decently forgotten. Thus the whole arrangement is admirable. It is convenient to the German Government. The good German officers are happy in the belief that they are regenerating Turkey, and in the receipt of handsome pay; the Turks imagine that they are gaining the friendship of Bismarck. All the parties are pleased and contented.

Is there an Italian "set" at Constantinople? I think not. Of course there is an Italian Ambassador. But he is even better known in London than in Constantinople. Any one moving in London society must be acquainted with the short figure, jaunty step, grizzled hair and beard, and queer humorous face of Count Corti. He speaks English like an Englishman. He affects English manners, and wears clothes of English cut. I believe his greatest pride, when not in an official capacity, would be to be mistaken for a Briton of the most uncompromising sort. In London only is he really happy, where, amongst old friends and familiar faces, he may live English life with the Englishmen he loves, appreciating and being appreciated in return. If the diplomatic history of Constantinople during Count Corti's ambassadorship came to be written, it would be found that he had rendered loyal and valuable services to his English colleagues. Constantinople does not suit him; there is not enough of the English element in society, and he is unmarried. Count Corti is of the English set, and will always remain so.

The English Embassy is a kind of second home to him, and he is most deservedly liked and respected by all the English who know him. When he departs from his present post, Constantinople will sustain the loss of a kind-hearted, sterling gentleman. But his real friends will not regret his departure if only he be moved to the Embassy at London. Not only might London society be rejoiced at the appointment, but Count Corti will have attained the summit of his ambition.

There could be no greater contrast to Count Corti than that presented by M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador. In the first place, there is not, of course, the same mutual sympathy between the English and Russian Embassies. Then, whereas Count Corti is somewhat silent, M. de Nelidoff has an endless flow of conversation at his command. The former does not speak unless he has something to say; the latter, with nothing to say, will rattle away with extraordinary rapidity, lead you dancing along through whirls of words and torrents of sentences, and finally leave you breathless and annoyed, without having communicated a single idea which you will find worth retaining. And M. de Nelidoff never looks bored; he is always gay, fascinating, and full of life. I have, however, never yet seen any one who has got behind the first flash of voluble cordiality. With all his rattle and ready conversation, he is a man of great reserve; he is, in fact, a born diplomatist, and he looks it. In figure he is well set up, and he is always perfectly dressed; and there is something attractive in his pale expressive face, with its iron-grey beard and piercing brown eyes. Madame de Nelidoff is an easy-natured lady, taking things as they come. There is, of course, a set which worships at the Russian shrine. There being very few Russians proper, it is composed chiefly of Levantine magnates and others, and is less known even than usual to the other component parts of society. At the one or two entertainments given annually by the Russian Embassy—for its hospitality is somewhat limited—you are certain to meet quantities of people you will never see anywhere else.

Much more important to society is the

family of M. Onou, the Russian *conseiller d'ambassade*. He himself is a hospitable, pleasant gentleman, shining chiefly in the light of his wife. To obtain the familiar entry of Madame Onou's *salon*, you need belong to no particular set; it is necessary only that you should not be dull or uninteresting, and that you should have, or at least be reputed to have, abilities somewhat above the ordinary run. Madame Onou herself possesses more than the usual share of wit; her conversation is brilliant and inexhaustible, her reading wide and varied. The ordinary platitudes and dull generalities of society conversation she cordially detests. Do not begin them with her; she will make you discover your mistake with a rapidity more striking than agreeable, and you will heartily wish you had kept silent. If you show some signs of originality and cultivation you will be warmly encouraged, and will be made welcome whenever you appear. Should you, on increased acquaintance, find great favor in the eyes of Madame Onou, you may possibly be admitted into her inner circle. Your reputation for brilliancy and intellectual attainments is then established forever. You are one of the *âmes d'élite*. *Les âmes d'élite* is a title which a band of the chosen few, with Madame Onou at their head, have conferred on themselves as a distinctive sign. They look down on the rest of society from an intellectual height which an ordinary mortal may envy, but may not hope to attain. From time to time they meet in happy conclave, to enjoy the feast of reason and to promote the flow of soul. Chosen subjects are then discussed with beautiful and tender sentiment, with profound knowledge and learning, with brilliant coruscations of wit. Poetry is declaimed—the more inspired showing a preference for poems of their own composition. You breathe the atmosphere of intellectual refinement and of fervid genius. The entertainment is a little serious, but you go to improve, not to amuse, yourself. Be very careful not to laugh at the wrong time. This crime was once committed whilst, I think, a leading *âme d'élite* was reciting to his fellow-souls a poem which he had written. The two criminals—there were two of them—were banished from the sacred circle, never again to be ad-

mitted. The most important member of this little sect—if so I may call it—next to Madame Onou is M. Ecsarho, the Roumanian Consul. He is a gentleman small in stature but big in soul. Like most Roumanians, he talks perfect Parisian French. He is of very poetic temperament, an actor of really remarkable merit, and probably invaluable as an *âme d'élite*.

The antithesis to the *âmes d'élite* is the set which gathers round Madame Wallenberg and her sister, Miss d'Ehrenhoff. These ladies are the daughters of the Swedish Minister; but their mother was English, and they are, to all appearance, much more English than Swede. Being young and charming, always in high spirits, excellent horsewomen, ready for almost anything, from driving tandem to an *impromptu* dance, they have the *jeunesse dorée* of Constantinople at their feet. With them it is not necessary to speak of poetry or learning. It is not even desirable, for they would not understand you. Horses, dogs, riding-parties, dances, dress, flirtation, and such light matters are the subjects they and their society mostly affect, and if you depart from these you will be looked upon as "a bore," and your acquaintance will be discouraged. This does not in the least prevent the male *âmes d'élite* from sharing in the general adoration of the Swedish ladies, who receive their homage with that strict impartiality which distinguishes them. But the *âmes d'élite* are none the less obliged to descend from their intellectual pedestal, and to adapt their minds to the more mundane subjects above enumerated. Both ladies make sport of the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. Old or young, English, French, German, Austrian, Russian, Italian, or Greek, every one is in turn equally favored and equally disappointed. But if they take nothing seriously, they have never given Mrs. Grundy material wherewith to reproach them.

The Greek set is by far the largest of all; it is at the same time the least known. The Greeks have enormous power in the country, financially and politically. Quite three-quarters of the Constantinople bankers are Greeks, and the official departments swarm with them. But they keep to themselves. Be-

yond leaving a few formal cards every now and then, the diplomatists take no notice of them; and as the diplomatists give the cue to society, society takes no notice of them either. In this I am bold enough to think that society is mistaken, for not only is the Greek section exceedingly powerful, but there are amongst them some very charming people. The Greek Legation is presided over by M. Condouriotis. It is quite useless for me to endeavor to give a description of this gentleman, for I have only seen him once, and that at a distance. He has such an absolute distaste for society that he is practically never seen. I am prepared to lay heavy odds that quite half Constantinople society is in a more unhappy state than myself, and does not even know the Greek Minister by sight. Madame Condouriotis is, on the contrary, one of the most familiar sights of Constantinople. Her large form and good-natured face, and her cloud of unmarried daughters, will never be missed from any social gathering entitled to the name. I am not aware that the Greek Legation ever opens its doors for hospitality's sake. It is nevertheless considered the right thing to call there on Sunday afternoons. You are pretty sure there to find every one worth knowing in Madame Condouriotis' drawing-room, drinking tea. It is not particularly lively; no one seems to know exactly why he should be there. But it is the right thing to do, and it is there that you may meet the great Greek bankers—the Zarifis, the Engenides, and all those names so well known at the Porte and so little in society. You will find them pleasant, highly educated, intelligent, and in every way worthy of cultivation. But to cultivate them is difficult.

There are others whom I fain would portray—Mr. and Mrs. Heap, of the American Consulate-General, Mr. and Mrs. von Püts, of the Dutch Legation. But these ladies and gentlemen, though taking prominent places in society, have no distinct "sets" attendant to them. And so my imperfect sketch is finished. If I have seemed to have treated my theme in a narrow and disjointed way, I can only repeat that it is itself so narrow and disjointed that it could not faithfully be treated otherwise.—*Fortnightly Review*.

IN THE PIT OF A THEATRE.

DURING an enforced holiday, when the "Sovereign people" in London and other cities wills it that business shall be laid aside between a Saturday and a Tuesday, it is no small rest to a busy man to find himself safe in his *sanctum* at home, and monarch of all he surveys, in the company of his truest friends—his old books. Amongst these old friends are many who have seen better days, as regards their outside covers, in the shape of old dramas, play-bills, operas, and other books pertaining to the stage; and it is not strange that my mind wanders back to the time when, as a boy, passing through London on my way to a public school, I was generally allowed one, and sometimes two nights in 'town to "go to the play."

In country villages, people who had been to London and had gone to the play were "somebodies" when they described the glories of a London theatre, and though there were amongst our rural population people who thought "a 'playhouse' a 'pandemonium,'" still I observed that they listened attentively to the narrative of any bold explorer, who on his return was relating the wonders which he had seen, before they gave vent to their opinions against secular amusement. As a schoolboy, of course, if I went to the play, nothing would satisfy me but a seat in the dress circle, and going in full evening dress, and white kid gloves, and possibly scented—for the abomination called "scent" was much used by young men and affected by boys many years ago. Not unlike Master Augustus Jones, who accompanied Mr. "Spec" to the play and overflowed with delight on recognising "Smith," a schoolfellow, in the pit (for details whereof see Thackeray's "A Night's Pleasure"), I was recognised by a schoolfellow who was sitting in the pit, but I tried not to catch his eye; so you see, if we all speak the truth, we cannot help admitting that in our passage through life we feel self-convicted of having been contaminated by puppydom and false pride.

It must have been nearer fifty than forty years ago that I first was introduced to the London theatres; and on

coming to reside in London, after leaving school in 1842, it so happened that I boarded at a house, the owners of which were connected with the theatrical profession, and I had the opportunity of learning what was the best thing to see or hear. I soon abandoned my grand ideas about the dress circle, evening costume, and white kid gloves, and learnt the lesson that the coat must be cut according to the cloth, and my experience was that, not only was the pit much cheaper than the boxes, but there were two other great advantages in going there: first, there was an absence of the nuisance of the opening and shutting of doors, and being disturbed by people coming late and chattering; and secondly, in the pit, those on all sides of you came to see and hear the performance and enjoy it, and by a general agreement the greatest order and silence were preserved, while there was a strong feeling of mutual respect between the actors and the pit audience.

London was half its present size before the railway days, money was much scarcer than now, and amusements which cost money were less frequently indulged in by young men who were learning a profession. And the birds of passage, in London to-day and gone to-morrow, were comparatively few.

There were no stalls, and people did not come to the pit for fashion's sake; and on Shakspeare nights a large number of the audience brought their books and ran over the coming scenes before each act. Whenever any celebrated passage was about to be delivered, there was a deep "hush" amongst the old play-goers, who had been *habitués* perhaps for the last forty years, and it was interesting to watch their faces for expressions of approval or disapproval, as the case might be; if the former, when a thing was well done they almost exploded with delight; if on the contrary, there would be a suppressed sigh and half-uttered expression of reproach.

Many of the old school had seen Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Miss O'Neil, and were very ready, when asked by youngsters who wished to learn, to give their experiences of the

great actors and actresses of the past. Of course there were amongst them *laudatores temporis acti*, but the old critics on the whole were very fair, and kept before their eyes the fact that the performers were working for their bread, and if they did their best, any errors in the opinion of their judges in the pit were lightly passed over, provided there was not any suspicion of carelessness. If an actor or actress was not word-perfect, or altered the text in any way, it was a grave offence to the pit; and such things have been seen as an unsteadiness of gait or huskiness of voice which told their own tale, but this was very seldom. I remember one very painful scene, when a singer came on to sing a time-honored ballad which was anxiously waited for, and, staring vacantly at the house, he fairly winked, and then lurched against the scenery. The same thing had happened once before to the same actor, so it was not the first offence. There was a howl of execration, and cries of "Put him to bed!" "Put him under the pump!" No apology would be accepted.

The supper after the play was a great institution. Young men went pretty much to one of the singing places so graphically described by Thackeray under the names of the "Cave of Harmony," or "The Back Kitchen;" but the Café de l'Europe, in the Haymarket, or the Albion, opposite to Drury Lane Theatre, were much frequented by the regular play-goers, as many actors came to one or the other after their performance; and though they kept pretty much to themselves, people liked to see them off the stage.

It was at such places as these that we met some of our old friends whom we sat near in the pit, and they would not be unwilling to continue their talk about the past days, and the celebrities in the days of their youth.

The prominent actors and actresses whom I saw when I was a boy and a young man, and whose names come to my mind, were Macready, Phelps, Charles Kemble, the Keans (Mr. and Mrs. Charles), Vandenhoff, Miss Vandenhoff, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nesbit, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Warner, Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), James Anderson, Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs.

German Reed), Mrs. Glover, W. Farren (the most finished English gentleman as regarded perfect ease and lofty courtesy on the stage), James Wallack, the Keeleys, Buckstone, Bartley, Elton, Harley, Compton (an admirable Touchstone), Anderson, Terry, Walter Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Leigh Murray and Mrs. Leigh Murray, Ryder (who has just died in harness after fifty years' service), Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Benjamin Webster, O. Smith, Wright, Paul Bedford, Oxberry, Madame Céleste, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon), not forgetting T. P. Cooke, K.N., the prince of stage sailors, and "little Clark," as he was always called at the Haymarket, which is believed to have been his *only stage*.

One old public favorite deserves a special notice, for his life was very eventful, and a fair specimen of what used to be "general utility." Those of the present generation saw him at the end of his performance when he was almost worn out, not *exactly* playing "the buffoon," but when (as he said himself) he had become "very dicky on his pins," because the old *habitués* of the Adelphi "*would have Paul on*" to look at him. I allude, of course, to Paul Bedford. Probably no man ever played so many parts. He was well educated and came from Bath, where he was articled to an auctioneer's firm of great eminence; but being stage-struck from witnessing Richardson's show, he first plunged into private theatricals, and when very young, after making his *début* at Swansea, was engaged at the Bath Theatre, which ranked in the early part of this century next to London.

Paul Bedford, when almost a youth, played Norfolk in "Richard III.," when Edmund Kean was starring in the West, and was taken up by and became a fast friend for life of the great tragedian. He had a rich and well-cultivated voice, and sang much at concerts, amongst others with Malibran, Catalani, and old Braham; took good parts in English operas under good managers; sang at churches, chapels, Vauxhall, and public dinners, and was equally at home in "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "The Crown Diamonds;" in "Jolly Nose" in "Jack Sheppard" and in the "Gloria

in *Excelsis*' in a Roman Catholic chapel; he played in melodrama, "screaming farces," and burlesques, and was the king of men at a Greenwich or Richmond dinner. He was recognised by every one in London, from a royal duke to a crossing-sweeper, and in his time had been well known to Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Daniel O'Connell (by the last two of whom he had been specially noticed), and to Louis Napoleon, afterward Emperor of the French, Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington's circle at Kensington Gore, and also to the dandies in London, old and young, lords and commons, military and civilian. He was genial, eccentric, good-natured, and never out of temper. Bedford and Wright, who was a foil to him—in fact, to use a vulgarism, they were "chopping-blocks to each other"—were inseparables on the Adelphi stage; and Miss Woolgar, so to say, grew up on that stage under them, and was a kind of adopted daughter to both. The three acted so much together that their daily work became almost a relationship; the two actors were old stagers, and Miss Woolgar was a young girl beginning life. Wright was allowed the greatest liberties in "gagging," and such a thing has been witnessed as a personal appeal by Wright to the audience against the rough conduct of Mr. Bedford to him in the farce, the tendering and acceptance of Mr. Bedford's apology, the applause of the audience at two such good fellows having shaken hands; numbers of the audience who came from the country thinking that the scene was real.

Paul Bedford was a fair specimen of a "general utility" man; one who did a great many things which others could not, who amused at least three generations, and who labored according to his lights in a kindly and humorous manner; though never within the meaning of the word "an actor."

In this article I am not alluding to the operatic and musical world, but to those who belong to what we called "the play" in days gone by. The transpontine theatres were mostly given up to the nautical drama at the Surrey, "cut-and-thrust and murder" at the Victoria (where the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road sat with their coats off

in the boxes sometimes, and publicly eat "whelks" with a pin, and whistled cheerfully to any friend they might recognise); and to horsemanship at Astley's.

Acting must in those days have been terribly hard work, for the performance went on from half-past six or seven till midnight, and there was a half-price at nine o'clock—now very wisely abolished—and those who came at half-price wanted a long spell for their money. I have seen Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris play through a whole evening at the Olympic (including the fairy extravaganza); and the Keeleys would do the same at the Lyceum. Acting was not mixed up much with tableaux, and processions, and dancing, as is the custom at some theatres of to-day, and the staff must have been sorely taxed to fill up the evening.

Charles Mathews, Keeley, Buckstone, Paul Bedford, and Wright were in their everyday characters precisely the same off the stage as on; there was something irresistibly comic in everything each of them said or did. The first named was possibly the most accomplished man in the profession, for he was a splendid linguist, and could play, draw, fence, dance, sing, and mimic anything or anybody; yet, curiously enough, he regretted throughout his life that he did not follow his profession as an architect.

In Macready's *Reminiscences* it is stated that the great tragedian did not follow his calling for love of it; and Mrs. Butler (*née* Fanny Kemble), in her *Reminiscences* says that she *hated* acting Shakspeare's characters, as she thought the plays were intended for private study and reading, and ought *never* to have been put on the stage at all.

The Mrs. Glover of the past is represented by the Mrs. Stirling of the present, who is now filling such parts as the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Malaprop, &c., which characters can only be represented by some lady who has passed a lifetime on the boards; and it is a great pleasure to have seen them both and to write them down in one's mind as *aquales*. Accomplished ladies of this class hand down the traditions of the stage. It is always pleasant, when one meets any of the few remaining old favorites in the street, to take one's hat off in grateful respect for the amuse-

ment and instruction which we have received from them in our and their younger days.

Now let us look into old Drury Lane in the Macready days. Macready was notoriously one of the most violent-tempered men in England, and in his Life it is recorded that he prayed earnestly to be delivered from his violent fits of passion. Macready was a scholar and a gentleman, and most conscientious in his endeavors to make the stage what it ought to be, a school of dramatic art to his audience. Naturally he had a very fine voice, susceptible of great modulation, especially in the representation of pathos. But, from an over-anxiety to make everything that he said reach every one of his audience, he had fallen into a painful habit of breaking up his sentences, which not only marred the rhythm of the verse he had to speak but gave a "jerky" unevenness to his elocution that became at times irritating. Another drawback that he created for himself was this: he made the most horrible faces when his passions were roused, insomuch that I was once nearly put out of the theatre for bursting out laughing in "King Lear," when the mad king *shrieked* out, "Look! look! a mouse," and he made such a tremendous face and rolled his eyes in such a supernatural manner at so small an animal, in his imagination, that if it had been at the end of the world, I could not have kept my countenance. Nevertheless, on looking back I feel fully convinced that a Shakspearian performance at Macready's theatre gave one a great zest for reading and trying to understand Shakspeare.

There was great public sympathy with Macready in his management, because he made the hazardous experiment of trying to make the house pay its own expenses without the "Saloon," which used to be let at a very high price for the purpose of making it a lounge for the least desirable company, and of selling the worst possible wine at the highest possible prices.

"Macbeth" was a great draw at Drury Lane, and Mrs. Warner often played Lady Macbeth. It was a favorite piece, as the music by Locke, and the witches and the general weirdness of the scenes, always have had a fascina-

tion for the British public. In the first "Macbeth" I saw, Macready was Macbeth, Phelps was Macduff, Anderson Banquo, Elton was Rosse, and Mrs. Warner Lady Macbeth.

"As You Like It" was also popular, and perhaps the best adapted of all the plays for putting on the stage, and Macready's Jaques was a very fine study: the character fitted him exactly, and the music also was attractive. In the first performance of "As You Like It" under Macready which I saw, Mrs. Nisbet was Rosalind: in the last "As You Like It" I saw under Macready—and that was by Royal command—Anderson was Orlando, Helen Faucit was Rosalind, Keeley was Touchstone, and Mrs. Keeley was Audry. I am not going to make out a list of performances from old play-bills, but I venture to remark here that it appears from memory and from record that there was in those days in London a sure supply of first-rate talent for tragedy and comedy; and well-known actors and actresses migrated from theatre to theatre as seasons ended and engagements closed, and whether there were special stars or not, at the first-class theatres the parts were well filled.

Phelps was a great deal with Macready, and was of the same high stamp, a scholar and a gentleman. His Iago played to Macready's Othello, with Helen Faucit as Desdemona, was a treat to see; and when Phelps took his benefit they reversed the parts, and Macready played Iago to Phelps' Othello. Phelps made a bold experiment and opened Sadler's Wells Theatre, which used to be a very second-rate suburban theatre, with Shakspeare. He "lived down" the opposition of the "roughs" in the gallery, and fairly educated his audience to understand the beauties of the greatest of dramatists. His Master Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was a masterpiece; so, too, was his Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and he must be ranked amongst those who in a somewhat rough theatre promoted the interests of the drama most successfully.

And now, if you please, I must ask for "hats off" to a lady—who was supposed to be a link between the days of the Siddons and the O'Neil school and her own day—whom I saw play "The

Lady Constance" (as it was always called, though the text says "Constance" only) in "King John."

Of course we youngsters only knew of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil by tradition, but we sat side by side with those who had seen both of the celebrated *tragédiennes*, and they admitted Miss Faucit's excellence—sometimes possibly with a little qualification, such as "Oh, yes, sir, that is very good, but *the* Siddons and *the* O'Neil each of them raised her right arm in that exit, which 'took her off' better." I liked the Toryism of the old boys who stuck to the friends of their youth, whether they were right or wrong.

Sydney Smith said that Mrs. Siddons, when he met her at dinner, "stabbed the potatoes, and called for a fork as she would for a dagger." Well, times alter; counsel, who used to hold up both hands and appeal to heaven as Brougham did, would be nowhere now; while men who, under the guise of preaching, used to fill a church by bringing to bear a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a diamond ring, and gesticulation—à la Charles Honyman—accompanied by brimstone threats, would in these days empty a cathedral.

Just so the rant and "the wait" for the roar of the house, which was the custom in Mrs. Siddons' days, as our forefathers informed us, was out of fashion when Helen Faucit held the stage at Drury Lane.

I first saw that lady, then in or just out of her teens, as Constance in "King John." Macready was the King; Phelps was Hubert; Anderson was Falconbridge; and little Miss Murray, I think, was Arthur, and played the part in *white kid gloves*!

Now King John was my favorite aversion in history; I always looked on him as a coward and a sneak, and I hated the horrible legend about Prince Arthur and the red-hot irons; the very story kept me awake of a night. So I went rather against the grain, but I wanted to see Helen Faucit.

Of course numbers of good-natured friends told me that I was wasting my time and money to go and see "Helen Faucit go mad in white satin." However, I went on my own account, not much liking the play, and I am bound

to say that the first part fell rather flat. I had it on my mind that there would be "alarums" and soldiers and armies in saucepans without handles for head-pieces; and having lived near a garrison town all my life I always had a contempt for stage "supers" as substitutes for soldiers.

In the second act, directly Constance speaks for the first time—

Oh, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love—

I felt in hearing Helen Faucit I was listening to something different to anything I had ever heard before.

Helen Faucit's personation of character was a gift. Indignation, irony, scorn, tenderness, affection, and sorrow were depicted by her in the most natural manner, and she had the advantage of a grand presence, great flexibility, clearness, and mellowness of voice, somewhat of a low pitch, but very distinct, with a passionate expression; any one could see that she felt the part she played, whatever it was.

Her burst of indignation at the opening of the third act in "King John"—

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! etc.

was very grand. Later on, when Arthur says, "I *do* beseech thee, madam, be content," and she replies—

If thou that bidst me be content were grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,

I would *not* care; I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown;
But thou art fair—and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great—
etc.

the wonderful tenderness and pathos and change of voice and manner at the words "But thou art fair," etc., were very effective.

In the same scene, when she refuses to go with Salisbury to the Kings of France and England, and Salisbury says—

Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Helen Faucit, without any ranting, turned on Salisbury with withering scorn—

Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will *not* go with thee,

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stout,
etc.

and I call to mind the stately way in which she seemed gradually to sink into the ground—never taking her eyes off Salisbury—with a kind of long sweeping curtsey, and never dropping her voice until her body rested on the stage, and the mournful cadence of the words—

Here I and sorrow sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
And I can hear also in imagination the taunting sarcasm to Austria—

Thou wear a lion's hide ! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on thy recreant limbs ;

and then again the prayerful appeal to the Cardinal,

And, Father Cardinal, I have heard thee say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;

If that be true I shall see my son again.

The scene before the final exit of Constance, commencing with—

Constance. He talks to me that never had a son.

King Philip. You are as fond of grief as of your son.

Constance. Grief fills the room up of my absent child—

Lies in his bed—walks up and down with me—

Puts on his pretty looks—repeats his words—
etc.,

was very memorable ; and when Helen Faucit tore off her head-dress, exclaiming—

I will not keep this form upon my head
When there is such disorder in my wit !

crazed with grief, she concluded with the agonizing cry—

Oh Lord ! my boy ! my Arthur ; my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

(*Exit.*)

This made a grand exit, and I was glad that Helen Faucit's part ended there, for the nerves may get overstrung, when the whole thing to the mind was a reality : it was not an actress that spoke, but a deeply wronged and cruelly treated mother—just as Shakspeare meant it.

I saw Helen Faucit in very many of

her characters, but her Lady Constance was my beau-ideal of a tragic actress, and I thought she could not equal it until I saw her in "The Lady of Lyons," some time afterwards.

Now, it is high treason to say so, but the play itself does *not* display much amiability among the characters. Old Damas, the tough old soldier, is the *only* unselfish, honest spoken character in the piece. All the other people are scheming and lying and deceiving, worshipping money and rank, and planning revenge and ill-nature. Pauline is a frivolous, empty-headed girl ; and her rhapsody of fervid love, in answer to Claude Melnotte's suggestion that if he *had* been the gardener's son she would not love him, is worth nothing, because she believes that he is a prince all the time.

There is not a scintilla of evidence that she cared for him any more than a London beauty in her first season would be believed by her mother, in her heart of hearts, if her daughter suddenly told her that a Duke had proposed to her and that she *must* die if she did not marry him.

It is all a pretty picture, and a good stage story for effect ; but the first time that we really sympathise with her fate is when Pauline breaks out with the natural burst of indignation—

This is thy palace ! where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps, etc.

That passage took the house by storm, and if Pauline had been Jezebel herself we would have fought for her—it was so grand and majestic in delivery, and she had been so brutally wronged.

Then the lover preaches a sermon on love, and tells his story, and she "tones herself down" to him off-hand. This kind of thing may be *art* quà the stage, but it is not nature.

We are up and down like buckets in a well, and are relieved at last when Melnotte has done preaching and comes forward to take Pauline's hand ; and then the actress takes the weight off our minds. Without any artificial stage effect, but shrinking from the man as any one would from a noisome reptile, Helen Faucit let word by word drop in a tone of settled despair and contempt—

No—touch me not !

I know my fate ; you are by law my tyrant.

And I—oh Heaven!—a peasant's wife. I'll
work,
Toil, drudge—do what you will—but *touch* me
not!
Let my wrongs make me sacred.

Nothing could surpass the acting of Helen Faucit throughout the fourth act, when she is persecuted and jeered at by Beauséant, or the effectiveness of the scene when in Melnotte's absence she crushes Beauséant, her persecutor, with her indignant reply—

A husband's roof, however humble, in the eyes of God and man, is the temple of a wife's honor.

The situation was startling and the sentiment noble; but, unfortunately for its reality, we must give Pauline credit, according to the text of the play, for using it out of disgust towards Beauséant, and not out of regard to her husband's roof, as, a minute or two before, Pauline, in her soliloquy, says—

If he were but a poor gentleman, or even a merchant—but a gardener's son!—and *such* a home! Ah, no!—it is *too* dreadful.

All Melnotte's fine speeches and quasi-penitence come when the man is "cornered" and disgraced, and is the object of general detestation; somehow there is little interest in his character.

Throughout the last act, when Pauline is about to be sacrificed to Beauséant to save her father's fortune, and Melnotte, as Colonel Morier, under a feigned name, is talking to her about the absent Melnotte (as she supposes), Helen Faucit's acting was very fine; and after two years and a half one has a right to suppose that she would prefer Melnotte to Beauséant, a man whom she hated and despised; when the *dénouement* came, and Morier turns out to be her own husband, her surprise and joy were so real and natural that one would imagine it to be like what any one would be at coming back from the dead. The acting was a great triumph, without exaggeration. The drawback to the play is that Melnotte is rather a bore and preaches too much; as even at the end, when he has a great deal to repent of in reality for all the misery he has caused, he gives himself rather a good character than otherwise—like Zacchæus extolling himself from the sycamore-tree—and walks off with the honors of war. There can be no doubt that Helen Faucit made

the success of "The Lady of Lyons" by her creation of a very difficult character; and the great compliment to such creation is that the ambition of every new star on the stage is to play Pauline to a London audience (who are very particular about the old traditions), and many have made the attempt with varied results.

I am bound to say that I never saw a Claude Melnotte—that is, any one who could look and play the part of a love-sick peasant. I saw Macready when middle-aged, also Anderson, and G. V. Brooke; and not one of them came up to the ideal Claude Melnotte; it requires a young man and a very finished actor. Perhaps there may be Claude Melnottes now, and Paulines too, but I left off with Helen Faucit's Pauline, and I like the green spot on my memory which has been left by her splendid acting to remain there. There is no secret about the cause of Helen Faucit's success. Her very soul was in her art, and she made her audience feel the reality of the scene she was representing just as Grisi did in Lucrezia Borgia.

Madame Vestris possibly was a woman of the finest taste in her stage arrangements of her time, and one of the most charming actresses and singers. Nothing came amiss to her; she was quite at home in Shakspeare, light comedy, farce, as a "Buy a broom" girl, or Scotch fishwife, or a waiting-woman, and her singing was very charming. Her "little Olympic," as it was called, was what would now be styled "a bijou theatre." Economy was *not* her forte. Her entertainment at the Olympic consisted mostly of light, sparkling pieces, and a fairy story at Christmas. Her Covent Garden management was very unfortunate, and involved both her and Charles Mathews in heavy pecuniary difficulty.

Mrs. Nisbet again was a universal popular favorite. She sparkled all over with brilliant wit and humor, and she liked to have a part where her laugh could be heard before coming on. It is doubtful whether her Mrs. Ford or Rosalind was her best Shakspeare character, but she was admirable in both, while her Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," her Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and her

Constance in the "Love Chase," were perfection.

The Keeleys had a great time of it at the Lycéum, and brought out a number of Planché's fairy stories at Christmas, and they always had a good company. "To Parents and Guardians" was a piece which had a long run, and it was in that that Alfred Wigan made a great hit as a poor French usher in a school of which Mrs. Keeley as a boy, Bob Nettles, was champion.

When the Shakspearian drama had nearly died out in London the Keans, some few years later on, took the Princess's for the reproduction of the "legitimate drama." They were supported by the first people in London society, and, antiquaries and savants conspired to have the plays mounted *secundum artem*.

"Richard II.," with a very good reproduction of Old London, very much in the style lately exhibited at the Fisheries, was a great draw. Amongst other plays, some of the old stock pieces of the Kemble and Siddons days, such as "The Gamester" and "The Stranger," appeared again, but it was clear that the British public was not much enamored of either, as these plays belonged to the days when Dr. Watts' hymns formed the only "pathway of safety" to young sinners, and vice and virtue had to be painted in very strong colors.

There was a mannerism about Charles Kean which many people could not tolerate at any price, and of course there was a "Kean" and "Anti-Kean" party; but impartial people should take a broad view of things when judging a manager, and should consider whether he is doing all he can within his means to promote the pure drama. Money, of course, is the main object in opening a theatre, but it must never be forgotten that in the theatrical profession there was, and is, a great deal of honest pride, and, in promoting their own interests, managers were, and are, delighted to find their audiences and public opinion with them.

It would be ungrateful to omit all notice of the "old Adelphi"—the home of melodrama and screaming farce; and where, when a boy, I saw Rice—

• Turn about, wheel about, and do just so;
Every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow—

in a kind of patter song and dance, which introduced all imaginable eccentricities, and which were the forerunners of minstrel melody and of great fun and laughter, aye! and of tears, too, for "Lucy Neal" and "Mary Blane," before the abolition of slavery, caused many a moist eye.

The world has changed immensely during the last forty or fifty years. We travel by express; talk—and for our sins quarrel too—with all the world by telegraph; we are living two days to our forefathers' one now; we cannot stand the solid beef and pudding, the beer and sherry, and strong port after dinner, and five-act plays, and a pantomime to follow, with oysters and porter, and cold beef and salad and bottled stout, and punch and tobacco on the top of the lot, as our forefathers did, and as we used to do, once in a way. No—our manners and customs have changed; we like a light dinner and light wines, a good entertainment to amuse us, and not too much of it.

Our old-fashioned clown and pantaloons, and the conventional sausages, and goose, and red-hot poker are giving way to "semi-political," "semi-society" pieces, called the "sacred lamp of Burlesque," supported by singing, dancing, grand spectacles, and grotesque fun and humor at very high prices. Stalls have usurped the places of private boxes, and the world goes its own way, and pays what it pleases for what it has, and no one has a right to complain if the public get what they want; and if the stage gives a living to more people so much the better.

It is childish to compare the past with the present, but the pleasures of memory are very grateful and very harmless. No doubt the Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble school would be quite out of place now, as it would have been in the days of which I write; but we have reason to believe that could Edmund Kean come back as he was when he made his début as Shylock, he would have delighted and surprised us still. Belonging myself to a school who sit mostly at home, I do not often see modern performances of any kind; but when I do I make a note of them, and I vote cordially with those who maintain that dramatic art

belongs to this age as much as to any other, according to the peculiar style and fashion of the present time.

I am as ready to take up the cudgels for the creators of such characters as "Lord Dundreary," or "The Buttermilk," or "Galatea," or "Polly Eccles," or "Sam Gerridge," as I am

for actors and actresses and the plays of days gone by.

The stage is to the public a *table d'hôte* which people may dine at or not; the banquet is spread nightly, and those who wish to sit down may do so, and those who do not so wish may pass it by. —*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE CHESS-PLAYER.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE whose interest in records of the supernatural is based chiefly, or entirely, upon what is monstrous or horrible, will find little pleasure in the perusal of the following narrative;—a narrative of events most wild, truly, and most strange, yet in themselves most simple. Regarding the *facts* of which I speak, to their truth I can bear witness. That they have filled me with amazement, with perplexity, even with dread, I freely own; but their reality I cannot deny, unless I refuse the evidence of my own senses. As to explanation, that is another matter. On that point I prefer to remain silent, and to content myself with a plain narration, since I confess I am not able to advance any conjecture which a sound judgment could approve, or which would not lay me open to a charge of superstition.

It was towards the close of a dark, heavy, and sombre autumn day that I, together with the messenger who had summoned me, arrived in sight of the house in which my services as a physician were required. It stood on the further shore of a black and silent lake, round which the solitary glades and mountain passes extended for many miles without other sign of human habitation. The spot was, indeed, in the last degree wild and lonely; nor did the aspect of the ancient mansion, black with age against the edge of the black water, do much to relieve the melancholy impressiveness of the scene.

The only way of approach to the mansion lay across the lake. My guide unfastened the chain of a small boat which slept among the sedges at our feet, and having taken my seat in the prow, we pushed off into the dark water.

The shore receded, and the two great hills from which we had descended. Before us lay the mansion, backed by still loftier mountains, the peaks of which rose far into the sky. As we approached the building I regarded its details with growing curiosity; the strangeness of its situation, locked, as it were, in a recess of rock—the moss-grown castellated walls—the ancient tower—the narrow slit-like windows—the flight of steps descending to the water. What strange inhabitant was this, I wondered, who preferred this aged tenement, in its solitude, its wildness, and its glamour, to the luxuriant surroundings of a modern dwelling? Who could support, day after day, and season after season, the lifeless lustre of that inky lake, the unchangeable oppression of those overwatching hills? Certainly, no common person.

"Certainly, no common person." As I repeated these words to myself the boat touched the fungus-tinted granite of the steps ascending to the archway of the door. Another servant appeared at the entrance, who, taking my bag and wrapper, preceded me into a dusky hall, where the light which entered through the deep-set pointed windows was barely sufficient to reveal the rich oaken carving of the walls and ceiling, the ancient and faded tapestries which veiled the doorways, and the spectral gleaming of suspended arms. Nothing here seemed to have been disturbed for ages. Not a sign of modern life was visible. The dust of centuries blackened the rafters. The scent of antiquity was in the air.

Thence I was conducted through many narrow, shadowy, and winding corridors to a small chamber at the other end of the building. This room was furnished in a more recent style, and indeed, except for the scarcity of light occasioned

by the same pointed and narrow windows which I had before observed, might have been called a comfortable apartment. The floor and ceiling were, indeed, of the same black oak as before; an antique lamp hung from the roof by a long chain; the door was screened by a curtain of tarnished tapestry: so much was ancient, mediæval. But the walls were surrounded with shelves and stored with books, papers and writing materials lay on the table, and an easy-chair stood invitingly beside a cheerful fire. The room was empty.

"My master will be with you immediately, sir," said the servant. With this announcement he retired, and I was left alone.

As I now stood before the fire, it struck me for the first time as a little remarkable that I did not even know my patient's name. I had been summoned on this errand by mere chance, my door-plate having happened to have been the first to catch the eye of the messenger. I was a new arrival in the neighborhood and knew little of the residents. Of this remote and singular dwelling I had never so much as heard. I looked round the room. Immediately my attention became arrested and my interest awakened. Whatever sort of person might turn out to be the owner of this strange place, it was evident that he had one passion in common with myself. On the table stood a *chess-board* with a game half played. Beside the board lay a note-book, in which seemed to be pencilled remarks on the position. I approached the bookshelves. One whole shelf—some dozens of volumes—contained solely works referring to the game, from the largest German *Handbuch* to the thinnest pamphlet; transactions of chess societies in all parts of the world; bulky scrap-books filled with cuttings of problems, games, and annotations. Several of the volumes were of the rarest kind, such as I had never hoped to set my eyes on. And I too was a *virtuoso*, and a poor one! Is it any wonder that for some minutes at least I envied the fortunate possessor of these treasures, with all my heart?

I had, however, little time to moralise upon this villainy of fortune. My reflections were cut short by the opening of the door. I turned, and found myself

face to face with the object of my envy. For a moment we looked at each other in silence, and with mutual surprise. I saw before me a man somewhat past the prime of life, with a face which could not but be called beautiful even in its extreme fragility and pallor. I have said that he appeared to be somewhat past the prime of life; but his true age would have been difficult to determine. One who had looked only at his face, and at his strangely bright, yet tintless eyes, would have pronounced him young; yet his hair was the hair of a very old man, being as white as snow or ashes.

The surprise with which I regarded him, however, arose not from his appearance, but from a strange discovery which I made as my eyes fell on his person. Long though it was since I had seen him last, these peculiarities of face and figure were perfectly familiar to me. It was impossible that I could be mistaken.

"Philip—Philip Froissart!" I ejaculated at last, recovering a little from my astonishment.

"What," he answered on his side, "Paul Seldon!" And thereupon we clasped hands with all the cordiality of an old regard.

Strange and unexpected meeting! Five-and-twenty years—the quarter of a century—had passed since I and Philip Froissart had met. As undergraduates of the same college, we had once been close and intimate friends; and I had known as much of Froissart as it was possible to know of a person of his peculiar nature. But from the time of our leaving the University, our ways of life had drawn us far apart; me to walk a London hospital, Froissart to wander in luxurious idleness to all parts of the civilised world. The circumstances of our life had been wholly different. Each had been carried away by separate billows of the Great Ocean; and thus it happened, as it often does happen in such cases, that though our friendship had never been broken, nor weakened, nor forgotten, we had passed out of each other's sight "like ships upon the sea." And now our paths had crossed again—how strangely! Yet my surprise was not so great as it might have been had I not been well acquainted with the character of my friend. I knew that neither

his tastes nor his actions nor his motives were those of other men. I knew the *mysteriousness* (I can find no better term) which shadowed his character from the common eye. I knew well his passion for the singular, the strange, and the fantastic. I remembered his reserve, his love of solitude. The strangely interesting place in which I found him seemed, indeed, the fitting habitation of such a man. An ancient saying, picked up I know not where, preserved in I know not what "untrodden region of my mind," passed through my brain, "As the eagle inherits the mountain summits, the owl the hollow yew-tree, the hermit the hill-cave, and the corpse the tomb,"—so seemed this old, this time-dimmed mansion, so remote, so strange, so melancholy, so forgotten, the fitting and congenial home of Philip Froissart.

We sat down; and for some moments regarded each other in silence. Although I had not failed to recognise him at first sight, on thus observing him with attention I found that years had not passed without leaving their mark on Froissart. The alteration was not so perceptible in his face and figure as in his voice and manner, which from having formerly been remarkable for their weighty calmness and self-possession now seemed nervous, restless, and agitated.

The appearance of illness—perhaps I should rather say, of disquietude and agitation—in his face recalled to me the purpose for which I had been summoned. I inquired whether it was on his own account that he had sent for medical advice. He replied in the affirmative. What then were his symptoms? What did he suspect?

Froissart answered me with clearness and precision. I gathered from his replies that he was suffering from disorder of the nervous system, accompanied by prolonged insomnia. He had, moreover, lately had suspicion, from certain sensations in that organ, that his heart was affected. "I am not naturally a nervous subject," he added with a melancholy smile, "but at present I am no better than an old woman, Paul. I fear you will find me quite a ruin, perhaps beyond the capacity of your art to restore."

I sent without delay for my bag, pro-

duced a stethoscope, and examined him carefully. I could find nothing wrong; on the contrary, all the important organs of the body were in sound condition. The nervousness, together with the resulting insomnia, of which he spoke, proceeded therefore from some outer cause, which it now became my business to discover. The supposed affection of the heart was merely imaginary.

"Froissart," I said, when I had finished, "I can only account for your state by supposing you to be subject to some secret cause of agitation of which you have not spoken. If such be the case you must not hide it, or I can do nothing for you."

As I said these words Froissart started and regarded me with agitation—but he was silent. The action was not lost on me. I did not think fit to increase his disturbance by pressing the question further; but I paused a moment, so as to give him space to answer, if he pleased. He understood my silence.

"It is just," he said at length, "it is very just. I will not hide it. I have—I have a most strange story to tell you, Paul. And it is because it is so strange, so unaccountable, so incredible, that I hesitate to tell it, lest you think me mad or dreaming."

He paused; the tone was peculiar; I waited with much curiosity for him to continue. But my curiosity was doomed, for the time, to disappointment.

"But not now," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "not now. This is neither the time nor the place; and I am ashamed to have kept you here talking about my ailments when you must be dying of hunger. It is true that if I lived like a hermit in a rock I could hardly be more solitary than I am; but my fare is somewhat better than an anchorite's, as I hope to show you. Come."

Curbing the curiosity which his words, and no less his manner, had excited in me—(perhaps the more easily owing to the fact that I was really beginning to feel a little hungry)—I followed Froissart into a neighboring apartment, where a table was already spread for two persons. This room, like the hall into which I had first been ushered, was of dark and ancient aspect. (The silver

on the table bore the same impression of antiquity—it was massive, richly wrought, and stamped with a device of armorial arms. Froissart had not exaggerated when he likened himself in solitude to a hermit. His establishment, it appeared, consisted of himself alone, together with the few domestics necessary for his requirements. Notwithstanding this, the dinner to which we sat down was excellent; the wine was choice; and I secretly applauded Froissart's good sense and taste. I am no *bon vivant*; yet I confess I have much sympathy with the dictum of the great humorist, "I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal." I noticed, however, that Froissart himself ate little, though he drank with less moderation;—a sign from which I boded ill. I need not say that I observed him with attention—at least I need not say so to one of my own profession. No lynx, no eagle, has, nor needs to have, such eyes as a physician. And I was a physician watching a friend.

As we dined, our conversation, as might have been expected, turned upon the events which had filled the lives of each of us during the twenty years and more which had elapsed since we had parted. Froissart's life, as he related it, had, however been a singularly uneventful one, while, at the same time, it had been essentially characteristic of the man. Many years before, he told me, he had fallen in with the owner of that house, and had accepted an invitation to pass a few days in his company. A strong community of tastes drew together host and guest; days flew by, and still Froissart lingered; days passed into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and still he and old Martin Sombras—a bachelor like himself—lived together in the solitary mansion. The life suited them both, and, what is more singular, they suited each other. Their days were occupied in scientific investigations, in which both took much interest. Their evenings passed—in *playing chess*, which game was in Sombras an engrossing passion.

I could not conceive why Froissart, as he mentioned this very simple and natural fact (for I well knew his old skill and love of the game), should exhibit a return of that same nervous agi-

tation which I had observed in him before. It was but for a moment, it is true; and yet I was sure that I was not mistaken. It was strange.

In this way, Froissart continued, they had lived together uninterruptedly till three months ago, when old Martin Sombras suddenly died, leaving the house and the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his companion of so many years. Since that time Froissart had lived absolutely alone, nor had he even crossed the lake since the day on which he had seen his old friend carried to the grave—"That lake," he so expressed himself, "over which all worldly rumor flies as slowly, and perishes as surely, as birds that wandered of old over the waters of Aornis."

As Froissart spoke, a picture arose in my mind's eye. I saw again the gloomy water, as it was when I had crossed it in the afternoon—black, impenetrable, stilled as night and death. The fancy struck me at the moment to ask Froissart the cause of the remarkable appearance of the water—so lustrous, yet so sombre.

"I suppose," I said, "the lake is unusually deep?"

"Deep?" he repeated. "You are right; it is so. *How* deep I am unable to tell you. There is an old saying in the neighborhood that it reaches to the centre of the earth; and the legend, however absurd, shows that the extreme depth of the water has been long known. It is, I believe, an undoubted fact that the lake has never been fathomed."

Froissart rose from the table as he spoke, and led the way back to the library, where our coffee was brought to us by a man-servant. Evening had now closed in, and the burning fire and the lighted lamp made the room look warm and comfortable. And yet I felt, without precisely knowing why, a curious uneasiness. Perhaps, scarcely recognised by myself, the recollection of the mystery of which Froissart had obscurely spoken continued to haunt the inmost recesses of my mind. Froissart, however, made no further allusion to the subject, and I forbore to press him for an explanation, which might not perhaps be agreeable to his humor. He should choose his own time. We had arranged that I should stay with him for

a day or two at least—perhaps longer ; so that there was no occasion for haste.

It so happened, however, that this very evening was not to pass by without a beginning of those strange events which it has so singularly fallen to my lot to chronicle.

For something unusual, even startling, I was of course to some extent forewarned by the sentences which Froissart had let fall. For what actually occurred, however, it is impossible that any mortal could have been prepared.

I have said that, in spite of the warmth and comfort of the surroundings, I was conscious of a sensation of uneasiness. It was perhaps—or certainly—the steady growth of this sensation over me which at length prompted me to speak of it aloud.

"Froissart," I said suddenly, after a long interval of silence, during which we had both become engrossed in our own thoughts, "there is something about this old house of yours which makes me shiver. What is it? Have you not felt it? It is something ghostly, I am sure."

I said these words of course merely in jest ; but Froissart started, as if my voice had roused him from a reverie. His strange agitation returned ; he grew paler than before, gazed at me with a most singular expression, and seemed about to speak—but, as before, after a moment's hesitation, he remained silent. At the same time he glanced at the ancient timepiece which stood over the fireplace, as if suddenly reminded of something he had forgotten.

"Paul," he said, hurriedly, "I must leave you for a short time. I shall probably be back in a few minutes ; but if I am detained you will not mind amusing yourself with a book, I know. I am exceedingly sorry to leave you even for a minute, but you will excuse me, I am sure." And murmuring apologies for leaving me alone, he hurried out of the room.

I was so much surprised at the strangeness and excitement of his manner that for a moment I did nothing. Then I sprang from my seat, and followed him. A sudden impulse resolved me to urge him to grant at once the confidence he had promised me, and not to endanger his health further with agita-

tions which he was evidently in no condition to bear. My intervention of course might not be necessary ; so much the better if it were not. But I chose to be on the safe side.

When I gained the door, Froissart was already at the end of the corridor ; in a moment more I lost sight of him. When I reached the spot where he had been, he was no longer to be seen. There were, however, two ways only which he could have taken. On the right was another gallery which opened out of the one in which I stood ; on the left was a dark and narrow flight of stairs which appeared to lead upwards into the tower. Had he taken the gallery he would, I thought, still have been visible—for he would hardly have been able to reach the end of it in so short a time. He must then have taken the stairs.

I stopped, and listened. The flight, as I have said, was dark, and I could see nothing ; but listening, I thought I heard a sound above as of the unlocking of a door. This decided me. I turned towards the stairs.

I ascended slowly and with caution, for the steps were cramped and winding. Once or twice I stopped and listened ; but I could now hear nothing. After what seemed to me an interminable ascent, the stairs came out upon a broad landing on which two or three doors opened. From one of these, at the opposite end of the landing to which I stood, a light shone ; and now I could see that Froissart was there, and in the act of striking a light and kindling a lamp. I was about to advance, when the lamp flamed up, and the interior of the room became visible. It was of small dimensions, and seemed to be fitted up as a workshop. I saw a lathe, a bench, a small forge, a confusion of wood and iron materials, and a quantity of tools. But I did not see these only.

To my extreme surprise, Froissart was not alone. The room was already tenanted.

In the middle of the chamber was a small, low, square table, the top of which was fitted with a chess-board. The pieces, of red and white ivory, were drawn up as at the commencement of a game. At this table a man was already sitting, with his side face turned towards

me, and his eyes apparently fixed upon the board. His aspect was singular, not to say startling,—it was that of a foreigner—of an Oriental. His dress consisted of a coiled turban, a long, loose flowing robe, hanging sleeves, a crimson scarf, and a jewelled collar. His complexion appeared to be swarthy; he wore a long grey beard; and he sat before the table in a thoughtful attitude, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair.

I have said that I was surprised—startled; so much it was natural that I should be. The unusual dress and nationality of the figure, especially strange in that place, was sufficient to account for such sensations. Yet neither word describes with exactness the nature of my feelings. My heart trembled in its seat; my blood was troubled in its current. It was as if the uneasy feeling I had previously experienced had suddenly become intensified a hundredfold as my eyes rested on the chequered table, and the figure which sat before it. *Are there mysterious influences, not human, which make their presence felt like witchcraft, unintelligible to men? What was near me?*

Froissart, having lighted the lamp, took his seat at the table opposite the Oriental. His behavior surprised me much. Even from the distance at which I stood, I could see that he was laboring under strong excitement. On taking his seat, he looked tremulously towards the turbaned figure, and hastily moved a pawn. Then he remained gazing at his opponent without moving or speaking, as if in a sort of fascination.

The feeling of breathless expectancy, which seemed to possess him, extended itself to me. I waited silently, even in trepidation, for what would happen next.

Five minutes wasted—ten minutes—still Froissart sat thus, his eyes fixed intently, eagerly, upon the face before him. My surprise increased; I could not conceive why the other did not move his pawn in answer. The first moves in a game of chess are stereotyped, and require no consideration. Yet the player continued to gaze fixedly at the board, apparently absorbed in thought, and gave no sign of motion.

A hundred thoughts, surmises, perplexities, speculations, flitted through

my brain, each more bewildering than the rest. How came this strange personage to be sitting here alone in the dark tower before Froissart came? What was the cause of Froissart's curious agitation? For what reason had he left me to play chess with this mysterious stranger? Wherefore did the stranger thus refuse to play? And wherefore—above all!—did I feel myself so chill, so shaken, as if I had beheld a resurrection from the dead?

As I was vainly endeavoring to conjecture what could be the explanation of these things, or rather, not so much conjecturing as lost in a bewildering sense of their existence, Froissart changed his attitude. He rose, drew a deep breath, and prepared to extinguish the lamp. Had I been capable of feeling further surprise, I think I should have felt it. Nothing had happened—nothing which explained the presence of the stranger, nothing which even suggested a motive for Froissart's visiting the tower—yet he was evidently coming away. As he stretched out his hand to take the lamp, I advanced towards the door. He heard my step, and, turning round and seeing who it was, he came forward at once with the lamp in his hand, shutting and locking the door behind him.

"How did you find your way up here?" he said, in a voice which he strove, not altogether successfully, to render easy and unconcerned. "Have I been long gone?"

I told him—I explained without reserve the reasons which had induced me to follow him. He understood me; he pressed my hand in silence. We descended the stairs together.

"To-morrow," he said—"to-morrow I purpose to tell you all. To-night it is too late, and my story is a long one; nor do I feel at this moment either the courage or the humor. Did you see"—dropping his voice to its lowest key—"did you see?"

"I did," I answered, replying to his look; "and I will ask you but one question, Froissart—perhaps a very strange one. Is that figure yonder—is it, or is it not—*alive*?"

We had, as I have said, been descending the stairs as we spoke thus; and we had by this time reached the door of the chamber in which I was to pass the

night. Froissart regarded me with a singular expression.

"I know not whether you will decide that I am mad," he said, "if I answer truthfully that question. Perhaps you would be justified in so thinking, though you would be wrong. Yet I will answer it. You asked me whether or not yonder figure is a living being; and I now tell you—that I do not know!"

As he returned this strange reply, his voice, his manner, thrilled me. I looked attentively at Froissart. His face was now composed, his voice steady, his eye clear and calm. I could perceive in him no trace of aberration or illusion. And yet his words were surely "wild and whirling" as those of nightmare, of frenzy, of delirium!

CHAPTER II.

WE separated for the night; but it was long before I retired to rest; and when at last I did so, I lay awake for hours, my brain busy with conjectural explanations of what I had seen and heard. No explanation, however, presented itself to my mind which I could accept as being in the least degree satisfactory. The only solution which seemed at all possible was that which had been present to my thoughts when I put to Froissart the question which he had so strangely answered—that the figure I had seen was a machine, skilfully constructed in human shape—in other words, an automaton. And yet how to reconcile his answer with this theory?—a theory which, moreover, after all, explained nothing, neither Froissart's agitation, nor the motive of his visit to the tower, nor his behavior in the presence of the figure, nor his inexplicable answer, nor my own sensations. No; this solution would not serve. Yet I could think of no other which did not seem still wilder and more fantastic. At length I gave up in despair the attempt to find an explanation of the mystery, and, weary of vain conjectures, I fell asleep.

But now the events of the day, pursuing my vexed spirit through the veil of slumber, again rose up before it, clad in wild disguises, arrayed in changed and bewildering phantasmagorical forms. I thought I was again in the small boat in which I had that afternoon been ferried across the lake, and was crossing, as

then, the unfathomable waters towards the mansion. But now, though as before I sat in the vessel's prow, I was not alone—Froissart was by my side; and in the place of the old man who had been my guide another figure occupied the stern—a figure veiled, shadowy, heart-shaking. As I gazed stupefied at this presence, suddenly it rose up, enlarged itself, towered up gigantic, and grew distinct and brilliant: and now I knew again the turbaned figure of the dark tower! For some moments it held itself motionless; then its hands were outstretched, its eyes glittered, its mouth parted, and it advanced upon us. Froissart shrank before it, cowering behind me. Still it came on, nearer, nearer; till in the terror of the moment, and unable to endure further the agitation its presence caused me, I sprang up suddenly before it. The figure recoiled, tottered, lost its balance, and fell heavily over the side of the boat into the gloomy flood, in which it instantly disappeared. At the same instant I awoke and saw Froissart himself, who had come to call me, standing beside my pillow.

It was on my lips to tell him the strange imaginations which had possessed me; but I refrained. I rose, and we descended to the room in which we had dined the night before, and where the morning meal awaited us. Somewhat to my surprise, and much to my disappointment, Froissart made no reference to the events of the preceding night, nor to his promise of revelation. We passed the hours of the morning in conversation on many subjects; and I found that my curiosity was doomed to be prolonged. It was not until the afternoon, when the brief November day was already dying, that on a sudden, and with considerable abruptness, Froissart rose from the chair where he had been sitting for some time in reflection, and desired me to follow him.

I had no need to ask him whither. His voice, his face, his manner, answered me at once more clearly than words. At last the hour was come!

Froissart led the way in silence to the dark tower.

We reached the stairs—we mounted—we stood before the door. Froissart inserted the key, the door opened, and we entered.

The figure I had seen the night before was sitting before his chequered table, with the turban, beard, and flowing robe, exactly as I had seen them. On one point, however, I found that I had been mistaken; the eyes of the figure were not fixed, as I had supposed, upon the pieces, but were gazing straight before him.

I regarded him with strangely mingled sensations of curiosity and awe. The latter feeling I could not entirely account for; I reflected that it was probably a survival of that which I had experienced the previous evening, strengthened by a memory of the strange dream which had disturbed my sleep. Otherwise, I saw no cause for agitation. On viewing the figure thus closely by daylight, I discovered at once that my supposition had been correct. The figure was an artificial construction, a machine in the shape of a man. There was no room for doubt; the beard was stiff and lifeless, the features mask-like, the eyes of glass. It had been merely the effect of distance and uncertain light which had deceived me. I spoke my thoughts aloud.

"It is, then, really an automaton."

"It *was* so," returned Froissart, with a curious emphasis. I looked at him inquiringly, not comprehending.

"It *was* so!" I repeated. "And what then is it now?"

"As I have said," he answered, "an automaton it *was*. What it now is, God knows. Let us be seated, Seldon; and listen to a most strange story. If you find it not altogether incredible I shall be amazed. And yet of its truth I cannot be less firmly assured than I am of the reality of my own existence."

He paused for a moment; then resumed:

"This figure—this automaton, since I must call it so—was the invention of my old friend, Martin Sombras. It was devised, as no doubt you have divined, to play a game of chess with an opponent. Many such figures have been constructed, differing more or less in detail, but all depending for their mode of action upon the presence of some human player carefully concealed either within the figure itself, or in a chest upon which the board was placed. Sombras's idea, however, was radically dif-

ferent from these. He conceived the possibility of constructing an automaton which should be really such—that is, such that any move made by its opponent should set in motion a part of its machinery, which would thereupon cause the figure to make the answering move required by the particular combination of the game. Impossible as this may seem at first sight, the method by which it was accomplished was in reality wonderfully simple. Indeed, if you are acquainted with certain devices of somewhat similar nature—Babbage's calculating machine for example—you will be aware that this is not the only instance in which machinery has been made to accomplish, by most simple combinations, results apparently impossible."

I admitted that this was so.

"I need not then go into details," continued Froissart, "which are, moreover, unnecessary to my story. I may just mention, however, that the squares of the board are movable, and the men are variously weighted. The fact is, the design was never completed. Three months ago, just as it was finished, requiring only a screw or so to be put in, Sombras died, as I have told you.

"I must now relate to you more particularly the manner of his death. It was one evening when we were engaged as usual in playing chess. The game was an absorbing one. It was the last of a series which we had been playing in order to test the merits of an opening which Sombras had discovered, and which, with the fondness of a discoverer, he held to be invincible. For some time I had maintained the contrary; yet, as Sombras beat me game after game, I began to feel shaken in my opinion. At last, however, I believed I had discovered a weakness in his method. That game was to decide it. If I failed this time, there could be little doubt that Sombras had hit upon a discovery which might revolutionise the game.

"We began to play; and it seemed that I had been right. The move I had devised appeared to have broken up the attack; so at least I thought as I sat waiting for Sombras to reply to it. He was already putting out his hand to do so when to my horror he paused, uttered a deep groan, and sank back in his chair—insensible. Perhaps the excitement,

the strain of thought, had brought on the attack ; which is the more probable as his health was at that time perilously feeble. But whatever was the cause, the result was terribly sure. He was carried to his room, doctors were sent for, and arrived—too late ! Long before they came, my old friend was dead."

Froissart paused, and his voice trembled. I said nothing ; and presently he resumed :

"I have hurried over this part of my story as briefly as possible, for the deep pain of it is with me still. It was by far the saddest moment of my life when I returned from the melancholy duty of following his coffin to the vault, to this old house where he and I had lived together so long. The evening of that day was gloomy and depressing ; a low cloud brooded over the country like a pall ; a fine and steady rain fell dolefully. Melancholy and sick at heart I roamed aimlessly and in silence through the empty house, regarding in every room the well-remembered tokens of my dead friend. At last my restless wanderings brought me to the tower—to this apartment. It was already dark when I entered it, and I carried in my hand no lamp.

"The room, I say, was dark when I entered it, and I struck a light and kindled the swinging lamp. As it began to glimmer fitfully, and to throw a doubtful light about the interior, my heart all of a sudden gave a great bound, and then seemed to stop beating. I was not alone ! Some one was sitting there in the middle of the room. For some minutes, as the lamp glimmered and spluttered and would not blaze up into a clear flame, I stood there with a shivering feeling, only to make out that a dark and silent figure, a mysterious presence, was before me. In another moment the lamp flamed up brightly and gave forth a clear light. What a delicious sensation of relief I felt ! The startling object, on becoming visible, turned out to be nothing more terrible than the automaton, which I had quite forgotten, seated as usual before his little table.

"I broke into a laugh at my own folly, not without a reflection that my nervous system must certainly be out of order. To think of my being frightened

by that familiar figure, which I had seen a hundred times, sitting there so tranquilly before his chequered board ! The sight of it touched me with a strange sense of the pathetic. I remembered how it had been for years the occupation and delight of my old friend, to work at it, to calculate for it, to invent for it new movements and improved details. I knew how it had come to form at last—this creature of his brain—the interest of his life. He had loved it, as it grew into perfection, as a parent loves an only child. And now he would never watch it play a game, as he had planned ; never see the moment on which his heart had been set. And he had died, moreover, leaving unaccomplished the one other ambition of his life, to have linked his name immortally to the game he loved, as the inventor of a new and grand and revolutionary opening.

"My thoughts, however, were suddenly diverted into another channel. I was struck with a discovery which puzzled me greatly. The chessmen on the table at which the figure sat were not ranged in order as at the commencement of play, but were stationed irregularly about the board, as in the position of an unfinished game. Several pieces on both sides had been taken, and lay on the table beside the board. But what amazed me was the fact, that the position of the men on the squares was perfectly familiar to me. I recognised it in an instant ; I could not be mistaken. It was the game which I and Sombras had last played together, and which had been broken off on account of his attack.

"I say I was amazed, and with good reason—my poor friend had never, I knew well, entered that room after his seizure. Who then had placed the men in the position they now occupied ? The more I thought of this matter the more unaccountable it seemed. Yet there could be no doubt of the fact. In order to be sure that the positions were indeed identical I examined the board closely, in case I should have been deceived by a partial similarity. But no ; the pieces stood man for man as I remembered them. I even recollected to what the move I had made seemed to lead up, and what I had intended to play afterwards—a move which opened

out an exceedingly interesting and novel combination. The move was possibly unsound ; and yet I believed that I had analysed it correctly. As I now looked at the board the whole returned to my mind as clearly as when I first conceived it. I found myself repeating in my mind that the only plausible retort on the part of my opponent would be such-and-such a move—P. to Q.B. 3, as a matter of fact. Half unconsciously I took a seat before the board opposite the automaton, and became gradually quite lost in speculation. At length, in order to consider what the effect of my purposed move would be, I placed my hand on the Queen and played the move I contemplated—Q. to K. 5.

"Instantly the figure on the other side of the table stretched out its hand deliberately over the board, and made the answering move—P. to Q.B. 3.

"I will not attempt to describe my amazement. I fell back in my seat and gazed for many minutes in stupefaction at the figure of the automaton ; nor could I, during that time, had my very life depended on the action, have risen from my seat or uttered a sound. The figure sat there motionless, with its eyes apparently fixed upon the board. Presently, however, finding that I did not move again, it raised its head and fastened its glassy orbs on mine. There it sat, looking at me with large mild eyes, which now (I am ready to swear) seemed to be *alive*. Great Heavens ! Oh, ancient earth and sky ! It *must* have been my fancy ! I thought the face of the figure *now* bore a strange and dim, yet frightfully distinct, resemblance to the features of old Martin Sombras, its dead creator.

"At that sight my blood ran chill and my hair rose up. Had I beheld before me the ghostly presence of Sombras in his own likeness, I believe I should have still preserved some degree of self-possession. But there was something in this manner of his appearance which shook my very heart. I do not know how long it was before I could collect my faculties sufficiently to become conscious of the unreasonableness of my fears, and the shame of superstitious terrors in an intellectual being. Was not this spirit—if spirit it were—that of my old friend ? What harm would it do

me, even if it had the power ? Reflecting thus, and summoning up what courage I had left, I made an effort to speak, and this time my voice, though strangely altered, returned.

" 'Sombras,' I said earnestly, though my voice quavered, 'if you are here indeed, though by what mysterious means I know not, speak to me ! What would you have me do ?'

"The figure was silent ; only its eyes rested intently on the board.

" 'I understand,' I said ; 'I am ready. Yet if you have the power of speech, I charge you, by our ancient friendship, speak to me, Sombras !'

"The eyes of the figure burned with a strange fire ; but it answered not a word.

" 'This game, so strangely set,' I said—'do you desire to play it ?'

"I thought the figure bowed its head. Its eyes were still fixed upon the board as if impatient to proceed. I *dared* make no delay. I trembled, but I no longer hesitated. I knew my move beforehand, and I made it. The right hand of the figure immediately extended itself over the board, and made the answering move.

"It was not a move which I had expected ; I was surprised. Strange as it may seem, impossible as it may seem to any but a true disciple of the game (and to such it will appear natural, and indeed inevitable), in spite of the sensation with which my veins were chill, I became interested, then absorbed. I thought I saw the object of the move ; but I was not certain. I did not move without deliberation ; but again, as soon as I had played, my opponent, without the hesitation of an instant, stretched forth his hand and moved in his turn. This extreme promptitude surprised me at the time ; I did not reflect that I was not playing against flesh and blood.

"Moreover, the move itself perplexed me. I saw that the advantage I had gained was vanishing. I began to tremble with excitement, as I had lately trembled with dread. And yet I know I played my very best ; my senses seemed to myself extraordinarily acute. The combination which I had devised again appeared irresistible—a stratagem certain of success. I had the game within my grasp ; I thought myself on

the point of victory. Suddenly, as my opponent moved a piece, a low sound caused me to look up. The automaton was regarding me with a full gaze; and *now*, it was unmistakable, the resemblance in its features to those of Martin Sombras was no figment of my brain. The look was exactly that unmalignant glance of triumph with which my old friend had been accustomed to announce a victory. Involuntarily I cast my eyes down to the board. I could hardly believe what I saw; I was checkmated!

"For the first time I saw it all. I saw before me the most subtle combination which ever proceeded from a human brain. I believed it to be impossible for any ingenuity to have seen through such a movement. Many times since have I played over the game in solitude, and proved to demonstration that the mate, from the moment we began to play, was inevitable against that evolution, so veiled, so overwhelming. Sombras's theory had, after all, been sound.

"So deeply was I absorbed in wonder and admiration, that I half forgot the strange antagonist to whom I owed my defeat. When shall I forget—I never shall forget—the circumstance which recalled me to myself? A slight noise, I know not what, caused me to look up. I raised my eyes and looked again at the figure. As I did so, the resemblance which had existed to the face of my old friend suddenly vanished. The eyes again became glassy, empty, and devoid of speculation; the life, the movement, which had animated the figure died out of it; and there was nothing left before me but mere wood and painted cloth. It was as if I had seen my old friend die twice.

"Up to that moment I had preserved my faculties, if not from amazement and trepidation, yet from the full sense of an unearthly presence, which now rushed across my spirit in a flood. The excitement which had buoyed me up deserted me. The lifeless eyes of the figure, vacantly staring, seemed now a thousand times more awful than their previous supernatural life. I could bear no more. Hardly knowing what I did, nor whither I was going, I staggered from the room, and from the house."

Again Froissart paused; I thought he

had finished his story; but presently he resumed:

"Many days passed before the terrors of that night gave way to a calmer, if not less solemn feeling. Then a most strange idea took possession of me, and left me not a moment's rest or peace of mind. *What if the spirit should return?* Something persuaded me that it *would* return; that at some time, which I could not foretell, the mysterious fire would once more kindle in the glassy eyes, the living likeness waken in the vacant features, the startling hand extend itself over the table, and I should play yet another game of chess with my old friend. Reasonable or unreasonable, the persuasion took firm hold of me, and possessed, as it still possesses, my whole being. Not a night has passed since then but, under an uncontrollable impulsion, I have taken my seat, never without a thrill of awed expectation, before the table, and making the first move, waited for the figure to reply. Hitherto, I have waited in vain. Last night, as the nights before, it did not stir. To-night—it may!"

CHAPTER III.

As Froissart uttered the last words of his most strange story, I will not deny that I shivered, as if with cold. Evening was beginning to fall, and the light of the room was shadowy, haunted, and uncertain. On the other side of the table sat the mysterious figure, motionless, spectral in the twilight, and looked at us silently with its glassy eyes.

We sat in silence. I knew not what to think. Had I not heard the story from Froissart himself, I should doubtless have judged him, as he had said, to be mad or dreaming; it was necessary to have heard him, and to have watched him to be *sure* that he was not. And yet there was an alternative; the whole might have been a hallucination. What was there to show that it was not so, that it was not the illusion of a disturbed and excited brain? As if I had put the question aloud, Froissart answered my unspoken thought.

"Hallucination?" he said. "You think so, naturally—and certainly I thought so also the next morning. I was then as cool and collected as ever I was in my life, I mean as far as my *in-*

tellest was concerned; and I was disposed to laugh at my own wildness of imagination, which had played me such a prank. I easily persuaded myself that I had been, as you suppose, merely the victim of a singular delusion. I told myself that it *must* be so—and I added that at least I could not *prove* it otherwise."

"Very true," I interposed.

"But as I was thus thinking, a sudden thought came into my head. I *could* prove it. I had but to go to the tower and examine the position of the chessmen on the board. If they stood as usual, I had been deceived. If not—"

"Well?" I said hastily. "Well, you went?"

"I went," said Froissart, "I opened the door, laughing at my agitation, repeating to myself that I should find the pieces drawn up in rank, and there would be an end of the mystery—a proved delusion. I had played, as it happened, with the black men—"

"Well?" I said again.

"The pieces were stationed irregularly about the board. The Black King was checkmated."

Again, as Froissart spoke, my mind fell back upon itself, foiled and disconcerted. I could not deny the cogency of his argument; nor could I forget, what he himself knew nothing of, the strangeness of my own sensations in the presence of that mysterious figure. I said nothing.

"Seldon," said Froissart, after a time, "I have told you my story. I see that you are shaken. Do you now believe as I am forced to believe, or do you not?"

"I do," I said; "I must,"—at the same time I started from my seat. "I must, Froissart. But another thing is clear to me—that this figure is likely to kill you before long. If the apparition comes again, you will die of shock; if it does not, you will die of tension. Neither shall happen if I can help it—of that I am determined. To you, Martin Sombras, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, is rightly sacred. To me, a living

friend is more than a dead stranger or a wandering spectre. Come!"

With these words I advanced upon the turbaned figure, and before Froissart could prevent me, or indeed become aware of my intention, I seized it in my arms, and bore it towards the open window.

It was the only window in the castle which was of modern size, a fact which arose from its having been enlarged for the purpose of giving sufficient light for the working of delicate mechanism. Sheer below it, at an immense depth, lay the lake, gloomy with the coming night. Exerting all my strength I raised the figure to the lintel, and launched it forth into the empty space.

It fell like a plummet. I watched it falling.

Heavy internally with brass and iron, it struck the water with amazing force. A cloud of spray flashed upwards and the space around it whitened and seethed with violence. Nothing was to be seen except the agitated water. The figure had vanished like a stone.

It was gone—eternally gone! Evil or harmless, earthly or supernal, it was gone, and its mystery with it. Even as I looked the lake resumed its sombre and undisturbed and fathomless lustre. Its waters slept again their sleep of death and night. The automaton was buried in their depths—for ever.

A few words only need be added. A month has passed since that night, and Froissart is himself again; though assuredly both to him and to me the recollection of the automaton will remain lastingly connected with the most inexplicable experience of our lives. The "perturbed spirit" of old Martin Sombras may also rest in peace, his life's ambition being attained. His great gambit, so nearly lost, so amazingly revealed, will shortly appear before the world, edited with notes and analysis by Philip Froissart; and will assuredly create, among chess circles, a paroxysm of excitement, the result of which I will not attempt to prophesy.—*Temple Bar.*

"AS YOU LIKE IT" AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY SIDNEY L. LEE.

PRACTICAL Englishmen are often inclined to ridicule the sentiment that prompts lovers of Shakespeare to make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. They glibly assert that the dramatist is for all time and place. They are content to take what they assume to be his own word for it, that he was "of imagination all compact," and owed little or nothing to his temporary personal environment. The spirit of the historian rightly rebels against so unsatisfactory a solution of the Shakespearean problem. Great and small men alike are in a great degree the creatures of circumstances, and to ignore the fact that Shakespeare lived and died at Stratford is to neglect a very possible opportunity of accounting for a part of his unique characteristic. Stratford life in Elizabethan times may appear to many of us very petty and very uninspiring; but even if, after full study, that be our final conclusion, the interval that separates the life of Stratford from the life portrayed in Shakespeare's dramas—more particularly in the very early ones—exactly measures the transmuting force of Shakespeare's genius. In the life of his neighbors and relatives at Stratford Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" undoubtedly found its earliest sustenance.

The general reader rarely perceives how large a part rural life plays in Shakespeare's early comedies, and how large a claim Shakespeare there asserts to be regarded as the poet of living pastoral—of pastoral which bears little relation to the airy nothings of the professed pastoral poet. For the Shakespearean student, no play better repays careful study than "Love's Labor's Lost," and it is of evil omen for Shakespearean criticism that no play is less valued by him or his teacher. Without dogmatizing as to its date, all internal evidence proves "Love's Labor's Lost" to have been Shakespeare's earliest essay in comedy—his first endeavor, after arriving in London, to produce a play that should be all his own. And what is the method pursued by the lad who has spent his score or so of years almost

entirely in a country village—first at the free grammar-school, and afterwards in the service of his father, a woolstapler? Naturally enough, he seeks in his own rural experiences, narrow as they have been, the chief substance for his experiment. He produces a play defective in plot, and very colorless in its characterisation of court ladies and gentlemen; in his leading theme he brusquely jumbles together the fact and fiction of contemporary political and social life, and gives his comedy the flavor of political extravaganza.* But artistic faults are atoned for by the humorous fidelity with which the writer depicts the chief dignitaries of a contemporary village—the curate, the schoolmaster, and the constable—and the honest fun which he extracts from the misadventures of a country clown and village wench. Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's observation of his father's friends there in his school days, could alone have served to endow his work with such characteristics as these.

The wariest of critics may prove this inference for himself by examining the schoolmaster, Holofernes. It should be borne in mind that the Stratford schoolhouse, which still survives by the Guild Chapel in Church Street, was in Shakespeare's time attended by every burgher's son for a term (as a rule) of seven years. Founded in the fifteenth century as an adjunct of the mediæval guild of the Holy Trinity—a religious friendly society whose records date as far back as the reign of Henry III.—it was restored and re-endowed by Edward VI. a few years after the dissolution of the guild in 1547, and had attained before the end of the century notable efficiency. It is an all but recorded fact that, between 1571 and 1580, Shakespeare, the son of Alderman John Shakespeare, crept thither daily, "with satchel and shining morning face," from his father's house in Henley Street. Elizabethan schoolmasters pursued a constant sys-

* See my paper entitled "A New Study of Love's Labor's Lost" in this magazine for October 1880.

tem of education. From the Latin accidence they led their pupils through Lilly's grammar, through vocabularies and conversation books—the chief of which was the "*Sententiæ Pueriles*"—up to Mantuannus, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, and Plautus. It is this mode of tuition with which Holofernes is alone familiar, and his acquaintance with it is remarkably thorough. As soon as he appears on the stage, he pompously quotes from Lilly's grammar, "*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*" From the *Sententiæ Pueriles* he borrows his not very apt remarks, "Sanguis, blood . . . Cælum, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . Terra, the soil, the land, the earth," and thus illustrates the schoolmaster's practice of inviting boys to supply English synonyms to the Latin words proposed by himself. In most of the early conversation books formal dialogues with no particular application are frequently met with, and Holofernes engages in one of these with the curate, Sir Nathaniel:

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te : anne intelligis ?

Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

Nath. Videsne quis venit ?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Nor does this exhaust Shakespeare's avowed debt to the Stratford school-house. He especially ridicules the conversation which the schoolbooks recommend for use between the boys and the master. The master is there credited with such remarks as:—

He speaks false Latin. Diminuit Prisciani caput.

It is barbarous Latin. Olet barbariem.

and Holofernes burlesques the first phrase in his criticism of Sir Nathaniel's Latin as "Priscian a little scratched," and the second in his remark that he smells false Latin when Costard misreads "ad dunghill" for "ad unguem." As striking reminiscences of the contemporary rural grammar school are Holofernes' citation of a line and a half from the eclogues of the good old Mantuan (or of the mediæval poet Mantuanus), which was the ordinary reading-book of Elizabethan fourth forms; his vain attempts to recall his Horace; and his praises of Ovid when he finds not the apostrophes, and so misses the accent in the curate's verses.*

Antony Dull the constable is every whit as literal a transcript from the life as Holofernes. The office of constable in an Elizabethan village was of some dignity. Shakespeare's father held it at Stratford for two years, and the occupier of the house adjoining his father's house in Henley Street during his childhood was similarly honored. There is a Dogberry-like sound in the Stratford municipal by-law which directed that once every month from Michaelmas to Candlemas, or oftener, "as the case requireth it," the constable was "to call to him certain of the council and some other honest men, and keep and have a privy watch for the good rule of the town." The journey, too, between Stratford and London must have given Shakespeare every opportunity of studying the eccentricities of village constables and watchmen. According to Aubrey, the dramatist "happened to take the humor of the constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at Grendon, Oxford;" but since there is no constable in "Midsummer Night's Dream," we may interpret the antiquary to refer either to Dogberry or Dull. Lord Burghley, writing to Walsingham in 1586, when Shakespeare was travelling (in all probability) for the first time to London, described how on a long journey he saw the watch at every town's end standing with long staves under ale-house pentices, and how at Enfield they stated that they were on the look-out for three young men whom they would surely know because "one of the parties hath a hooked nose." Lord Burghley makes the humorously prudent comment on this expectation that "if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof." It is clearly to such ludicrous inefficiency that Shakespeare is bearing witness out of his own experience in "Love's Labor's Lost" in the person of "goodman" Dull.

Many other are the glimpses that Shakespeare affords us of his early Warwickshire life in his earliest comedy. Nowhere else (as we might expect) has he made reference to so many rustic

* See my "Stratford-on-Avon from the earli-

est times to the death of Shakespeare" (Seeley & Co., 1885), pp. 49-52.

games. The whipping of tops, hide-and-seek, more sacks to the mill, push-pin, and nine men's morris, all receive grateful recognition. For the first of many times he pays tribute to "the noble art of venery," and makes merry over the numberless titles granted by huntsmen to the deer. The village pageant is presented to us in the show of the Nine Worthies, and is the first rough sketch of the rural play at which "hard-handed men" labor in "Midsummer Night's Dream." And finally Shakespeare sets before us in the concluding songs of Spring and Winter all the delights of painted meadows and all the troubles with which winter and rough weather infest country life—

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw.

From most of the early comedies we could extract almost as convincing examples as from "Love's Labor's Lost," of Shakespeare's readiness to draw upon his rural experiences. A Pentecost village play is fully described by Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Horses and hounds are noticed by Theseus in the detail dear to the country-bred in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Records prove the country tinker of the "Taming of the Shrew" to have been a character well known in Stratford by name. Nor did Shakespeare cease to turn his schoolhouse experience to account on the stage when Holofernes was turned adrift. He gives us a glimpse of a less amiable type of schoolmaster, of which many villages could furnish examples, in the Pinch of "Comedy of Errors," and returns to the more attractive type in full and accurate details in Sir Hugh Evans.

Such points illustrate a part of Shakespeare's debt to Stratford-on-Avon, and still throw upon his native place the reflection of his genius. And there is every reason to suppose that he wished that it should be so. Little as we know of his biography, there is ample proof of his anxiety to maintain unbroken his intimacy with Stratford and Stratford people. As soon as he could afford it, he bought a house there. The extant letters of his fellow-townsmen show that when in London, he was

ready to use his influence there in their behalf. The first land he contemplated purchasing was at Shottery, his wife's native place, within a mile or two of his own, and all the purchases of land that he completed later lay within a short walk of Henley Street, his birthplace. As his years increased, his temporary withdrawals from Stratford grew rarer. He educated his children there; he married his daughters to residents there; and, like all the members of his family, he died and was buried there.

And when Shakespeare's powers had reached their zenith and he could depict life under any aspect that he chose, he still acknowledged in his dramatic work the attractions that rural life had for him. The sheep-shearing feast of the "Winter's Tale"—one of his latest productions—is a Warwickshire pastoral, and all Perdita's flowers grow near the banks of the Avon. But before all should it be realised that the most thoughtful of his comedies, "As You Like It," which seems to stand midway between his greatest efforts in tragedy and his greatest efforts in comedy and history, is almost in its entirety a Warwickshire idyl. And Shakespeare here seems to make less concealment of the fact than in any other play excepting "Love's Labor's Lost;" he lays the scene in the forest of Arden, and there can be little doubt on *à-priori* grounds that Shakespeare's Arden was the Arden of South Warwickshire, and not, as some have imagined, the Ardennes of Luxemburg. There is but one iota of evidence to be urged on the other side. Grown wiser than when he wrote "Love's Labor's Lost," Shakespeare did not depend for the plot of "As You Like It" on his own invention. He borrowed freely from Thomas Lodge's novel of "Rosalynde." Lodge introduces us to an elder brother (Saladyne), who ill-treats a younger brother (Rosader); to a sovereign (Torismond) who exiles a rightful ruler (Gerismond); to a daughter of the sovereign (Alinda), and to her dear friend and cousin, the exile's daughter (Rosalynde). But Lodge lays his scene in France; the exiled king (Gerismond) lives as an outlaw in a French forest of Arden, and he is joined there by Alinda, Rosalynde, and Rosader. Similarly among numerous

other resemblances, Lodge brings the cruel elder brother into this forest to confront him with a lion, and to work out his conversion. It is the adoption of this particular episode by Shakespeare that seems at first sight to make the identification of the Arden of the play with the real Warwickshire Arden a little doubtful. Shakespeare merely translates Lodge's lion into a crouching lioness, and adds to the situation the terror of "a green and gilded snake." Of the latter, examples might perhaps be furnished by the Arden of Warwickshire, but "the royal disposition" of lion or lioness was not to be studied there. Nevertheless we are quite unwilling to admit on this ground that Shakespeare's Arden was beyond the sea. In the case of the lioness, he undoubtedly went farther than any experience of his own warranted. But he needed a very startling and unusual situation to bring about the conversion of Oliver, and he accepted Lodge's device as the least unsatisfactory mode of handling an unsatisfactory incident. Many signs of undue haste are apparent in the construction of "As You Like It," and it is not unfair to reckon among them all that concerns Oliver's conversion. But, except in this solitary instance, we believe we can prove that Shakespeare carefully anglicised, from his own knowledge of Warwickshire, Lodge's French forest of Arden.

In the first place, Shakespeare has introduced into his play two rustic characters of undoubtedly English birth. Audrey, "a country wench," and William, "a country fellow," are beyond the suspicion of alien origin; they were both "born i' the forest here." Lodge's novel knows nothing of such simple homely English villagers, and Shakespeare found no prototypes of them there. The former is a goatherd, awkward in bearing and ignorant of the meaning of so simple a word as "foul." Burdened with "no dishonest desire," and like most Englishwomen very practically minded, she looks forward to a good marriage and readily exchanges a suitor of her own class for one of more attractive mettle. William, her rejected lover, is of the ripe age of five-and-twenty. Very respectful to a stranger, he has no mean opinion of his own

"pretty" wit, and he has an income that satisfies him in days when contentment was rare with his class; a proof either of an exceptional share of business talent, or of an intellectual incapacity to realise the ground for his neighbors' discontent; he is certainly not learned, and is not capable of much passion; a few full-sounding words delivered with mock determination quickly induce him to resign to another his claim on Audrey.

Shakespeare undoubtedly accepted Lodge's suggestion of another pastoral love-plot with which to contrast the amorous adventures of his hero and heroine, but he has wholly metamorphosed Lodge's actors in his reading of this episode, and his Corin and Silvius owe very little to Lodge's Coridon and Montanus. The latter are invariably "playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat." They are never happy unless engaged in discussing "a pleasant eglog," which, in one case, extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines, and concludes with an extract from Terence. Montanus's love-frenzy is at other times assuaged with sugared sonnets, and in one instance he "felt his passions so extreme that he fell into" a very graceful piece of French verse. Surely such accomplished herdsmen never tended sheep in any mundane wood or dale before. It is these refined gentlemen that Shakespeare has transformed into business like rustics like Corin and Silvius, who are noticeably free from formal airs and graces, and Shakespeare has abandoned Lodge's spruce verse for such unaffected melodies as "It was a lover and his lass." There is, however, no versifying capacity in Corin; he is capable of offering a little practical advice to a love-sick youth, but attempts no accompaniment on the pipes. He is far from the bliss and contentment of Lodge's Coridon; he has very real grievances which are historically true of South Warwickshire and the rest of Elizabethan England. He is very poor and is not his own master.

But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

We have here a glimpse of the grasping English capitalist, who, in the sixteenth century, was depriving the native shepherds of their independence up and down the country. Corin's complaint finds very voluminous illustration in contemporary literature. As early as 1550 Richard Crowley attacked these "gredy guttes, yea, men that would eate up menne, women, and chyldren . . . They take our houses over our heades, they bye our growndes out of our handes, they rayse our rentes . . . we know not whyche waye to turn us to lyve . . . In the country we cannot tarrye, but we must be theyr slaves, and laboure tyll our hertes brast, and then they must have al."* Thomas Becon similarly pointed out the evil influence of "the gredy gentylmen, whyche are shepemongers and grasyers." Thomas Lupton writing in 1580 denounced with Corin their niggardliness to their neighbors, and Stubbs mercilessly denounces the capitalist graziers—"worse than the caterpillars and locusts of Egypt"—who devour all the poor men's fields and force beggary upon them. The attempt of the rich William Combe in 1614 to enclose the Stratford common lands in order to turn them to his own profit, and the excitement caused in the town by his action, shows that Corin's grievance found many sympathisers in the Warwickshire Arden.

It will be well at this point to determine what the name of Arden conveyed to a South Warwickshire man in the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The forest of Arden—a Celtic word from *ard*, high or great, and *den*, a wooded valley—was for many years the designation of all Warwickshire within ten miles or so of the north bank of the Avon. As in other parts of England and the Continent, the history of the forest is chiefly a record of the decay and removal of trees—of the transformation of woodland into corn and pasture land. In pre-historic ages, it was a link in the chain of wood that covered all the midlands, from Byrne Wood in Buckinghamshire, through Abingdon and Wych Woods in Oxfordshire, to the forests of Dean, Cannock, and Sherwood, and the Der-

byshire Wolds. But as early as the eleventh century evidence is not wanting that wide clearings had been made in Arden, and that only poetical license could then figure the forest as a wood-nymph with one hand touching "Trent, the other Severn's side." The agriculturist had made much of "her rough woodland" his own, and a map of the district at the time would have to represent it freely dotted with "plough-lands." Some six or seven villages which had grown up in the heart of the forest are described in the statistical Domesday survey. They were of very small dimensions and the woodland far outstripped their pastures, but they marked the development that was overtaking the district. Preston, one of the largest of them, had only two ploughlands, and these were encircled by a wood two miles long and one mile broad. A forest three miles square environed the hamlet of Hampton-in-Arden. But between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries Arden diminished steadily. It was still known as a forest, and could boast enough thickets and sylvan retreats to make Shakespeare's forest of Arden a faithful representation of it. But as in "As You Like It" it was as famous for its shepherds and its sheep as for its foresters and its trees. Viewed as a district, it doubtless very closely resembled the Epping Forest of modern Essex.

Fairly detailed accounts of Arden by sixteenth-century travellers are not wanting. "Marke," writes Leland who visited the country about 1533, "that the waste parte of *Warwyckeshire* that standithe on the left hand, or banke, of *Avon*, as the ryver dessendethe, is called *Arden*, and this countrie is not so plentifull of corne, but of grasse and woode. Suche parte of *Warwyckeshire* as lyethe by sowthe on the lefte hand, or banke, of *Avon* is baren of woode, but plentifull of corne."* William Camden, the great antiquary and Shakespeare's contemporary, writes, "Let us now take a view of the woodland which lies north of the Avon, occupying a larger extent, being the most part covered with woods, though not without pastures, cornfields, and iron-mines. And it is still called the woodland, so it

* R. Crowley's *The Way to Wealth*, Early English Text Society, pp. 132-3; see Furnivall's edition of *Stubbs's Anatomie*, i. 290.

* Leland's *Itinerary*, 1774, viii. 31.

had antiently the much older name of *Arden*, but, as I take it, to the same purport, for *Arden* seems to have signified a forest among the antient Britons and Gauls, the largest forest in Gaul being called *Arden*, a town in Flanders near another forest *Ardenburgh*, and that famous forest in England we see is called by abbreviation *Den*.*

But by far the most picturesque and fullest description of *Arden* given by any of Shakespeare's contemporaries is that by the poet Michael Drayton. Drayton, a native of Warwick, devotes the chief part of the thirteenth song of his *Polyolbion* to the Warwickshire forest. He regrets that so much of *Arden* has been brought under cultivation, and makes "the ancient forest" in her own person lament her decline :

... when the world found out the fitness of
my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds
enclose ;
By which in little time my bounds I came to
lose.

Other forests may excel *Arden* "for pleasantness of shade," but *Arden* yields to none of them in the variety of its attractions.

We equally partake with woodland as with
plain,
Alike with hill and dale ; and every day main-
tain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious
wastes,
That men for profit breed, as well as those of
chase.

There the birds of every hue sing "hunts up to the morn"—the thristle with shrill sharps, the woosel of the golden bill, the mournful nightingale, the warbling linnet, the woodlark, the red sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, the wren, the yellow-pate, the goldfinch, the "tydy," the laughing "hecco," and the counterfeiting jay. On the lawns are "both sorts of season'd deer."

Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there ;
The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals
strew'd,
As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the mul-
titude.

"The most princely chase" of the hart most fitly belongs, according to the poet, "to our old *Arden* here," and

Diana herself would be content with the tall and lusty red stag, of "goodly shape and stateliness of head," which she would meet at every turn in the forest. Drayton then proceeds to paint a very vivid picture of an *Arden* stag hunt. As soon as the "bellowing hounds" drive the quarry from his lair, he rushes madly through the thickets, shakes the tender saplings with his branch'd head, and after vain displays of "state," "with unbent knees upright expressing courage," leaves his usual walk, and "o'er the champain flies." The huntsmen follow as if "footed with the wind." The "noble stately" deer beats the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil ; makes among herds of sheep to foil the scent ; ploughmen and shepherds seize goads and hooks, and join in the chase. At length "this noblest beast" yields to destiny, and stands at bay ; then dealing deadly wounds on the hounds with his sharp-pointed head, he finally

Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets
fall,

and so dies. ("The hart weepeth at his dying," states a friend of Drayton who wrote prose notes on the passage ; "his tears are held to be precious in medicine.") In such a forest of *Arden*, too, Drayton continues, all that sorts with solitude is at hand. Here one who knows the vileness of the world may lead a sweet retired life, on homely fare, far from "the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns." Here

The man that is alone a king in his desire,
By no proud, ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects ; nor of a pin he
weighs

What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies
raise.

His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the
grace

That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most
base ;

Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile
Who, seeming what he's not, doth sensually
beguile

The sottish, purblind world ; but absolutely
free,

His happy time he spends the works of God to
see.

Drayton concludes his account of *Arden* with a list of the medicinal herbs that grow there, and cure all ailments, not all of which (he states) were known even to skilful Gerard.

* Camden's *Britannia*, ed. Gough ; ii. 329.

Drayton's "Poly-olbion" is a geographical survey of England in verse, and the writer, in his account of Arden and elsewhere, is endeavoring to record the literal results of his observation. But his real Arden bears in almost every detail an instructive likeness to Shakespeare's Arden: the real forest suggests to Drayton almost the same reflections as the dramatist places in the mouth of the dwellers in his forest. It is, therefore, only just to regard it as a very important piece of evidence in support of the contention that "As You Like It" is of South Warwickshire origin. Drayton's argument prefixed to his song of Arden suggests to every ear the spirit of much of Shakespeare's comedy:—

This song our shire of Warwick sounds
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds,
Through many shapes the muse here roves:
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer,
She, huntress-like, the hart pursues.

His careful and sympathetic description of the stag hunt can be paralleled at every point by the speeches of the exiles of "As You Like It." "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" is their constantly recurring refrain. The duke may regret that the "poor dappled fools"

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored;

but he, no less than Jaques or Drayton, is delighted to honor him "that killed the deer." The melancholy Jaques, like Drayton and Drayton's family commentator, makes the most of "the big round tears" that coursed one another down the innocent nose of the poor sequestered stag; and Jaques had watched the wretched animal as carefully as the geographical poet, when it was driven by the hunters to "the extremest verge of the swift brook." The duke in exile finds in Shakespeare's Arden the very solitude and the very happiness that Drayton promises the hermit of the Warwickshire Arden. Corin laments with Drayton's wood-nymph the conduct of "the gripple wretch" who narrows the forest's bounds, and testifies, by his references to his master's cote, his flocks and bounds of feed, to the truth of Drayton's picture of the mingling of woodland and pasture in

Arden. Rosalind's own allusion to the brambles and hawthorns much in Drayton can be found to illustrate, "and the sweet birds' throat" sounds as sweetly in both poets' verses.

We can safely assert that neither poet owed aught to the other for these descriptive passages. Drayton was undoubtedly the friend of Shakespeare. Tradition has, indeed, charged him and Ben Jonson, while guests at New Place, with engaging Shakespeare in a friendly drinking bout which caused the great dramatist's fatal illness. Whatever opinion we may hold of this story, we may be very sure that the contiguity of their birthplaces created between them a very close bond of union. But in their literary work they were independent of each other and worked on different lines. Although some of Drayton's airy fancies bear a family likeness to those of Shakespeare, there is nothing to support the suspicion that the coincidence was other than accidental. Of "Poly-olbion" and "As You Like It," the former was published in 1613, and written gradually in the preceding years; the latter, not published till 1623, was probably acted in the first year of the seventeenth century. There is nothing in the dates, therefore, to touch the question very nearly, and there is no need to press them in one direction or the other. A sane judgment can only see in the resemblances between "Poly-olbion" and "As You Like It" convincing proof that their authors derived much of their inspiration from the same source—from the gentle rural life of the county of which each was a native. Shakespeare in the play, and Drayton in the poem, each paid grateful tribute to the hawthorns and brambles of the forest of Arden.

We have offered some very literal information about the scene of the greater part of "As You Like It." But we have no desire to exaggerate the importance of the circumstance that the forest of Arden was for Shakespeare, as for all Warwickshire men, a geographical reality. We are quite ready to admit that Shakespeare—in the opening scene of the "Tempest" for instance—displays such multiform power of imaginative self-position that he *might* have depicted sylvan and pastoral life with

equal faithfulness had he not lived almost habitually under the shadow of the greenwood tree. But since his home *did*, as a matter of unvarnished fact, lie within a mile or two of the really English forest of Arden, it is mere affectation to decline the invitation that Shakespeare offers us on the first page of his comedy to examine the source of his inspiration. And be it added, it only heightens our sense of Shakespeare's poetic power, here as elsewhere, to be able to compare his material before and after his genius has transmuted it.

With those who are conscious of the relations in which "As You Like It" stands to the neighborhood of Stratford, it is no unscholarly sentiment that lends the play exceptional interest when acted in Shakespeare's native place. And it seems ungracious to do other than commend Miss Mary Anderson's recent endeavor to reproduce the play in the very country of its birth. Stratford has changed comparatively little since Shakespeare's day. The chapel of the guild, with the school-house, the guild-hall, and the almshouses, is reaching the close of its fourth century. The chief bridge across the Avon, and the church, are relics older than Shakespeare's boyhood and manhood. The forest of Arden has retreated into a very

few stretches of woodland, and chiefly survives in the names of the villages, Henley-in-Arden, Hampton-in-Arden, and Weston-in-Arden. But South Warwickshire is still the recognisable home of Corin and of Audrey, of William, Phebe, and Silvius. To witness "As You Like It" on the stage at Stratford is, therefore, to approach its author very nearly. We have no intention of criticising Miss Anderson's performance here—she has had no lack of advice offered her elsewhere. A few writers have decried her appearance on the Stratford stage as so much "bold advertisement." But the Shakespearean student knows nothing of such things, and need only remind these harsh critics that Miss Anderson, in going down to Stratford to appear as Rosalind, was following the best traditions of the English stage. Garrick may have made himself somewhat ridiculous by the means he adopted of reminding his countrymen of their indebtedness through Shakespeare to Stratford-on-Avon. But since Garrick's famous visit to Stratford in 1769, no actor, worthy of his art, has been unwilling to seek an opportunity of associating his name with one of Shakespeare's characters in the city of Shakespeare's birth, life, and death.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS IN CHINA.

A CHAPTER OF CHINESE TRAVEL.

So much attention is at present being directed to the subject of educational high pressure, that it may be interesting to glance at the full development of the system in the oldest civilisation of our era—in the empire which prides itself on being the most literary in the world—namely, China.

One of the objects of chief interest in Peking is the famed Examination Hall, where once in three years all the students who have succeeded in taking degrees at the great examinations in their provincial cities, assemble to try and pass the higher standard which admits them to the much-coveted rank of Tsin-Sze—i.e., advanced scholars.

Anything more dismally dreary and

dilapidated than this great theatre of national learning, could not be imagined. At its best it seems specially designed for discomfort, but as the examinations are only held here triennially, the place is allowed between whiles to fall into utter decay; and a fine crop of nettles and coarse weeds, and a multitude of broken water-jars, give the crowning touches of dreariness to the whole place.

This so-called "hall" is the fac-simile of the Examination Hall which we went to see at Canton, and of one at Foo-chow, of which I only cared to inspect the roofs, as seen from the city wall (I believe there are similar places in every provincial capital). The name "hall" is altogether misleading. It is simply a

very large walled enclosure, in the centre of which stands the house where lodge the ten examiners and the two Imperial examiners. With the exception of the broad central road, the whole remaining space is filled with rows and rows of tiny cells, each about three feet square. Each row has its distinctive name, and each cell is numbered, so that any man could be summoned if requisite. I cannot call these rows streets, because they all face the same way—each looking into the blank back of the next cell, so that there may be nothing to distract the attention of the candidates. The cells have no doors, so the whole front is open, and special officers are always on the watch to prevent any sort of communication between the men. Other watchmen are posted on the central building, and on towers at the corners of the walls, to see that no one from outside attempts to assist those within.

There are ten thousand of these cells (which might more fitly be termed pigsties). Each is built with two grooves in the wall, to allow for the insertion of two wooden boards, one of which acts as a very hard seat, the other (which is slipped into its place after the student is seated) forms the table on which he is to work. These two boards, and a large earthenware water-jar, are the sole furnishings of the cell, which is so small that a stout man, clothed in the usual wadded garments, must find it impossible even to turn round; and his only rest at night consists in leaning back against the cold wall. Government officers bring him his food, and hot tea; but on no consideration may he leave his cell from the beginning of each examination to its close. Happily the examination is in three distinct parts, each of which lasts two whole days. From first to last it is all a tremendous effort of memory; each student, as he enters his cell, being searched to make sure that he has not concealed any scrap of paper on which he might have jotted helpful notes, or, worse than all, a miniature edition of any part of the Classics. Each man may bring his own Indian ink and brushes, but he may bring no paper. To prevent all possibility of fraud, he must at the last moment, and at an exorbitant price, purchase paper which has been stamped with the official seal.

Provided with this he enters the cell, and then only is the subject of examination announced. These subjects are all themes from the fossilized Confucian Classics, or Essays on the History of China, its laws, its rites and ceremonies. At one of the examinations each man is required to write a poem of twelve lines. Happily for the examiners the length of the essays is limited—720 characters being the maximum, and 360 the minimum; necessary corrections being provided for, in the allowance of one hundred characters, which may be marked on the margin.

The greatest stress is laid upon excellent handwriting; and as a highly educated Chinaman is expected to be familiar with *six different styles of writing*, he has a somewhat perplexing choice. He may adopt the ancient stiff characters, or the ordinary freehand characters used in business, or those which are preferred for general correspondence, or the regular character used in printing. The literary man, however, selects one known as *Kiai-Shoo*, which is considered the most elegant.

I scarcely know whom to pity most—the students, or the examiners who have to wade through such mountains of dry Confucian wisdom. On the whole, I think the examiners have the worst of it; for though a student is occasionally found dead in his cell, he has only one set of essays to produce, and he is always buoyed up by hope of success and ambitious dreams,—whereas the luckless examiners have to wade through and carefully weigh the merits of perhaps eight thousand of these dreary sets of papers, with no ambition to gratify, and the certainty of causing grievous disappointment to upward of seven thousand nine hundred students, besides all their parents and relations and friends, a multitude of whom invariably take this opportunity for a visit to the city, and so combine a little pleasure with this literary interest. Not that this visit is always attended with much pleasure, as it is found that epidemics of small-pox in Peking generally occur in the examination year, which is attributed to the influx of at least 40,000 strangers.

To get through the papers they have to work for several days and nights almost without intermission. No won-

der that many utterly break down in mind and body, and are rendered useless for life from divers affections of the brain thus produced. Several examiners of the very highest rank have at different times been brought to the Medical Mission for treatment, having been seized with paralysis in the course of the examinations, entirely in consequence of the prolonged strain, which left them utterly prostrate; and so their work has remained unfinished.

The same thing happens to many of the students, to whom, of course, this examination is only the conclusion of a long course of cramming, and that of the class which is said to be most physically exhausting—namely, an intense strain on the memory.

One would naturally suppose that no one who could avoid it would subject himself to such misery; but this extraordinary nation recognises no possibility of official promotion by any other channel than this—the only form of literary success—consequently many of the men who fail return undaunted to the charge, year after year, till either their efforts are crowned with success or they finally break down. Some, as I have said, literally die in harness, in which case a hole is broken in the outer wall of the enclosure, and the corpse is thrust out; for a stringent regulation prohibits opening the gate while the men are in their cells, and traditional custom must be maintained in the presence of death itself.

On the other hand, some men of indomitable resolution persevere in their pursuit of literary honor till they attain to extreme old age; and it is no uncommon thing to see venerable grey-bearded students of from seventy to eighty years of age taking their place in these dismal cells! Such perseverance is at least sure of honorary recognition by the Emperor, who bestows a special title on men who have vainly continued their literary efforts to the age of fourscore years. In the province of Shantung a great arch of very elaborately sculptured granite commemorates the literary triumph of a noted scholar, who, in his eighty-third year, took the very highest honors at the examination for the highest degree (the Han-Lin, or Doctor of Laws). The inscription on

the arch records that the son of this learned father had three years previously attained to the self-same dignity.

Here, then, we see the system of Competitive Examinations carried out to the bitter end—a system which, for more than a thousand years, has been the sole passport to all official employment, and no amount of experience in damaged brains and mental collapse brings one iota of relief to these many thousand victims. With us such competitions and such educational high-pressure are comparatively a thing of yesterday, and yet we already know too much of the crying evil of overtaxed brains and prodigal waste of mental energy.

China has long anticipated the work of the School Board, and at six years of age boys of all ranks are supposed to attend school and prepare for their life-long bondage to Confucius, by beginning their dreary struggle to master the characters which take the place of our alphabet, multiplied a thousandfold. They are taught to write each character separately on squares of lacy red paper; and by slow degrees they learn to pronounce each, while the little fingers learn to fashion the elaborate crabbed strokes. Though these small students are just as merry and full of life as our own school-boys, they seem to take very kindly to the studies which they see their elders value so highly. Nevertheless, the cane is a fully recognised institution in every school, and is applied unsparingly without respect of sex! As you pass outside of such a school (which is probably held within the precincts of some merchants' guild), you hear the hum of many voices, all repeating lessons aloud; and if you look in, you see a troop of quaint little shaven-headed chaps, with their long black plaits and blue clothes, sitting at small ornamental tables, very different from our school-desks and benches, and suggesting a remarkable absence of the destructive element in these small Chinamen! Of course a conspicuous feature in the school is the shrine of the tablet bearing the name of Confucius, to which each scholar must do daily homage.

Very probably another noteworthy object may be the schoolmaster's greatest treasure—his handsome coffin, the possession of which is so great a solace to

his mind. He himself is probably one of the men who has passed in the lower examinations, but has failed in the higher ones. Each small boy in turn stands before him to repeat his allotted task of diluted classics (turning his back so as to avoid the possibility of peeping); and thenceforth, until his life's end, his dreams of ambition all flow in one channel—classics—classics—classics! In a Chinaman's Catechism there could be but one answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The only possible reply would be, "To attain a perfect knowledge of Confucian Classics."

The whole race are so entirely convinced that the highest pinnacle of perfection was attained by Confucius six hundred years before the Christian era, that from that time to the present, every Chinaman has striven only to cherish that light of the past, but the idea of originating anything new is deemed worse than useless—it is sacrilegious!

So when small boys have mastered the requisite "Thousand Character Classic," and the "Book of Odes," and other petrifications, they are handed over to more advanced tutors, and attend courses of university lectures on the works of Mencius and other ancient Confucian sages; and in due course of time they are expected to pass in two local examinations.

Having succeeded in these, their names are then enrolled for a third—namely, the first of the great national examinations. These are held, twice in three years, at every prefectural city, and the degree which is conferred is called *Sew-tsae*, "adorned talent," and answers to that of B.A. at Oxford or Cambridge. Before being allowed to enter his name on the list, each candidate must produce a certificate to prove that he is a free-born subject of the realm, and of respectable parentage,—a limit which arbitrarily excludes not only the whole boating population, but also the children of the police, and all play-actors and slaves.

To obtain this first degree is an honor immensely coveted, even by men who do not aspire to further literary honors. In the first place, from the moment a man becomes a *Sew-tsae* he is exempt from corporal punishment, which in

China is no small advantage. Moreover, he can command the attention of any magistrate; and, in short, has an assured social position. So every one who possibly can do so, goes up for this examination; and although it is known that only sixty candidates can pass at a time, as many as six thousand names are sometimes entered for one province.

This great multitude is, however, thinned by a preliminary examination, which occupies the first day. Three days are devoted to considering the six thousand papers, and only the men whose essays are approved are allowed to compete at the further examinations, which are then held at the prefect's official residence.

Just conceive what an impression of learning and exaggerated intellect must be produced by the appearance of such an assemblage with closely shaven foreheads extending over half the skull! The majority of these faces are intellectual; many have delicate features; all are pale, beardless, and hairless. A very large proportion have strained their eyes with over-study of crabbed Chinese characters, so they wear enormous spectacles, with very broad rims of tortoise-shell, which add greatly to their appearance of wisdom.

We associate bald heads with old age, but this vast multitude ranges from eighteen to eighty years!

Each successive examination thins the list of competitors, till at length there remain only about a hundred for the final effort.

The moment that the printed list of successful candidates is published, hawkers start in every direction with printed lists for sale; and swift, lightly built boats, each manned by half-a-dozen strong rowers, start off at full speed, along every river and creek in the neighborhood, to convey the news to anxious relations and fellow-citizens.

Here carrier-pigeons take the place of telegraphs; and many of the students make their agreement long beforehand with the owners of the birds, so as to ensure their being trained at the right places, and brought thence in baskets by special messengers. The Chinese are very kind to all birds, and these pigeons receive the greatest care, and are trained as special pets. On the publication of the fortunate names, the lists

are at once forwarded to these men, who inscribe the messages on slips of thin stiff paper, these they attach to the legs of the pigeons, who straightway start on their homeward journey at the rate of about twenty-seven miles an hour, bearing the glad news to proud parents; and the towns which have given them birth rejoice exceedingly over the honor thus acquired.

So when the newly made graduate returns home he is received with considerable enthusiasm, and is borne along in triumph to worship at the ancestral hall, and gladden his ancestors with the information of his success. But ere they return to their homes, the happy sixty, or ninety as the case may be, assemble at the Court of the Literary Chancellor, there to be invested with the symbols of their new dignity—namely, an academic dress of bright blue, trimmed with black, a richly embroidered tippet, and a golden flower, to be worn on the extreme top of the hat, and which is the special Imperial gift. The Literary Chancellor invites them to dine at his own table.

Men who aspire to obtain official employment must now prepare for the next degree, which is that of *Keu-jin*, "elevated man," and answers to our M.A. This examination is held only once in three years in each provincial capital—in a great square enclosure like the one I have described. The examinations for this degree are more difficult than any of those which follow, involving a great strain on memory. There is, moreover, a terrible possibility, not only of failing to reap fresh honors, but of being actually deprived of those already earned; for in cases of serious failure, the *Sew-tsae* degree already conferred is sometimes cancelled.

A whole month of dire anxiety must elapse ere the publication of the list, which is awaited with feverish anxiety, not only by the relations of the competitors, but by all classes. The badge of honor now conferred is a more gorgeous tippet, and a more beautiful golden flower; and the fortunate possessor of these is feasted and congratulated by all the authorities. When he returns home the magistrates go forth in state to welcome him; presents (including sums of money) are showered on him; rolls of perfumed paper are sent with a request

that he will thereon inscribe a few words and his honorable autograph (in return for which further gifts are bestowed upon him). A name so creditable is inscribed on an ornamental board, and with much ceremony is hung up in the ancestral hall; moreover, his parents receive public thanks from the civic authorities for having given birth to so talented a son.

Many are now content to rest on their oars, but those who seek further literary renown must come to Peking in the following year to be examined for the *Tsin-Sze*, or "advanced scholar" degree. This is the examination held in the enclosure which we visited, and is conducted by the greatest scholars of the empire, including the Prime Minister and a prince of the Imperial race; otherwise it is much the same as the last. But the successful competitors are presented to the Emperor, and many honors are heaped upon them; and their names, inscribed on gilded tablets, are sent in chairs of state, together with many offerings, to the blissful parents.

The men themselves remain at Peking to compete for the highest possible literary degree—namely, that of *Han-Lin*, which is described as Literary Chancellor. It is held in the Imperial palace, in the hall where the Emperor himself is supposed to expound the Confucian Classics to his ministers! The Emperor presides on the present occasion, and the successful competitors are invited to dine with his Imperial Majesty, than which no higher honor can be conferred by earth or heaven. Curiously enough each guest has a table to himself. From this happy company are selected all the highest officials of the empire, and also the examiners for all the provincial and minor examinations—truly a dreary life-work!

As we wandered round the dismal city of cells, the man in charge showed us one, just the same as all the others, which he told us had been occupied by the young Emperor taking his degree. As the names of the writers of the papers are carefully concealed, we wondered by what means the examiners are ensured against such a terrible accident as failing to perceive the excellence of the Imperial essay! And yet, the luckless examiner who is detected in showing favor

to any man, or in receiving a bribe, is ignominiously put to death in the very undignified fashion, formerly so common in Japan.

We ascended to the summit of the three-storied building in the centre, whence we had a fine view of the city, and my attention was arrested by some extraordinary-looking objects erected on the city wall. By the aid of my glasses I could discern dragons and hollow circles towering against the sky. These, I was informed, were the gigantic astronomical instruments of a great observatory, which was erected at the end of the seventeenth century by a party of very learned Jesuit Fathers, who were sent with a letter of special commendation from Louis XIV. of France, to instruct his Imperial Celestial brother, the Emperor Kang-hsi, in the sciences of mathematics and astronomy. This scientific embassy was received with all possible honor by the Son of Heaven, and the astronomical and astrological fraternity, by whose reading of the stars all matters of Chinese State or domestic life are regulated. Strange to say, the Emperor so entirely recognised the superiority of the Western scientific instruments, that he discarded those in use, and bade the foreigners construct new ones on their own system. So they combined scientific use with Chinese decoration; and beautifully cast bronze dragons support astrolabes, armillary spheres, trigonometers, quadrants, astronomical circles, and other instruments, all of bronze. Amongst other objects is a huge celes-

tial globe, the bronze surface of which is encrusted with golden stars to mark the constellations. All these are raised on a stone platform higher than the wall, and enclosed by a strong iron railing.

Wishing for a nearer view, we made our way thither; but to our extreme disgust, on arriving at the gate by which we should have ascended on to the wall, we found it locked, and the man in charge dared not open it, having recently received strict official orders to the contrary. There was no doubt that he was speaking the truth, as he thereby lost his "tip." It was the more aggravating, as this gate is generally open.

As we were turning away somewhat irritated, I discovered, in a shady, sheltered spot beneath some pretty trees, two exceedingly curious groups of gigantic, purely native instruments of bronze, far more ancient and more interesting than those of the Jesuits—probably those which were discarded in favor of theirs. These were most fascinating, and I quickly settled down to sketch a magnificent astrolabe, which is a cluster of numerous gigantic circles, forming a sort of hollow ball, resting on a central pillar, and supported at the four corners by dragons rampant—a most picturesque object. Of course a little crowd soon assembled, but they were most respectful and kindly, and greatly interested by some small sketches of Ning-po which I chanced to have with me; so our afternoon ended most pleasantly.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A PRINCE OF COURT PAINTERS.

Extracts from an Old French Journal.

BY WALTER PATER.

VALENCIENNES, *September, 1701.*

THEY had been renovating my father's large workroom. That delightful, tumble-down old place has lost its moss-grown tiles and the green weather-stains we have known all our lives on the high whitewashed wall, opposite which we sit, in the little sculptor's yard, for the coolness, in summertime. Among old Watteau's work-people came his son,

"the genius," my father's godson and namesake, a dark-haired youth, whose large, unquiet eyes seemed perpetually wandering to the various drawings which lie exposed here. My father will have it that he is a genius indeed, and a painter born. We have had our September Fair in the *Grande Place*, a wonderful stir of sound and color in the wide, open space beneath our windows.

And just where the crowd was busiest young Antony was found, hoisted into one of those empty niches of the old *Hôtel de Ville*, sketching the scene to the life; but with a kind of grace (a marvellous tact of omission, as my father pointed out to us, in dealing with the vulgar reality seen from one's own window) which has made trite old Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine, seem like people in some fairy-land; or like infinitely clever tragic actors, who, for the humor of the thing, have put on motley for once, and are able to throw a world of serious *innuendo* into their burlesque looks, with a sort of comedy which shall be but tragedy seen from the other side. He brought his sketch to our house to-day, and I was present when my father questioned him and commended his work. But the lad seemed not greatly pleased, and left untasted the glass of old Malaga which was offered to him. His father is a somewhat stern man, and will hear nothing of educating him as a painter. Yet he is not ill-to-do, and has lately built himself a new stone house, big, and grey, and cold. Their old plastered house with the black timbers, in the *Rue des Cardinaux*, was prettier; dating from the time of the Spaniards, and one of the oldest in Valenciennes.

October, 1701.

Chiefly through the solicitations of my father, old Watteau has consented to place Antony with a teacher of painting here. I meet him betimes on the way to his lessons, as I return from mass; for he still works with the masons, but making the most of late and early hours, of every moment of liberty. And then he has the feast-days, of which there are so many in this old-fashioned place. Ah! such gifts as his, surely, may once in a way make much industry seem worth while. He makes a wonderful progress. And yet, far from being set up, and too easily pleased with what, after all, comes to him so easily, he has, my father thinks, too little self-approval for ultimate success. He is apt, in truth, to fall out too hastily with himself and what he produces. Yet here also there is the "golden mean." Yes! I could fancy myself offended by a sort of irony which sometimes crosses the half-melancholy sweetness of manner habit-

ual with him; only that, as I can see, he treats himself to the same quality.

October, 1701.

Antony Watteau comes here often now. It is the instinct of a natural fineness in him, to escape when he can from that blank stone house, *si peu historif*, and that homely old man and woman. The rudeness of his home has turned his feeling for even the simpler graces of life into a physical need, like hunger or thirst, which might come to greed; and methinks he perhaps over-values those things. Still, made as he is, his hard fate in that rude place must needs touch one. And then, he profits by the experience of my father, who has much knowledge in matters of art beyond his own art of sculpture; and Antony is not unwelcome to him. In these last rainy weeks especially, when he can't sketch out of doors, when the wind only half dries the pavement before another torrent comes, the people stay at home, and the only sound from without is the creaking of a restless shutter on its hinges, or the march across the *Place* of those weary soldiers, coming and going so interminably, one hardly knows whether to or from battle with the English and the Austrians, from victory or defeat—Well! he has become like one of our family. "He will go far!" my father declares. He will go far in the literal sense, if he might—to Paris, to Rome. It must be admitted that our Valenciennes is a quiet—nay, a sleepy place; sleepier than ever, since it became French, and ceased to be so near the frontier. The grass is growing deep on our old ramparts, and it is pleasant to walk there—to walk there and muse; pleasant for a tame, unambitious soul such as mine.

December, 1702.

Antony Watteau left us for Paris this morning. It came upon us quite suddenly. They amuse themselves in Paris. A scene-painter we have here, well known in Flanders, has been engaged to work in one of the Parisian playhouses; and young Watteau, of whom he had some slight knowledge, has departed in his company. He doesn't know it was I who persuaded the scene-painter to take him—that he would find the lad useful. We offered

him our little presents ; fine thread-lace of our own making for his ruffles and the like ; for one must make a figure in Paris ; and he is slim and well-formed. For myself, I presented him with a silken purse I had long ago embroidered for another. Well ! we shall follow his fortunes (of which I for one feel quite sure) at a distance. Old Watteau didn't know of his departure, and has been here in great anger.

December, 1703.

Twelve months ago to-day since Antony went to Paris ! The first struggle must be a sharp one for an unknown lad in that vast, over-crowded place, even if he be as clever as young Antony Watteau. We may think, however, that he is on the way to his chosen end, for he returns not home ; though, in truth, he tells those poor old people very little of himself. The apprentices of the M. Métayer for whom he works, labor all day long, each at a single part only—*coiffure*, or robe, or hand—of the cheap pictures of religion or fantasy he exposes for sale at a low price, along the footways of the *Pont Notre-Dame*. Antony is already the most skilful of them, and seems to have been promoted of late to work on church pictures. I like the thought of that. He receives three *livres* a week for his pains, and his soup daily.

May, 1705.

Antony Watteau has parted from the dealer in pictures à *bon marché*, and works now with a painter of furniture pieces, (those head-pieces for doors and the like, now in fashion,) who is also *concierge* of the Palace of the Luxembourg. Antony is actually lodged somewhere in that grand place, which contains the king's collection of the Italian pictures he would so willingly copy. Its gardens also are magnificent, with something, as we understand from him, altogether of a novel kind in their disposition and embellishment. Ah ! how I delight myself, in fancy at least, in those beautiful gardens, freer and trimmed less stiffly than those of other royal houses. Methinks I see him there, when his long summer-day's work is over, enjoying the cool shade of the stately, broad-foliaged trees, each of which is a great courtier, though it has its way almost as if it belonged to that open and unbuilt country

beyond, over which the sun is sinking.

His thoughts, however, in the midst of all this, are not wholly away from home, if I may judge by the subject of a picture he hopes to sell for as much as sixty *livres*—*Un Départ de Troupes*—Soldiers Departing—one of those scenes of military life one can study so well here at Valenciennes.

June, 1705.

Young Watteau has returned home ; —proof, with a character so independent as his, that things have gone well with him ; and (it is agreed !) stays with us, instead of in the stonemason's house. The old people suppose he comes to us for the sake of my father's instruction. French people as we have become, we are still old Flemish, if not at heart yet on the surface. Even in *French Flanders*, at Douai and Saint Omer, as I understand, in the churches and in people's houses, as may be seen from the very streets, there is noticeable a minute and scrupulous air of care-taking and neatness. Antony Watteau remarks this more than ever on returning to Valenciennes, and savors greatly, after his lodging in Paris, our Flemish cleanliness, lover as he is of distinction and elegance. Those worldly graces he seemed as a young lad almost to hunger and thirst for, as if truly the mere adornments of life were its necessities, he already takes as if he had been always used to them. And there is something noble—shall I say ?—in his half-disdainful way of serving himself with what he still, as I think, secretly values overmuch. There is an air of seemly thought—*le bel sérieux*—about him, which makes me think of one of those grave old Dutch statesmen in their youth, such as that famous William the Silent ; and yet the effect of this first success of his, (greater indeed than its actual value, as insuring for the future the full play of his natural powers,) I can trace like the bloom of a flower upon him ; and he has, now and then, the gaieties which from time to time, surely, must refresh all true artists, however hard-working and "painful."

July, 1705.

The charm of that—his physiognomy and manner of being—has touched even

my young brother, Jean-Baptiste. He is greatly taken with Antony, clings to him almost too attentively, and will be nothing but a painter, though my father would have trained him to follow his own profession. It may do the child good. He needs the expansion of some generous sympathy or sentiment in that close little soul of his, as I have thought, watching sometimes how his small face and hands are moved in sleep. A child of ten who cares only to save and possess, to hoard his tiny savings! Yet he is not otherwise selfish, and loves us all with a warm heart. Just now it is the moments of Antony's company he counts, like a little miser. Well! that may save him perhaps from developing a certain meanness of character I have sometimes feared for him.

August, 1705.

We returned home late this summer evening—Antony Watteau, my father and sisters, young Jean-Baptiste, and myself—from an excursion to Saint-Amand, in celebration of Antony's last day with us. After visiting the great abbey-church and its range of chapels, with their costly encumbrance of carved shrines and golden reliquaries and funeral scutcheons in the colored glass, half seen through a rich enclosure of marble and brass work, we supped at the little inn in the forest. Antony, looking well in his new-fashioned, long-skirted coat, and taller than he really is, made us bring our cream and wild strawberries out of doors, ranging ourselves according to his judgment (for a hasty sketch in that big pocketbook he carries) on the soft slope of one of those fresh spaces in the wood where the trees uncloze a little, while Jean-Baptiste and my youngest sister danced a minuet on the grass, to the notes of some strolling lutanist who had found us out. He is visibly cheerful at the thought of his return to Paris, and became for a moment freer and more animated than I had ever seen him as he discoursed to us about the paintings of Rubens in the church here. His words, as he spoke of them, seemed full of a kind of rich sunset with some moving glory within it. Yet I like far better than any of these pictures of Rubens a work of that old Dutch master, Peter Porbus, which hangs, though

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almost out of sight indeed, in our church at home. The patron saints, simple and standing firmly on either side, present two homely old people to Our Lady enthroned in the midst, with the look and attitude of one for whom, amid her "glories," (depicted in dim little circular pictures, set in the openings of a chaplet of pale flowers around her,) all feelings are over, except a great pitifulness; and her robe of shadowy blue suits my eyes better far than the hot flesh-tints of the Medicean ladies of the great Peter Paul, in spite of that amplitude and royal ease of action under their stiff court-costumes, at which Antony Watteau declares himself in dismay.

August, 1705.

I have just returned from early mass. I lingered long after the office was over, watching, and pondering how in the world one could help a small bird which had flown into the church but could find no way out again. I suspect it will remain there, fluttering round and round distractedly, far up under the arched roof, till it dies exhausted. I seem to have heard of some one who likened man's life to a bird, passing just once only, on some winter night, from window to window, across a cheerfully-lighted hall. The bird, taken captive by the ill-luck of a moment, repeating its issueless circle till it expires, within the close vaulting of that great stone church—human life may be like that bird too!

Antony Watteau returned to Paris yesterday. Yes!—Certainly great heights of achievement would seem to lie before him—access to regions where one may find it increasingly hard to follow him even in imagination, and figure to one's self after what manner his life moves therein.

January, 1709.

Antony Watteau has competed for what is called the *Prix de Rome*, desiring greatly to profit by the grand establishment founded at Rome by King Lewis the Fourteenth, for the encouragement of French artists. He obtained only the second place, but does not renounce his desire to make the journey to Italy. Could I save enough by careful economics for that purpose? It might

be conveyed to him in some indirect way that would not offend.

February, 1712.

We read, with much pleasure for all of us, in the *Gazette* to-day, among other events of the great world, that Antony Watteau had been elected to the Academy of painting under the new title of *Peintre des Fêtes Galantes*, and had been named also *Peintre du Roi*. My brother, Jean-Baptiste, ran to tell the news to old Jean-Philippe and Michelle Watteau.

A new manner of painting! The old furniture of people's rooms must needs be changed throughout, it would seem, to accord with this painting; or rather, the painting is designed exclusively to suit one particular kind of apartment—a manner of painting greatly prized, as we understand, by those Parisian judges who have had the best opportunity of acquainting themselves with whatever is most enjoyable in the arts—such is the achievement of the young Watteau! He looks to receive more orders for his work than he will be able to execute. He will certainly relish—he so elegant, so hungry for the colors of life—a free intercourse with those wealthy lovers of the arts, M. de Crozat, M. de Julienne, the Abbé de la Roque, the Count de Caylus, and M. Gersaint, the famous dealer in pictures, who are so anxious to lodge him in their fine *hôtels*, and to have him of their company at their country houses. Paris, we hear, has never been wealthier and more luxurious than now; and the great ladies outbid each other to have his work upon their very fans. Those vast fortunes, however, seem to change hands very rapidly. And Antony's new manner? I am unable even to divine it—to conceive the trick and effect of it—at all. Only, something of lightness and coquetry I discern there, at variance, methinks, with his own singular gravity, and even sadness, of mien and mind, more answerable to the stately apparelling of the age of Lewis XIV., or of Lewis XV., in these old, sombre Spanish houses of ours.

March, 1713.

We have all been very happy—Jean-Baptiste, as if in a delightful dream. Antony Watteau, being consulted with

regard to the lad's training as a painter, has most generously offered to receive him for his own pupil. My father, for some reason unknown for me, seemed to hesitate at the first; but Jean-Baptiste, whose enthusiasm for Antony visibly refines and beautifies his whole nature, has won the necessary permission, and this dear young brother will leave us to-morrow. Our regrets and his, at his parting from us for the first time, overtook our joy at his good fortune by surprise, at the last moment, just as we were about to bid each other good-night. For a while there had seemed to be an uneasiness under our cheerful talk, as if each one present were concealing something with an effort; and it was Jean-Baptiste himself who gave way at last. And then we sat down again, still together, and allowed free play to what was in our hearts, almost till morning, my sisters weeping much. I know better how to control myself. In a few days that delightful new life will have begun for him; and I have made him promise to write often to us. With how small a part of my whole life shall I be really living at Valenciennes!

January, 1714.

Jean-Philippe Watteau has received a letter from his son to-day. Old Michelle Watteau, whose sight is failing, though she still works (half by touch, indeed) at her pillow-lace, was glad to hear me read the letter aloud more than once. It recounts—how modestly and almost as a matter of course!—his late successes. And yet!—does he, in writing to these old parents, whom he has forgiven for their hard treatment of him, purposely underrate his great good fortune and present happiness, not to shock them too much by the contrast between the delicate enjoyments of the life he now leads among the wealthy and refined, and that bald existence of theirs in his old home? A life, agitated, exigent, unsatisfying!—That is what this letter discloses, below so attractive a surface. As his gift expands so does that incurable restlessness, one supposed but a humor natural to a promising youth who had still everything to do. And now, the one realised enjoyment he has of all this might seem to be the thought of the independence it has pur-

chased him, so that he can escape from one lodging-place to another, just as it may please him. He has already deserted, somewhat incontinently, more than one of those fine houses, the liberal air of which he used so greatly to affect, and which have so readily received him. Has he failed really to grasp the fact of his great success and the rewards that lie before him? At all events, he seems, after all, not greatly to value that fine world he is now privileged to enter, and has certainly but little relish for his own works—those works which I for one so thirst to see.

March, 1714.

We were all—Jean-Philippe, Michelle Watteau, and ourselves—half in expectation of a visit from Antony; and to-day, quite suddenly, he is with us. I was lingering after early mass this morning in the church of Saint Vaast. It is good for me to be there. Our people lie under one of the great marble slabs before the *jubbé*, some of the memorial brass balusters of which are engraved with their names and the dates of their decease. The settle of carved oak which runs all round the wide nave is my father's own work. The quiet spaciousness of the place is itself like a meditation, an *acte de recueillement*, and clears away the confusions of the heart. I suppose the heavy droning of the *carillon* had smothered the sound of his footsteps, for on my turning round, when I supposed myself alone, Antony Watteau was standing near me. Constant observer, as he is, of the lights and shadows of things, he visits places of this kind at odd times. He has left Jean-Baptiste at work in Paris, and will stay this time with the old people, not at our house: though he has spent the better part of to-day in my father's workroom. He hasn't yet put off, in spite of all his late intercourse with the great world, his distant and preoccupied manner—a manner, it is true, the same to every one. It is certainly not through pride in his success, as some might fancy, for he was thus always. It is rather as if, with all that success, life and its daily social routine were somewhat of a burden to him.

April, 1714.

At last we shall understand something of that new style of his—the *Watteau*

style—so much relished by the great world of Paris. He has taken it into his kind head to paint and decorate our chief *salon*—the room with the three long windows, which occupies the first floor of the house.

The room was a landmark, as we used to think, an inviolable milestone and landmark, of old Valenciennes fashion—that sombre style, indulging much in contrasts of black or deep brown with white, which the Spaniards left behind them here. Doubtless their eyes had found its shadows cool and pleasant, when they shut themselves in from the cutting sunshine of their own country. But in our country, where we must needs economise not the shade but the sun, its grandiosity weighs a little on one's spirits. Well! the rough plaster we used to cover as well as might be with morsels of old arras à *personnages*, is replaced by dainty panelling of wood, with mimic columns, and a quite aerial scroll-work, around sunken spaces of a pale-rose stuff, and certain oval openings—two over the doors, opening on each side of the grand *canapé* which faces the windows, one over the chimney-piece, and one above the *bahut* which forms its *vis-à-vis*—four spaces in all, to be filled by and by with "fantasies" of the Four Seasons, painted by his own hand. He will send us from Paris *fautouils* of a new pattern he has devised, suitably covered, and a painted *clavecin*. Our old silver *flambeaux* look well on the chimney-piece. Odd, faint-colored flowers fill coquettishly the little empty spaces here and there, like ghosts of nosegays left by visitors long ago, which paled thus, sympathetically, at the decease of their old owners; for, in spite of its new-fashionedness, all this array is really less like a new thing than the last surviving result of all the more lightsome adornments of past times. Only, the very walls seem to cry out—No! to make delicate insinuation, for a music, a conversation, nimbler than any we have known, or are likely to find here. For himself, he converses well, but very sparingly. He assures us, indeed, that this new style is in truth a thing of old days, of his own old days here in Valenciennes, when, working long hours as a mason's boy, he in fancy re clothed the walls of this or that house he was employed in, with this fairy arrangement;

—itself like a piece of “chamber-music,” methinks, part answering to part; while no too trenchant note is allowed to break through the delicate harmony of white, and pale red, and little golden touches. Yet it is all very comfortable also, it must be confessed; with an elegant open place for the fire, instead of the big old stove of brown tiles. The ancient, heavy furniture of our grandparents goes up, with difficulty, into the *grenier*, much against my father’s inclination. To reconcile him to the change, Antony is painting his portrait in a vast *perruque*, and with more vigorous massing of light and shadow than he is wont to permit himself.

June, 1714.

He has completed the ovals—The Four Seasons. Oh! the summer-like grace, the freedom and softness of the “Summer”—a hayfield such as we visited to-day, but boundless, and with touches of level Italian architecture in the hot, white, elusive distance, and wreaths of flowers, fairy hayrakes and the like, suspended from tree to tree, with that wonderful lightness which is one of the charms of his work. I can understand through this, at last, what it is he enjoys, what he selects by preference from all that various world we pass our lives in. I am struck by the purity of the room he has refashioned for us—a sort of *moral* purity; yet, in the *forms* and *colors* of things. Is the actual life of Paris, to which he will soon return, equally pure, that it relishes this kind of thing so strongly? Only, methinks ’tis a pity to incorporate so much of his work, of himself, with objects of use which must perish by use, or disappear, like our own old furniture, with mere change of fashion.

July, 1714.

On the last day of Antony Watteau’s visit we made a party to Cambrai. We entered the cathedral church; it was the hour of Vespers, and it happened that *Monseigneur le Prince de Cambrai* was in his place in the choir. He appears of great age, assists but rarely at the offices of religion, and is never to be seen in Paris; and Antony had much desired to behold him. Certainly, it was worth while to have come so far only to see him, and hear him give his pontifical

blessing, in a voice feeble but of infinite sweetness, and with an inexpressibly graceful movement of the hands. A veritable *grand seigneur*! His refined old age, the impress of genius and honors, even his disappointments, concur with natural graces to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia Vanitas*! he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation, which makes the things we are most of us so fondly occupied with seem petty enough. *Omnia Vanitas*!—is that indeed the proper comment on our lives, coming, as it does in this case, from one who might have made his own all that life has to bestow? Yet he was never to be seen at court, and has lived here almost an exile. Was our “Great King Lewis” jealous of a true *grand seigneur*, or *grand monarque* by natural gift and the favor of heaven, that he could not endure his presence?

July, 1714.

My own portrait remains unfinished at his sudden departure. I sat for it in a walking-dress, made under his direction—a gown of a peculiar silken stuff, falling into an abundance of small folds, giving me “a certain air of piquancy” which pleases him, but is far enough from my true self. My old Flemish *faille*, which I shall always wear, suits me better.

I notice that our good-hearted but sometimes difficult friend said little of our brother Jean-Baptiste, though he knows us so anxious on his account—spoke only of his constant industry, cautiously, and not altogether with satisfaction, as if the sight of it wearied him.

September, 1714.

Will Antony ever accomplish that long-pondered journey to Italy? For his own sake, I should be glad he might. Yet it seems desolately far, across those great hills and plains. I remember how I formed a plan for providing him with a sum sufficient for the purpose. But that he no longer needs.

With myself, how to pass time becomes sometimes the question;—unavoidably, though it strikes me as a thing unspeakably sad in a life so short as ours. The sullenness of a long wet day is yielding just now to an outburst of watery sunset, which strikes from the

far horizon of this quiet world of ours, over fields and willow-woods, upon the shifty weather-vanes, and long-pointed windows of the tower on the square—from which the *Angelus* is sounding—with a momentary promise of a fine night. I prefer the *Salut* at Saint Vaast. The walk thither is a longer one; and I have a fancy always that I may meet Antony Watteau there again, any time; just as, when a child, having found one day a tiny box in the shape of a silver coin, for long afterwards I used to try every piece of money that came into my hands, expecting it to open.

September, 1714.

We were sitting in the Watteau chamber for the coolness, this sultry evening. A sudden gust of wind ruffled the lights in the sconces on the walls; the distant rumblings, which have continued all the afternoon, broke out at last: and through the driving rain, a coach, rattling across the *Place*, stops at our door; and in a moment Jean-Baptiste is with us once again; but with bitter tears in his eyes;—dismissed!

October, 1714.

Jean-Baptiste! he, too, rejected by Antony! It makes our friendship and fraternal sympathy closer. And still, as he works, not less sedulously than of old, and still so full of loyalty to his old master, in that Watteau chamber, I seem to see Antony himself, of whom Jean-Baptiste dares not yet speak,—to come very near to his work, and understand his great parts. And Jean-Baptiste's work may stand, for the future, as the central interest of my life. I bury myself in that.

February, 1715.

If I understand anything of these matters, Antony Watteau paints that delicate life of Paris so excellently, with so much spirit, partly because, after all, he looks down upon it, or despises it. To persuade myself of that, is my womanly satisfaction for his preference—his apparent preference—for a world so different from mine. Those coqueties, those vain and perishable graces, can be rendered so perfectly only through an intimate understanding of them. For him, to understand must be to despise them; while (I think I know why) he yet undergoes their fascination. Hence

that discontent with himself which keeps pace with his fame. It would have been better for him—he would have enjoyed a purer and more real happiness—had he remained here, obscure; as it might have been better for me!

It is altogether different with Jean-Baptiste. He approaches that life, and all its pretty nothingness, from a level no higher than its own; and, beginning just where Antony Watteau leaves off in disdain, produces a solid and veritable likeness of it, and of its ways.

March, 1715.

There are points in his painting (I apprehend this through his own persistently modest observations) at which he works out his purpose more excellently than Watteau; of whom he has trusted himself to speak at last, with a wonderful self-effacement, pointing out in each of those pictures, for the rest so just and true, how Antony would have managed this or that; and, with what an easy superiority, have done the thing better—done the impossible.

February, 1716.

There are good things, attractive things, in life, meant for one and not for another—not meant perhaps for me; as there are pretty clothes which are not suitable for every one. I find a certain immobility of disposition in me, to quicken or interfere with which is like physical pain. He, so brilliant, petulant, mobile! I am better far beside Jean-Baptiste—in contact with his quiet, even labor, and manner of being. At first he did the work to which he had set himself, sullenly; but the mechanical labor of it has cleared his mind and temper at last, as a sullen day turns quite clear and fine by imperceptible change. With the earliest dawn he enters his *atelier*, the Watteau chamber, where he remains at work all day. The dark evenings he spends in industrious preparation with the *crayon* for the pictures he is to finish during the hours of daylight. His toil is also his amusement; he goes but rarely into the society whose manners he has to reproduce. His animals, pet animals, (he knows it!) are mere toys. But he finishes a large number of works, *dessus de portes*, *clavessin* cases, and the like. His happiest,

most genial moments, he puts, like savings of fine gold, into one particular picture (true *opus magnum*, as he hopes) *La Balance*. He has the secret of surprising effects with a certain pearl-grey silken stuff of his predilection; and it must be confessed that he paints hands—which a draughtsman, of course, should understand at least twice as well as all other people—with surpassing expression.

March, 1716.

Is it the depressing result of this labor, of a too-exacting labor? I know not. But at times (it is his one melancholy) he expresses a strange apprehension of poverty, of penury, and mean surroundings in old age; reminding me of that childish disposition to hoard, which I noticed in him of old. And then—inglorious Watteau, as he is!—at times, that steadiness in which he is so great a contrast to Antony, as it were accumulates, changes, into a ray of genius, a grace, an inexplicable touch of truth, in which all his heaviness leaves him for a while, and he actually goes beyond the master; as himself protests to me, yet modestly. And still, it is precisely at those moments that he feels most the difference between himself and Antony Watteau. In *that* country, *all* the pebbles are golden nuggets, he says; with perfect good humor.

June, 1717.

'Tis truly in a delightful abode that Antony Watteau is just now lodged—the *hôtel*, or town-house of M. de Crozat, which is not only a comfortable dwelling-place, but also a precious museum lucky people go far to see. Jean-Baptiste, too, has seen the place, and describes it. The antiquities, beautiful curiosities of all sorts—above all, the original drawings of those old masters Antony so greatly admires—are arranged all around one there, that the influence, the genius of those things may imperceptibly play upon, and enter into one, and form what one does. The house is situated near the *Rue Richelieu*, but has a large garden about it. M. de Crozat gives his musical parties there, and Antony Watteau has painted the walls of one of the apartments with the Four Seasons, after the manner of ours, but doubtless improved by second

thoughts. This beautiful place is now Antony's home for a while. The house has but one story, with attics in its *mansard* roof, like those of a farmhouse in the country. I fancy Antony fled thither for a few moments, from the visitors who weary him; breathing the freshness of that dewy garden in the very midst of Paris. As for me, I suffocate, this summer afternoon in this pretty Watteau chamber of ours, where Jean-Baptiste is working so contentedly.

May, 1717.

In spite of what happened, Jean-Baptiste has been looking forward to a visit to Valenciennes which Antony Watteau proposes to make. He hopes always—has a patient hope—that Antony's former patronage of him may be revived. And now he is among us, actually at his work—restless and disquieting, meagre, like a woman with some nervous malady. Is it pity, then, but pity, one must feel for the brilliant one? He has been criticising the work of Jean-Baptiste, who takes his judgments generously, gratefully. Can it be that, after all, he despises, and is no true lover of his own art, and is but chilled by an enthusiasm for it in another, such as that of Jean-Baptiste?—as if Jean-Baptiste over-valued it, or as if some ignobleness or blunder, and a sign that he has really missed his aim, started out of his work at the sound of praise—as if such praise could hardly be altogether sincere.

June, 1717.

And at last one has actual sight of his work—what it is. He has brought with him certain long-cherished designs to finish here in quiet, as he protests he has never finished before. That charming *noblesse*—can it be really so distinguished to the minutest point, so naturally aristocratic? Half in *masquerade*, playing the drawing-room or garden comedy of life, these persons have upon them, not less than the landscape he composes, and among the accidents of which they group themselves with such a perfect fittingness—a certain light we should seek for in vain, upon anything real. For their framework they have around them a veritable architecture—a tree-architecture—of which those moss-grown balusters, *termes*, statues, foun-

tains, are really but members. Only, as I gaze upon those windless afternoons, I find myself always saying to myself involuntarily, "The evening will be a wet one." The storm is always brooding through the massy splendor of the trees, above those sun-dried glades or lawns, where delicate children may be trusted thinly clad : and the secular trees themselves will hardly outlast another generation.

July, 1717.

There has been an exhibition of his pictures in the Hall of the Academy of Saint Luke ; and all the world has been to see.

Yes ! Besides that unreal, imaginary light upon these scenes and persons, which is a pure gift of his, there was a light, a poetry, in those persons and things themselves, close at hand, *we* had not seen. He has enabled us to see it : we are so much the better-off thereby, and I, for one, the better. The world he sets before us so engagingly has its care for purity, its cleanly preferences, in what one is to *see*—in the outsides of things—and there is something, a sign, a memento, at the least, even in that. There is my simple notion, wholly womanly perhaps, but which I may hold by, of the purpose of the arts.

August, 1717.

And yet ! (to read my mind, my experience, in somewhat different terms) methinks Antony Watteau reproduces that gallant world, those patched and powdered ladies and fine cavaliers, so much to his own satisfaction, partly because he despises it : if this be a possible condition of excellent artistic production. People talk of a new era now dawning upon the world, of fraternity, liberty, humanity, of a novel sort of social freedom in which men's natural goodness of heart will blossom at a thousand points hitherto repressed, of wars disappearing from the world in an infinite, benevolent ease of life—yes ! perhaps of infinite littleness also. And it is the outward manner of that, which, partly by anticipation, and through pure intellectual power, Antony Watteau has caught, together with a flattering something of his own, added thereto. Himself really of the old time—that serious old time which is passing away, the

impress of which he carries on his physiognomy—he dignifies, by what in him is neither more nor less than a profound melancholy, the essential insignificance of what he *wills* to touch in all that ; transforming its mere pettiness into grace. It looks certainly very graceful, fresh, animated, "piquant," as they love to say—yes ! and withal, I repeat, perfectly pure ; and may well congratulate itself on the loan of a fallacious grace, not its own. For in truth Antony Watteau is still the mason's boy, and deals with that world under a fascination, of the nature of which he is half-conscious methinks, puzzled at "the queer trick he possesses," to use his own phrase. You see him growing ever more and more meagre, as he goes through the world and its applause. Yet he reaches with wonderful sagacity the secret of an adjustment of colors, a *coiffure*, a *toilette*, setting I know not what air of real superiority on such things. He will never overcome his early training ; and these light things will possess for him always a kind of worth, as characterising that impossible or forbidden world which the mason's boy saw through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden. Those trifling and petty graces, *insignia* to him of that nobler world of aspiration and idea, even now that he is aware, as I conceive, of their true littleness, bring back to him, by the power of association, all the old magical exhilaration of his dream, his dream of a better world than the real one. There is the formula, as I apprehend, of his success—of his extraordinary hold on things so alien from himself. And I think there is more real hilarity in my brother's *fêtes champêtres*—more truth to life, and therefore less distinction. Yes ! the world profits by such reflection of its poor, coarse self, in one who renders all its caprices from the height of a Corneille. That is my way of making up to myself for the fact that I think *his* days too would have been really happier had he remained obscure at Valenciennes.

September, 1717.

My own poor likeness, begun so long ago, still remains unfinished on the easel, at his departure from Valenciennes—perhaps for ever ; since the old people

departed this life in the hard winter of last year, at no distant time from each other. It is pleasanter to him to sketch and plan than to paint and finish : and he is often out of humor with himself because he cannot project into a picture the life and spirit of his first thought with the *crayon*. He would fain begin, where that famous master, Gerard Dow, left off, and snatch, as it were, with a single stroke, what in him was the result of infinite patience. It is the sign of this sort of promptitude that he values solely in the work of another. To my thinking there is a kind of greed or grasping in that humor ; as if things were not to last very long, and one must snatch opportunity. And often he succeeds. The old Dutch painter cherished with a kind of piety his colors and pencils. Antony Watteau, on the contrary, will hardly make any preparations for his work at all, or even clean his palette, in the dead-set he makes at improvisation. 'Tis the contrast perhaps between the staid Dutch genius and the petulant, sparkling French temper of this new era, into which he has thrown himself. Alas ! it is already apparent that the result also loses something of longevity, of durability—the colors fading or changing, from the first, somewhat rapidly, as Jean-Baptiste notes. 'Tis true, a mere trifle alters or produces the expression. But then, on the other hand, in pictures the whole effect of which lies in a kind of harmony, the treachery of a single color must needs involve the failure of the whole to outlast the fleeting grace of those social conjunctions it is meant to perpetuate. This is what has happened, in part, to that portrait on the easel. Meantime, he has commanded Jean-Baptiste to finish it ; and so it must be.

October, 1717.

Antony Watteau is an excellent judge of literature, and I have been reading (with infinite surprise !) in my afternoon walks in the little wood here, a new book he left behind him—a great favorite of his ; as it has been a favorite with large numbers in Paris. Those pathetic shocks of fortune, those sudden alternations of pleasure and remorse, which must always lie among the very conditions of an irregular and guilty love, as in sinful games of chance ;—they have

begun to talk of these things in Paris, to amuse themselves with the spectacle of them ; set forth here, in the story of poor Manon Lescaut—for whom fidelity is impossible ; so vulgarly eager for the money which can buy pleasures such as hers—with an art like Watteau's own, for lightness and grace. Incapacity of truth, yet with such tenderness, such a gift of tears, on the one side : on the other, a faith so absolute as to give to an illicit love almost the regularity of marriage ! And this is the book those fine ladies in Watteau's "conversations," who look so exquisitely pure, lay down on the cushion when the children run up to have their laces righted. Yet the pity of it ! What floods of tears ! There is a tone about it all which strikes me as going well with the grace of these leafless birch-trees against the sky, the silver of their bark, and a certain delicate odor of decay which rises from the soil. It is all one half-light ; and the heroine (nay ! the hero himself also, that dainty Chevalier des Grieux, with all his fervor) have, I think, but a half-life in them truly, from the first. And I could fancy myself half of their condition this evening, as I sit here alone, while a premature touch of winter upon it makes the outer world seem so inhospitable an entertainer of one's spirit. With so little genial warmth to keep it there, one feels that an accidental touch might shake it away altogether : so chilled at heart it seems to me, as I gaze on that glacial point in the motionless sky, like some mortal spot whence death begins to creep over the body.

And yet, in the midst of this, by mere force of contrast, comes back to me, very vividly, the true color, ruddy with flower and fruit, of the past summer, among the streets and gardens of some of our old towns we visited ; when the thought of cold was a luxury, and the earth dry enough to sleep upon. The summer was indeed a fine one ; and the whole country seemed bewitched. A kind of infectious sentiment passed upon one, like an efflux from its flowers and flower-like architecture—flower-like to me at least, but of which I never felt the beauty before.

And as I think of that, certainly I have to confess that there is a wonderful reality about this lovers' story ; an

accordance between themselves and the conditions of things around them, so deep as to make it seem that the course of their lives could hardly have been other than it was. That comes, perhaps, wholly of the writer's skill; but at all events I must read the book no more.

June, 1718.

And he has allowed that Mademoiselle Rosalba—*ce bel esprit*—who can discourse upon the arts like a master, to paint his portrait—has painted hers in return! She holds a lapful of white roses with her two hands. *Rosa Alba!* himself has inscribed it! It will be engraved, to circulate and perpetuate it the better.

One's journal, here in one's solitude, is of service at least in this, that it affords an escape for vain regrets, angers, impatience. One puts this and that angry spasm into it, and is delivered from it so.

And then, it was at the desire of M. de Crozat that the thing was done. One must oblige one's patrons. The lady also, they tell me, is *poitrineuse*, like Antony himself, and like to die. And he who has always lacked either the money or the spirits to make that long-pondered, much-desired journey to Italy, has found in her work the veritable accent and color of those old Venetian masters he would so willingly have studied under the sunshine of their own land. Alas! how little peace have his great successes given him—how little of that quietude of mind, without which, methinks, one fails in true dignity of character.

November, 1718.

His thirst for change of place has actually driven him to England, that veritable home of the consumptive. Ah me! I feel it may be the *coup de grâce*. To run into the native country of consumption—strange caprice of that desire to travel, which he has really indulged so little in his life—of the restlessness which, they tell me, is itself a symptom of this terrible disease.

January, 1720.

As once before, after a long silence, a token has reached us—a slight token that he remembers—an etched plate, one of very few he has executed, with that

old subject—Soldiers on the March. And the weary soldier himself is returning once more to Valenciennes, on his way from England to Paris.

February, 1720.

Those sharply-arched brows, those restless eyes which seem larger than ever—something that seizes on one, and is almost terrible in his expression—speak clearly, and irresistibly set one on the thought of a summing-up of his life. I am reminded of the day when, already with that air of *le bel sérieux*, he was found sketching, with so much truth to the inmost mind in them, those picturesque mountebanks at the Fair in the *Grande Place*; and I find, throughout his course of life, something of the essential melancholy of the comedian. He, so fastidious and cold, and who has never "ventured the representation of passion," does but amuse the gay world; and is aware of that, though certainly unamused himself all the while. Just now, however, he is finishing a very different picture—that too, full of humor—an English family group, with a little girl riding a wooden horse; the father, and the mother, holding his tobacco-pipe, stand in the centre.

March, 1720.

To-morrow he will depart finally. And this evening the Syndics of the Academy of Saint Luke came with their scarves and banners to conduct their illustrious fellow-citizen, by torchlight, to supper in their Guildhall, where all their beautiful old corporation plate will be displayed. The Watteau salon was lighted up to receive them. There is something in the payment of great honors to the living which fills one with apprehension, especially when the recipient of them looks so like a dying man. God have mercy on him.

April, 1721.

We were on the point of retiring to rest last evening when a messenger arrived post-haste, with a letter on behalf of Antony Watteau, desiring Jean-Baptiste's presence at Paris. We did not go to bed that night; and my brother was on his way before daylight, his heart full of a strange conflict of joy and apprehension.

May, 1721.

A letter at last ! from Jean-Baptiste, occupied with cares of all sorts at the bedside of the sufferer. Antony fancying that the air of the country might do him good, the Abbé Haranger, one of the canons of the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, where he was in the habit of hearing mass, has lent him a house at Nogent-sur-Marne. There he receives a few visitors. But in truth the places he once liked best, the people ! nay, the very friends, have become to him nothing less than insupportable. Though he still dreams of change, and would fain try his native air once more, he is at work constantly upon his art ; but solely by way of a teacher, instructing (with a kind of remorseful diligence, it would seem) Jean-Baptiste, who will be heir to his unfinished work, and take up many of his pictures where he has left them. He seems now anxious for one thing only, to give his old " dismissed " disciple what remains of himself, and the last secrets of his genius. His property—9,000 *livres* only—goes to his relations. Jean-Baptiste has found these last weeks immeasurably useful

For the rest, bodily exhaustion, perhaps, and this new interest in an old friend, have brought him tranquillity at

last, a tranquillity in which he is much occupied with matters of religion. Ah ! it was ever so with me. And one *lives* also most reasonably so.—With women, at least, it is so, quite certainly. Yet I know not what there is of pity which strikes deep, at the thought of a man, awhile since so strong, turning his face to the wall from the things which most occupy men's lives. 'Tis that homely, but honest *curé* of Nogent he has caricatured so often, who attends him.

July, 1721.

Our incomparable Watteau is no more ! Jean-Baptiste returned unexpectedly. I heard his hasty footstep on the stairs. We turned together into that room ; and he told his story there. Antony Watteau departed suddenly, in the arms of M. Gersaint, on one of the late hot days of July. At the last moment he had been at work upon a crucifix for the good *curé* of Nogent, liking little the very rude one he possessed. He died with all the sentiments of religion.

He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CARLYLE AS A POLITICAL TEACHER.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY.

FROM the days of Adam Smith the tendency of political speculation in England has been towards the contraction of the sphere of the State, and the circumscription of its duties and responsibilities. Some forty years since the stoutest and ablest advocate of *laissez faire* was Lord Macaulay. Yet if we contrast the tenor of his writings with that of the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer we shall see that as a political theory *laissez faire* has been extending its claims, at least in our philosophy, whatever may be the fact in our practical politics. In the recently published work of Mr. Auberon Herbert, *For Liberty*, this marked tendency of modern political speculation seems to have reached a point at which no further advance is

possible. When the right of the State to collect taxes is denied, it will be admitted that *laissez faire* has been exalted into regions where, so rarefied is the atmosphere, common mortals can pursue its flight no longer. Amongst considerable political writers, if we except Mr. Ruskin, Carlyle stands out in solitary opposition to all such modes of political thought. That the State has vast and far-reaching duties—duties which it must undertake and perform or else perish in the approaching storms of anarchy and revolution, or of foreign invasion, with " stern erasure as of Poland," is ever the burthen of Carlyle's teaching, and especially in his political essays *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, *Letter Day Pamphlets*, *Shooting*

Niagara, and the political portions of *Sartor Resartus*.

At the present day *laissez faire* is seriously opposed by two classes, practical politicians and socialists. The anarchic and revolutionary designs of the latter class naturally render them powerless to affect the minds of sober thinkers. The meddling and muddling of the former, their well-meant but disastrous interferences with so many industries and interests, have been admirably exposed by Mr. Spencer. Thus it would seem as if in the region of political philosophy the *laissez faire* conception of the relations between the State and the people was destined to enjoy a long and unchallenged tenure of power. And yet before the advocates of *laissez faire* can secure for their theory a really unchallenged supremacy over the minds of English political thinkers, it still remains for them to overthrow the authority and refute the reasonings of the most remarkable English man of letters in modern times. This neither Mr. Spencer nor any of his school have yet done or attempted to do. Hitherto they have succeeded by ignoring him, and strangely enough the educated classes of England have consented that as a political teacher he should be ignored. For it is remarkable, but still a fact, that Carlyle's political writings, those in which he assails so many of the principles dear to the orthodox political economist, ridicules the constitution, denounces all modern British Governments, their Home and Foreign policies, and on the positive side asserts with all his force one clear and definite principle, have, even up to the present, received little close consideration. As a guide to troubled and perplexed minds, tending toward cynicism or materialism; a voice recalling them to earnestness and fortitude, to a spiritual conception of life and its aims and destiny, his influence has been great; his doctrine does not need exposition or his authority support. As a historian, patient, laborious, and profound, with eyes of lynx-like acuteness for the perception of what is vital and characteristic, and an almost miraculous faculty for the illumination of things, scenes, persons, and events, his reputation stands firm and unassailable. His friends will read over and over again

the more pregnant portions of the *Sartor Resartus*, those that touch the problems of individual life; over and over again his *History of the French Revolution* and his *Frederick*. No such close and attentive study by any who have made their influence felt in modern literature and contemporary thought, has been bestowed upon the political pamphlets, the outpourings of a spirit, which prodigally exhausts itself in all modes of utterance—wit, satire and mockery, stern denunciation, pity the profoundest, strong encouragement, baleful predictions, and clear, positive, and practical exhortation. The student is delighted and touched while he reads, but the key to the whole, the central position from which the lines radiate, he has somehow generally missed. The innate harmony and agreement of those varied utterances are not perceived. The political pamphlets have come to be regarded as a sort of glorious spiritual chaos, a labyrinth of thought without outlet or plan, the wasteful and ill-directed movements of a strangely great and somewhat impersonal "moral force" raging against modern baseness and wrong. When Carlyle's friends seem so to read the political essays and remember only the sense of vague moral exaltation that they have produced, and here and there a memorable barbed phrase that clings, it is not surprising that the intellectual world generally, by no means devotedly Carlylese, should exhibit abundant ignorance, oblivion, or misknowledge, with regard to their scope. That this is no overdrawn statement will be perceived as well from what I shall hereafter advance as from the following curious fact, the consideration of which will help toward the right understanding of Carlyle's true position with regard to modern English politics.

In the clash and conflict of modern politics Carlyle must occupy some neutral and independent ground. His headquarters, so to speak, are yet to be discovered. The central dominating key to his discordant and seemingly self-destructive utterances has still to be sought. That, once discovered and rightly appreciated, will, I apprehend, be found to harmonize the whole, for it can hardly be believed that a writer of such commanding genius does really

contradict himself or walk in a maze of mere luminous mist. As an indication of the point where the central idea lies, let the inquirer reflect on the advice given by Carlyle to the territorial aristocrat, against whom chiefly he perceives that the fierce democracy is destined to advance once it has really entered on the path of confiscation. So counseling, he gives first negative and then positive advice. He advises him in the first place to put no trust in parchment, viz. the legal sanctions and securities by which vested interests have been so far safe-guarded.

"Not welcome, O complex anomaly" (i.e. the much-consuming, naught-producing landlord), "not welcome, would that thou hadst stayed out of doors, for who of mortals know what to do with thee? Thy parchments, yes they are old, of venerable yellowness; and we too honor parchments, old-established settlements and venerable use-and-wont. Old parchments in very truth, yet on the whole they are young to the granite rocks, to the ground plan of God's universe. We advise thee to put up thy parchments." *

And again, still the negative advice, but with a flavor of the positive:—

"We apprise thee of the world-old fact becoming sternly disclosed in these days" (and more sternly in these), "that he who cannot work in this universe cannot get existed in it; had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these combustible fallible sheep skins cannot avail him." And once more, page 156, "My lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise and begin doing your work than sit there and plead parchments."

Yet what practically is nineteenth-twentieths of the logic spent in defence of the landed interest against those asserting original right than a pleading of parchments? In the last-quoted passages the positive side of Carlyle's advice to the aristocracy is indicated, viz., that by work alone, by the loyal acceptance of a totally new set of responsibilities, shall they evade the fierce-eyed democracy advancing armed with the vote and asserting original right; once more and most emphatically the same advice, page 155:—

"Descend, O Do-nothing-pomp; quit thy down-cushions, expose thyself to feel what wretches feel and how to cure it. Descend thou, undertake the horrid 'living chaos of ignorance and hunger,' weltering round thy feet, say 'I will heal it or behold I will die foremost in it.' Such verily is the law."

Plainly it is much easier to sit and plead parchments, but salvation by such courses, as Carlyle here very sufficiently indicates, is not "the law," is not, to use his own figure, in harmony with "the ground-plan of the universe." And once again, in *Shooting Niagara*, still more definitely and distinctly, he calls upon the great landowners to retire to their estates, live amongst their people, organizing, disciplining, spending all rent-incomes in the task of establishing there by all conceivable methods, repressions, encouragements, &c., a loyal following fit to strike in with their leaders when the time comes and grapple as for life or death with the sure-approaching anarchy.

That the light of instruction in due time transforms itself into the lightning of destruction is a doctrine and a figure frequently appearing in these essays.

"Light, accept the blessed light if you will have it when heaven vouchsafes. You refuse? You prefer Delolme on the British Constitution, the Gospel according to M'Croudy, and a good balance at the bankers. Very well, the light is more and more withdrawn, etc., etc., and by due sequence infallible as the foundations of the universe and nature's oldest law the light *returns* on you condensed this time into lightning which there is not any skin whatever too thick for taking in." *

Doubtless some thirty years since many young English landlords of an intellectual turn read this strong passage, thought it fine, but forgot it and went their ways. Those who read it now are more likely to perceive its exact truth when the light neglected in Carlyle is actually perceived to be condensing itself into lightning. Let such consider for a moment what even in my own country, dominated as it is by sworn enemies of landlordism, might yet be done. There are Irish landlords, said to have the spending of fifty thousand a year. With fifty thousand a year to spend, an active and ardent man of mettle and enterprise, though deprived of all legal control over his tenantry, might, if he chose to do so, employ a little army of some 3,666 laborers at a cost of about £30 a year each, the average remuneration of Irish labor. With the economies possible when providing for such a number, he could afford to feed, clothe, and lodge his

* *Past and Present*, p. 149.

* *Letter Day Pamphlets*, p. 139.

men far better than those employed around him, perhaps allow for bands, gymnasiums, and much else that would tend to enliven their labor and make their existence brighter and pleasanter. He could make his service popular, and be in a position to select the most promising material. He could weed out by dismissal the refractory, introducing a strict but beneficent organization and discipline. The power to dismiss would be his Mutiny Bill. Dublin Castle, for a purpose profoundly unpopular, and in the interest of the English Government commands, with no other Mutiny Bill, some thirteen thousand constabulary scattered in little barracks throughout the length and breadth of the land, a force that will convene and move like one man at the word of command. From hostile and anarchic material the English Government creates a force that will shoot down the hostile and anarchic. For there is a magic power in discipline. Such a man, with his disciplined, well-regulated force, building, draining, reclaiming, planting, tilling, creating order out of disorder, fertility out of barrenness, cheerfully undergoing hardship and toil, drawing into his service the best youths of his own class, &c., would provoke imitation on all sides. Men of honor would be ashamed not to follow a lead so noble. Over such men the tide of anarchy and confiscation may indeed sweep. It may be even now too late, but they will die at least like men and with harness on their backs, not like rats starved to death in stopped holes.

This suggestion I know will seem half insane to many; but I would ask them to consider on the one hand the signs of the times, and on the other this stern adjuration by Carlyle:—

"Be counselled; ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly with a *half-frantic* earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee." *

From Carlyle's advice quasi-political to the landlord, the reader might guess at the nature of his advice wholly political to the State. The unproductive landlord going gracefully idle, "consuming the rents of England, shooting

the partridges of England, and diletanteing at Quarter Sessions and in Parliament," must find his work or perish. "Such verily is the law." The State, in like manner, he will probably accuse of idleness, neglect of duty, assumption of sham duties; and predict for it, too, reform or extinction.

Accordingly, we frequently come across such language as the following:—"The State itself, not in Downing Street alone, but in every department of it, has altered much from what it was in past times, and will again have to alter very much—to alter, I think, from top to bottom if it means to continue existing in the times that are now coming and come." *

For this "world, solid as it looks, is made all of aerial and even spiritual stuff, permeated all by incalculable sleeping forces and electricities, and liable to go off at any time into the hugest developments," † French revolutions, and so forth.

"It is urgent upon all Governments to pause in this fatal course," ‡ viz., neglect of real duties and natural functions; "persisted in, the goal is fearfully evident. Every hour's persistence in it is making return more difficult." § "England must contrive to manage its living interests and quit its dead ones and their methods, or else depart from its place in the world." ¶ "The State is for the present not a reality, but in great part a dramatic speciosity, expending its strength in practices and objects fallen many of them quite obsolete." ¶

Thus, and animated by such convictions, Carlyle pours forth upon governments and parliaments, premiers and administrative departments, the full vials of his scorn and indignation. He ridicules the traditional home policy, foreign policy, colonial policy. The modern premier is the Honorable Felissimus Zero, sticking with beak and claws to the back of the wild horse, which carries him where it pleases, or a dead ass floating atop of the waves. Parliament is a collection of stump orators discouraging to twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, sitting in the penny gallery. And

* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, p. 84.

† *Ibid.*, p. 104.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 115.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

* *Past and Present*, p. 153.

ever, like a running bass accompaniment, the solemn warning that the end of all this is revolution—wild anarchies alternating with brutal despotisms of "the copper-captain sort,"* with "ultimate descent to the devil," "stern erasure as of Poland," &c. The peculiar metaphorical phraseology, the big, uncouth images, have too often the effect of exciting laughter rather than serious reflection. The vituperations and threatenings are in fact so loud as to *stun*; the mind does not take in the sense or even quite admit the sincerity of the vituperator. Who else but Carlyle, being in earnest, would talk of the Pit, the Bottomless, Tophet, Gehenna, Hell and Heaven, the Silences and Eternities, the *Parcæ* and the stars? The phraseology conceals his earnestness from some; the wit and ridicule, the brilliant literary execution, absorb the attention of the rest. They are so struck by the form that they will not heed the substance. The voice is so strangely electric and animating that they will not consider what it desires to convey.

That the State, and England with it, must reform or perish, is the main burthen of the political pamphlets. Forty years since there was no cloud on the horizon that disturbed the equanimity of the governing classes. There were Chartist riots easily suppressed, feeble jacqueries. The discontented many were not yet armed with votes. The modern democratic spirit in its strength had not really permeated the lower strata of society. Then came the boom of commercial prosperity, steadily predicted, too, by Carlyle as a consequence of the Corn Law Abrogation Act. He calls it "a breathing-time," an opportunity for reform, an opportunity that will come to an end. A good time for making money. Yes, and the growth of an "opulent owlery." But then—and here we have the big metaphors again that rumble in men's ears like very distant thunder, such thunder as does not in the least alarm—"the *Parcæ*, think you, have they fallen dead because you wanted to make money in the city?" or, in other words, democracy and revolution, "Opulent owl-

ery," are steadily drawing nigh. For the State, then, as for the landlord, Carlyle had this warning, "Reform or perish." But what reform? Extension of the suffrage? No; "that way lies anarchy." "For your life, my lord, avoid it." That reform means, "solution into universal slush, drownage of all interests divine and human." What, then, is the reform, and how is it to begin? or, perhaps, there is to be no definite beginning at all, but every public man is to be more in earnest—more attentive to his real duties.

In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle, to the troubled and despondent individual, gives the memorable advice, "Do the duty that lies nearest thee"—not specifying the duty. To the sick State he prescribes a similar treatment, but in this case he specifies the duty. The State has one first and nearest duty, and upon that must *begin*. As a political teacher Carlyle's instruction begins and ends in this. The whole of the political pamphlets lead up to it. The various paths of thought along which he guides the student, how remote soever they seem from this point, do actually terminate here, for this is the one thing that he told England, told the State to *do*. It is shortly expressed, being merely *the employment of the pauper upon useful work under conditions rigorous as soldiering*.

In Carlyle's imaginative mind modern England, especially modern English industrialism, figured itself as a huge "Stygian swamp," a swamp but with one lowest point at which the worst ooings collect, and so collecting send upwards again poisonous exhalations. This lowest and worst deposit is pauperism. Here for the State is its first work. The right drainage of this quarter is the State's first and nearest duty.

"Pauperism is the poisonous dripping from all the sins and putrid unveracities and God-forgetting greediness and devil-serving cant and Jesuitisms that exist amongst us. Not one idle Sham lounging about creation upon false pretences, upon means which he has not earned, upon theories which he does not practise, but yields his share of Pauperism somewhere or other. His sham-work oozes down; finds at last its issue as human Pauperism, in a human being that by those false pretences cannot live. The idle workhouse now about to

* His nickname for Napoleon III.

* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, p. 203.

burst of overflowing, what is it but the scandalous poison-tank of drainage from the universal Stygian quagmire of our affairs? My friends, I perceive this of pauperism is the corner where we must *begin*,* the levels all pointing thitherward, the possibilities all lying clearly there. On that problem we shall find that innumerable things, that all things whatsoever hang. By courageous steadfast persistence in that I can foresee society itself regenerated," with, in the far future, "a world worth living in once more."

Carlyle, therefore, we can now plainly see, was no mere satirist of modern England, no mere spiritual force mingling with the current of modern thought and action. He gave to England, gave to the State, a very clear, distinct advice from the positive side, and as a constructive politician.

But pauperism—how is the State to deal with it? What is the nature of the drain to be run through that quarter of the quagmire? Not, at all events, by Poor Law, the idle workhouse, out-door relief, and charity organisation shall that main drain be made. In the essay called *Chartism* he inveighs against the Poor Law as containing a principle "false, heretical, and damnable if aught ever was." Ever and anon throughout all the essays he ridicules and denounces the Poor Law system and its cardinal principle, that human beings have a right to be supported in idleness at the cost of others. He describes the St. Ives Workhouse—its enchanted inmates seeming to say, "The sun shines, and the earth calls, but we sit here enchanted. To work we are forbidden. It is impossible, they say."† The State, then, if Carlyle is right, has gone the wrong road in its dealings with pauperism, in its performance of its first duty, the duty upon which for it "all the rest depends." What, then, is the right road? Carlyle gives his answer in the speech‡ of the British Prime Minister to the General Assembly of the Pauper Populations of these Realms. The gist of which will be seen in the following passages:—

"Nomadism, I give you notice, has ended; needful permanency, soldierlike obedience, and the opportunity and necessity of hard steady labor for your living has begun. Know that

the idle workhouse is shut against you henceforth. You shall enter a quite other refuge under conditions strict as soldiering and not leave till I have done with you."

"Arise, enlist in my Irish, my Scotch and English 'regiments of the New Era,' regiments not to fight the French but to fight the bogs and wildernesses at home and abroad, and to chain the devils of the pit, which are walking too openly amongst us."

"Work for you? Work surely is not quite undiscoverable in an earth so wide as ours if we take the right methods for it."

"I will lead you to the English fox-corners, furze-grown commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains, Scotch Hill sides, etc., etc. In the three kingdoms and in the forty colonies depend upon it you shall be led to your work."

And remark, too, not to relief work, of which we have had some curious examples, but to *bond fide* work under conditions rigorous as soldiering; a fact which he emphasises pretty strongly.

"To each of you I will then say: Here is work for you; strike into it with manlike, soldierlike obedience and heartiness according to the methods here prescribed, wages follow for you without difficulty, all manner of just remuneration and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it, shirk the heavy labor, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavor to incite you; if in vain I will flog you; if still in vain I will at last shoot you."

Thus there can be no further doubt as to Carlyle's proposed method of dealing with pauperism. The language is here, at least, satisfactorily clear and distinct. His light, to use his own image, has condensed itself into a very lightning-like stroke, and at the right point, for in these passages we have the sum and substance of the political essays; all their meanings drawn together and concentrated to the conclusion, the practical reply to the practical question, "What are we to do?" All Carlyle's satire, denunciations, warnings, lamentations, sorrowful broodings, so far as politics are concerned, find issue here. Is he right or wrong? The world has answered, "wrong," not exactly in words, for, as far as I am aware, he never received even the compliment of an intended refutation. But the world has, in fact, answered, "wrong," by the maintenance of the Poor Law ever since, and ever since the raising of regiments to fight the French and others, and of no regiments to fight the bogs. It is Carlyle *contra mundum*. Carlyle's political philosophy narrowing down, as

* The italics are Carlyle's.

† *Past and Present*, chap. i.

‡ *Letter Day Pamphlets*, "The Present Time." See also "New Downing Street."

it does, to the assertion of one definite principle, viz., the State employment of pauper labor under conditions rigorous as soldiering, is thus capable of giving rise to a discussion which need not spread itself abroad interminably over a variety of subjects. The questions which it suggests are two: first, "Is the application of his principle practical and practicable?" Secondly, "Will or ought its application lead to great and beneficent results, effecting in process of time a wholesome regeneration of society, an end which, if attainable thereby, can be seen to justify the primary and fundamental importance attached to it in his writings?"

Let us suppose that the Government is induced or compelled to create a State department of the kind called for by Carlyle, with contemporaneous total abolition of the Poor Laws, and can be got to work that department with at least as much energy as Dublin Castle works the Constabulary Department of the Irish Administration. Bad as are most modern Governments, they have at least proved this, that they can, under compulsion, hire, feed, drill, employ, and control great numbers of men. Carlyle, with a perfect delight, returns again and again to that fact. Modern Governments can do it; every regiment that marches through the streets—knapsacks on strong backs, bayonets glittering over the shoulder; men all clean, sound, and strong, prompt at the word of command to execute the most intricate and difficult evolutions; every iron-clad and gunboat proves it; and in the most anarchic portion of the Queen's dominions, and out of highly anarchic material her ministers, under compulsion, have raised a disciplined force, thirteen thousand strong, to overawe the rest. "Industrial regiments," bodies of regulated, disciplined laborers armed with pick and spade, Governments, too, can have if they want them; but they do not want them.

Abolition of Poor Law is practicable enough and recommended by many writers without any such alternative. The raising instead of an industrial regulated force is practicable too, should governments be willing or should their people compel them. But it will be said, "All that matter was sufficiently

discussed when the Poor Law Amendment Act was carried. The legislature decided on Poor Law relief and against State employment, doubtless, on good and sufficient grounds." Well, not good and sufficient to all, not, for example, to Carlyle, who declared that its principle was "false, heretical, and damnable if aught ever was," and on his authority, if for no other reason, the question must be rediscussed.

Let this, too, be remembered, that public bodies are governed by their interests, and it was the apparent interest of Parliament to adopt Poor Law and scout State employment. With State services of an industrial nature open to labor, surplus population, so far as the labor market is concerned, disappears, and the keen competition which cuts down wages is reduced to a minimum. Again, the State for its own dignity will decently feed, clothe, and house its employes, which must have the effect of raising all wages approximately to that standard. The apparent interest, therefore, of the employing classes who were then dominant in Parliament, was quite sufficient to account for the contemptuous reception accorded to such views as Carlyle's, without supposing an honest examination of the problem on the part of legislators. But it is said, "State industrial services entering into competition with private employers of labor, will throw out of gear the whole mechanism of modern industry."

Perhaps the whole mechanism of modern industry is not so beautiful as to deserve very tender treatment—a mechanism which casts off on one side the idle rich, a much-consuming plutocracy and aristocracy; and on the other, the idle poor, the much-consuming recipients of charity and Poor Law relief. But the objection is irrelevant. Recollect Carlyle's words: "Regiments to fight the bogs;" "I will lead you to the barren hill-sides;" "Waste-lands, industrials," &c.

"Oh, you propose to bury our money in bogs and bog-roads, is that it? In work that no one else will take up for the very good reason that it won't pay." Yes, that is it. And on the part of Carlyle I would ask whether the workhouse pays, or what dividend we get on the Poor Rates. But the assertion is

not true; it will pay! There is in these countries a wide domain of possible industry which private enterprise avoids, but in which the State can, if it pleases, make money if that is to be an essential object; work which will remunerate the nation though it would not remunerate the individual.

Carlyle's philosophy resembled his life in this, that the question is always "What is right? What is wrong?" Not "How can money be made?" Modern political economy from *The Wealth of Nations* down, ignores absolutely the moral aspect of things, concentrating its attention on the pecuniary. Money, Carlyle knew, would abundantly enough follow the course that was morally sound and true, and would in the long run melt away from those pursuing a course which was not. The limitless wealth of England, he a thousand times predicted, will, for England running her present course, disappear, vanish as utterly as the wealth of Nineveh and Carthage. Proudly and contemptuously he declined to discuss the money question. It was right that England should employ her paupers under stern law and in labors salutary and noble. It was wrong to deal with them otherwise, and the right treatment of pauperism had become in this peculiar age not only a duty as it ever was, but the prime and central duty. Yet if we look into this side of the matter, we shall find indubitably that England, with her Poor Law and her charities and steady refusal to employ waste labor, is year by year losing money, besides losing what is incalculably more valuable. Do not the following facts, succinctly stated, prove that outside the limits within which private enterprise works, there are spheres of industry now waste in which the State can profitably exert industrial energy which lies waste too, worse than waste, for it lives by preying in divers ways on the resources of the country?

Private enterprise looks for returns more or less immediate. Outside such limits it will not work. The State, perennial, consulting for future generations and remote time, may prudently and profitably, and even with a strict eye to pecuniary returns, work there. Five years is a long time for an investor to wait for returns; ten years a very long

time. What are they in the life of a nation?

Private enterprise must pay five per cent. for its money; must be reasonably assured that its undertakings will realise *at least* that before it begins. The State, the nation, can work with money borrowed at three, and I believe at considerably less for industrial enterprises. For consider, the money lent is not blown away in powder-smoke, but converted into substantial and enduring things. The genius of confiscation will, at least, leave that portion of the National Debt for its last meal.

Private enterprise can only look for direct pecuniary returns. The State from *its* work can have the direct as well, but also many others of an indirect nature. A Joint Stock Company decides on opening a new railway; the probable passenger and traffic returns are the sole fruit which it can anticipate. The State will have those returns and also its share of the general increase of wealth brought about by the new railway, the taxes, rates, duties, &c., upon the increased wealth and increased population. Thus private enterprise will shrink from many railway and other undertakings which the State might remuneratively essay.

Private enterprise loses much, must calculate to lose much on an average by strikes, insubordination of workers, and in divers other ways. State industrials, under "conditions rigorous as soldiering," must act with military promptitude and obedience.

Private enterprise has no subventions, gratuitous assistance from without. The State has already at its disposal for the employment of the poor a fine existing revenue arising from Poor Rate—a million a year in Ireland, four millions a year in England; now swallowed up worse than uselessly for the most part in the devouring gulf of pauperism.

Those who have realised the nature of the foregoing facts will see that outside the limits of private enterprise lies a vast industrial region where the State can work, and work profitably, without coming into collision with any existing industry.

Much of the talk one hears and reads about "private enterprise" is mere cant. What genuine private enterprise is there

in a Joint Stock Company? The shareholders do not drive the work at all. The directors who do are to a great extent mere employés, differing from the employés of a State department in this, that their patriotic sentiments are not appealed to, and that they are under no intelligent control from above, only an exceedingly and obviously ignorant control from below. Hence, innumerable knaveries on their part, and loss to the general public.

"But pauper labor, presumedly the worst—being pauper—what can be made out of it?" "Much, quite as much as out of labor which is not pauper and is undisciplined. Consider, pauper is but a generic name for the unemployed man, and in England to-day there are thousands of unemployed men equal to the best employed. And with regard to the rest, good food and clothes, wholesome lodging, soap and water, the habit of daily labor, of sobriety, though enforced by the magic influence of discipline, fear of and attachment to worthy officers, will out of poor material create a very respectable article. The British army, the defence of our empire, our pride and glory, that we exhibit to distinguished strangers, is it not composed mainly of pauper labor, of men who found 'freedom' too hard for them?"

"Ragged losels, gathered by tap of drum, do they not stand fire in a commendable manner and cheerfully give away their lives at the rate of a shilling a day?" "The materials of human virtue are everywhere as abundant as the light of the sun." Is not the truth of this sublime sentence, little as the average reader might expect it from "doubting Thomas," the dyspeptic, melancholy, vituperative man, proved by the existence, the prowess, and efficiency of our military and naval services? Pauper labor, the labor that could not, or would not, be employed by private enterprise, State-employed and disciplined, makes to-day the noblest sight upon which the eye can rest. Pauper labor built up the British Empire, and landlord and plutocrat go gracefully or ungracefully idle behind its protecting valor and the wall of its gallant bayonets, and behind that living

rampart of trained pauper labor Governments drive the remainder, the pauper labor that they do not want, into the gulfs of penury and vice, want and crime.

"But State departments are often so inefficient and worthless—a mere excuse for drawing incomes and making jobs. Moreover, Governments object to any extension of their powers in that direction." Just so; if we do not *insist* upon the State doing its duty, it will not do it. When we do insist we find approximate performance. We insist on law and order in Ireland and we get the Royal Irish Constabulary; on the efficiency of our fighting departments, and we get the army and navy. What is this reply on the part of Governments? We can create and defend the British Empire, but can't drain a bog, make a railway, or reclaim a hill-side.

But I have claimed for Carlyle the position of leader in constructive politics. Carlyle's greatness, his marvellous sagacity, appears to me to be the more conspicuous in this, that he was no scheme-constructor. How can an individual prescribe and define a nation's future? He pointed out the road and bid England, girding up her loins, set out valiantly on her journey. More no wise man will attempt.

But from the honest acceptance and honest application of that one definite advice tendered by him to England, consider the certain direct and the certain indirect results. As a building on earth foundations, so society stands upon labor, manual toil. The toiler supports the world. When it is well with him there is a likelihood of its being well with all. But the foundations of the house of England are all awry in this respect. Down here at this lowest point, but where all rests, are crime and vice, enforced idleness, mutiny and discontent, the reek and malaria of pauperism. At the bottom of all pauperism. Those who fall, fall into this pit, "such a Curtius's gulf communicating with the nether deeps as the sun never before saw," and the terror of that deadly gulf haunts to-day like a spectre the minds of millions. Let the State employ its paupers as Carlyle urged, and the lowest point to which men *can* fall, let bankruptcy and failure

and the "genius of modern mechanism hurling them this way and that" do their worst, and what for any will it amount to? Honorable employment under conditions stern, indeed, but just, in the industrial services of the State. Hence, to begin with, the exorcism for ever of that spectral terror that to-day haunts the imaginations of men, the fear of final descent into the abyss of pauperism.

The employment of all labor, its wholesome absorption into the wholesome and happy flow of the stream of industry. Such is the first gain. What do we now lose by our waste labor? Every man to-day unemployed is not only so much waste force, but so much predatory edacity consuming the wealth of the productive. He and his live somehow by Poor Rate, organised charities, kindness of relatives, beggary, or theft.

With the universal employment of labor consequent on the power of the unemployed to claim State employment, contemporaneous abolition of the Poor Law system forcing thither the radically vicious and idle, the agitator's trade will be gone or enormously minimised. He will then have no hungry, idle, mutinous masses, whom he can kindle by inflammatory harangues against rank and wealth. The voracious revolutionary tendencies of modern democracy will be at least substantially checked. The worst and most dangerous classes have been harnessed as it were to the State, the rest not so dangerous are fully employed.

Thus that terrible and abysmal land question is for the time at least avoided, and England can march along its edge. The rise of that question with other collateral and connected questions deeper and worse and more insoluble, Carlyle predicted. With passionate earnestness, alike for their own sake as for that of the people themselves, he appealed in a hundred different ways to the aristocracy to enter the rough path which he pointed out and avoid the smooth broad road of *laissez faire*. Whither that road leads who that looks but a little below the surface of things to-day can fail to perceive? As I write, labor backed by capital, inflamed by agitators, and supporting itself upon a most alluring and

plausible philosophy, is visibly and audibly urging that terrible land question to the front. In Macaulay's time, in Carlyle's time, the *laissez faire* road looked solid enough. How does it look now?

Of the genius of revolution it may be said, "With wings twain do I fly." Of these wings one is discontented labor, the other is discontented talent. The intellectual activity which the State will not employ by a certain natural law betakes itself to the destruction of the State. But if governments resolve to employ the waste labor of the country they will need talent for its control. "What to do with our boys?" think sadly to-day many anxious parents. For boys of the right sort there will be sufficient demand once the State enters on the path of vital reform. Thus in glowing language, Carlyle describes that "New dawn of day for British souls:"—

"No need then to become a tormenting and self-tormenting mutineer banded with rebellious souls; no need to rot in suicidal idleness, or take to platform preaching and writing in Radical newspapers to pull asunder the great falsity (*i.e.* the State) in which thou and all men are choking. The great falsity, behold it has become in the very heart of it a great truth of truths."

But even here the work is only begun, the harnessing of waste labor, mutinous talent now controlling and directing it, itself too beneficently enthralled, is but the beginning of "the blessed process which will extend to the highest heights of society." Beginning with "Waste land industrialism," surely and certainly the State will extend its activities on this side and on that, the paths, directions, modes of development, just hinted by Carlyle, all working capitalists, private "captains of industry," gradually imitating, gradually co-operating with the State. The first step which was true and right, steadily necessitating, steadily inviting, innumerable other steps which also shall be right and true. "The State as it gets into the track of its real work will find that same expand into whole continents of new, unexpected, most blessed activity."*

Over those remote regions,† seen

* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, "New Downing Street."

† See *Latter Day Pamphlets*, "New Downing Street."

dimly but surely in the far distance, our teacher from this Pisgah waves significantly a prophetic hand. Prophetic, but on conditions stern and exacting, and prophetic too of destruction, if those conditions be not fulfilled. Remote regions, indeed, and, wide between, floods and wilderness and many a savage race. For the giants of Sihon and Og have, since Carlyle prophesied, increased in stature and multiplied in number. Then only voteless Chartists talked of confiscation, and starving Irish took quietly up the beggar's wallet, or quietly lay down to die. Now Cabinet Ministers talk of "ransom" and land tax. And even then Carlyle predicted that for England entering on the rough path of duty, and putting forth all her strength, her course would be one "of labor and suffering," "her battle perpetual," "her march over along the edge of Red Republic and the abyss." If Carlyle be right we are to-day nearer by forty years to the firm land's end, nearer by forty years to the roaring gulfs that succeed. "You travel a road made for you by the valor and veracity of your forefathers, and approach day by day to the firm land's end, literally enough *consuming* the way."

Where is the son of Nun who, profiting by the wisdom of our seer, will lead England along those perilous ways? Or is Mr. Spencer the true seer, declaring that the night of captaincy is at an end, and the dawn of the day of perfect

liberty is at hand. Beautiful on the mountain-tops are or are not the feet of that excellent man. For in the minds of even his most devoted admirers misgivings must arise. It is not a very orderly host, this, or at all very seriously impressed with the necessity of marching and fighting. Those who read aright the signs of the times can hardly fail to perceive that it is becoming more and more intent upon the equitable distribution of its manna: and the manna, too, not at all so abundant as it used to be, rents falling, and trade returns growing less, while the host multiplies.

Chartism, all that it meant and more than it menaced, are here to-day in England, not at all dead, or even asleep. Perhaps Carlyle was wrong; and Chartism, though armed with the vote and powerful over Parliaments, will not again rear its misshapen head or open its abysmal throat in this respectable country so permeated with the blended light of civilisation and the gospel. England's late Premier, at all events, has denounced and ridiculed such gloomy notions. Perhaps Carlyle was right and Mr. Gladstone wrong. Might it not at least be worth inquiring? Carlyle was surely a considerable man, and he loved England well and truth well. Why should England reject his counsel without according to it even the compliment of a refutation?—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE RECIPE FOR GENIUS.

LET us start fair by frankly admitting that the genius, like the poet, is born and not made. If you wish to apply the recipe for producing him, it is unfortunately necessary to set out by selecting beforehand his grandfathers and grandmothers, to the third and fourth generation of those that precede him. Nevertheless, there is a recipe for the production of genius, and every actual concrete genius who ever yet adorned or disgraced this oblate spheroid of ours has been produced, I believe, in strict

Pamphlets, where he suggests generally the lines along which the State's activity will develop.

accordance with its unwritten rules and unknown regulations. In other words, geniuses don't crop up irregularly anywhere, 'quite promiscuous like'; they have their fixed laws and their adequate causes: they are the result and effect of certain fairly demonstrable concatenations of circumstance: they are, in short, a natural product, not a *lusus naturæ*. You get them only under sundry relatively definite and settled conditions; and though it isn't (unfortunately) quite true that the conditions will always infallibly bring forth the genius, it is quite true that the genius can never be brought forth at all with-

out the conditions. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? No more can you get a poet from a family of stockbrokers who have intermarried with the daughters of an eminent alderman, or make a philosopher out of a country grocer's eldest son whose amiable mother had no soul above the half-pounds of tea and sugar.

In the first place, by way of clearing the decks for action, I am going to start even by getting rid once for all (so far as we are here concerned) of that famous but misleading old distinction between genius and talent. It is really a distinction without a difference. I suppose there is probably no subject under heaven on which so much high-flown stuff and nonsense has been talked and written as upon this well-known and much-debated hair-splitting discrimination. It is just like that other great distinction between fancy and imagination, about which poets and essayists discoursed so fluently at the beginning of the present century, until at last one fine day the world at large woke up suddenly to the unpleasant consciousness that it had been wasting its time over a non-existent difference, and that fancy and imagination were after all absolutely identical. Now, I won't dogmatically assert that talent and genius are exactly one and the same thing; but I do assert that genius is simply talent raised to a slightly higher power; it differs from it not in kind but merely in degree: it is talent at its best. There is no drawing a hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the two. You might just as well try to classify all mankind into tall men and short men, and then endeavor to prove that a real distinction existed in nature between your two artificial classes. As a matter of fact, men differ in height and in ability by infinitesimal gradations: some men are very short, others rather short, others medium-sized, others tall, and yet others again of portentous stature like Mr. Chang and Jacob Omnium. So, too, some men are idiots, some are next door to a fool, some are stupid, some are worthy people, some are intelligent, some are clever, and some geniuses. But genius is only the culminating point of ordinary cleverness, and if you were to

try and draw up a list of all the real geniuses in the last hundred years, no two people could ever be found to agree among themselves as to which should be included and which excluded from the artificial catalogue. I have heard Kingsley and Charles Lamb described as geniuses, and I have heard them both absolutely denied every sort of literary merit. Carlyle thought Darwin a poor creature, and Comte regarded Hegel himself as an empty windbag.

The fact is, most of the grandiose talk about the vast gulf which separates genius from mere talent has been published and set abroad by those fortunate persons who fell, or fancied themselves to fall, under the former highly satisfactory and agreeable category. Genius, in short, real or self-suspected, has always been at great pains to glorify itself at the expense of poor commonplace inferior talent. There is a certain type of great man in particular which is never tired of dilating upon the noble supremacy of its own greatness over the spurious imitation. It offers incense obliquely to itself in offering it generically to the class genius. It brings ghee to its own image. There are great men, for example, such as Lord Lytton, Disraeli, Victor Hugo, the Lion Comique, and Mr. Oscar Wilde, who pose perpetually as great men; they cry aloud to the poor silly public so far beneath them, 'I am a genius! Admire me! Worship me!' Against this Byronic self-elevation on an aerial pedestal, high above the heads of the blind and battling multitude, we poor common mortals, who are not unfortunately geniuses, are surely entitled to enter occasionally our humble protest. Our contention is that the genius only differs from the man of ability as the man of ability differs from the intelligent man, and the intelligent man from the worthy person of sound common sense. The sliding scale of brains has infinite gradations: and the gradations merge insensibly into one another. There is no gulf, no gap, no sudden jump of nature; here as elsewhere, throughout the whole range of her manifold productions, our common mother *non facit saltum*.

The question before the house, then, narrows itself down finally to this: what

are the conditions under which exceptional ability or high talent is likely to arise?

Now I suppose everybody is ready to admit that two complete born fools are not at all likely to become the proud father and happy mother of a Shakespeare or a Newton. I suppose everybody will unhesitatingly allow that a great mathematician could hardly by any conceivable chance arise among the South African Bushmen, who cannot understand the arduous arithmetical proposition that two and two make four. No amount of education or careful training, I take it, would suffice to elevate the most profoundly artistic among the Veddahs of Ceylon, who cannot even comprehend an English drawing of a dog or horse, into a respectable president of the Royal Academy. It is equally unlikely (as it seems to me) that a Mendelssohn or a Beethoven could be raised in the bosom of a family all of whose members on either side were incapable (like a distinguished modern English poet) of discriminating any one note in an octave from any other. Such leaps as these would be little short of pure miracles. They would be equivalent to the sudden creation, without antecedent cause, of a whole vast system of nerves and nerve-centres in the prodigious brain of some infant phenomenon.

On the other hand, much of the commonplace shallow fashionable talk about hereditary genius—I don't mean, of course, the talk of our Darwins and Galtons, but the cheap drawing-room philosophy of easy sciolists who can't understand them—is itself fully as absurd in its own way as the idea that something can come out of nothing. For it is no explanation of the existence of genius to say that it is hereditary. You only put the difficulty one place back. Granting that young Alastor Jones is a budding poet because his father, Percy Bysshe Jones, was a poet before him, why, pray, was Jones the elder a poet at all, to start with? This kind of explanation, in fact, explains nothing; it begins by positing the existence of one original genius, absolutely unaccounted for, and then proceeds blandly to point out that the other geniuses derive their characteristics from him, by virtue of descent,

just as all the sons of a peer are born honorables. The elephant supports the earth, and the tortoise supports the elephant, but who, pray, supports the tortoise? If the first chicken came out of an egg, what was the origin of the hen that laid it?

Besides, the allegation as it stands is not even a true one. Genius, as we actually know it, is by no means hereditary. The great man is not necessarily the son of a great man or the father of a great man: often enough, he stands quite isolated, a solitary golden link in a chain of baser metal on either side of him. Mr. John Shakespeare, woolstapler, of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, was no doubt an eminently respectable person in his own trade, and he had sufficient intelligence to be mayor of his native town once upon a time: but, so far as is known, none of his literary remains are at all equal to *Macbeth* or *Othello*. Parson Newton, of the parish of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, may have preached a great many very excellent and convincing discourses: but there is no evidence of any sort that he ever attempted to write the *Principia*. *Per contra*, the Miss Miltons, good young ladies that they were (though of conflicting memory), do not appear to have differed conspicuously in ability from the other Priscillas and Patiences and Mercies amongst whom their lot was cast; while the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons do not seem to bud out spontaneously into great commanders in the second generation. True, there are numerous cases such as that of Herschels, father and son, or the two Scaligers, or the Caracci, or the Pitta, or the Scipios, and a dozen more, where the genius, once developed, has persisted for two, three, or even four lives: but these instances really cast no light at all upon our central problem, which is just this—How does the genius come in the first place to be developed at all from parents in whom individually no particular genius is ultimately to be seen?

Suppose we take, to start with, a race of hunting savages, in the earliest, lowest, and most undifferentiated stage, we shall get really next to no personal peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of any sort amongst them. Every one of them

will be a good hunter, a good fisherman, a good scalper, and a good manufacturer of bows and arrows. Division of labor, and the other troublesome technicalities of our modern political economy, are as unknown among such folk as the modern nuisance of dressing for dinner. Each man performs all the functions of a citizen on his own account, because there is nobody else to perform them for him—the medium of exchange, known as hard cash, has not, so far as he is concerned, yet been invented; and he performs them well, such as they are, because he inherits from all his ancestors aptitudes of brain and muscle in these directions, owing to the simple fact that those among his collateral predecessors who didn't know how to snare a bird, or were hopelessly stupid in the art of chipping flint arrow-heads, died out of starvation, leaving no representatives. The beneficent institution of the poor law does not exist among savages, in order to enable the helpless and incompetent to bring up families in their own image. There, survival of the fittest still works out its own ultimately benevolent and useful end in its own directly cruel and relentless way, cutting off ruthlessly the stupid or the weak, and allowing only the strong and the cunning to become the parents of future generations.

Hence every young savage, being descended on both sides from ancestors who in their own way perfectly fulfilled the ideal of complete savagery—were good hunters, good fishers, good fighters, good craftsmen of bow or boomerang—inherits from these his successful predecessors all those qualities of eye and hand and brain and nervous system which go to make up the abstractly Admirable Crichton of a savage. The qualities in question are ensured in him by two separate means. In the first place, survival of the fittest takes care that he and all his ancestors shall have duly possessed them to some extent to start with; in the second place, constant practice from boyhood upward increases and develops the original faculty. Thus savages, as a rule, display absolutely astonishing ability and cleverness in the few lines which they have made their own. Their cunning in hunting, their patience in fishing, their skill in

trapping, their infinite dodges for deceiving and cajoling the animals or enemies that they need to outwit, have moved the wonder and admiration of innumerable travellers. The savage, in fact, is not stupid: in his own way his cleverness is extraordinary. But the way is a very narrow and restricted one, and all savages of the same race walk in it exactly alike. Cunning they have, skill they have, instinct they have, to a most marvellous degree; but of spontaneity, originality, initiative, variability, not a single spark. Know one savage of a tribe and you know them all. Their cleverness is not the cleverness of the individual man: it is the inherited and garnered intelligence or instinct of the entire race.

How, then, do originality, diversity, individuality, genius, begin to come in? In this way, as it seems to me, looking at the matter both *a priori* and by the light of actual experience.

Suppose a country inhabited in its interior by a savage race of hunters and fighters, and on its seaboard by an equally savage race of pirates and fishermen, like the Dyaks of Borneo. Each of these races, if left to itself, will develop in time its own peculiar and special type of savage cleverness. Each (in the scientific slang of the day) will adapt itself to its particular environment. The people of the interior will acquire and inherit a wonderful facility in spearing monkeys and knocking down parrots; while the people of the sea-coast will become skilful managers of canoes upon the water, and merciless plunderers of one another's villages, after the universal fashion of all pirates. These original differences of position and function will necessarily entail a thousand minor differences of intelligence and skill in a thousand different ways. For example, the sea-coast people, having of pure need to make themselves canoes and paddles, will probably learn to decorate their handicraft with ornamental patterns; and the æsthetic taste thus aroused will, no doubt, finally lead them to adorn the façades of their wooden huts with the grinning skulls of slaughtered enemies, prettily disposed at measured distances. A thoughtless world may laugh, indeed, at these naïve expressions of the nascent artistic and

decorative faculties in the savage breast, but the æsthetic philosopher knows how to appreciate them at their true worth, and to see in them the earliest ingenuous precursors of our own Salisbury, Lichfield, and Westminster.

Now, so long as these two imaginary races of ours continue to remain distinct and separate, it is not likely that idiosyncrasies or varieties to any great extent will arise among them. But, as soon as you permit intermarriage to take place, the inherited and developed qualities of the one race will be liable to crop up in the next generation, diversely intermixed in every variety of degree with the inherited and developed qualities of the other. The children may take after either parent in any combination of qualities whatsoever. You have admitted an apparently capricious element of individuality; a power on the part of the half-breeds of differing from one another to an extent quite impossible in the two original homogeneous societies. In one word, you have made possible the future existence of diversity in character.

If, now, we turn from these perfectly simple savage communities to our own very complex and heterogeneous world, what do we find? An endless variety of soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, and jolly undertakers, most of whom fall into a certain rough number of classes, each with its own developed and inherited traits and peculiarities. Our world is made up, like the world of ancient Egypt and of modern India, of an immense variety of separate castes—not, indeed, rigidly demarcated and strictly limited, as in those extremely hierarchical societies, but still very fairly hereditary in character—and given on the average to a tolerably close system of intermarriage within the caste.

For example, there is the agricultural laborer caste—the Hodge Chawbacon of urban humor, who in his military avatar also reappears as Tommy Atkins, a little transfigured, but at bottom identical—the alternative aspect of a single undivided central reality. Hodge for the most part lives and dies in his ancestral village: marries Mary, the daughter of Hodge Secundus of that parish, and begets assorted Hodges and Marys in

vast quantities, all of the same pattern, to replenish the earth in the next generation. There you have a very well-marked hereditary caste, little given to intermixture with others, and from whose members, however recruited by fresh blood, the object of our quest, the Divine Genius, is very unlikely to find his point of origin. Then there is the town artisan caste, sprung originally, indeed, from the ranks of the Hodges, but naturally selected out of its most active, enterprising, and intelligent individuals, and often of many generations standing in various forms of handicraft. This is a far higher and more promising type of humanity, from the judicious intermixture of whose best elements we are apt to get our Stephensons, our Arkwrights, our Telfords, and our Edisons. In a rank of life just above the last, we find the fixed and immobile farmer caste, which only rarely blossoms out, under favorable circumstances on both sides, into a stray Cobbett or an almost miraculous miller Constable. The shopkeepers are a tribe of more varied interests and more diversified lives. An immense variety of brain elements are called into play by their diverse functions in diverse lines; and when we take them in conjunction with the upper mercantile grades, which are chiefly composed of their ablest and most successful members, we get considerable chances of those happy blendings of individual excellences in their casual marriages which go to make up talent, and, in their final outcome, genius. Last of all, in the professional and upper classes there is a freedom and play of faculty everywhere going on, which in the chances of intermarriage between lawyer-folk and doctor folk, scientific people and artistic people, country families and bishops or law lords, and so forth *ad infinitum*, offers by far the best opportunities of any of the occasional development of that rare product of the highest humanity, the genuine genius.

But in every case it is, I believe, essentially intermixture of variously acquired hereditary characteristics that makes the best and truest geniuses. Left to itself, each separate line of caste ancestry would tend to produce a certain fixed Chinese or Japanese perfection of handicraft in a certain definite

restricted direction, but not probably anything worth calling real genius. For example, a family of artists, starting with some sort of manual dexterity in imitating natural forms and colors with paint and pencil, and strictly intermarrying always with other families possessing exactly the same inherited endowments, would probably go on getting more and more woodenly accurate in its drawing; more and more conventionally correct in its grouping; more and more technically perfect in its perspective and light-and-shade, and so forth, by pure dint of accumulated hereditary experience from generation to generation. It would pass from the Egyptian to the Chinese style of art by slow degrees and with infinite gradations. But suppose, instead of thus rigorously confining itself to its own caste, this family of handicraft artists were to intermarry freely with poetical, or seafaring, or candlestick-making stocks. What would be the consequence? Why, such an infiltration of other hereditary characteristics, otherwise acquired, as might make the young painters of future generations more wide-minded, more diversified, more individualistic, more vivid and life-like. Some divine spark of poetical imagination, some tenderness of sentiment, some play of fancy, unknown perhaps to the hard, dry, matter-of-fact limners of the ancestral school, might thus be introduced into the original line of hereditary artists. In this way one can easily see how even intermarriage with non-artistic stocks might improve the breed of a family of painters. For while each caste, left to itself, is liable to harden down into a mere technical excellence after its own kind, a wooden facility for drawing faces, or casting up columns of figures, or hacking down enemies, or building steam-engines, a healthy cross with other castes is liable to bring in all kinds of new and valuable qualities, each of which, though acquired perhaps in a totally different line of life, is apt to bear a new application in the new complex whereof it now forms a part.

In our very varied modern societies, every man and every woman, in the upper and middle ranks of life at least, has an individuality and an idiosyncrasy so compounded of endless varying stocks

and races. Here is one whose father was an Irishman and his mother a Scotchwoman; here is another whose paternal line were country parsons, while his maternal ancestors were city merchants or distinguished soldiers. Take almost anybody's "sixteen quarters"—his great-great grandfathers and great-great grandmothers, of whom he has sixteen all told—and what do we often find? A peer, a cobbler, a barrister, a common sailor, a Welsh doctor, a Dutch merchant, a Huguenot pastor, a cornet of horse; an Irish heiress, a farmer's daughter, a housemaid, an actress, a Devonshire beauty, a rich young lady of sugar-broking extraction, a Lady Carolina, a London lodging-house keeper. This is not by any means an exaggerated case; it would be easy, indeed, from one's own knowledge of family histories to supply a great many real examples far more startling than this partially imaginary one. With such a variety of racial and professional antecedents behind us, what infinite possibilities are opened before us of children with ability, folly, stupidity, genius?

Infinite numbers of intermixtures everywhere exist in civilised societies. Most of them are passable; many of them are execrable; a few of them are admirable; and here and there, one of them consists of that happy blending of individual characteristics which we all immediately recognize as genius—at least after somebody else has told us so.

The ultimate recipe for genius, then, would appear to be somewhat after this fashion. Take a number of good, strong, powerful stocks, mentally or physically endowed with something more than the average amount of energy and application. Let them be as varied as possible in characteristics; and, so far as convenient, try to include among them a considerable small-change of races, dispositions, professions, and temperaments. Mix, by marriage, to the proper consistency; educate the offspring, especially by circumstances and environment, as broadly, freely, and diversely as you can; let them all intermarry again with other similarly produced, but personally unlike, idiosyncrasies; and watch the result to find your genius in the fourth or fifth generation. If the experiment has been prop-

erly performed, and all the conditions have been decently favorable, you will get among the resultant five hundred persons a considerable sprinkling of average fools, a fair proportion of modest mediocrities, a small number of able people, and (in case you are exceptionally lucky and have shuffled your cards very carefully) perhaps amongst them all a single genius. But most probably the genius will have died young of scarlet fever, or missed fire through some tiny defect of internal brain structure. Nature herself is try-

ing this experiment unaided every day all around us, and though she makes a great many misses, occasionally she makes a stray hit, and then we get a Shakespeare or a Grimaldi.

"But you haven't proved all this: you have only suggested it." Does one prove a thesis of deep-reaching importance in a ten-page article? And if one proved it in a big book, with classified examples and detailed genealogies of all the geniuses, would anybody on earth except Mr. Francis Galton ever take the trouble to read it?—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A NEW STAR IN A STAR CLOUD.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE discovery of a new star in the midst of the Great Nebula in Andromeda must be regarded as one of the most remarkable astronomical events of the age. It is true that great changes have ere now been recognised in stars lying within nebulous clouds. The star Eta Argûs for example, which lies in the midst of that wonderful mass of luminous gas called the Keyhole Nebula in Argo, has changed so marvellously in lustre since it was first catalogued as a fourth magnitude star as to present a case corresponding so far as the star is concerned with the sudden appearance of the new star in the Andromeda Nebula. For Eta Argûs sank from the fourth magnitude to the sixth, then rose rapidly to the second, and after remaining for some time at that magnitude increased almost suddenly in splendor until it rivalled Canopus and was surpassed only by Sirius. Undoubtedly to an observer set at such a distance that Eta Argûs when thus resplendent would have appeared only as an eighth magnitude star, like the new star in Andromeda, Eta with its present light of a sixth magnitude star would be altogether invisible. So that viewed from that imagined distance Eta Argûs when it rose to its greatest splendor would have appeared as a new star, and as it faded out of view would come to be regarded as having been but a temporary star.

Again the star which appeared in Cygnus in 1876 must be regarded as a

star which had suddenly shone out in a nebula, although no nebula had been known where the star appeared. For when the star had disappeared there still remained a blue planetary nebula in the place which the star had occupied. And this nebula was and is so faint that one can readily understand it having escaped notice before. No one, I imagine, can doubt that the nebula which is seen there now existed there before the star appeared.

The stars in the great Fish-mouth Nebula in Orion exhibit also a certain degree of variability, which, though not so striking as the appearance of "new stars," is in reality a phenomenon of the same sort. For every so-called "new star" may be regarded as a variable of an unusually irregular kind.

But in all these cases the star which shone with variable lustre, or which for a time appeared as a new star, has been in the midst of a gaseous nebula. The great nebula in Andromeda has always been regarded as a stellar nebula, although it has never been resolved into stars. Under spectroscopic examination it presents the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by absorption lines which indicates the existence of glowing solid or liquid or highly-compressed vaporous matter shining through absorptive vapors. I remember Dr. Huggins describing the spectrum of this object to me, during a visit which I paid to his observatory in 1866; and he then said

that the spectrum differed only from that of a star, in being rather sharply cut off at the red end, as through the action of vaporous envelopes more powerfully absorptive of red light than the vapors around our sun and most other stars.

In a rather carelessly-written paragraph in the *Times* of Saturday last, manifestly by a person not well acquainted with astronomical facts, the new star is spoken of as if it gave support to Laplace's nebular theory. In reality the appearance of the star is most strongly opposed to that theory, for the simple reason that all the processes involved in Laplace's nebular theory are slowly-acting ones, while the appearance of a new star where a star had not before been visible, signifies events of a catastrophic nature. Moreover the theory of Laplace, in the form in which it was presented, cannot be maintained by any one acquainted with the laws of physics. A vast disc of gaseous matter, extending beyond the orbit of Neptune, but containing no more matter than there is in the whole solar system would not have the slightest cohesion among its various parts. To conceive of it as rotating like a single mass is to imagine the impossible. One may say indeed of Laplace's nebular hypothesis—which was very properly regarded by himself as but a guess—that astronomers suppose it physically impossible and physicists suppose it astronomically possible: but no one who combines a knowledge of both astronomy and physics can accept it in the wide generality of its original form.

What the new star really does throw light upon, and light of a very clear and unmistakable sort, is not the theory of the solar system, but the theory of the stellar system—that grand gathering of stars, star-clusters, star-clouds, and star streams, which we call the galaxy.

If there was one member of the family of nebulae which was still supposed to remain possibly an external galaxy, after all the evidence which had been collected to show that nebulae belong to our own galaxy, it was the great nebula in Andromeda, — the transcendently beautiful queen of the nebulae as the old astronomers enthusiastically called it. Mr. Herbert Spencer observed as far back as 1859 or 1860, in his fine essays on the Nebular Hypothesis in the *West-*

minster Review, that the theory according to which numbers of the resolvable nebulae are external star systems is absolutely untenable. He pointed to this fatal objection, that Sir William Herschel's most powerful telescopes failed to resolve the remoter portions even of our own galaxy. How then could they—or indeed in many cases much weaker telescopes—by any possibility resolve galaxies lying far beyond its limits? A resolvable nebula which has an apparent greatest diameter of a quarter of a degree of arc, would be a very large one indeed; yet even one of that apparent size must lie at a distance exceeding its own diameter about 230 times, and exceeding therefore (supposing that nebula a galaxy like our own in size) the distance of the outskirts of our galaxy from us, more than 450 times. This would correspond to a diminution in the lustre of individual stars more than 200,000 times. Now Herschel had to withdraw from the survey of the remotest parts of our galaxy, or at any rate the least resolvable parts (for my own interpretation of their irresolvability does not assume great distance as a necessary point), satisfied, as he said, that those depths are unfathomable. Irresolvable nebulosity foiled his most powerful telescopes, within the limits of our own stellar domain. How preposterous then, when considered a little, the belief that the same telescope which failed to resolve the outskirts of our own galaxy, can bring into view individual stars having less than the 200,000th part of the light of those remotest suns of our stellar system.

Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out another fatal objection, in Sir W. Herschel's own account of the arrangement of the stellar and nebular groupings. For Herschel said that whenever he found his star gauges running poor, he would call out to his elder sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who acted as his assistant, "Prepare to write, nebulae are about to appear." This peculiarity of arrangement by which nebulae fit in where stars are sparsely strewn, and *vice-versa*, must be regarded as proof positive of the association between nebulae and stars. Nebulae must belong then to our galaxy.

I myself collected some forty pieces of evidence as to the structure of our

galaxy, by which I believe the old-fashioned theory (in favor of which not a single direct argument has ever been adduced) was shown to be absolutely untenable. I may remark in passing that I propose to publish in the first monthly number of the new series of *KNOWLEDGE* a letter which I addressed to Sir John Herschel in 1870, wherein the greater number of the arguments on which the objections to the old theory are based were briefly indicated. In the second number of that series I propose to publish his singularly interesting reply to that communication. I feel that the time has come to make known precisely how that great astronomer viewed the questionings then being addressed to the theory with which—not quite correctly—his own name and his father's have been associated.

But while Mr. Spencer's objections (of themselves) sufficed to demonstrate the utterly untenable nature of the theory of galaxies of stars external to our own stellar system; and my own more labored gathering of evidence on the subject should have left no doubt, even in the minds of those last ready to recognise the force of reasoning in such matters, the great nebula in Andromeda was in some degree outside our evidence.

The Andromeda nebula is not gaseous but manifestly stellar; yet it has not been resolved into stars. Nor had it been possible to show how far the nebula was from resolvability. Some, using very powerful telescopes on the nebula, supposed they had come very near to resolving it into discrete stars; but they could not feel sure on such a point. For anything yet shown, telescopes a thousand times more powerful than the great Rosse telescope (imagined for the moment as perfect in defining power) might have failed to resolve the Andromeda nebula into stars.

Therefore Mr. Herbert Spencer's first objection, fatal against all resolved

or partly-resolvable nebulae, had no *fatal* force (it had considerable force however) against the Andromeda nebula. Of course the other objection had no force at all if this nebula is *once* regarded as exceptional. Among all my own objections against the theory of external galaxies, few had much force against the Queen of the Nebulae, and certainly none were absolutely decisive against this great agglomeration of unquestionably stellar material being an external galaxy.

Now, however, it need hardly be said, the question is disposed of. A star-cloud cannot possibly be an external galaxy resembling our sun if there can appear in it suddenly a star where no star had before been seen. Were the Andromeda nebula such a galaxy the change which has recently taken place in it (or, to speak more precisely, the change of which the light-brought news has recently reached us) would correspond to such a change in our galaxy as would alter its whole character. A star millions of times larger than any orb in our galaxy would have to be present in it—to begin with—and then after being so dull as to give no more light than an ordinary sun—would have to blaze out suddenly with hundreds of thousands of times as much light even as the splendid Sirius pours forth, to produce such a change of aspect in our galaxy, supposed to be seen from the distance of the Andromeda nebula, as has actually taken place in that star-cloud.

The theory that the star-clouds, or any of them, are external galaxies has received a death-blow. This is not saying that it was not dead before. The blow may be such a one as Falstaff gave the dead Percy: but no one can mistake its force. With this new wound the theory has no longer even the semblance of life, and will possibly disappear ere long from those cemeteries for defunct theories, the text-books!—*Knowledge*.

EVELYN JERROLD ON GEORGE SAND.*

THE biographies of literary genius

* This sketch of George Sand the Editor believes was the last literary work done by Evelyn Jerrold.

have not often a king's name on the initial page. The present memoir is an exception, and has an indisputable right to begin with a mention of royalty.

When Augustus Frederick finally succeeded in driving Stanislaus from his purchased kingdom of Poland, he gave himself up to the alchemists—who promised him an elixir of life—and the mistresses who gave him more than three hundred children. The most historically important of all these light loves was that which connected him with Aurora of Königsmarck, and which resulted in the birth of a son who was destined to rival Richelieu in the boudoir and Turenne in the field. It is no far-fetched fancy that traces to this son, the warrior that Carlyle vilified, many of George Sand's most conspicuous characteristics. The Maurice, Count of Saxony, who, when twelve years old, ran away to Flanders and took service under Marlborough, who restlessly left the English for the Russo-Polish army before Stralsund, who divided his leisure between hard living and hard study—Prince Rupert and Vauban by turns—he certainly presents some points of resemblance to the famous mistress of Nohant. Ailing almost unto death, he beat the butcher of Culloden three times; he was bitter and satirical of humor, despised a sycophant, and when begged to become a member of the Academy, refused bluntly in the worst spelt letter that gallant gentleman of the good old illiterate days ever wrote. During his youth in France he had for a mistress a famous tragic actress, and their daughter Marie Aurore was the grandmother of George Sand. She married the Count de Horn, President of the Swedish Diet, who was deposed for having headed the weakest party in the State, and took refuge in France. His widow retired to the convent of Abbaye aux Bois, but convent life did not mean rigorous asceticism in the merry and miserable days of Louis XV., and she gathered round her a sprightly court of be-ribboned wits and too succinctly draped beauties. Her tongue wagged freely and irreverently, and it and she finished by fascinating one of those Receivers-General who patronised the encyclopædists, and she became Madame Dupin de Francueil. Their son Maurice volunteered in 1793, became colonel under the First Empire, and was thrown from his horse and died at La Châtre, in 1808. He

was the father of Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin—George Sand.

Her parentage, the traditions and teachings of her family, influenced George Sand in mind and character and conduct with singular force. She had a signal advantage—the supreme one in all intellectual educations; there was no commonplace individuality about her, there was nobody to play chorus—that chorus of common sense which first tells us what the world will say—in the earlier scenes of her life. Society's tenth muse, our Lady Grundy, had not an interpreter among the monitors of her childhood. Her father she knew not, but we know of him through her. His grave and gracious letters, quoted in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*," exhibit a generous mind, dreamy and active by fits, the somewhat emphatic and theatrical heroism of an age when men called their children Cains Gracchus, and dreamed of the Universal Republic—the positive scepticism of Bonapartist parvenus, who had proved pretty forcibly that God did not at all protect or inspire the men He graced with sovereignty. Her mother was of a rather lower social order (Madame Maurice Dupin's father was a "master birdcatcher"); but she did not lack originality, and at sixty was keen-witted, caustic and alert as she had ever been. Her grandmother was the most singular instructor, and did most to mould George Sand's mind and shape her destiny. She was a typical figure of the eighteenth century, soft and bigoted, brilliant, paradoxical, and "masterful"—proud of her race and preaching equality. She was a fanatic of the Jean Jacques religion, which she taught her granddaughter, and which George Sand never forgot. The novelist professed a vague veneration for her father; she inherited a good deal of her mother's petulance and playfulness, but it was the old Comtesse de Horn who virtually educated her—or rather allowed her to educate herself, which was the system of culture preferred by the powdered professors of naturalism who worshipped Rousseau—and her grandmother, not her mother, recurs again and again in all those pictures of her youth which George Sand loved to trace and traced so well.

Brought up between the shadow of Rousseau and the very real presence of the stately dame with decided philosophic views and a quick tongue to expound them, the child grew up as she was bound to grow. She dreamed and ran riot, had fevers of devotion and agonies of doubt, had hardy healthy country habits and meditated on death on moonlight nights. She was a child with the manliness of Madame de Staël and the effeminacy of Byron. All that has been recounted about her early days and all she herself has written indicates that at an age when most children are simple sensualists in pinafores, she strove to break from real life and live by the imagination. And not only her education, but the atmosphere of her home encouraged such yearnings.

Her childhood was passed—where her life terminated—in the little hereditary château at Nohant, near La Châtre, in the most beautiful valley of the river Indre. Berri is the central province of France, rich in wood, and hilly, and there the natives believe and aver the old Gallic blood is to be found untainted, as assuredly the old Gallic names are yet extant unchanged. Berrichon folklore is unfathomable, and George Sand drew upon it all her life. As a child she loved the rustic poetry of the Gallic province, the wild legends of præ-Frankish and Roman periods. She grew up listening to the old villagers' tales of horror, and tales of love, and doubtless the simplicity of construction of all her best romances is the result of these early lessons. They occupied her childish mind despotically. And she was not content with them, she wove stories of her own, travelled into strange worlds with imaginary companions, beheld imaginary comedies played for her behoof; lived a curiously visionary as well as a curiously robust life, in fact, among her hills by the banks of the Indre. We are told that her youth was occupied by one long endless romance which she never wrote, and which she remembered vividly in her old age. The hero Corambe was half Christian, half Pagan, and with him she communed for hours together, discussing her opinions, telling her dreams and fancies—making an ideal judge of her creation. But her life was by no means entirely given up to such reveries;

she could never have been the brave, energetic and self-reliant woman she became had she only loved the poetic side of her country life. She enjoyed its practical occupations and pleasures as well. At fifteen she was a dead shot, rode without a saddle, fenced well, and danced indefatigably. At this time, during all her childhood in fact, she was dressed as a boy, and on several occasions in her after life she resumed man's attire for the freedom and protection it gave her. She mixed freely and played with the peasant children about her, and formed in such communion ideas of social equality—of communism even, that perfected the originality of her intellectual education. Her reading too, harmless as it appears in a day when "Guy Livingstone" and the works of Ouida are on every drawing-room table, was heterodox for a young girl of gentle family at the happy time of the Restoration. Like the large-minded gentlewoman she was, the old Comtesse left her library doors open, and out of the dusty treasure-house her grandchild brought "Estelle et Nemorin" (an insipidly sentimental love tale that was deemed terribly inflammatory at the time), and "Robinson Crusoe," and "Corinne," the "Iliad," "Atala," "Millevoie," "Paul and Virginia," and the like. One of her favorite books was "Lavater," and one of her favorite occupations, to compare the studies of physiognomy with the faces of those around her. She remarked that the drunkard looked like the coachman, the choleric like the cook; the pedant like the tutor, genius like the Napoleonic effigy on the current coins—and she remained a firm believer in Lavater's doctrine ever after.

It is evident that such an education could not proceed uninterruptedly while there were people living within a mile or two who respected *les convenances* as much as the Decalogue. It might form a woman of character, but assuredly it would not produce a woman of the world; and under the Restoration—as at other times in France—as in other regions, character was not the quality most prized in the marriage market. It was the younger Madame Dupin who represented common commercial sense in the Château de Nohant. All along

there had been a dispute, though we may believe a quiet and courteous struggle, between the grandmother and daughter-in-law, for the young girl's love and trust. This continuous quarrel was the source of all Aurore's childish griefs; she leaned towards her grandmother, but she was a tender and reverent daughter then and afterwards. In 1817 the worldly-wise section of the family prevailed. She was sent to Paris to the Convent of the English Augustines, there to receive the religious education which at Nohant had scarcely even been hinted at. The convent rule did not subdue the young Berrichonne savage at first. She remained active, independent, and daringly speculative, led every mutiny, and was classed with that section of indisciplinable pupils which is called in every convent *les diables*. But she was too imaginative, too impressionable not to feel the passionate seductiveness of Catholicism at last. The religious fervor seized her kneeling in the convent chapel and thinking of St. Augustine's conversion on the eve of the Assumption. In her turn she heard the *Tolle lege*, and gave herself up to the poetry of religion. The devotional fit was ardent, as was every feeling of her nature. She read the New Testament, and it touched every democratic and poetic fibre in her. She knelt for long hours in mute adoration, like Saint Teresa. All the nervous, exaggerated scruples and terrors a convent life fosters in imaginative natures, troubled and tormented, might have wrecked her mind if her confessor had not chanced to be an honest and sensible Jesuit father who lectured and reasoned with her, applying to religious excess the moderating *trop de sèle* of an epigrammatist who was not excessively religious, though he wore a mitre. After her cure she became again the independent *diable*, and delighted the good sisters by organizing a theatre in the convent and playing Molière—considerably modified and severely expurgated, we may be sure.

She remained three years a convent pupil, and in 1820 was back at Nohant. In the following year the old Comtesse de Horn died. The young girl's sorrow was passionate, poignant and never forgotten. In every crisis of her life it

ached again like an old wound. Years after, in 1836, while her action against her husband was being tried, she wrote:

"O, grand'mère, rise and come to me. Unfold the shroud in which I wrapped thy body broken by its last slumber. Let thy worn limbs live again—come and help me or console me. If I must live no more in thy home, follow me afar. Like the savages of Mischabebe, I will carry thee with me, and thou shalt be my pillow in the desert. Ah, if thou wert living, all this trouble would not have come to me—I should have found a sacred refuge in thy bosom, and thy paralyzed hand would have grown warm and strong again to shield me from my enemies!"

At Nohant, before and after her grandmother's death, she continued her child's life of vagabond activity; she rode wildly on her old mare Colette, followed by a peasant urchin who had assumed the functions of her squire. She read voraciously, and her studies at this period definitively formed her character and shaped her style. The "*Génie du Christianisme*" wholly dispelled the potent religious mysticism of her convent days—corrected the effect of the "*Imitation of Jesus Christ*." She read Mably, and thought the Abbé's "*Rights and Duties of the Citizen*" too moderate; though the great Condillac's brother certainly formulated in those pedantic pages a theory of government which would not be considered reactionary by the present French Assembly. Leibnitz gave her a great love of science; but Jean Jacques Rousseau made her. She devoured "*Emile*," the "*Vicaire Savoyard*," the "*Lettres de la Montagne*"—the "*Contrat Social*" reduced her. That was the full stop of her spiritual growth. She held the Genevan philosopher to be the true politician, the true Christian. But he did not console her. And after her grandmother's death she sorely needed consolation. She had quarrelled with her confessor, and practised religion no more. She turned to the moralists, and they destroyed her illusions one by one. Chateaubriand's "*René*" began; Byron continued; Shakespeare dealt the last blow. All her code in those days was in the "*Misanthrope*;" suicide seemed to her the one escape—and that escape she was near to consummating. One day she rode her horse madly over a precipice, and was saved from death by a miracle.

The home at Nohant was not a happy or a healthy one for so passionate and unquiet a nature. Her mother was irritable, angry, and plaintive, and her daughter made little opposition to an *arranged* marriage with M. Dudevant, son of a Baron of the Empire, and himself a retired officer who had taken to farming and was learned in manures and bovine races. The Baron's portrait is traced, and not unflattered, in "Indiana," and the sketch is at once an indictment of the *arrangers* of the marriage, and an excuse for many of its unfortunate results. The Baron was a man "with a bald head, with gray moustaches and fierce eyes—a rigid master before whom everybody trembled, wife, servants, horses and dogs. Never was a *ménage* less in accordance with the proud yet tender nature of the young wife. She brought him half a million of money; the agricultural husband used the dowry to extend his farming operations. He filled his sheds with merinos of pure race, he bought magnificent bulls, he doubled the number of his ploughs; he was attentive to everything save to his young wife—and he could not see that Aurore with her seventeen years, her delicate and sensitive nature, was dying of ennui in the heart of this prosaic existence."

All that she suffered has never been told in detail, but it is known that she bore neglect and ennui with exemplary resignation for several years. Two children, a boy and a girl, were born to her, and all the softer, homelier aspirations of her nature were satisfied. But there came a moment when even her motherly dignity was offended. The bucolic Baron slighted her—did more than slight, it was said—before her children. She fell ill, and was ordered to the Pyrenees. She went alone, the Baron being engrossed with beeves and sheep. At Bordeaux, for the first time in her life, she mixed in general society, came into contact with people of her own rank and education. It was her first glimpse of the outer world, and measuring herself with the rank and file, she must suddenly have awakened to a knowledge of her superiority. The friends she made contributed to the awakening. She was warmly welcomed; she was extravagantly praised; a court of flatterers surrounded her. The quick originality of the young Berrichonne was a new and grateful element in the polite conversation of the provincial town. And withal the Berrichonne was

beautiful. She had many courtiers, and one of the chief shipbuilders of the town loved her, passionately. But then, at least, no word was breathed against her reputation, and she returned to her husband, resolved to endure him and her life as dutifully as she could. But the insight into the pleasant, friendly, and admiring society of Bordeaux had not fitted her for the mute resumption of the unlovely duties of a farmer's wife and the uncomplaining endurance of the farmer's society. She sought for friends wherever a friend was likely to be found; she opened her arms to poetry, to art, to science—to anything which might introduce a breath of the outer intellectual world into the heavy atmosphere of her home. A young compatriot, Jules Sandeau, then a law-student, visited Nohant during the vacation, and it was he who first set her dreaming of literary fame. It was at that time, too, that she became acquainted with Néraud, whom she called Le Malgache (native of Madagascar, from which island he had just returned, brimful of science and anecdote), and it was indirectly through him that she was first cast upon the world alone. He had been a soldier of the Republic, and was then a little man, hardy, facetious, caustic, and eccentric, one of the strongly-marked exceptional characters that George Sand always grouped around her. His single passion was botany, and he had no sooner settled near Madame Dudevant than she became his pupil—a fervent, indefatigable disciple. The fearless Bohemianism she boasted of in after life was even then strongly accentuated.

"We used to sally out in the morning," she recounts, "looking for field butterflies while the dew was yet heavy on their wings. At noon we pounced upon the scarabæus of emerald and sapphire sleeping in the heart of the roses. In the evening when the sphinx with ruby eyes buzzed about certain plants for love of their smell of vanilla, we lay in ambush ready to seize the reckless drinker. What happy walks we had along the banks of the Indre and in the damp fields of the Black Valley! I remember all one autumn consecrated to the study of mushrooms, and another which we devoted to the examination of mosses and lichens. Our luggage was a microscope, a book, a tin-box—and in addition to that, my son, a fine baby four years old, who would not leave us, and who contracted then a love of natural history which has never left him."

The intimacy was innocent, but it was

original, and it led to scandalous consequences. George Sand forgot all her life, forgot, in a number of her books, that simple friendship between man and woman is generally either the residue or the seed of a stronger feeling. The young law-student, Jules Sandeau, returned to Paris wildly but secretly worshipping the mistress of Nohant. Néraud remained, and fell in love as well. She tells the story of the love in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," throwing a transparent veil over the personages.

A lady in the neighborhood, to whom he sent from time to time a bouquet, a butterfly, a shell, inspired him with sincere friendship, which she reciprocated not less sincerely. But a mania for twisting words made him call the fraternal affection love. The hyperbole neither flattered nor offended the lady. She was then a quiet, affectionate person who had placed her love elsewhere, and did not conceal the fact. She continued to philosophise with him and accept his bouquets and letters, into which he always managed to insert a word or two of love-making. The discovery of one of these notes gave rise to some violent scenes between Malgache and another person who possessed legitimate right over the lady. Malgache determined to set out and join the Moravian brotherhood. He started on foot with his tin box, his pipe, and his microscope, a little bit in love, and very sorry to have caused unhappiness, but getting rid of it all with a pun. He stopped among the rocks of Vaucluse, determined to live and die on the border of the fountain where Petrarch used to evoke Laura's image on the watery mirror. "But we knew our Malgache too well to believe his sorrow eternal: as long as there are flowers and insects in the world, they will be lost arrows that Cupid aims at him."

And effectively the lover returned with a fine botanical collection. Aurore ran to him laughing, and kissed him on both cheeks; he shed one tear, and in that tear love was drowned, but friendship survived it.

But the episode had awakened the husband's suspicions. Thenceforth there was doubt and espionage on one side, utter ennui and indomitable pride on the other. Life in common had become

impossible. In 1831 an agreement was entered into by husband and wife, according to which the latter was allowed her freedom in exchange for her fortune. She went to Bordeaux with her daughter, leaving her husband to apply her dowry to the amelioration of agriculture. In "Indiana," which contains even more autobiographical details than most of her early romances, she describes a great disappointment that awaited her in the capital of the Gironde. Indiana has left her husband and arrives at the house of the man who had offered her his love a year or two before. Raymon has forgotten everything, receives her coldly, and announces that he is about to be married. He preaches conjugal obedience to her, and lightly, when she turns to go, humbled and despairing, points out that she is leaving a wrapper behind her. The incident may be exaggerated in the romance, but there is no doubt it is substantially true. George Sand's impulses were quick and trustful, and more than once they led her to throw herself for sympathy upon men and women who called themselves her friends, but had no idea what friendship meant to her mind.

Thus rebuffed, an abandoned wife, she went to Paris with her little daughter Solange, and for a brief space took refuge in her old convent of the English Augustines. But she had outgrown all love of the system and ceremonial of the Church. Besides, she had to maintain herself, to work as she could. She left the convent, therefore, to establish herself in a very humble way in the Latin Quarter, on the Quai St. Michel. There she lived the life of a grisette (the grisette existed in those days), a life she afterwards depicted in very sombre colors in her novel "Horace." Her ambition was modest—only to keep herself—no more. But she was not long in discovering that in a woman it is an ambition which the world does not invariably applaud, and not unfrequently declines to gratify. The author of "Le Petite Fadette" worked hard and humbly, and with small profit. She began by painting birds and flowers on snuff-boxes, fans, napkin-rings, etc., in Spa wood: she painted a portrait here and there, and achieved an occasional trans-

lation: it was the classic starvation of Bohemia. In the midst of it all her young guest of Nohant, Jules Sandeau, found her out. She was in undisguised poverty, and the young student was scarcely richer. His father was but a poor employé in the Revenue Office, and could only allow him a very meagre income. But Sandeau was still in love—and Aurore had begun to love him a year before. For the first time George Sand put into practice her then half-formed doctrine of free love, and lived with the young student as his wife. For years afterwards her conduct in this and other *liaisons* was misrepresented and maligned. Men painted her as something little better than Messalina, little more decorous than Mdle. de Maupin—which work appeared at about that epoch. Then came stories of wild orgies and wicked saturnalia; every night of the poets and painters and novelists who formed her circle was a Walpurgis night. The reality was vastly different. The lovers of the Quai St. Michel were miserably poor. Theirs was a sober life as well as a sober passion. It was under the pressure of extreme poverty that George Sand made her first effort to write for her bread. It may appear singular that she should never have thought of literary fame before. The singularity is more apparent than real. Until her arrival in Paris she had been thrown among people who would as soon have thought of winning notoriety at a roulette-table as of earning reputation at a desk. Even the old Comtesse, intelligent and liberal woman as she was, would have chosen to be the literary patron rather than the literary professor. But Jules Sandeau as a student was almost on the borderland of journalism, and had already used his pen for other purposes than taking notes on the benches of the law schools. The translations that Madame Dudevant had attempted, above all, their common poverty which could not be borne much longer, suggested that they should write to a then famous Berrichon, Henri Delatouche, editor of the *Figaro*.

One generous principle has always been conspicuous in the management of the *Figaro*, and generally one only. The promoters of that infamous sheet of political ferocity, which in the eyes of

most Englishmen represents the entire French press, have systematically thrown open their doors to the novices in literature, the poorest 'prentices in the craft. It has been their practice to listen to every applicant—from the lad of twenty with his tragedy of Germanicus, to the worn-out old professor with his little treatise on mediæval philosophy. And whoever could prove that he possessed a spark of originality, a promise of power, was sure of a place in the columns of the *Figaro*. True, the plan has ruined many minds; men left the journal exhausted, gangrened, corrupt and venal—*Figaristes*, in a word—the light-hearted and supple-kneed gentlemen who gibe at Victor Hugo, are bored by Balzac, and have conspired to give a moment's notoriety to the inanities of M. Xavier de Montépin. At that period, however, the *Figaro* was merely a journal of the very lightest literature, liberal in its dealings if not in its politics. Nestor Roqueplan edited it with Delatouche, but Sandeau and Madame Dudevant preferred to apply to the latter as a countryman of theirs. Such provincial ties were very strong in those days of laggard diligences and dangerous roads. A letter was concocted; and, true to the *Figaro* principle, M. Delatouche returned a kindly answer to the young beginners, and invited them to the Vallée aux Loups, where he had a villa, close to that occupied by Chateaubriand.

He received them warmly, and, when the ill-paid paintings on Spa wood were mentioned, declared at once that journalism was better than that—and not much more difficult. It is noticeable that Sandeau was the chief personage in these early interviews. Delatouche proposed to him to become a member of the *Figaro* staff; and when the young man alleged—with excellent reason—that he was incorrigibly idle, Madame Dudevant put in humbly: "Let me help you." Such was the trivial beginning of a collaboration which was soon to mystify all Paris.

After a few newspaper articles, Henri Delatouche, a keen critic, perceived that his new recruits might make clever *chroniqueurs*, but would assuredly develop into distinguished novelists. He advised them to begin on romance—and

he, whose word was law with most of the contemporary publishers, would see that the work came before the public. In their little room on the Quai St. Michel, the Bohemian *ménage* took up their pens, and in six weeks had completed the novel "Rose et Blanche"—an essay of which both lived to be heartily ashamed. It had a sub title—"or, the Actress and the Nun," and was a decidedly irreverent humoristic sketch, in the manner of Paul de Kock. It was refused everywhere, and even the puissant critic Delatouche had great difficulty in persuading an old publisher to give four hundred francs for the manuscript. In those days, however, and for authors so situated, four hundred francs was no despicable sum, and the collaborators regarded it as a solid encouragement to persevere—also a temptation to remain idle.

The volume was nearly ready for the booksellers when a formidable note of interrogation rose before the authors' eyes. What name was to figure on the title-page? Both writers were in exceptionally delicate positions. In her situation, Aurore averred, it was utterly impossible that her name should appear. The announcement would raise an unappeasable storm of scandal.

On the other hand, the young student's allowance of a hundred francs a month would cease directly his father knew that he had had a hand in a novel—and that a novel of anything but wholesome complexion.

The difficulty was removed by Delatouche, who had by this time become very intimate with his compatriots, and who suggested that Sandeau should be cut in two; accordingly the book was signed Jules Sand.

It is probable that this first venture was utterly unsuccessful; it is certain that the book is now wholly unknown and undiscoverable. The same may be said of two or three subsequent works issued from the study of the Quai St. Michel, "Cora," "Cyprien," and "La Prima Donna"—the last of which, however, is to be found in an early number of the *Revue de Paris*. It is impossible, at any rate, that the authors could have profited much by the first fruits of their collaboration. Jules Sandeau's constitutional indolence soon reasserted itself

after the publication of "Rose et Blanche." He was given to long day reveries, to oriental *Keyf*; and when he was roused his preference was for talking rather than writing. Indeed, neither of the literary partners seems at this time to have put forth much energy in the campaign against poverty, or the battle for fame. Madame Dudevant again adopted male costume, to enable her to push her way into the cheapest part of the theatres—and in the theatres the lovers seem to have passed a good deal of their time. They sat in the gallery, elbowing blouses and craning over the caps of concierges and grisettes; and when the curtain had fallen they strolled hours together, arm in arm, discussing the play seen and the novel to come, prolonging their walk for hours on moonlight nights from the Pont St. Michel to the Pont Neuf. The result of this poetic idleness was the common prosaic one. It arrived in the grim form of creditors; it stared them in the face one day in the shape of an empty cupboard. It was strongly suggested that Madame Dudevant should return to Bessy to arrange a separation from her husband, and obtain a grant of alimony. But before leaving she drew up with Jules Sandeau the plan of a domestic novel which was to be the result of their joint authorship. The chapters were sketched one by one and divided between the lovers. Madame Dudevant carried off her share and made Sandeau promise to work hard during her absence.

That absence was longer than either had expected; but, nevertheless, Jules Sandeau discovered a much better way of filling it up than working. He went to sleep. He dreamed the time away, and in his dreams he wrote masterpieces—and volumes, which the publishers like better. But it was all dream work, and when Aurore returned he met her empty-handed, if with a full heart. She, however, brought back a bulky manuscript; she had written "Indiana" herself. Even then she was humble; ignorant of her own powers. Sandeau was still the chief of the community; and to him she looked to revise and correct the novel. But the future author of the "Maison du Penarvan" was of a frank and generous nature, and he had scarcely

read a chapter ere his enthusiasm was expressed, and he told her that such a work needed no revisal; it was a masterpiece, came whole and perfect from her brain. Madame Dudevant would have had it printed immediately, in the same way that the preceding fruits of their joint labor had been printed. Sandeau emphatically refused to assume a share of the authorship—to sign the two volumes. There was a kindly contest, during which Aurore called in Delatouche to side with her. All her generous sentiments rendered her blind to the "point of honor" which forbade the young student to profit by her genius; but neither she nor the old critic could make him yield. At last the authoress alleged the material difficulty of finding another pseudonym. Here Delatouche stepped in, saying:

"Your first book was signed Jules Sand. Sand is your common property. Choose another Christian name. And see, here is an almanac; to-day is the 23d April, the day of Saint George. Call yourself George Sand."

Thus simply was the greatest pseudonym of this century discovered.

The copyright of "Indiana" was bought for six hundred francs. It is a maxim with many Paris publishers—though but of few in London—that a publisher ought not to know how to read. But in this case that liberal and laudable axiom was not the only thing on which the purchasers of "Indiana" based their small offer. There were weighty judgments on the publisher's side. Delatouche selected three supreme literary authorities to sit in judgment on the new work—Alphonse Rabbe the historian (the friend to whom Hugo addressed some of the most stirring, albeit vehemently Royalist verses of the "Chants du Crépuscule"), Keratry and Balzac. Keratry, who was even then an old beau—though he died in 1859—sprinkled a good deal of snuff over the manuscript, and thought the work to be able as to style, but fatally uninteresting in plot, and he added severely that a woman ought not to write. Balzac made light of all the author's literary efforts. There are a hundred notorious examples of such egregious errors of judgment on the part of authorized writers dealing with unknown works;

and that there are many proves a thing which scarcely needs proof—that *vox populi* is the sovereign voice after all. The great masters of style should be left to find out their distinguished followers; then they may patronize, educate, and present usefully; they may rarely be depended upon to discover an independent voice, an original mind: it is no more astonishing that Balzac should have failed to perceive any promise in George Sand, than it would have been had Charles Dickens pronounced against the early essays of Swinburne. Dickens would have singled out Farjeon and Balzac, Zola or Jules Vallés from among a thousand. And it would be enough if in addition to their masterpieces the masters always gave us such disciples as these.

The public reversed all private judgments in the case of "Indiana." The book was an historic event even in those days when Victor Hugo and Lamartine were yet in the heat of their early industry, and giving to the world songs which are yet ringing in the world's ears. There was a vast amount of curiosity mixed with the popular enthusiasm. There was a question in every outcry of admiration. Whence came the new wonder? Who had begotten it—a man, or woman? and not a few added: a devil? Then low whispers went about. The author was a woman, always dressed as a man,—in velvet coat, a stick in her hand, shod with top-boots. Boots and a cigar. Who knew him? or her? and still the clerical writers added: it? Whether he had guessed the secret or not, Jules Janin in his notice in the *Débats* added materially to the mystery. He wrote purposely: "I should like to see him—or her. I have seen him—and I said to her—that he was the greatest literary artificer of the age." Chateaubriand professed to be afraid of her, doubtless as of a writer who must make "René" pale and "Atala" wither.

At first only a corner of the veil was raised for the behoof of a few sympathetic professors in art and literature. Needless to say that the high Bohemian perch had been abandoned: it is ever but a resting-place for the "winter of our discontent," and when the first spring rays fall on a few gold pieces on the table, the wisest of us leave it. Otherwise

Bohemia becomes what Murger called it : a *cul de sac*. It was yet Bohemia where George Sand first held her court, but a Bohemia where you guessed there were gold mines, and through which a tributary of Pactolus ran. Here she received gracefully and gaily nearly all the illustrious in literature and art of that fruitful time. Here came Gozlan, then a beginner ; Mery, whose poems had already overturned a ministry ; Jules Janin, Gustave Planché, and others, their peers. She was a kindly, even a jovial hostess, dressed as a man always, smoking inordinately, meeting her guests as their equal, even in sex. She was delighted with her new name—the name conferred upon her by her first baptism of fame—and she would only allow herself to be called George, a practice which she kept up until very late in life. Those were, perhaps, the happiest days of her youth. Her fame excused her eccentricity, her beauty apologized for the fame her rivals in literature might have envied. She grew worldly—fashionable. She was seen everywhere, a small lithe figure in a well-fitting *redingote*, a proud Bourbonnien face framed in a mass of black hair.

In the heat of her success she neglected the companion of her sadder days, and in bitter grief Sandeau left Paris, and travelled to Italy on foot almost penniless. Her regret was poignant and lasting. Three years afterward she wrote to the democrat François Rollinat : " I care little about growing old ; but I am grieved to grow old alone ; but I have not found the being with whom I could live and die, or if I found him I did not know how to keep him." And again about a picture which Sandeau gave her : " During a year the man who left me this portrait sat with me every night at a little table, and lived by the same work as I. At break of day we used to consult each other about our work, and we supped at the same little table, talking of art, our sentiments and our future. Our future has played us false. Pray for me, oh Marguerite le Conte"—the name of the faithful lover in the portrait.

More than any French author of modern times (Balzac excepted) George Sand had the faculty of continuous labor. A dreamer, and at moments a

voluptuary, she had withal a fever of fecundity. " Indiana " was palpably a first stroke, a keynote. The enthusiasm it excited had scarcely lessened when " Valentine " appeared, towards the end of 1832 ; and six months later " Lélia," was published. There is a strong autobiographical resemblance between the three novels. Critics of the Clerical and Conservative parties chose to see in them three precise portraits ; and a great cry arose. " Indiana " had astonished, " Valentine " irritated, " Lélia " maddened. Indeed, in this tolerant period that acclaims Adolphe Belot and holds Feydeau insipid, " Lélia " still represents in the eyes of many honest matrons the acme of all that is prurient, profligate, and pernicious in literature. That reputation was made for it in the days when it first appeared—the " bad name " was given. The virulence with which it was criticised has never been surpassed since the hearty times when men held that the circle could be squared, or called their opponents dogs and devils by way of argument. M. Capo de Feuillier, a forgotten critic of *l'Europe Littéraire*, a forgotten journal, had no words hard enough to condemn the audacious woman who dared picture the sorry results of an iniquitous marriage law and a scandalous marriage custom. The old shriek, " Socialist," was heard ; critics became detectives to find out the black spots in the author's life. To recapitulate all the monstrous charges made against her private life and character would astound those who are the least inclined to pardon her at her death. But she had defenders. Gustave Planché demolished Capo de Feuillier—in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—and that so completely and so scornfully, that a duel took place—in which nobody was hurt. " Lélia " is the saddest and the most violent of George Sand's novels. In all her early literary life she took an intense interest in passing events, and felt each public catastrophe deeply : " Lélia " was written in profound dejection. The Warsaw massacres had just taken place, the Paris insurrection had just been sternly repressed, and poverty and cholera were rife.

There came to her shortly, however, some happier hours. A year or two be-

fore the publication of her first novel, a young man, her junior by six years, had achieved with somewhat affected nonchalance a volume of very youthful verse, which at once made his name famous. The poet was Alfred de Musset. His style, his philosophy, were in utter opposition to all George Sand's tastes and beliefs; yet from the first, we are told, his rhymes to Marquise d'Amaquei, his Byronic ballads, all the fripperies and falsehoods of his work, touched and charmed her. She wished to see the poet, and Buloz, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (who had just engaged her on his staff), invited the author of "Indiana" and the writer of "Rolla" to a great literary dinner at Véfou's. The introduction had the foreseen result; De Musset's personal fascination was irresistible, and had on George Sand a very subtle power. A few days afterwards he was present at a party given by her; and six weeks afterwards they left together for Italy, he travelling under the somewhat transparent title of private secretary. They stayed many months in Venice, for which place George Sand conceived an undying passion, and where she made several friends. But her companion wearied of her, deceived her. He returned to Paris before her, and she remained to roam in the Tyrol singly, or prowl about Venice in the company of her dear friends, Dr. Culci, Beppa, and her favorite gondolier. Her Tyrolean expeditions she looked back on as the greatest enjoyment of her life. She started alone, clad in a mountaineer's rough blouse and gaiters, a very peasant lad to all appearance. She carried a bundle of bread and cigarettes in her haversack, and thus equipped she would travel for days in the wildest parts of the mountain, sleeping under rocks or on rough benches by the hearthstone of a ways de inn, where the company was never savory, and not always honest. The letters she wrote at this period, to Rollinat, Néraud, De Musset and others, are curious compositions—feminine in their vague poetry and sensitiveness to every beauty and horror in nature; masculine (she always spoke of herself in the masculine gender, even when writing to dear friends) in their shrewdness of observation, their humor, and

their upright independence of character and judgment. Nor were her explorations of Venice less original. She went where she chose—known everywhere as little Zorzi—smoking eternally, and talking with monks and gondoliers, noting the native airs (to be afterwards used in "Consuelo"), learning the native dialect. She spent nights on the canals listening to the gondolier's cries of warning, or the musicians in some splenetic English lordling's gondola. It was the life of a gipsy; and reading the records of its pleasures, it is easy to conceive that she who adored it so, and enjoyed it better than anything, should have sighed till her middle age for a companion who could share all her tasks, understand all her feelings. Such a companion must have been as pure a poet as herself.

But she was now enrolled in the ranks of those militant *litterateurs* who are the slaves of their renown, who must produce at all times and at any cost, yield their two volumes a year as punctually as the grapes ripen for the vintage. George Sand returned from Italy—to dream and write of it ever after—and published successively the five novel-ettes, "André," "La Marquise," "Lavinia," "Métella," and "Mattea." "André" is a profound psychological study; the last three works are Italian reminiscences. "Jacques," another study of character, was published during this year—1834. In the following year she was in Berri for a season, and there made the acquaintance of the Republican advocate, Michel (of Bourges), who was destined to exercise a considerable if temporary influence over her life and works. He was of a melancholy, austere and doctrinaire school, preaching vaguely (but in all sincerity) the unity of social and religious truth. Her Republicanism had been hitherto of a very sentimental and speculative kind; under his tuition it became hard and positive for a season. He treated and taught her loftily, scolding her for her weak, repining and indefinable aspirations, while she sat at his feet a humble and self-accusing disciple.

In 1836 her situation with regard to her husband had become hopeless, and persuaded by several friends, notably by the Republican advocate, she assumed

her maiden name and title to bring an action against Baron Dudevant, of whom she demanded her private fortune, and the custody of her children. The case was heard at the tribunal of La Châtre, and at the Royal Court of Bourges. Michel was her counsel, and the action assumed at once the proportions of a political event and great social scandal. All the appellant's errors after leaving her husband's roof were pitilessly divulged and cleverly made much of; but, on the other hand, things were proved against M. Dudevant which entirely alienated public sympathy, and showed him in the light of a dense and brutal boor. If the kick with the heel of a boot, mentioned in "Indiana," was not proved to have had its parallel in fact, it was sufficiently demonstrated that M. Dudevant had on several occasions used personal violence, even before his children. The agriculturist professed loudly the most sovereign contempt for his wife's endowments. He described her as a madwoman, twaddler, donkey, stupid; and accepted her infidelities with sublime philosophy. During her connection with Sandeau he wrote:

"I am going to Paris. I shall not go to your house, because I don't want to inconvenience you, any more than I want you to trouble me."

The letter was read in court, and Michel commented upon it with very free eloquence. He apostrophised the husband:

"You call that a condonation! Call it rather an infamy. Did you not compel your wife to leave your house by heaping every possible indignity upon her? You are not only the author of all that led to her withdrawal, you instigated it, you abetted it. You cannot say to your judges, Give me the reins of the household government, when you dropped them voluntarily. To govern a woman a man must possess a certain amount of intelligence; and who are you, what do you pretend to be beside the woman you could not appreciate? You speak of pardon. To pardon is the privilege of noble souls. If you wished to obtain yours you should have come here into the sanctuary of justice with a humble and repentant heart, with your head bowed and veiled. It was with words of penitence on his lips that Mirabeau—the immortal—went to ask that his wife might be restored to him, before the Parliament of Provence. He confessed before the face of God and man, and sorrowed for the disorders of a youth which was more mistaken than criminal."

The Baron's case was hopeless, and he withdrew his opposition ere the judges gave their decision. That decision was entirely in favor of George Sand. Her patrimony was restored to her, and she was named the legal guardian of her children—Solange (the name of the patron saint of Berri), who was then eight, and Maurice, a boy of twelve. Her greatest joy was the return to Nohant as its mistress.

"O my household gods," she wrote, "I see you even as I left you. I bow before you with that respect which grows deeper every year in the heart of man. Dusty idols at whose feet has stood my father's cradle, and mine, and those of my children—you who have seen some kinsmen and shall see many more carried to their rest;—I hail you, protectors unto whom my childhood knelt, friendly gods upon whom I have called in the hour of my exile, in the heat of fierce passions. To see you again is precious and is painful. Why did I leave you—you who deal so tenderly with simple hearts, you who watch over the little children when the mothers fall asleep; you who fill the young girl's slumber with dreams of pure love—who give the elders sleep and health. Do you recognize me, peaceful Penates?"

Henceforth George Sand was never long absent from Berri; but she had not yet learnt to live outside the world, in the torpor of provincial domesticity. She was yet young, in vigorous health, and eager to see and acquire and discuss. In the year following her definitive separation from her husband, she went to Switzerland with her two children, journeying in gipsy fashion, dressed in a countryman's blouse and gaiters, and looking half a *gamin*, half a lady. A considerable part of the voyage was performed in the company of Liszt, who had also organized a very Bohemian caravan, in which the young men looked like girls, the ladies like peasant-lads—the maestro himself wearing his hair on his shoulders, a broken straw hat, and whistling the "Dies Irae" frenetically wherever he went. When the civic authorities of the little Swiss towns donned their scarves and presented themselves in a body to welcome the illustrious pianist, their bewilderment was immense at meeting a dusty company in blouses, that smoked cigarettes unceasingly, played the pranks of schoolboys, and talked liked mystic philosophers. George Sand was ever at home in musical society, listened to

music, talking of it, translating it, as it were, into her own vivid and poetic language. In this year she produced "Mauprat," the most powerful work in her "first manner," and by far the most artistic in construction. At this time, too, she wrote the "Dernière Aldino" (another Italian reminiscence), "Maitres Mosaïstre," and "Pauline," which were all published in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*. A month or two after her return from Switzerland her mother died. There had never been much sympathy between her and George Sand; hers was a lower, coarser nature; and the daughter manifested none of the passionate grief she had felt at the death of the Comtesse de Horn.

Up to this date George Sand's works only expressed her personal opinions, described her own experiences and reveries. Afterwards several alien influences made themselves felt. The first of these was Chopin, whom she met in 1838, and with whom she spent eight years. They went to Majorca together, and she described the journey on her return. At about the same time, Lamennais began to press his theories upon her. He had just founded the *Monde*, and in that sheet she published the "Lettres à Marcie," religious rhapsodies worthy of a penitent Magdalen, and teeming with heterodox humanitarian doctrines. Then a reflection of Pierre Leroux's theories was seen in "Spiridion" (dedicated to him), and the "Sept Cordes de la Lyre," half imaginative, half philosophic works, whereof the fundamental ideas seem to be the belief in human perfectibility, the necessity of re-establishing the harmony of all faculties, broken by systems, and a faith in return of souls reborn in other bodies. This same inspiration is felt in "Consuelo"—the beginning of which, born of Chopin's influence, is a fine essay on the ethics of music—and the "Comtesse de Rudolstadt," two incoherent parts of one romance. The heroine of "Consuelo" is Madame Viardot (Mademoiselle Garcia), and many of the incidents in the novel have their parallel in the early life of both Monsieur and Madame Viardot. Some strong Socialistic tendencies are foreshadowed in "Consuelo," and they become more distinct—thanks to the author's democratic

surroundings—in the "Compagnons de Tour de France" (a tale of the old trade corporations), the "Meunier d'Augibant," a wonderful study of French agricultural classes, and the "Péché de M. Antoine." All these were published between 1839 and 1845, and their number, their artistic excellence, shows that at forty years of age the author had more than the imagination, more than the ardor of her youth. And what is rarer still, her juvenile industry had not waned.

But George Sand had not yet entered the sphere in which she achieved her greatest triumphs. She had been a mystic, a Socialist, a dreamer of vain dreams and a preacher of reformatory doctrines. "Jeanne" announced the formation of a new style, a return to pure art, and in "Lucrezia Floriani," "Teverino," "Ciccino," the change grew more noticeable. The author of "Mauprat" had turned towards the idyl, the simple romance of country life; and when "La Petite Fadette" appeared, it was seen that she had opened up an entirely new vein in French fiction. Until then the peasant had not existed in French literature. Poets retained the pre-'89 prejudices, and ignored them; romance lagged behind history. He might be an elector; he could not be a novelist's hero. The reading public only knew him as a beribboned impossibility imagined by Florian and Delille, or an argumentative automaton contrived by the encyclopædists. For the first time George Sand introduced him as a flesh-and-blood reality, and the world went mad about him. It is needless to describe or discuss "La Petite Fadette." Whoever has even dipped into modern French literature knows it by heart, knows, too, the touching story of "François le Champi" which followed it, and knows best that masterpiece of idyllic romance, "Le Mari au Diable." In all of these George Sand put her peasant education to profit. Idealized as to sentiment, her rustic men and women are strikingly true in speech and manner and habit. She was more than the Walter Scott of Berri, as some writers called her, for she described the peasantry of Central France as she saw them, not as they might have been in the historical past.

It is more difficult to understand and portray a race as it is than to create one from some archæological remnants and historical memoirs. It takes a George Eliot to do the first; a G. P. K. James can achieve the second.

There came a time, however, when George Sand was compelled to leave idyl and bucolic, and re-enter the busy world, pen in hand. She came to the front in 1848, not as the many calumniators who have described her life asserted, with any self-seeking ambition to play a big part in that drama which was half a farce, but because her surroundings, her friendships, forced her forward. All her friends, her literary companions, were active soldiers on the democratic side. Néraud the Malgache was a veritable country Brutus; Michel was elected a member of the Assembly; Rollinat, the poor austere advocate, was a member of the Committee for Foreign Affairs; Chopin was a strong democrat, and she had firm friends in Godefroy Cavaignac, Herbert and Ledru-Rollin. Her own sentiment, too, was warm and steadfast. She wrote, after expostulating with a severe theorist, who held that art enervated and demoralized the masses:

"Never think that I desert your cause. Of all causes 'tis the noblest and most beautiful. I cannot even conceive a poet having any other; for if all words are empty as to meaning, at least those of fatherland and liberty are harmonious, while legitimacy and obedience are rough, unlovely, and made for the ears of gendarmes. One may flatter a nation of brave men, but to worship a crowned wittol is to abandon all human dignity."

Thus, as soon as the throne of Louis the Thrifty had been dragged contemptuously down the boulevards to break up on the Place de la Bastille, George Sand was in Paris, and in the centre of a very ardent and important group. She caught fire at once. Until this day individualities had impressed and influenced her; the moulding power was now a party. She wrote an emphatic Introduction to the "*Bulletin de la République*," she addressed the people in two letters, and founded a weekly newspaper, *La Cause du Peuple*, which advocated sentimental Radical views. She was in daily communication with Ledru-Rollin, the Minister of the Interior—the "Father of Manhood Suffrage," as he has since been called. The violence of

some of the circulars issued from his ministry raised all kinds of fears in the moderate bourgeoisie, and the most violent of all was the work, or in a great measure the work of George Sand. During 1849, she contributed articles to the ultra-journal, *La Commune de Paris*, directed by MM. Barbès, Lobrier, and Cabaigñ. She wrote a preface to the popular educational series, "*Les Conteurs Ouvriers*," and in 1850 translated and patronized Mazzini's "*Republic and Royalty in Italy*."

There her career as a political writer came to a close. It was not a very successful one. She earned no title to fame in it, if she did not dishonor her talent and her character. Without protest if not without regret, she accepted the *coup d'état*, and retired to Nohant, only to leave it now and then for busy visits to Paris on the occasion of some important first performance, or other great literary festivity. From this time, indeed, she seemed to take a new and warm interest in dramatic literature. She saw, perhaps, that the romance, like the social tastes and morals of the Second Empire, was to be theatrical. Some years before she had attempted a five-act drama, "*Cosima*," which failed signally. But "*François le Champi*," played at the Odéon in 1849, and "*Claudic*," produced in 1851, were well received, though it took many years to educate her as a skilful dramatic author, many years to reconcile the public to the subtle philosophic drama, or purely poetic *fantaisies* in which she excelled. The "*Marquis de Villemer*," played from the beginning to the end of 1864, was her first and her greatest dramatic success, and "*Le Drac*," "*Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré*," are works that still command full honors in the Latin Quarter, which furnishes the most critical and cultivated audiences.

The public was promised a piquant enjoyment in 1854—another series of Confessions by a female Jean Jacques. George Sand published the "*Histoire de ma Vie*" in the columns of the *Revue*. Never were expectations more cruelly disappointed. Readers found themselves in the distressing position of gentlemen who have paid for the Memoirs of Casanova, and acquired the hymns of Dr. Watts. The "*History of my Life*" was a portrait, it is true, but only a

bust, as the disappointed declared. It is the story of the education of a mind, the development of a character; it contains few anecdotes, and none that are scandalous. Indeed, so far from affording a weapon to the people who had calumniated her private life, the "History" contained passages that reconciled George Sand to many of her assailants. The last battles were fought in 1857, when "Elle et Lui" appeared. The character, the purpose of the book is well known. Alfred de Musset had died—died of ennui and absinthe, lying by the roadside and hiccupping lines from "Rolla." Straightway the men who had held him *impossible*, impracticable, incorrigible in his vanity and his weakness, rose up and wept over the martyr poet, the great misunderstood, and even pointed at the woman he had known and deserted as the wrecker of his life. The answer to the indirect accusations and posthumous panegyric was "Elle et Lui." Doubtless that sect which holds it criminal to speak evil of the dead, and which generally contains a good many distinguished slanderers of the living, could find much to rebuke in George Sand's defence, for defence it was. But judged at this day, even in France, where literary feuds run high and long, the work has been pronounced substantially true, and perfectly excusable. In face of the fulsome worshippers of De Musset's memory, it was pardonable, at the worst it was brave in a woman who had loved and been deceived in him, to prove that love had not had such a great place in his life, and that there were such things as infantine vanity, egotism and avarice in the poet who had played the victim all his days. Naturally the book excited keen curiosity and vehement criticism. It was answered by the poet's brother, Paul de Musset, in a work entitled "Lui et Elle," in which an unjustifiable use was made of private notes and correspondence concerning George Sand and Alfred de Musset. And for more than a year the publishers were deluged with reminiscences of the dispute—Lui, Elle, Eux, Tous les Deux, etc. But George Sand was out of the focus of the quarrel, laboring as hard as ever in the Berri château.

There remains little to chronicle.

The rest of her life might almost be summed up in the catalogue of the works she was yet to produce; and even written in this fashion, the history of her declining years would be sufficiently long. The imagination remained quick, her style pure and picturesque; but it cannot be said that any of the works of her old age are likely to endure. Chief among them are the "Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré," "Adriani," "Le Diable aux Champs," "La Daniella"—an audacious and even indecent work, both morally and politically—"Narcisse," "Jean la Roche," "Les Dames Vertes," "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Mdlle. la Quintinée," a philosophic and religious answer to Feuillet's sickly "Sybille;" "Francia," a story of the German invasion; "Impressions et Souvenirs"—relating to the war; the "Château de Pictordu," etc.

During the last twelve or fourteen years of her life, George Sand did not leave Nohant, and held very little communication with the capital. But she was anything but a lonely or sour, solitary-humored woman. Not a soul in the country side that did not know *la bonne dame*, and got a gay good-morning from her as they passed the little park gates, or met her in the lanes of the valley. Her family had settled around her under her own roof,—Maurice Sand, his wife and children; Solange, who married the sculptor Clesinger, and her children. She had many old friends within call; she had nearly always her guest-chambers full. It has been the fortune of the present writer to know many of the occupants of those hospitable chambers—men welcomed by George Sand in the old Imperial days, men who went to her during the bitter winter of the war—who smoked cigarettes with her not many months before her death. It was a tranquil, intellectual life in the little château of Nohant. The very walls were covered with verses, maxims, proverbs. And withal no place could be less like the traditional house of the blue-stockings. Unlike many writers of the modern upholstery school, George Sand had little taste for rococo ornaments, Chinese futilities, trophies of swords, tapestry, Ojibbeway fetiches, and cameos worn by Leo X. Here was a sober old-fashioned interior, where the smell of

nter's ink did not seize one at the oat on the very threshold—as it does h poisonous persistency in several rary shrines we could name. It was imple hospitable country house. One ured by the open front door, and and oneself immediately in the vestile. The dining-room was opposite; e drawing-room door on the right ould open, and George Sand appeared, small slight figure simply dressed, a nely marked face, and a heavy mass of hite hair. She offered her hand and er cheek at the same time—all friends issed her in the old-fashioned French ashion. Maurice Sand was always late, eing occupied with some new entomological wonder; but his daughters—the elder of whom, Aurore, is a tall and smiling young lady, replaced him. If the visitor arrived in the afternoon, he was sure to see George Sand; but at four o'clock she retired to work, and only reappeared when dinner was served. After breakfast she walked round the park and trundled the bowls for a few minutes; then she rested—with deft hands manufacturing toys for her grandchildren, or gravely elucidating a Chinese puzzle, an amusement she particularly affected. She was clever in all manual exercises, even needle-work, and she has been known to have left books and manuscripts for three or four days to re-dress the marionettes of Maurice Sand's miniature theatre—figures wonderfully carved, and generally worked by himself. At four Madame Sand retired to her room, followed by her dog Fadet—whose supposed dreams and reflections she delighted in humorously interpreting.

The sound of the dinner-bell gathered host and guests and family together. Madame Sand never used the privileges of her age and greatness, and made a point of dressing handsomely in honor of her visitors. Nor did she profess any asceticism with regard to culinary matters. She fully bore out the theory, that the men who are greatest in the study keep invariably a keen eye on the kitchen. It was Madame Maurice Sand's daily task to superintend the preparation of the *Châtelaine's* favorite dishes. One signal luxury at Nohant was the fruit. George Sand retained her child-

ish tastes, remembering the time when bread and fruit was her finest fare. Sojourners at Nohant have talked of six or seven varieties of strawberry piled up at dessert. Ere that copious dessert was ended, George Sand lit a cigarette, dropping the ashes methodically into a glass full of water. She talked her best then. In public, in general society, she remained almost mute; but with her children and grandchildren, her friends and neighbors round her, she chatted freely and pleasantly, telling anecdotes of every celebrity of the century, from Béranger to Dumas the younger, from Meyerbeer to Louis Blanc. In the evening there were moth hunts in the park; Madame Maurice played Chopin or Berlioz in the salon;—then George Sand bade good-night and retired—to work until two or three in the morning. Occasionally, on gala nights, Maurice would perform with his puppets one of the fantastic pieces of his mother's collection—"Théâtre de Nohant."

Thus peacefully and usefully closed the life of her who had played in her century as strange and restless a part as any of the creations of her imagination. She had been ill for a month without speaking of her ailment. On the thirteenth of May suffering compelled her to keep her bed. The family was away at a wedding party. Dr. Papet discovered intestinal paralysis, and knew she was lost. The agony lasted eight days. On Wednesday, the 8th June, it was seen that the end had come. All that night she spoke no word—save to beg her son to withdraw—manifestly dreading that he should see her in the last convulsion. She died at three o'clock in the morning, saying distinctly before the end:

"Surtout qu'on ne détruise pas la verdure."

It was thought at first that the words meant delirium, then it was remembered that a group of firs planted near the orchard wall overshadowed the corner of the cemetery, where George Sand would rest beside her father, her mother, her grandchildren.

She lies there now, "la grande femme de ce siècle," said Victor Hugo; "la bonné dame," said the peasants.—*Temple Bar*.

HEINE BEFORE THE VENUS OF MILO.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

In one of the prefaces to his poems, Heine relates how, in May 1848, he dragged himself into the Louvre to take farewell of our dear Lady of Milo. "I lay," he said, "for a long time at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone must have had pity on me. And though the goddess looked down on me with compassion, it was a compassion without comfort, as if she would say, 'See'st thou not that I have no arms, and so cannot give thee help?'"

ONCE more I come before mine eyelids fail
And drop between me and the light I see.
Once more I come to take my farewell look
Of her who, like a glory, led my youth,
And gave a shape and color to its dreams.
But once again before I turn away
Into my living grave to die—to die.

O perfect form of perfect woman, clad
In that sweet light not born of earth, but drawn
From those high realms that bend above the gods,
Whose sun has lent the softest of its light
To cling forever round this splendid form
That cares not for our worship, nor the love
Of pilgrims drawn by unseen links to lay
Their highest love—highest as no desire
Can ever mingle with it—at thy feet!
Thou wert to me as sunshine to the day,
The presence by whose side I knelt and saw
The shadowy curtains of the land of dreams
Lift, as a morning mist takes to the hills,
And thine the voice that, soft as April rain,
Bade me rise up and enter. But amid
Those forms that haunt the regions of our sleep,
Or look in on our day-dreams in the light,
When, without sleeping, we dream purest dreams,
Thou wert the fairest of them all, and rose
Perfect in all thy glorious womanhood,
Yet so apart that all the meaner air
Made circles round thee till the inner light
Took softer fire from thee, and crowned thy brow
With beauty which the gods alone possess
Who dwell beyond the shining of the stars.

That haunting sense of beauty which the gods
Bestow on some wild mortal whose rash foot
Strikes on the threshold of their calm, was mine
To touch my heart as with a sudden fire
Snatched from their own pure altars. As I stood
In that high wonderland of dreams, I heard
Footsteps that were like music, voices clear
As the melodious murmur of a stream
Half-hushed by moonlight. As they sang, I knew
My worship was an echo of their own;
For in it, like the yearning in a song,
Rose that most passionate cry for fairest forms,
Such as for ever haunt and wander through
The dreams of some Endymion, as he lies

Upon the Latmian hill of early love,
And thine was still the shape to which they sang.

Thou knowest my worship. Yea ! for when I fought
In the keen ranks of thought, and kept my place
Amid the heavy tramp of men who knew
No higher worship than their own desires,
I still was true to all my love for thee.

I fought and stung : for one, perforce, must use
The weapons of his foe, but when I struck
I felt the wound I gave and that keen pain
That follows bleeding when no blood is seen.
For this I live in exile, hearing not
The speech in which I sing, for I had songs
That still took all their spirit from thine own,
And from those eyes, as if their calm white orbs
Grew tender with a touch of human love
And saddened. Nay, but this could never be,
For thou art far apart from us, and hast
That immortality which says to all,
" I know not that strange sorrow born of death."

Alas, my life-long worship and my dreams
Of thee and of a thousand shapes that took
Their life from thee, must end. Even as I look
They pass before me, veiling tear-wet eyes
Within the flowing sunshine of their hair,
Each clasping long fair hands upon her breast
As loth to go. One lifts a strange sad face,
Pale with divinity of sorrow past,
From out the golden glory of her hair
And, weeping, questions—" Must we say farewell ?

I answer, but I dare not meet her eyes—
" Farewell, farewell ; for all behind me Death
Stands with his shadow forward. It may be
That in that land to which I blindly go,
Hereafter I may see thee fairer still.
Ah, God, I guess but darkly, so farewell."

But thou who standest with no arms to clasp
Thy worshipper, nor tears to dim the light
In those pure eyes of thine ; how can I say
Farewell and pass away from thee ? I stand,
Thy latest lover, worn and weak of heart,
With all my dreams, like leaves in Autumn, shed
Before this touch of coming death, and know
That I but drag myself away from thee
To that long torture of the living grave
Amid the streets of men where, growing blind,
I shall but see thee with the inward eye,
Looking one calm white pity as I fade
Away into that other land whose dreams—
Ah, dare I question—will they be like thine ?

I pass, but thou wilt never pass away :
The years that show no pity unto men,

But only proffer graves to cover each,
Have smiles for thee that, mingling with the light
Around thy gracious presence, crown thee still
With immortality to stand to all
The white perfection of those dreams that come
To lovers in the restless years of youth,
And of my own that, shrunk and withered up,
Rustle like dead leaves in the winds of death—
I cast them in my sorrow at thy feet.

But why should there be tears within mine eyes?
And why should sorrow shake my voice? for thou—
Thou hast no sorrow and disdainest tears
As all unworthy of that life which needs
No beating of a little crimson tide
As in the veins of mortals. For the gods
Who made thee thus immortal in their love,
Stand near thee and possess thee. They alone
Know the white secret in thine eyes, and that
Unchanging pity for some thing afar,
Which thou and they can only see. They walk
With silent footstep through thy dreams, and bow
In worship; and their murmurs fill thine ear
With music that can never reach our own,
For we, being mortal, cannot hear, and live,
Our own dull life around us like a wall
Amid the daily things we understand.

Farewell! I turn away to that long death
Whose shadow is upon me, and these eyes
Will never see thee. Only in my dreams,
Perchance thou mayest be dimly seen, as now
I see thee through the mists of keen regrets
At my lost youth—and in their tender veil
Thy beauty will be as a star that shines
When early light is slipping up the sky.
But I shall not behold thee with those eyes,
Whose light is slowly fading, to be lost
In that thick darkness born of death. Alas,
Thou even now art fading; for my tears
Grow thicker, and my dreams of what thou wert
Are also sinking. One long look, and then
I turn to live again my passionate life,
Whose thoughts, like waves that lap some fairy shore,
Were ever at thy feet to break in song;
But now there shall be silence, for I go
To that live grave amid the rush of feet—
A grave that will not offer rest, but thou,
Wilt thou not bend above me as I lie,
And throw upon the darkness of mine eyes
The shadow of thy light, that I may know
Thou still art near me? lo! I wait to hear
The music of those lips; but wait in vain—
No answer!—and I turn away to feel
The coming darkness settle like a pall
Between mine eyes and thee. Farewell! farewell!

THE LESSON OF "JUPITER."

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

If I were asked what I consider the most important discovery which has been made during the nineteenth century with respect to the ancient history of mankind, I should answer by the following short line :

Sanskrit DYAUSH-PITAR* = Greek
ZEÏΣ ΠΑΤΗΡ† = Latin JUPI-
TER‡ = Old Norse TYR.

Think what this equation implies ! It implies not only that our own ancestors and the ancestors of Homer and Cicero spoke the same language as the people of India—this is a discovery which, however incredible it sounded at first, has long ceased to cause any surprise—but it implies and proves that they all had once the same faith, and worshipped for a time the same supreme deity under exactly the same name—a name which meant Heaven-Father.

This lesson cannot be taught too often, for no one who has not fully learnt, marked, and inwardly digested it can form a true idea of the intellectual character of that ancient and noble race to which we all belong. Ancient history in our century has become as completely changed by that one discovery as astronomy was by the Copernican heresy in the sixteenth.

And if we wish to realise to its fullest extent the unbroken continuity in the language, in the thoughts and words of the principal Aryan nations, let us look at the accents in the following list :

	Sanskrit	Greek
<i>Nom.</i>	Dyaús	Zeús
<i>Gen.</i>	Divás	Διός
<i>Loc.</i>	Diví	Διí
<i>Acc.</i>	Dívam	Δία
<i>Voc.</i>	Dyaûs	Zeû

Here we see that at the time when the Greeks had become such thorough

Greeks that they hardly knew of the existence of India, the people at Athens laid the accent in the oblique cases of Zeus on exactly the same syllable on which the Brâhmans laid it at Benares, with this difference only, that the Brâhmans knew the reason why, while the Athenians did not.*

A scholar who ventures on the sea of ancient history, and more particularly of ancient religion and mythology, without having these two short inscriptions constantly before his eyes, is as helpless as an ancient mariner without a compass : he may weather many a storm, but he must be wrecked in the end.

The only possible starting-point for the study of Greek, Roman, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic mythology has thus been determined : it is *Dyaus*, and nothing but *Dyaus*, as certainly as the sun in its central position is the only possible pivot of all scientific astronomy. But it is one thing to discover a truth, and quite another to make people see that truth. Naturally, though perhaps unfortunately, the man who has discovered a truth, who sees it, knows it, and can no longer doubt it, is generally very indifferent as to whether other people can be made to see it and accept it. He knows it will conquer in the end, and he feels that he has more important work to do than to convert the heathens. Truth, he knows, is in no hurry. The Copernican theory was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it lived on for all that ; and, what is more wonderful still, it is at present accepted as gospel by millions, whereas the number of those who really understand it, and, if called upon, could defend it, might probably be counted by hundreds only.

We have witnessed a similar triumph of truth in our own days. When the old theory of evolution—*das Werden*—was once more taken up by such men as

* *Rv.* iv. 1, 10.

† *Zeû páter* (*Od.* v. 7, etc.)

‡ *Dispiter*, *Dispiter*. As to the corresponding German names see Grimm, *Teut. Mythology*, i. p. 192. The Eddic name *Týr*, gen. *Týs*, corresponding to Sanskrit *Dyaus*, would be *Tius* in Gothic, *Tiw* in A. S., *Zio* in Old High-German.

* *Selected Essays*, i. p. 220 ; *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii. p. 468 (seq.)

Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Haeckel, O. Schmidt, and others, it was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it has lived on for all that, and, what is most extraordinary, it is preached at present most vociferously out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

It has been the same with the study of comparative mythology. The real workmen remained in their quarry, quietly digging and sifting, and delighted if, after years of patient toil, they were rewarded with one nugget, one safe equation, such as Daphne=Sanskrit Ahanā, Kerberos=Sanskrit Sarbara, &c. They were well laughed at, they were vigorously anathematised, and yet, even in our own lifetime, there is hardly a schoolboy left who does not know that Zeus is Dyaus. When one reads the amusing and sometimes even scurrilous articles which facile pens have poured out for years in English and foreign journals against comparative mythology and solar myths, one cannot help thinking of that now famous monkey who, as an unanswerable argument, was kept swinging backward and forward in the Senate House at Cambridge, performing its amusing capers over the heads of Darwin and his friends, while the University was conferring on the veteran sage the highest honors which it can bestow on true genius and honest work, the honorary degree of LL.D. Did that *argumentum ad simiam* prevail?

But let us try to learn something even from that swinging monkey. Why is there, at least among a certain class of orthodox theologians and classical scholars, so strong an objection to a comparative treatment of Greek and Roman mythology? Mere conservatism, mere unwillingness to learn, will hardly account for it. No doubt it is disagreeable, after one has been accustomed to teach one thing, to be called on suddenly to teach something quite different. There is an indolent element in all of us which tempts us, if possible, to ignore new doctrines and to elbow out their apostles. It is still more disagreeable to be told, as in the case of comparative philology and mythology, that in order to study the new science or, at all events, to be able to criticise its results, it is absolutely necessary to buy new tools—

in fact, to learn Sanskrit. Still there is no escape from this *dura necessitas*, unless we adopt a strategical ruse which, even if for a time it should be successful, reflects small credit on those who resort to it.

In order to find an excuse for not studying Sanskrit, and yet criticising the labors of comparative philologists, great stress has been laid on the fact that comparative philologists, even those who know Sanskrit, often differ from each other, and that therefore the study of Sanskrit can be of little use. It is difficult to imagine a weaker, not to say a meaner, argument. It was the same argument that was used against the decipherers of hieroglyphic, cuneiform, Umbrian, and Oscan inscriptions. They were laughed at because they differed from each other, and they were laughed at because they differed from themselves; as if progress, or, as it is now called, evolution, were possible without scholars differing from themselves and differing from others.

I still remember the time when the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis published his famous squib, "*Inscriptio antiqua in Agro Bruttio nuper reperta: edidit et interpretatus est Johannes Brownius, A.M. Alumnus Christi quondam alumnus, Oxoniae, 1862.*" All the laughers were then on his side, and comparative scholars were assured that an English Chancellor of the Exchequer had disposed of such men as Champollion, Bunsen, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Kirchhoff, A.-frecht, Mommsen, *et hoc genus omne*, in the short hours of leisure left him by his official duties. I was truly sorry for Sir George Cornewall Lewis at the time, and I believe he lived long enough to be truly sorry himself for this *jeu d'esprit*, which, I confess, reminded me always of an elephant trying to dance on a rope. In his *Astronomy of the Ancients* he had tried to show that, wherever the tradition of a language had once been broken, it was impossible, by means of the comparative method, to decipher an ancient inscription, whether in Egypt, Persia, Italy, or anywhere else. In his squib he gave a practical illustration, showing that, by employing the same comparative method, he was able to interpret any inscription, even the following, which he proved to be Umbrian: *Google*

HEYDIDDLEDIDDLE
THECATANDTHEFIDDLE
THECOWJUMPEDOVERTHEMOON
THELITTLEDUGLAUGHED
TOSEESUCHFINESPORT
ANDTHEDISHRANAWAYWITHTHESPOON.

Often was I asked at the time—now twenty-three years ago—why I did not answer these attacks; but, with all respect for Sir George Cornwall Lewis, I felt that no answer was deserved. Would an astronomer feel called upon to answer, if the most learned Chancellor of the Exchequer asked him, in his most solemn way, whether he really thought that the sun did not rise? Would a chemist feel disturbed in his experiments if he were told, even by the most jocular of journalists, that by profusely mixing oxygen and hydrogen he had never succeeded in producing a single drop of water? It is no doubt the duty of a journalist to give his opinion about everything; and if he does it with real *esprit* no one finds fault with him. He may even, if he is persevering, stir up a certain amount of what is called public opinion: but what is public opinion to a scholar and a lover of truth? Of course, if it can be shown that a Bopp or a Grimm has completely changed his opinion, or that those who followed after them have convicted these great scholars of many an error, the ignorant crowd will always say, "Aha! aha!" But those who are quiet in the land would, on the contrary, be utterly disheartened if it were otherwise, and if, in spite of constant moil and toil, the best scholars were always to remain in the same trench, never advancing a step in the siege of the strong fortress of truth. What seems to me intolerable is that persons who avowedly cannot form an independent opinion of two views, the one propounded by Bopp, the other by Grimm, should think that they can dispose of two such giants by simply saying, "Aha! aha! they contradict each other!"

It is strange that these ready critics, who, though ignorant of Sanskrit, pride themselves on their knowledge of Greek and Latin, should be aware that in Greek and Latin philology great scholars contradict themselves and contradict others quite as much as in Sanskrit, Zend, Gothic, or comparative philology. The Greek classics have been interpreted

now for nearly two thousand years—at Alexandria, at Rome, at Constantinople, at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Berlin. No doubt a schoolboy, when reading his Homer, imagines that the construction of every line is settled by his tutor, and the meaning of every word by his Liddell and Scott. But every true scholar knows how different the real state of the case is; how much uncertainty attaches to the meaning of many words; how often scholars have changed their interpretation of certain lines; and how fiercely the highest authorities contradict each other as to the true purport of Homeric poetry and Homeric mythology. Let us open the *Odyssey*, and in the very first line the best scholars differ as to the meaning of *πολύτροπος* and the grammatical analysis of *ἐννεπε*. Ennius was right in rendering *ἐννεπε* (i.e. *ἐν-σεπε*) by *insece*, an etymologically identical form, identical also with the German *ansagen*, English to say. But, if he was right in this, it follows that we must change *ἔσπετε*, say, into *ἔσπετε*, because it stands for *σε-σείπετε*, and there is no excuse for dropping the aspirate. As a matter of fact some of the MSS. read *ἔσπετε*. However, La Roche and other Homeric interpreters differ on this point, as on many others.

But if Ennius was right in rendering *ἐννεπε* by *insece*, he was probably wrong in taking *πολύτροπος* in the sense of *versutus*, as if it were *πολύμητις*. *Πολύτροπος* in our passage means no more than *ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη*, according to a very common peculiarity of Homeric diction. Still this again is an open question.

The very next word, *πλάγχθη*, gives rise to a new controversy as to whether it means "he was tossed" or "made to wander." I decidedly prefer the first meaning, but far greater authorities prefer the second.

And so we could go on from page to page, pointing out words and whole sentences on which doctors disagree, and yet without any scholar venturing to say that it is useless therefore to read Homer.* There are two classes of readers*

* What is the true meaning of *ἀσπερχές*, *Od.* i. 20; of *ἀτρεκέως*, *Od.* i. 169? How should we interpret *θεῶν ἐν γόνοισι κείται*, *Od.* i. 267; how *ἐθνα* in *Od.* i. 277; *ἀνοκαῖα*, *Od.* i. 320; *ἐλπίς*.

for Homer, as there are two classes of readers for the Vedas. One class must accept what either Sâyaṇa or a European editor lays down as the law, just as schoolboys must accept what their master tells them, whether out of Aristarchus or out of Merry and Munro. Another class of more advanced students must judge for themselves. But no one would even pass Moderations by simply saying that Sâyaṇa differed from Ludwig and Aristarchus from La Roche, and that therefore they were probably both wrong. By all means, let us try to find out, for instance, what Homer really meant by such a name as *Argēphontes*, and what comparative philologists make of that name. But if the two differ, let us not suppose that it is a proof of superior knowledge and judgment to proclaim our agnosticism, and to smile at those who honestly try to decide between two opinions instead of proudly proclaiming their own incompetency.

Comparative mythology has many difficulties to contend with, and it would not be honest to attempt to hide them. But it would be cowardly to run away from the trysting-ground, and worse than cowardly to rail at those who in the tournament of truth are sometimes wounded, or even unseated by a powerful thrust.

Comparative is a name which has been assumed of late by nearly all historical and natural sciences, though, if we once understand the true method and purpose of any single sentence, it would seem to be almost superfluous to qualify it by that predicate. There is no science of single things, and all progress in human knowledge is achieved through comparison, leading on to the discovery of what different objects share in common, till we reach the widest generalisations and the highest ideas that are within the ken of human knowledge.

Thus with regard to languages, the very first steps in our knowledge of words are made by comparison. Grammar consists in a collection of words which, though they differ from each other, share certain formal elements in common. These formal elements are called grammatical elements, or suffixes,

affixes, prefixes, &c., and we are said to know the grammar of a language when we have learnt under what conditions different words undergo the same formal modifications. Thus comparison leads in the first instance to a grammatical knowledge of a single language.

When, however, they proceed from a study of one to a study of many languages, a new process of comparison begins. We observe that words in different languages undergo the same or nearly the same modifications, and by placing the paradigms of their declension and conjugation side by side, we try to find out on what points they agree and on what points they differ, and we hope thus to discover in the end the reasons why they should agree on certain points, and why they should differ on others.

Comparative philology deals partly with facts—that is, the differences and coincidences that can be observed in the material and formal elements of language—partly with laws, using that word in the humble sense of "something which is true of many objects," not as νόμος ὑπὲρ ποδῶν οὐρανίαν δι' αἰθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὧν Ὀλυμποῖ πατήρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέρωρ ἔτιχεν. These laws, if once discovered, are to account for such similarities and dissimilarities as give to each language its own individual character.

This science of comparative philology, however, very soon assumes three different aspects, and was cultivated in three distinct schools, which may be called (1) the *etymological* or *genealogical*, (2) the *analogical*, and (3) the *psychological*.

In comparing such languages as Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit, it was soon found that they were really varieties of one and the same historical prototype, that they pointed to a common origin, and that all their differences must be accounted for either by *phonetic corruption* or by *dialectic growth*. The comparative study of these languages became therefore genealogical, or, in grammatical phraseology, *etymological*.

Starting from a certain number of radical and formal elements (the latter being themselves radical elements of an earlier period), the principal object of the genealogical or etymological school has always been to discover the system according to which these elements were

της, Od. i. 349; ἀργός, Od. ii. 11; εὐδετελος, Od. ii. 167; ἡλεός, Od. ii. 243, etc. ? Might we not say to some recent translators of Homer, *Hic Rhodus, hic salta?*

combined into words, and to determine the laws which regulate the phonetic changes of words, either in the same or in different languages. These laws are sometimes treated as natural laws, which, however, means no more than that they admit of no exception, except such as can be accounted for by new laws.

The next school, the *analogical*, or, as it might also be called, the *dialectic*, tries to discover what in the same or in different languages is not *identical*, but yet *analogous*. While the genealogical school looks upon all cognate languages as dialects developed from one ideal *κοινή*, the dialectic school looks upon each language as the result of a previous independent growth, and thus is able to account for freedom and variety in single languages as well as in whole families of speech, as against the iron laws of phonetic change established by the etymological school.

It would be impossible, for instance, or at all events undesirable,* to treat, say, the Ionic dialect as a corruption of the Æolic, or the Æolic as a corruption of the Ionic. The same applies to High German and Low German, to Sanskrit and Prâkrit, to Cymric and Gadhelic. These are all independent streams of language, which it is as hopeless to trace back to one common source, as it is to discover the one small source of the Nile or even of the Thames. They spring indeed from the same geological stratum, and they follow parallel courses under similar conditions, but they are not yet one stream of water or of speech, kept in by the same shores and moving on in the same bed. Even after their confluence the peculiar colors of what I call dialectic growth remain, and help us to account, by true or false analogy, for that want of uniformity or regularity which the etymological school postulates with unyielding severity.

Thus *dvau* in Sanskrit, *δύω* in Greek, *duo* in Latin are phonetic varieties of one and the same type. They are identical in origin, and their differences can be accounted for by phonetic laws. But Sanskrit *dvitīya*, the second, and Greek *δεύτερος* are not identical in

origin. They are dialectic forms, sprung from the same etymological stratum, not the products of one and the same creative act.

Nevertheless it is in cognate languages only that we could account for such words as Sanskrit *prathama*, the first, *πρῶτος*, *primus*, and Gothic *fruma*. These are all analogous formations, only they must not be treated as varieties of one common prototype. Their differences are not due to the influence of phonetic modification, which can be reduced to a law, but to the freedom of dialectic growth, which must be accepted as a fact.

I cannot enter more fully into this subject at present, but I may remark that it is the disregard of this distinction between phonetic modification and dialectic growth which, at the present moment, seems to me to have led to a series of misunderstandings between the most prominent representatives of comparative philology.*

This comparison of various languages, after it had led to the discovery of the great families of human speech, and settled the principles according to which cognate languages should be analysed and explained, opened in the end a still wider prospect and disclosed before our eyes not only what was common to Greek and Latin, to Hebrew and Arabic, to Finnish and Hungarian, but what was common and essential to all languages, what constitutes in fact the nature of language in general, and indirectly the nature of thought.

This kind of study, comparative in the widest sense, though it aims at the discovery of the highest philosophical truth, does not depend for that discovery on abstract reasoning, but differing from all former attempts to construct a science of general grammar and of logic, it takes its materials entirely from the facts supplied by that infinite number of languages in which the power of language and thought has become realised. It matters little whether we call this branch of comparative philology psychological or ethno-psychological, as long as we see clearly that it aims at ex-

* See *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 55 seq.

* G. Curtius, *Zur Kritik der neuesten Sprachforschung*, 1885; Delbrück, *Die neueste Sprachforschung*, 1885; Brugmann, *Zum heutigen Stand der Sprachwissenschaft*, 1885.

plaining that intellectual development which has its outward form in language, and that it derives its materials entirely from a careful study of the different types of human speech, so far as they are still accessible to the student of the present day. To me that branch of the science of language seems to transcend the powers of the present generation, and to belong to the future of our race. But I look to it as the final consummation of all that has ever claimed the name of philosophy, as the solution of all psychological, logical, and metaphysical problems, and in the end as the only true key to our knowledge of the Self.

What applies to comparative philology applies *mutatis mutandis* to comparative mythology. That name has been applied to every kind of comparison of gods and heroes, of myths, legends, and stories. But in order to avoid misunderstandings and barren discussions, we ought to divide comparative mythology also into three branches, which may be defined as (I.) the etymological or genealogical, (II.) the analogical, (III.) the psychological or ethno-psychological.

The *etymological* branch of comparative mythology places the names and stories of certain gods and heroes side by side, and tries to prove that these names were derived from prototypes common to certain families of speech. As its object is not only to compare, but to *identify* these names, and the persons to whom they belong, it is clear that this branch of comparative mythology can deal with the traditions of such languages only as have been proved to be connected genealogically. It is natural, therefore, that this special domain of research should have been almost exclusively cultivated by critical scholars, and that the evidence to which they appeal should be entirely etymological, and under the sway of the strictest phonetic laws.

The second branch, the *analogical*, might claim for itself the principal right to the name of comparative mythology, for it is chiefly occupied with comparing myths and legends, without attempting to identify them. Like the etymological school it confines itself to the myths of cognate languages, but after having shown how many different names and

personifications may attach themselves to the principal objects of mythological thought, such as the sun, the moon, the sky, the earth, fire, and water, storms and lightning, and in how many different ways the same story may be told of these polynomous objects, it proceeds to a comparison of myths which, though not identically the same, must have sprung from the same common stratum, and thus takes possession of a far larger area of mythological thought as the common property of a race than could be claimed by purely etymological tests. This analogical process has its dangers, like all purely morphological comparisons, but it forms nevertheless an almost indispensable supplement to the genealogical treatment of mythology.

While both the genealogical and the analogical schools confine themselves to a comparison of mythologies which are handed down to us in languages held together by the ties of a common origin, the psychological or ethno-psychological school soars higher, and comprehends the mythologies of all mankind. There is nothing in all the mythologies of the world that cannot be compared. What Heine said to an ethno-psychological lover—

Und, mein Herz, was Dir gefällt,
Alles, Alles, darfst Du lieben

may be said to an ethno-psychological mythologist—

Und, mein Freund, was Dir gefällt,
Alles, Alles, darfst vergleichen.

It is a most fascinating, though no doubt at the same time a somewhat dangerous, study, unless it is carried on by men of scholar-like instinct and historical tact. Its charm consists not only in the discovery of the most surprising coincidences in the mythologies, the customs, and traditions of distant races, distant in space as well as in time, civilised and uncivilised, ancient and modern, but in the discovery of the general motives which alone can account for such similarities. It becomes, in fact, an historical psychology of the human race (*Völkerpsychologie*), and promises in time results of the highest value, not only to the historian, but to the philosopher also.

Comparative mythology rests, as we

saw, and can only rest, on comparative philology, and such has been the constant advance of that science, particularly with regard to the laws which regulate the interchange of consonants and vowels, that many etymological identifications which seemed quite legitimate fifty years ago cannot be considered so any longer. My own conviction has always been that phonetic laws cannot be administered in too Draconian a spirit, and that there ought to be no difference made in applying them either to vowels or to consonants. It is far better to leave an etymology, however tempting, as unproven for a time than to tamper with a single phonetic law.

But, with regard to mythological names, I confess that I myself have been guilty sometimes of pleading for *circonstances atténuantes*, and I must do so once more. I pointed out many years ago, first, that all mythology was in its origin local or dialectic, and that therefore we must be prepared in mythological names for dialectic variations, which we should not tolerate in other nouns and verbs. Even in one of my latest papers (*Internationale Zeitschrift für allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft*, vol i. p. 214), where I compare *Zephyros* with the Vedic *Gdhusha*, I had to remark, "Scholars might differ as to Sanskrit *g* being represented by Greek *ζ*; but that on Greek soil *γ* and *ζ* vary dialectically can be seen from *γεύσασθαι* and *ζεύσασθαι*, *ἐπιζατέω* by the side of *παρύς*, Sanskrit *guru*, *πεφυζότες* and *πεφυγότες*, &c.

Secondly, I pointed out, likewise many years ago, that it was almost an essential condition, before a name could assume a truly mythological character, that, by some accident or other, its etymological meaning should have been somewhat obscured. Words like *Hemera*, day, *Nyx*, night, *Helios*, sun, *Selene*, moon, may send out a few mythological offshoots, but it is chiefly round dark and decaying names, such as *Kastor* and *Pollux*, *Apollo* and *Athene*, that the mythological ivy grows most luxuriantly.*

But though I have occasionally claimed the liberty to account in this way for a phonetic irregularity in a

mythological name, I have always done so with due warning, and have drawn a very sharp line between comparisons which are phonetically unimpeachable and those which admit of doubt. It seems hard, however, to have to defend mythological comparisons, when one has to deal with critics who know neither the phonetic laws nor their recognised exceptions. I fully admit, for instance, that the old phraseology, that an initial *d* is lost in Sanskrit *asru*, as compared with Greek *δάκρυ*, or that Greek *δ* in *δάκρυ* is changed into Latin *l* in *lacruma*, is not strictly accurate. No *δ*, being once Greek, was ever changed into a Latin *l*; no Greek *δ* was ever lost in Sanskrit. All this is quite true, and I have myself often pointed out the dangers of that old-fashioned way of speaking, though I must confess at the same time that there is considerable difficulty in finding better expressions. But will anybody contend that *asru*, tear, in Sanskrit, being evidently derived from a root *as*, to cut, to be sharp, and *δάκρυ*, tear, being evidently derived from a root *das*, to bite, have nothing whatever in common, and that they do not owe their origin to a common concept or metaphor, and therefore to a common creative act? Without wishing to pronounce in any way as to the origin of such parallel roots as *as*, to be sharp, and *das*, to bite, no one can deny their simultaneous existence in the common Aryan treasury.* From *as*, to be sharp (in every sense of that word), we get in Sanskrit *asra* and *asri*, point, edge, in Latin *acus*, *acer*, in Greek *ἄκρος* and *ἄκρις*; and as *acidus*, from meaning sharp, comes to mean bitter and sour, *asru* in Sanskrit and Zend, *assara* in Lithuanian, came to mean a bitter tear. From *das*, to bite (bitter, from Sanskrit *bhid*, Latin *findo*), we have *δάκρυ*, *dacruma*, Gothic *tagr*, English *tear*; and who can doubt that all these words meant originally the biting tear? Of course we can doubt everything, as it always sounds so much more learned to doubt than to accept, and the temptation to shake one's head is very great. But for that very reason it deserves an

* Fick derives *agni*, fire, from the root *dak*, and Holzmann points out that the goddess *Dandyn* in the *Mahābhārata* appears as *Andyn* in the *Harivamsa* (A. Holzmann, *agni*, p. 34).

* See Benfey, *Tritonia Athana*, pp. 8, 9.

occasional sharp rebuke, such as Professor Pott, for instance, has lately administered to a learned colleague, when he writes, "Naturally the determined tone of the Professor's veto, 'The comparison with *δάκρυ* is as little justified as that of *ahan* with *day*,' signifies nothing."*

But now let us grant, for the sake of argument, that *asru* and *δάκρυ* are entirely unconnected, and that therefore the Vedic *Ahand*, dawn, cannot be compared with Greek *Daphne*. Even then *Daphne* remains the dawn, as I endeavored to show many years ago.† That German *tag*, English *day*, comes from the root *dah*, to burn, has never been doubted, I believe, even by those who think doubt the highest proof of wisdom (see Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* vol. iii. p. 825 seq.); and my opinion that the Sanskrit *ahan*, day, may be derived from the parallel root *ah*, has at all events the support of one of my most determined adversaries, the veteran Professor Pott. If *ahan* is day, what can *Ahand* be but the dawn? And if from *ahan* we get *Ahand*, why not from *dah*, *Dahand*? It is well known that the *h* in Sanskrit roots is the neutral representative of *gh*, *dh*, and *bh*. The *gh* of *dah* actually appears in Sanskrit *nidāgha*, heat. All I claim, therefore, is that it may be admitted that we have in *Daphne* a remnant of the root *dabh* by the side of *dah*,‡ as we have *gah* by the side of *gabh*, *grah* by the side of *grabh*, *nah* by the side of *nabh*, &c. *Daphne* means the burning or bright one, and there is actually the Thessalian form *Δαύχνη* for *Δάφνη*.

If we once know that *Phoibos* meant the sun, and that *Daphne* could have meant the dawn, we shall probably not look very far for an explanation of the Greek saying that the dawn fled before the sun, and vanished when he wished to embrace her.

But why, it may be asked, was *Daphne* supposed to have been changed into a laurel tree? Ethno-psychological mythologists will tell us that in Samoa, Sarawak, and other savage countries

men and women are supposed to be capable of turning into plants, and that, as the Greeks were savages once, they no doubt believed the same, and that we need therefore inquire no further. Now, with all possible respect for ethno-psychologists, I cannot think that this would be much more than explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. The question that everybody would ask is, Why, then, did the Samoans and Sarawakins and other savages believe that men and women turned into trees? Neither totemism surely, nor fetishism, nor tabuism, or any other ethnological *ism* would help them to that belief. Then why should not the classical scholar be allowed to look for a key nearer home, and when he finds that the laurel, being a wood that burns easily, was called therefore *δάφνη*, or fire wood, why should he not be allowed to say that the legend of *Daphne*, the dawn being changed into *daphne*, the laurel tree, may have been due to the influence of language on thought, to some self-forgetfulness of language—in fact, to the same influence which induced people to fix a brazen nose on the gate of Brasenose College, and to adopt an ox passing a ford as the arms of Oxford?

Warum in die Ferne schweifen?

Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah!

Whether cases of identity of names, like that of *Daphne* and *daphne*, are at the bottom of the more general belief that men and women can be turned into plants, is a far more difficult question to answer, and before we generalise on such matters it is better to inquire into a number of single cases, such as those of Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and others, in Greece and elsewhere. We shall find, I believe, here as elsewhere, that the same effect is not always due to the same causes, but, unless we find some kind of cause, comparative mythology might indeed be called a collection of rubbish, and not a museum of antiquities. To say that a legend of a woman being changed into a tree is explained when we have shown that it is quite natural to a race which believes in women being changed into trees, is surely not saying very much.

When one has carefully reasoned out a mythological equation, and supported all the points that might seem weak by

* *Etymologische Forschungen*, vol. ii. part iv. p. 510.

† *Comparative Mythology*, 1856. See *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 398.

‡ Cf. Sk. *dahra* = *dabhra*.

means of analogies, as I believe I may say I had done in the case of *Ahanâ* = *Daphne*, it seems rather hard to be told afterwards by M. Bergaigne, who certainly does not belong to the strictest school of philology, that "M. Max Müller restituait au nom d'*Ahanâ* un *d* pour en faire l'équivalent (ou à peu près) du nom de *Daphné*, et retrouver dans la nymphe grecque une sœur de l'aurore védique."* After this flippant kind of criticism how can M. Bergaigne complain of the somewhat rough handling he has always experienced from German scholars?

But though I believe that in the eyes of most unprejudiced scholars my equation *Dahanâ* = *Daphne* requires no longer any defence, I ought perhaps to say a few words on another equation, namely, *Ahanâ* = *Athene*,† which has provoked more powerful criticism. The change between *h* and *gh*, *dh*, *bh*, has been referred to before. We have here an instance of Sanskrit *h* = Greek *th*, or of Greek *χ* = *θ*, which is not only amply confirmed as between Sanskrit and Greek, but exhibited dialectically in Greek itself, as in *ὄρνιθος* = *ὄρνιχος*, *ἰχθυα* = *ἰσχυα*, &c. The suffix added to the root *αθ* is the same which we find in *Selênê* and elsewhere, and the change between *ana* and *ana* is likewise perfectly regular.‡

Phonetically, therefore, there is not one word to be said against *Ahanâ* = *Athene*, and that the morning light offers the best starting-point for the later growth of *Athene* has been proved, I believe, beyond the reach of doubt or even cavil. Her birth from the head of *Zeus*, Sanskrit *mûrdhâ Divâh*, explains her name *Cap(i)ta*, *Koryphasia* (*ἐκ κορυφῆς*),§ and her wisdom, her valor, her purity, all point to the same source.

But although nothing really important could be brought forward against my equation *Ahanâ* = *Athene*, the fact that another scholar had propounded another etymology seemed to offer a great opportunity to those who imagine that by simply declaring themselves incompetent

to decide between two opinions they can prove both to be wrong. Now Benfey's etymology* of *Athene* is certainly extremely learned, ingenious, and carefully worked out; yet whoever will take the trouble to examine its phonetic foundation will be bound in common honesty to confess that it is untenable. We are dealing here with facts that admit of almost mathematical precision, though, as in mathematics, a certain knowledge of addition and subtraction is certainly indispensable for forming a judgment. I speak of the phonetic difficulties only, for, if they are insurmountable, we need not inquire any further.

If it could be proved that Greek and Sanskrit had no mythological names in common, there would, of course, be an end of comparative mythology in the narrow sense of the word. We might still be able to compare, but we could no longer think of identifying gods and heroes, who have no common name, and therefore no common origin. We can compare *Jupiter*, *Jehovah*, and *Unkulunkulu*, but we cannot identify them. We should find many things which these three supreme deities share in common, only not their names—that is, not their original conception. We should have in fact *morphological* comparisons, which are very interesting in their way, but not what we want for historical purposes, namely, *genealogical* identifications.

It is curious that it should be necessary to repeat this again and again, but what is self-evident seems often to require the strongest proofs. It is one thing to *compare*, and there are few things that cannot be compared, but it is quite a different thing to *identify*; and what I maintain is that no two deities can be identified, unless we can trace them back to the same name, and unless we can prove that name to have been the work of one and the same original name-giver. This is a point that must be clearly apprehended, if further discussions on mythology are to lead to any useful results. But when the preparatory work of the etymologist has been achieved—when we can show, for instance, that the Sanskrit name for dawn, *Ushas*, is the same as the Greek

* *Religion Védique*, vol. iii. p. 293.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. p. 349.

‡ See Kuhn, *Herabkunft*, p. 28.

§ Bergk, *Neue Jahrb. für Philol.* 1860, pp. 295, 410.

* *Tritonia Athana, Femininum des Zendischen Thraēāna dithwāna*. Göttingen, 1868.

Eos; that the Sanskrit name for night, *Nis*, is but a dialectic variety of the same base which we have in *Nūē* and *Nox* (*noctis*); that *Dyaus* is *Zeus*, and *Agni*, fire, is *ignis*—what then? We then have, first of all, irrefragable evidence that these names existed before the Aryan separation; secondly, we know that, whatever character may have been assigned to the bearers of these mythological names in later times, their original conception must have been that which their etymology discloses; thirdly, that whatever, in the shape of story and legend, is told of them in common in the mythologies of different countries must have existed before the final break-up of the Aryan family. This is what constitutes comparative mythology in the strict, or, if you like, in the narrow sense of the word, and this domain must be kept distinct both from the *analogical* and from the *psychological* divisions of comparative mythology.

To take an instance: If I have succeeded in proving the phonetic identity of *Ceres* and Sanskrit *sarad*, autumn or the ripening season, a solid foundation is laid. That foundation must be examined by scholars, and no one who is not an expert has anything to say here. He must simply accept what is given him, and, if he cannot himself decide between two opposite opinions, he must at all events not try to pose as a Hercules. Neither common sense nor even forensic eloquence will here be of any avail.

Now it is well known that the Romans had their own etymology of *Ceres*. Servius (*V. G. i. 7*) says * "alma Ceres a creando dicta, quamvis Sabina Cererem panem appellant." If this were true, *Ceres* would originally have been conceived as *creatrix*. We know that the ancient Romans did not pretend to be more than folk-etymologists, and even they would hardly have found a bridge from *create* to *Ceres*. Modern etymologists,† however, have taken the hint, and have proposed to derive *Ceres* from the Sanskrit root *Kar*, to make, from which they also derive *Cerus* or *Kerus*, a creative genius, invoked in the *Carmen Saliare* as *Cerus Manus*, applied to *Janus*, and supposed to mean *creator*

bonus. Pieller goes so far as to connect with these names the word *cerfus* (the Vedic *sardha*) of the Umbrian inscriptions, which is utterly impossible.

Leaving *Cerus* for further consideration, we cannot deny that phonetically *Ceres* might be derived from the root *Kar*, as well as from the root *sar*, to ripen. This is a dilemma which we have often to face, and where we must have recourse to what may be called the history and geographical distribution of roots. No purely phonetic test can tell us, for instance, whether *Vesta*, Greek *Ἑστία*, is derived from *vas*, to dwell, or from *vas*, to shine, to say nothing of other roots. Curtius derives it from *vas* (*ush*), to shine forth, from which *vasu*, the bright gods, bright wealth, &c., because the goddess was first the fire and afterwards the hearth and the home. Roth derives it from *vas*, to dwell.* I prefer *vas*, to shine forth, because the root *vas*, to dwell, has left few, if any, traces in Latin.†

I feel the same objection to *Kar*, to make, as the etymon of *Ceres* which I feel to *vas*, to dwell, as the etymon of *Vesta*. The root *Kar* (or *skar*) first of all does not mean to create even in Sanskrit, but to fashion, to perform; secondly, there is hardly one certain derivation of *Kar* in Latin, for both *cerus* and *creo*, *cresco*, &c., seem to me doubtful. Grassmann, who rejected the derivation from *Kar*, proposed to derive *Ceres* from *Krish*, to draw a furrow. But *Krish* never occurs in the North Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing, nor in *Ceres* the deity of ploughing or sowing, but of reaping. I therefore prefer the root *sar*, which means to heat, to cook, to ripen; from it *srita*, roasted, and *sarad*, harvest, autumn. A derivative root is *srâ*, caus. *srāpay*. From this root we have in Greek *καρπός*, the ripe fruit; *corpus*, like *saritra*, the ripe fruit of the body (*Leibesfrucht*); and, more distantly related, *cal-ere*, *cre-mare*, &c.

Now, considering that even the German *Herbst*, the English *harvest*, comes from this root, what doubt can there re-

* Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 403.

† *Ibid.* p. 70.

* Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xix. pp. 22, 218.

† Benfey (*Hermes*, p. 37) points out how the root *pat* has in Sanskrit the meaning of moving upward, flying; in Greek of falling downward, *πίπτω*; in Latin of moving forward, *patere*.

main that *Ceres* is *sarad*,* and was an old name of harvest? What was the substratum of *Sarad* and *Ceres*, whether the time of harvest or the earth at the time of harvest, the harvest sun or the harvest moon, which seemed every year to cause that ripening temperature—these are questions impossible to answer. When the concept of deity had once come in, definite thought became unnecessary, and the poet claimed perfect freedom to conceive his *Ceres* as suited his imagination. How early the harvest, the furrow (*Śitā*), the field (*Urvarā*), the days, the seasons of the year were raised to the rank of goddesses may be seen from the invocations addressed to them at the domestic sacrifices† of the Brāhmanas. Almost all that we are told of *Ceres* as an aboriginal Italian deity can be fully explained by this her etymological character, and with this the task of the comparative mythologist is finished. Her absorption by the Greek *Demeter*, and all that flows from it, belongs to the domain of the classical scholar, and need not detain us at present.

It seems to me that after the etymology of a mythological name has once been satisfactorily settled, we have not only the real starting-point in the history of a deity or a hero, but also a clear indication of the direction which that history followed from the first. I look in fact on these etymologies and on the equations between the names of deities in different cognate languages as the true capital of comparative mythology, and on every new discovery as an addition to our wealth. If we want to know the real founders and benefactors of comparative mythology, we must look for them among those who discovered such equations as *Dyaus*=*Zeus* and defended them against every objection that could reasonably be raised against them.

Still it often happens that, after we have established the true meaning of a

mythological name, it seems in no way to yield a solution of the character of the god who bears it. No one can doubt the phonetic identity of the names *Haritas* in Sanskrit and *χαρίτες* in Greek, but the former are the horses of the rising sun, the latter show no trace whatever of an equine character. Kuhn supposed that *Prometheus* took its origin from the Vedic *pramantha*, yet *pramantha* is only the stick used for rubbing wood to produce a fire, *Prometheus* is the wisest of the sons of the Titans. *Sārameya* in Sanskrit is a dog, *Hermias* a god; *Kerberos* in Greek is a dog, *Sarvarī* in Sanskrit is the night. The *Maruts* in the Veda are clearly the gods of the thunder storm, but there are passages where they are addressed as powerful gods, as givers of all good things, without a trace of thunder and lightning about them. We see, in fact, very clearly how here, as elsewhere, the idea of gods of the thunder storm became gradually generalised, and how in the end the *Maruts*, having once been recognised as divine beings, were implored without any reference to their meteorological origin.

Strange as this may seem, it could hardly be otherwise in the ancient world. If one poet became the priest of a family, if one family became supreme in a tribe, if one tribe became by conquest the ruler of a nation, the god praised by one individual poet could hardly escape becoming the supreme god of a nation, and having become supreme, would receive in time all the insignia of a supreme deity. In the Veda the old supreme deity of the bright sky, *Dyaus*, who remained to the end the supreme god among Greeks and Romans, is visibly receding, and his place is being taken by a god, unknown to the other Aryan nations, and hence probably of later origin, *Indra*. *Indra* was originally a god of the thunder storm, the giver of rain (*indra*, like *indu*, rain-drops), the ally of *Rudras* and *Maruts*, but he was soon invested with all the insignia of a supreme ruler, residing in heaven, and manifested no longer in the thunder storm only, but in the light of heaven and the splendor of the sun.

Something very like this has happened among the Teutonic nations. With them too *Tiu*, the Teutonic reflex

* On the final *d* and *s* see my article on "Ceres" in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xviii. p. 211.

† Pāraskara, *Grihya-Sūtra*, iii. 17, 9. *Śitā*, the furrow, in later times the wife of Rāma, is here invoked as the wife of Indra. *Urvarā* is *āpūpa*; from *Śitā* and *stiya*, frumentum, may have come *stīro*. On the days, as thirty sisters, see Pāraskara, *Grihya-Sūtra*, iii. 3, 5, 4; on the seasons and the year, iii. 2, 2. *Sarad* is invoked in the same place as *abbayā*, free from dangers.

of *Dyaus*, has receded and his place has been taken by a god who, to judge from the etymology of his name and many of the legends told of him, even after he attained his divine supremacy, was originally a god of storm and thunder. The gods of storm and thunder were naturally represented as fighting gods, as brave warriors, and in the end as conquerors; and with warlike nations, such as the Germans, such gods would naturally become very popular, more popular even than the god of light, who was supposed to live enthroned in silent majesty above the dome of heaven, the one-eyed seer, the husband of the earth, the All-father. I speak of course of the High German *Wuotan*, the Norse *Odin*.

It is possible, of course, to study the history of mythological gods and heroes, even without knowing the etymology of their names. There are many ordinary words of which we shall never know the etymology, because they belong to a stratum of language of which little or nothing is left. They generally belong to the most ancient formations, and lie about like boulders among formations of a different age. And these are the very words that would provoke folk etymology and folk mythology, just as large boulders scattered on a meadow provoke village legends. But in dealing with such words we become painfully aware how difficult it is, without etymological guidance, to settle on the starting-point and the first direction of a myth. We grope about, but we cannot put down our foot determinately, while as soon as we know the etymology we feel that we have found the true source of our river, and however much that river may meander afterwards, we know whence it draws its real life.* With mythological beings there can be nothing earlier than their name, because they are names in the true sense of the word—that is, they are *nomina* or *gnomina*, concepts, by which alone we know a thing, however

long we may have seen, or heard, or smelt, or felt it before.

No doubt the sun was there before it was named, but not till he was named was there a *Savitar*, a *Pūshan*, a *Mitra*, a *Helios*, or an *Apollo*. It is curious that this should require any proof, for to any one acquainted with the true relation between what we call language and thought it is self-evident. Some writers on mythology speak of *Jupiter* and *Juno* as of a well-known couple, who quarrelled and scolded each other, and did a number of things more or less extraordinary, and whose names are really of no importance at all. The idea that *Jupiter*, and *Apollo*, and *Athene* are names and nothing but names sounds almost like heresy to them. *Zeus*, according to them, was the child of *Rhea*, was swallowed and brought up again by *Kronos*, was educated in *Crete*, and, after conquering his father, became king of gods and men. I hold, on the contrary, that *Zeus* was born when *Dyaus*, the sky, was for the first time addressed as masculine and called father, *Dyaush pitā*, and that the whole of his subsequent career follows almost as a matter of course, if we once know his true beginning. The question of mythology forms part of the philosophy of language, and will never be fully solved till we see that the first and last word in all philosophy can be spoken by the philosophy of language only.*

It is far better, however, to leave mythological names which resist etymological analysis unexplained than to attempt to explain them in violation of phonetic rules. The etymological domain of mythology must be allowed to remain sacred ground, which no one should enter with unwashed hands. There is really no conceit in saying this, for the same rule applies to all professions. It may sound conceited to outsiders, but as little as a chemist would allow a bishop, however clever he may be, to try experiments with his chemicals can an etymologist allow a lawyer, however eminent as a pleader, to play pranks with roots, and suffixes, and phonetic laws. It is quite true that

* Otfried Müller, in his *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825, says (p. 285): "Die Namen sind grösstentheils mit den Mythen zugleich geworden, und haben eine eben so nationale und lokale Entstehung;" and again: "Dass die Etymologie ein Haupt-Hilfsmittel zur Erklärung der Mythen ist, möchte schwerlich bezweifelt werden können."

* "Das Wort macht, dass sich die Seele den in demselben gegebenen Gegenstand vorstellt" (Humboldt, *Grundzüge des allgemeinen Sprachtypus*). See Techmer's *Zeitschrift*, vol. 3, p. 390.

there are mishaps and even explosions in chemical laboratories, nor do philological laboratories enjoy an immunity from such accidents. But even an explosion may not be too much to pay if only it teaches us what causes an explosion, and helps us to be more prudent in future. We must work on quietly and methodically, and on no account must we allow ourselves to be interrupted by men who do not know the A B C of our profession.

Scholars understand each other, and they soon yield to argument. What was more tempting than to identify the Sanskrit Samāsa (διασκευή) with *Οἶνος*? Yet it was given up almost as soon as it was thought of, for the simple reason that *s* between two vowels does not appear in Greek as *r*. The Vedic Sōma, the Old Norse Són (gen. sonar), even the Greek οἶνος, seem closely allied drinks; yet who would identify their names? It seems sometimes very hard to surrender, or at all events to mark as doubtful, an etymology which is all right, except perhaps in one consonant, one *spiritus*, one shade of a vowel; but it must be done. Benfey's argument, for instance, that (p. 20) "in Athana five elements of the Greek word correspond entirely or essentially and in the same order to five out of the seven elements in *Ἀπτήνδ*," ought never to be listened to. If all but one single letter agreed, the two words would not be the same; nay, sometimes when all letters are the same the two words may still be, and generally are, as distinct as *Himmel* and *Himālaya*, *Atlas* and *Attila*. Though, for instance, every letter is the same in the two words, I at once surrendered the equation *Saramā*=*Helena* when it was pointed out to me that *Helena* had originally an initial digamma; and I only ventured to defend the identification once more, when it had been shown on how slender evidence that initial digamma rested, and how often a so-called digamma had taken the place of an original *s* and *y*.†

It is only due to the strict observation of phonetic laws that comparative mythology has gained the respect of true

scholars, whether classical or Oriental. As long as we deal with facts and laws,—or, if that sounds too grand a name, with rules and analogies—we are on firm ground and hold a fortress well-nigh impregnable. Another advantage is that all warfare, within or without that fortress, can be carried on according to the strict rules of war, and when we cross swords we cross them with true swordsmen. Wild fighting is here out of the question, or if it should be attempted it would only excite ridicule among the *preux chevaliers*. If a bold antagonist challenged the legitimacy of *Dyau*=*Zeus*, we must meet him point by point, but if a wary critic challenges the diphthong *oi* in *Φοῖβος*=*Bhava* we must yield at once. The diphthong *oi* does not point to Guna of *u*, but to Guna of *i*, and the mistake has been as readily acknowledged as when Curtius thought in former days that *Δολύχη* could be derived from *Δύω*, while it is the same word as the Sk. *dhenā*.*

We have now to advance another step, and try to make good a position which at one time was most fiercely contested by all classical scholars.

Though the etymological analysis of names forms the only safe foundation of comparative mythology, it is the foundation only, and not the whole building. The etymology of a mythological name may be perfectly correct phonetically, and yet untenable for other reasons. It stands to reason that no etymology can be accepted which does not account for the original character of the god or hero to whom it belongs. It is clearly impossible, for instance, to derive *Hermes* from *ἐρμηνεύειν*† and *Erinnys* from *ἐριννύειν*, because such derivations would account for the later chapters only, but not for the introduction to the lives of those deities. If, then, we hold that the original character of most Aryan gods was physical, we must also hold that no etymology of a mythological name can be acceptable which does not disclose the original physical character of the god.‡

* *Grundzüge*, p. 484.

† *Selected Essays*, vol. i. pp. 447, 622.

‡ The "Nature-god," as Welcker says, "became enveloped in a web of mythical fable, and emerged as a divine, humanized personality." See Miss A. Swanwick, *Æschylus*, p. xxi.

* See, however, *Corpus Poet. Bor.* vol. ii. p. 462.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii.

Most of the etymologies suggested by later poets and philosophers suffer from one and the same inherent defect; they are all calculated to explain the later development of a god, as it was known at the time, but not his original character. Popular etymologies too, a very rich source of modern myths and legends, are almost always vitiated by this defect.*

Thus, when looking out for an etymology of the *Charites*, it would seem very natural to take them as goddesses of grace (*χάρις*), just as we take *Nike* as the goddess of victory. But then comes the question why *Charis* should have been the wife of *Hephaistos*, like *Aphrodite*; why the *Charites* bathe and dress *Aphrodite*; why, in fact, they should have entered into the very thick of Greek mythology. If *Charis* and the *Charites* are old goddesses, they must have started from some nook or corner in nature, and that nook or corner can only be discovered by their name. *Charis*, as I have tried to prove, is the same word as the Sanskrit *Harit*, and the *Haritas* in the Veda are the bright horses of the rising sun. Without, therefore, in the least supposing that the *Charites*, too, must have passed through that equine stage, we are justified in tracing both the *Charites* and the *Haritas* back to the same source, the bright rays of the rising sun.

It may seem difficult, no doubt, to trace so abstract a concept as the Greek *χάρις* back to a root *har*, which means to shine, to glow; still we see in Sanskrit how this root lends itself to the most varied applications, and what is real in Sanskrit may surely be admitted as possible in other Aryan languages.

In Sanskrit, by the side of *har*, we find the fuller form *ghar*, to glow. From it we have such words as *ghrina*, heat, *ghrinā*, pity, *ghrinin*, pitiful, kind; *ghrini*, heat, sunshine, *gharma*, heat, (*ἔρμος*), summer, kettle, hot milk, *ghrita*, melted butter, fat, &c.

The root *har* we find again in the verb *hrinīte*, he is angry, lit. he is hot against a person, and in the verb *haryate*, he desires, i.e. he is hot after something. It is also used in the sense of to be

pleased with, and to love, as in *haryata*, desirable, *gratus*, while in *hri*, to be hot, it has come to mean to be ashamed. *Haras* means heat, fire, and force. *Hari*, *harina*, *harit*, and *harita*, all meaning originally shining and bright, have been used as names of color, and assumed meanings which sometimes we must render by yellow, sometimes by green. Out of these *hari* and *harit* have become mythological names of the horses of the son or of Indra.

Here then we see clearly that the ideas of shining, glowing, being hot, can be so modified as to express warmth, kindness of heart, pity, pleasure, love, shame, and likewise fierceness, anger, and displeasure.

That being so, I see no difficulty in deriving Greek words, such as *χαρμός*, bright-eyed (Sk. *haryaksha*), *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *χαρίζομαι*, I am kind and favorable, *χαρά*, joy, *χάρις*, brightness, grace, from one and the same root *har*, which in Latin has also left us *gratus* and *gratia* in all their various applications.

And here a problem presents itself to us which has to be carefully examined, because it is due to a want of a clear perception of all its bearings that different scholars have diverged so widely in their views of ancient mythology.

Supposing that *Athene* and *Daphne* were both originally names of the dawn, should we be right in saying that they were one and the same deity? Many scholars, I know, take that view, and are inclined to trace the whole mass of Greek or any other mythology back to a small number of physical sources. They look, in fact, on the numerous deities as mere representatives of a few prominent phenomena in nature. If *Apollon* and *Helios*, for instance, can be shown to have been originally intended for the sun, they would treat them as one and the same divine subject. If *Hermes* betrayed a solar character, he would share the same fate. Dr. Roscher,* for instance, in a very learned essay on *Apollon* and *Mars*, after showing the same solar elements in the Greek and in the Italic god, treats these two gods as identical.†

* Lersch, *Sprach-Philosophie der Alten*, vol. iii. p. 108.

* *Studien zur vergleichenden Mythologie*, i. "Apollon und Mars," 1873. Google.
† *Ibid.* p. 5.

We cannot deny that such treatment of mythology has a certain justification, and we may see from such papers as Dr. Roscher's that it may lead to very valuable results. But we must not allow it to interfere with the etymological treatment of mythological names. According to the principles of the etymological school, a deity begins from the moment it is named. It could have no existence as a deity before it was named. In Sanskrit, for instance, it is no doubt the sun that is meant by such names as *Sūrya*, *Āditya*, *Savitar*, *Mitra*, and in certain cases even by *Agni*, *Pūshan*, and other names. But every one of these names constitutes a separate mythological individuality, and must be treated accordingly. Were we to say that because *Mitra* is meant for the sun, and *Savitar* is meant for the sun, therefore both are the same deity, we should be right perhaps logically, but certainly not mythologically. In mythology it is the name which makes the god, and keeps one deity distinct from the other, and it is the name alone which remains unchanged, however much everything else, the character, the attributes, the legends, and the worship may change. There is in the name, and in the name alone, that continuity which cannot be broken, which lasts through centuries—nay, which binds together the mythology of countries as distant from one another as India and Iceland. Other things may be like each other, but the names alone can be said to be identical, and in the names alone therefore rests the identity of mythological personalities. Apollo and Mars may share many things in common, as Dr. Roscher has clearly shown; but they are different from their very birth; they are different as mythological subjects. It would be possible to find deities, not only in Greek and Latin mythology, but in almost every religion, representing, like Apollo and Mars, the sun, as determining the order of years, seasons, and months, as bringing back every spring the life of nature, as conquering heroes, as patrons of clans and towns and states. But though we might compare them, we should never think of identifying them. And here lies the fundamental difference between what I call the Etymological and the Analogical Schools of Compara-

tive Mythology. I do not mean to depreciate the results of the Analogical School; I only wish to keep the two distinct, and, by keeping them distinct, to make them both work with greater advantage for one common end.

And this distinction is by no means always so easy as it may appear. In the earliest stage of mythological language, all names were no doubt *cognomina* rather than *nomina*, intended for the sun or the moon, the sky or the dawn, the earth or the sea. Every one of these aspects of nature had many names, and it was due to influences which are absolutely beyond the reach of our knowledge, whether one or the other of these *cognomina* should become a *nomen*, a new centre of a number of *cognomina*. This period in the growth of mythology, the settling of *nomina* and *cognomina* of the principal deities of a religious or political community, has hardly ever been taken into consideration, and yet its influence on the growth and organisation of mythology must have been very important.

In Homer *Apollon* has, no doubt, become a substantive deity. Still *Phæbos* occurs by himself about nine times in the *Iliad*, and *Phæbos Apollon* or *Apollon Phæbos* are found nearly half as often as *Apollon* by himself, or with his usual epithets of *ἐκάεργος*, *ἀργυρότοξος*, &c. In the *Odyssey* and the *Hymns*, *Phæbos* by himself occurs eleven times, *Phæbos Apollon* eighteen times, while *Apollon* by himself or with his usual epithets is found more than twice as often as the two together.

It is therefore quite possible that *Apollon* and *Phæbos* should have remained independent deities—nay, we may say that to certain poets *Phæbos* was a different person from *Apollon*, quite as much as *Helios*. But in time these two names of *Phæbos* and *Apollon* converged so much that to certain minds they presented one idea only, though even then it was always *Apollon* who was determined by *Phæbos*, not *Phæbos* by *Apollon*.

It is but seldom that we can watch this process of crystallisation in mythology. When we become acquainted with ancient mythology through literary channels that process is mostly finished. One out of many names has become cen-

tral, while all the rest have clustered round it as mere mythological epithets.

Dr. Mehlis* has pointed out how, in the case of *Hermes* or *Hermeias*, the name of *Argeiphontes*, or the two names, *Diaktoros* *Argeiphontes*, are still sufficiently independent to allow Greek poets to use them by themselves. But he adds that, with the establishment of the dynasty of Zeus, the position of Hermes in the circle of the gods became essentially changed. "This period, characterised by the hegemony of Zeus, differed from the pre-Homeric time chiefly by the anthropomorphising of all the gods, and the gradual disappearance of their physical meaning. . . . The god of the morning sun—the true *Argeiphontes*†—occupied a very prominent place in the former cult of nature among the Greeks, and was then very closely related to the god of heaven, *Zeus*. This former pre-eminence he retained even in the Olympian cult, but his original function became more obscured, and the Olympian *Hermes* grew as different from his physical prototype as *Zeus*, the father of gods and men, from the god of the bright sky."

Very little progress has as yet been made in analysing the transition from the physical Aryan mythology to the Olympian mythology‡ as we find it in Homer, and in distinguishing the elements which entered into the final composition of each Olympian god. Each of these gods is surrounded by a number of epithets; but, while some of these epithets are adjectives in the true sense of the word, others seem to have possessed originally a more independent and substantive character, so much so that they can be used by themselves, and without what may be called the proper name of the Olympian deity.

And here a new difficulty arises—namely, how to distinguish modern epithets from ancient *cognomina*. We are told that the *Erinyes* were called *Eumenides* and *σεμναὶ Σεαί*, in order to indicate different sides of their character. This may be so; and if we keep

true to the principle that the original character of every ancient god and goddess must be physical, the name of *Erinyes*—i.e. the dawn goddesses—alone fulfils that requirement. But when the *Erinyes* are identified with, the *'Apat*, this does not prove that the *'Apat* or imprecations were not originally independent creations of Greek mythology, particularly as even in later times (*Soph. "Electra,"* 112) *Ara* and *Erinyes* are separately invoked. The same applies to the *Moiræ* who, originally quite distinct from the *Erinyes*, are afterwards treated as children of the same mother, and at last mixed up with them so as to become almost indistinguishable.

It may be quite true that the problem here alluded to is one that admits of no quite satisfactory solution, for the simple reason that the period during which the crystallisation of ancient divine names took place is beyond the reach of knowledge and almost of conjecture. Still it is well to remember that every organised mythology has necessarily to pass through such a period, and that in Greece particularly the well-ordered Olympian mythology, such as we find it in Homer, presupposes a more chaotic period. Etymology may in time supply us with a thread enabling us to find our way through the dark chambers of the most ancient mythological labyrinth, and we may even now lay it down as a rule that every name, whether *nomen* or *cognomen* which admits of a physical interpretation is probably the result of an independent creative act, represents in fact an individual mythological concept which for a time, however short, enjoyed an independent existence. Thus in Sanskrit *Apām napāt*, the son of the waters, is no doubt one of the many names of *Agni*, fire; but in the beginning it expressed an independent mythological concept, the lightning sprung from the clouds, or the sun emerging from the waters,* and it retained that independent character for a long time in the sacrificial phraseology of the *Brâhmanas*.

Sârameya the son of *Saramâ*, was in Sanskrit as independent a name as *Hermeias* in Greek. They both meant

* *Hermes*, pp. 38, 130.

† Decharme, *Mythologie de la Grèce ancienne*, p. 143.

‡ See some good remarks on this subject in *Some Aspects of Zeus and Apollo Worship*, by C. F. Keary (Roy. Soc. of Lit. xii. part ii. 1880).

* R. V. i. 22. 6: "apām napātām āvase Savitṛam ūpa stūhi."

originally the same thing, the child of the dawn. But while *Hermeias* became a centre of attraction and a germ which developed into an Olympian deity, the Vedic *Sārameya* dwindled away into a mere name of a dog. The germ was the same, but the result was totally different.

The *Haritas* in Sanskrit never became anything but the horses of the sun; in Greek they developed into *Charites*.

If then we ask the question once more, whether *Daphne* and *Athene*, being both originally names of the dawn, were therefore one and the same deity, we should say No. They both sprang from a concept of the dawn, but while one name grew into an Olympian goddess, the other was arrested at an earlier stage of its growth, and remained the name of a heroine, the beloved of Apollo, who, like the dawn, vanished before the embraces of the rising sun. Etymologically *Athene* and *Daphne* can be traced

back to the Vedic *Ahanā* and *Dahanā* with almost the same certainty with which the Vedic *Dyaush-pitar* has been identified with *Zeus patēr*, *Jupiter* and *Tyr*. If there are still philosophers who hold that such coincidences are purely accidental, we must leave them to their own devices. The Copernican system is true, though there are some Fijians left who doubt it. But if for practical purposes we believe, though we shall never be able to prove it, that in spectral analysis the same lines indicate the existence of the same elements in the sun as well as on the earth, we may rest satisfied with the lesson of Jupiter, such as it is, and feel convinced that, as there was an Aryan language before a word of Sanskrit, Greek and Latin had been spoken, there was an Aryan mythology before there was an *Æneid*, an *Iliad*, or a *Veda*.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

THE race for possession of new territories in remote seas is at present so keen, that those who are by profession neither international lawyers nor diplomats, are finding a subject of engrossing interest in those principles which at once stimulate the energy and restrain the cupidity of colonizing nations. The latest tidings of transpontine enterprise reach us from the Western Pacific. Germany, we are told, has occupied the Caroline Islands, and has sent notification of the fact to the European powers. Spain, it is said, asserts an ancient title to the same territory, and a difference is likely to arise between the two powers about a possession which has not yet been shown to be very valuable. Now, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, on the information which has yet reached us, to decide between the two claimants; but it may be useful to notice those rules which must govern the decision of the question if it is to be settled in accordance with international law.

The time-honored method which explorers used to adopt in order to appropriate the land which they had discovered, was for each one to set up his national standard on the most convenient

hill-top, and declare the territory to belong to the sovereign he represented. The plan had many advantages. The eager discoverer had no need to establish his power either by force of arms or by the patient aggression of colonization; he was troubled with no nice questions as to the rights of the aboriginal inhabitants, and his sweeping declaration of ownership did not condescend to define the limits of his appropriation. But those times are past. It is now more than a hundred years since our own Lord Kames, referring to the Law of Nations, wrote: "Symbolical possession will confer no right, either on the person who uses the symbol, or on the State whose subject he is. To acquire the property and to exclude others, there must be real occupation." This rule, which was then new, has now acquired the respectability of age, and it is at length universally recognized that to confer a good title, both the intention to possess and the actual possession must be proved. It is obvious that the adoption of such a principle must go far to simplify questions of ownership between rival nations, and how dangerous these may be, any one can realize who is

old enough to remember what was once known as the "Oregon Question." It will be observed that such a rule unceremoniously cuts down any claims founded on mere paper titles; and an old writer says, that navigators pay no more attention to a monument erected as evidence of possession, than they do to "the regulation of the Popes who divided a great part of the world between the crowns of Castile and Portugal"—an observation which is curiously in point at present, when we learn that the Spanish claim rests, in part at least, upon the famous bull issued by Pope Alexander VI. in the year 1493. This celebrated document has often before been used to check the enterprise of roving mariners; indeed, it was once cited as an objection against the acquisitive voyages of our own Drake; but on that occasion Queen Elizabeth plainly told the Spanish Ambassador that "she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of." Her Majesty's shrewdness had anticipated the reasoning of international jurists. In point of fact, no weight now attaches to royal letters-patent, or charters professing to make a grant of new territory, unless they are followed within a reasonable time by actual occupation; and this gives occasion to the inquiry, "What is proper occupation?" Strictly speaking, occupation can only be complete when the country is placed at the disposal of the occupying state, and this of course is best achieved when her colonists have settled themselves over the whole area. But how seldom this is accomplished, let the history of our own colonies attest.

In many cases, the size of the territory and the number of the settlers make such acquisition an impossibility; and then arise doubts as to boundaries. When Charles II. made grants of land in North America, the limits landward were not defined, and it was suggested that these grants might carry a right to territory straight across the continent to the Pacific. But the rule which is now acknowledged to apply to such cases is, that occupation of a tract of land on the sea-coast gives a title to all the country landward as far as the watershed line.

The circumstances of the case before us, however, are not likely to cause any difficulty as to boundaries. In all probability, no one of the islands which form the Caroline group is large enough to admit of a divided ownership; and in that case, the question between Germany and Spain as to each individual island will be decided wholly in favor of one of them, in accordance with that principle which declares that not only all the territory actually possessed by a settlement shall belong to it, but also all that in the hands of another power would be a menace to its security. For it is obvious that Spain could have but a precarious possession of the west side of an island of five-and-twenty square miles in extent, if Germany on the east side held a fort and coaling station. Yet it by no means follows that the whole archipelago must acknowledge the supremacy of the same state; for one of the three groups into which the islands are naturally divided, may be found to belong to one power, while the other claimant may successfully establish her right to the remaining two.

Discovery, then, is but an incomplete title unless it is followed up by Possession; but when so fortified, it will unquestionably extinguish every other claim. Now, the honor of discovering these scattered islands appears to rest with neither of the rival states, but with Portugal, by whom they were discovered in 1525; though as to the traders who are settled in them, Spain and Germany seem pretty equally divided. The proof, in short, in favor of one claimant's actual possession nearly balances that in favor of the other, and we are thrown back upon the effort to find some actings of one of the parties which shall establish at least an intention to possess; and if the whole matter should ultimately be submitted to arbitration, it is to this point that the arguments of the suitors will be mainly addressed. Germany will, of course, cite the definite act of appropriation which has at this moment raised the question of ownership, and will be able to show that notification of that act was duly given to the powers. Spain will point to her mission-work in the islands, to the announcement made in the last Cortes that she was about to appoint a special governor over

them, and perhaps also to the fact that that officer had actually set out for his destination before information of the German action was received at Madrid.

But it may be objected that, amid this balancing of pretensions, the rights of the original inhabitants have been wholly ignored. Are the native Malays, who are reputed the hardiest and most skillful sailors of Polynesia, expected to acquiesce without a murmur in the assumption of sovereignty over their land by some European state, which has found there a fulcrum for trade, and a mine of archæological wealth? The answer is, that no single nation is entitled to shut out another; and if the settlers of that other acquire importance by virtue of their trading energy and their skill in the arts, then annexation ought to be effected in the interests of the natives themselves, because, as a consequence of that public act, they will be protected in the peaceful possession of their lands—a right which they could not vindicate for themselves.

These, then, are the cardinal principles which must be applied to any proof which may be adduced by either power in support of her claim to these far-away islands. It is only by a process of very careful weighing the two masses of evidence, that a determination can be reached which will coincide with the facts of the case; and unless such a coincidence is attained, a substantial injustice will be done.

According to a contemporary, only five of the islands are of a mountainous character and apparently of remote volcanic origin; by far the greater number are flat coral islands. The vegetation is particularly rich and luxurious, if the variety of species is not great. The mountains are clad with trees to their summits. The character of the vegetation is pretty much that of other Pacific islands, approaching in the western islands to that of the Philippines and Moluccas. Ferns are found in extraordinary abundance, as are palms of various species (cocoa, areca, nipa and sago palms), and also pandanus. Round the coast are generally thick fringes of mangroves, followed by various fruit-trees, and further up the hills, mountain forests, among which various species of

figus are prominent, mixed with artocarpus, myristica, citrus, eugenia, crateva, &c. The fauna of the islands is not rich, and, except birds, probably of no commercial importance. The climate of the islands is essentially tropical, but without tropical regularity. It is pre-vaillingly moist. There does not seem to be any regular rainy period. The eastern and central islands especially are liable to violent rain-storms; yet on the whole the climate is agreeable, and, away from the coast, healthy. The people themselves evidently belong to the same well-formed, brown, comparatively intelligent Pacific race as the Hawaiians and New Zealanders, and, like them, alas, have suffered much in numbers, in physique, and in morals by contact with a certain class of whites. The total population, even including the Pellew Islands (which some regard as a separate group), does not probably exceed twenty thousand. The archipelago is naturally divided into three groups, east, central, and west, which, according to some authorities, correspond to political divisions, each group being under the general domain of one chief, who has his residence in the centre. The Caroline natives are great traders both among themselves and with Europeans. At present the principal articles bartered with Europeans for iron goods, tobacco, spirits, bottles, &c., are trepang and cocoa-nut oil. Europeans are settled in several of the islands, namely Ponape and Yap, and do considerable business with whalers.

We may add that hitherto these islands have not been regarded as being important, for they lie far out of the track of the great ocean highways. They are chiefly interesting from an archæological point of view, for they possess some remarkable ruins of what must once have been magnificent buildings. Some of the stones employed by these early architects are said to measure thirty-five feet long, and twenty feet broad by fifteen feet in thickness. The rude sculptures which are found there bear close resemblance to those of Easter Island, which, however, is six thousand miles away. The purpose and origin of these monuments are quite unknown.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE STORY OF HÉLÈNE GILLET.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

ONE day in October, 1624, a soldier who was walking on the outskirts of Bourg en Bresse, a little town between Macon and Geneva, was attracted by the strange conduct of a crow, which hovered about an old stone wall, perched on it, disappeared in a cavity, then reappeared drawing after it something white. The soldier examined the spot, and found in a cavity of the old wall the body of an infant wrapped in a linen shift marked H. G.

The wall belonged to the garden of the Sieur Gillet, royal châtelain of Bourg, the first magistrate in the place.

The soldier at once communicated with the authorities, and Hélène Gillet, the daughter of the châtelain, a young lady of twenty-one, was arrested on the charge of infanticide.

She denied her guilt, but various circumstances were produced at the trial which proved almost incontestably that the charge was well founded, and on February 6, 1625, sentence was passed upon her, that she was to be executed by decapitation. As she belonged to a noble family, she might not be hung. The cord dishonored, the sword did not; and cases were not rare in which gentlemen, desiring to prove their nobility in order to establish their qualifications for offices to which only the well-born were eligible, produced sentences of execution by the sword passed on their ancestors as patents of gentility. The old poet, Le Brun, made an epigram on a young coxcomb whom he heard boasting of his family because his father had been decapitated, which may be thus rendered in English:—

"My father fell beneath the blade;
Your father's end was bad.
My father's gentle blood was poured;
The gallows stamps a cad."
"Faith!" said the other, "what's the odds?
Whether by rope or sword.
The thread of life is cut alike
By headsman's axe or cord."

But to return to Hélène Gillet.

She appealed against the sentence to the parliament of Dijon. Her relations forsook her, with the exception of her mother, who followed her to Dijon,

where she was confined in the Conciergerie. Mme. Gillet went at once to the convent of the Bernardines at Dijon, to recommend her daughter to the prayers of the community, especially to those of the abbess, Mme. Courcelle de Pourlans, a lady who was associated with the Port Royalists, and whose name and some details concerning her are given in the "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Port Royal*." (Utrecht, 1742.)

Here also we may mention that one source of information for what follows is the life of this lady published at Lyons in 1699. For all the legal proceedings we are indebted to "*L'Histoire d'Hélène Gillet*," published at Dijon in 1829, which contains full verbatim extracts from the *procès* and all records of the court in the Dijon magisterial archives. The story, though very curious, never found its way into any of the collections of *Causes célèbres*, either of Pitaval, Estienne, Desessarts, or their successors. It is found in the "*Mercur françois*," of the date 1625.

The abbess of the Bernardines, on hearing Madame Gillet's petition, called to her Sister Françoise (Madame de Longueval, who died in 1633), a devout lady, who had retired into the convent on being left a widow, and desired her to make the case of Hélène Gillet one of special prayer.

Some days after this the abbess asked her whether she had done so, and whether she had received any reply from Heaven to her prayers. "My mother," answered Sister Françoise, "the petitions of the servants of God have been heard; be not discouraged by events; whatever happens, Hélène Gillet will not die by the hand of the executioner, but will die a natural and edifying death."

On May 11 the parliament of Dijon heard the appeal; the case was carefully gone into, and the avocat, Jacob, appeared for the accused. The sentence was deferred till the morrow. On Monday, May 12, which was the last session of the parliament before the Whitsuntide recess, the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg was confirmed, with the addi-

tional order that the criminal was to be led to execution with a rope round her neck—an order very unusual, and intended as an additional mark of indignity.

Now let us return to the convent. We will quote textually from the "*Vie de Madame de Purlans*." "The abbess, who had kept the prediction of Sister Françoise to herself, now announced to the community the confirmation of the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg, and regretted the fate of the unfortunate young lady. However, in spite of all, Sister Françoise spoke out repeatedly before the whole community, and declared that she would not die. Between three and four o'clock of the same day (Monday, May 12) Madame de Purlans was informed that the condemned Hélène was about to be led forth to execution. She instantly called the entire convent together and bade them pray. Sister Françoise was then in the kitchen, where she was engaged cooking. She at once left her work and knelt down on the kitchen floor in prayer. At that moment they heard the trumpets, and then the roar of voices, as the mob rushed past the convent, attending Hélène Gillet with the executioner and the town guard. A nun was in the kitchen at the same time as Françoise, and she was unable to resist the temptation of saying to her, 'There! do you hear, sister?' 'Yes,' answered Françoise, 'I hear her pass, but, for all that, I know she will not die. Go to the mother, and tell her so from me.' "

For what follows we are indebted to the contemporary "*Mercur de France*," confirmed in every particular by the records in the Palais de Justice at Dijon. Outside Dijon is the place of public execution; it goes by the name of Morimont (Mortis-mons), the "hill of death."

It is as well here to give some idea of what the places of execution were in old France. When executions were tolerably frequent, and the bodies were left suspended in chains till they fell to pieces, a small range of gallows did not suffice. M. Viollet le Duc, in his "*Dictionary of French Architecture*," devotes an article to the Fourches patibulaires, and gives several engravings of that of Montfaucon restored. The place of the gal-

lows formed a quadrangular platform about forty-four feet square. This platform was raised about six feet above the level of the soil, and was built over a vault to contain the bones as they fell from the gallows. Sometimes in addition to this vault it contained a chapel. On three sides of the platform were piers rising to the height of thirty feet, united by beams of solid oak at the top and in two heights below, so as to form three ranges or stories of gallows. Of these stone piers there were six on each side. One side of the quadrangle was left free for the stairs, and for the block for executions with the sword. Thus, on the Montfaucon *Fourches*, forty-five men could hang simultaneously—or rather, ninety, as each opening was made to accommodate two persons. In the middle of the area was a stone with an iron ring in it, which could be raised to allow of the bones being pushed through the hole into the vault below. Access to this vault was also obtainable through a door at the bottom.

This description has been rendered necessary to explain what follows.

Hélène Gillet was conveyed to Morimont in a cart, the executioner, a man named Simon Grandjean, and his wife attending her, he holding the rope that was attached to her neck. There was also in the cart a friar to give her spiritual comfort; about it were the town guard, two Jesuit fathers, and another Capuchin friar. On horseback rode the deputy-procureur général of the king. On reaching Morimont, Hélène Gillet was taken out of the cart and conducted up the flight of stone stairs to the platform. All Dijon was present. The youth and beauty of the criminal had attracted general sympathy. She was dressed in black, her face was deadly pale, with deep rings about her sunken eyes which were red with tears.

As soon as she had reached the platform, with the deputy-procureur, the executioner and his wife, and the four clergy, the guard drew up across the entrance to the steps to prevent the people from ascending. The *fourches* were inaccessible from other sides.

The poor girl, assisted by Madame Grandjean, fastened up her hair tightly on her head, and removed a kerchief that had covered her neck and was

pinned across her bosom, and knelt down at the block, whilst one of the Jesuit fathers prayed with her.

Then the executioner took his sword, which in the Acts is called a *couteles*, but which was almost certainly a two-handed sword, double-edged, the blade about four feet long, counter-balanced by a knob of iron at the end of the handle.

Grandjean had been suffering for three months from a fever and ague, and whether it was that the youth of the girl unnerved him, or that an access of his ague came over him, cannot be told, but as the procureur gave the sign to strike, his hand and the blade trembled, and instead of bringing the sword down on the girl's neck, he struck her on the left shoulder, inflicting a terrible gash. Hélène fell from her position on the right of the block, the executioner threw down his sword and covered his eyes. Hélène put up her hands to the bandage over her face, and tried to pull it off, but the wife of the executioner ran to her, restrained her, picked her up, and made her stand. Then the poor creature knelt again, and replaced her neck on the block.

In the meantime the excitement among the people had become extreme; they hooted and roared their curses against the executioner, who became more agitated and unnerved. Stones began to fly and to strike Grandjean, the procureur, and the priests indiscriminately. One or two even hit poor Hélène as she stood up and staggered to the block. Madame Grandjean picked up the sword and handed it to her husband, and exhorted him to be a man and finish what he had begun. He set his teeth, raised the sword again, and instantly the noise ceased. In the midst of a perfect stillness he smote. The sword struck the knot of hair at the back of Hélène's head, glanced from it, and cut into her neck a finger-breadth in depth.

Then the rage of the people knew no bounds. The whole concourse swayed like a rolling sea, and the guard had to use their pikes to keep them from bursting through and rushing to the platform. Stones fell like hail about the *fourches*, and the Jesuits and Capuchins fled for their lives through the little door into

the vault beneath. The executioner flung away his sword and followed their example. The deputy-procureur in vain shouted and addressed the people; he was struck by the stones and obliged to retreat. The only one who maintained her composure was Madame Grandjean; and now follows the most horrible incident of the whole case.

This wretched woman seems to have thought that the only way in which the people could be satisfied was to complete the work her husband had failed in. She looked about for the sword, intending to strike off Hélène's head herself, but she could not find it. The reason was that the poor girl, on feeling herself wounded the second time, had stood up and staggered about till struck again by the stones, when she fell *over the sword*. In the alarm and excitement, Madame Grandjean either did not observe this, or thought it best to destroy her elsewhere, for she seized the cord and dragged Hélène by it down the stone steps, kicking her in the chest and on the body, and when she got her on the stairs, where she was partly screened from the rain of stones, she knelt on her and dragged at the cord, trying to strangle her, and when this did not prove effectual, or speedy enough, she got her great scissors, and with them stabbed her and tried to cut her throat.

She was interrupted in her horrible work by the mob, which, frantic with rage, broke its way through the line of guards, rushed up the steps, caught the woman Grandjean, and tore her to pieces. Then they broke through the wooden door which the procureur and the priests held within, driving it off its hinges, and fell upon and trampled the executioner to death. Some butchers and masons tore down the door and were the first to enter and kill Grandjean. Then a great shout went up from the crowd behind, "Save the patient!" (*Sauve la patiente!*) The Capuchins and Jesuits, crucifix in hand, came forth from the vault, and surrounded Hélène. Some of the people raised her in their arms. She asked for water, and some was brought her; then the bandage that had been about her eyes was tied round her neck to staunch the bleeding from the wound in it. "I knew God would come to my aid," she said, and fainted.

The mob got a hurdle or gate, placed her on it and carried her off to the nearest surgeon, a man named Jacquin, who, however, was afraid to meddle in the matter, till he had obtained permission from the Procureur du Rois to attend to her wounds. On examination it proved that, in addition to the two sword blows, she had received six wounds from the scissors of Mme. Grandjean, one of which had passed between her windpipe and the jugular vein, another had cut through her lower lip and had entered the palate of her mouth; she was stabbed in the bosom, the scissors having passed between two of her ribs, and the rest of the wounds were in her head, some of them very deep. She was also fearfully bruised with the kicks she had received from the executioner's wife, and from the stones that had hit her.

Whilst she was having her wounds dressed the poor girl continued asking, "whether anything more was going to be done to her?" She was encouraged by those who stood by, who assured her that her very judges would intercede for her; that the Whitsun holidays had begun and would last a fortnight, which would afford time for an appeal in her favor to the king.

This was not the first instance of the people taking the punishment of an executioner into their hands. In 1516, a little over a hundred years before the execution of Hélène Gillet, Bazart, the Paris *bourreau*, having missed when engaged in striking off the head of a gentleman, was assailed with stones. He also took refuge in the vault under the scaffold. The mob lit a great fire at the entrance, and the man was suffocated in it. Two of those engaged in this lynching were punished for it; one was hung, and the other whipped. No one was made to suffer at Lyons for the murder of Grandjean and his wife.

On the morrow, the magistrates of Dijon met to consider what had been done, and to order the arrest of those who had been implicated in the murder; but there the matter ended, no one was arrested, and no one was punished. It is curious that among the magistrates engaged in this affair occurs the name of Bénigne Bossuet, the father of the illustrious Bishop of Meaux. The great bishop was his fifth son. Bénigne Bos-

suet became Deputy-procureur du Roi at Dijon in 1631, and dean of the parliament at Metz in 1633.

The documents in the Palais de Justice at Dijon give us another subsidiary incident, connected with the affair of Hélène Gillet, which is perhaps worth quotation.

In France, the executioner received no fixed payment for his duties, but he had the privilege of taking a handful of corn, peas, hay, or whatever is exposed for sale in the market. In Paris he is not allowed to touch the articles, but had a tin spoon which he thrust into sacks and baskets, and had a right to what it drew forth. At Dijon, also, he might not touch anything with his hand, but he had a white wand with which he indicated what he fancied, and the seller of the goods then took a handful and threw it in the bag or basket of the hangman.

Now on the next market day after the murder of Grandjean a sergens-de-ville went about claiming the hangman's perquisites, on the plea that he was applicant for the vacant post. His demands were refused, and the case was brought before the town magistrates, who reprimanded and fined the man.

To return to the unfortunate Hélène Gillet, who, although she had escaped immediate death, was not without fear. She remained in the house of M. Jacquin, who showed her every attention. Her wounds began to heal, but in the fever that attended the healing she became restless, and asked incessantly, "Will they still kill me? Is it not over yet?"

Hélène Gillet was still under sentence of capital death, a sentence which could only be put aside by a royal pardon. Unless that could be obtained, the magistrates of Dijon would be obliged to carry out the sentence of the parliament of Burgundy.

However, her case had excited such general commiseration that some of the principal people of Dijon and the neighborhood drew up an appeal in her behalf to the king, Louis XIII., who in this case certainly deserves the title of "the Just," which was accorded him. The King, moreover, was in high good humor. Charles I., King of Great Britain, had just married Henrietta Maria

by proxy on May 11, the very day on which poor Hélène had been tried at Dijon. Charles acceded to the throne on May 27, and Buckingham was preparing to conduct the French king's sister to England.

Louis drew up and signed a full and free pardon to Hélène Gillet—"At the recommendation of some of our beloved and respected servants, and because we are well-disposed to be gracious through the happy marriage of the Queen of Great Britain, our very dear and well beloved sister."

On Monday, June 2, 1625, on the receipt of this pardon, it was presented by Charles Ferret to the parliament of Dijon, and registered in their acts, and on June 5 Hélène's acquittal was decreed. Hélène Gillet remained some time after this under the care of the surgeon, till she was completely restored. She had time to consider what course to take for the rest of her life. Her mother was now continually with her, and her father, an old man, much broken by the events of the past eight months, paid her occasional visits.

Was she guilty? or—to what extent was she guilty? That question has never been answered. She steadily denied that she had murdered the infant, though she admitted whose the infant was. She seemed to be screening some one else; and it is probable that, in this matter, she was sinned against, rather than a chief sinner.

Her mind was deeply impressed with the almost miraculous delivery from death she had undergone, and, considering that she would always be known and pointed at, if she remained in the world, she performed the probably wise resolution of retiring into a convent. Within the gates of one of the Bresse religious houses she disappeared from the world, and lived to an advanced age, and died there with great tokens of piety; "Thus," as the author of the "Life of Madame de Poulans" says, "fulfilling the words of Sister Françoise to the letter."

We may add, in conclusion, that the only point in this very curious story which is not substantiated by independent testimonies is that one of the prophecy of Sister Françoise; but then it is just one which, in the nature of the

case, could not be so substantiated. The book which contains this singular incident was not published till forty-four years after the events, and it is quite possible that the imaginations of the nuns may have played with very simple facts and invested them with a halo of the marvellous. Still, it is remarkable that where the narrative in Madame de Poulans' Life can be checked with facts—down to such a matter as the hour of the day when the procession passed the convent—it is in full accord with them. We must leave this episode to the judgment of the reader. It would have divested the story of one incident of curious interest, if we had omitted to relate it.

In conclusion we may add that in the Middle Ages there were two chances of life at the last moment accorded to a malefactor condemned to death, besides a free pardon from the sovereign. One of these was the accidental meeting of a cardinal with the procession to execution; the other was the offer of a maiden to marry the condemned man, or, in the case of a woman sentenced to death, the offer of a man to make her his wife.

The claim of the cardinals was a curious one. They pretended to have inherited the privileges with which the vestal virgins of old Rome were invested. In 1309 a man was condemned to be hung in Paris for some offence. As he was being led to execution down the street of Aubry-le-Boucher, he met the cardinal of Saint Eusebius, named Rochette, who was going up the street. The cardinal immediately took oath that the meeting was accidental, and demanded the release of the criminal. It was granted.

In 1376, Charles V. was appealed to in a case of a man who was about to be hung, when a young girl in the crowd cried out that she would take him as a husband. Charles decreed that the man was to be given up to her.

In 1382, a similar case came before Charles VI., which we shall quote verbatim from the royal pardon. "Henrequin Dontart was condemned by the judges of our court in Peronne to be drawn to execution on a hurdle, and then be hung by the neck till dead. In accordance with the which decree he was drawn and carried by the hangman to

the gibbet, and when he had the rope round his neck, then one Jeannette Mourchon, a maiden of the town of Hamaincourt, presented herself before the provost and his lieutenant, and supplicated and required of the aforesaid provost and his lieutenant to deliver over to her the said Dontart, to be her husband. Wherefore the execution was interrupted, and he was led back to prison . . . and, by the tenor of these letters, it is our will that the said Dontart shall be pardoned and released."

Another instance we quote from the diary of a Parisian citizen of the year 1430. He wrote: "On January 10, 1430, eleven men were taken to the Halles to be executed, and the heads of ten were cut off. The eleventh was a handsome young man of twenty-four; he was having his eyes bandaged, when a young

girl born at the Halles came boldly forward and asked for him. And she stood to her point, and maintained her right so resolutely, that he was taken back to prison in the Châtelet, where they were married, and then he was discharged."

This custom has so stamped itself on the traditions of the peasantry, that all over France it is the subject of popular tales and anecdotes; with one of the latter we will conclude.

In Normandy a man was at the foot of the gibbet, the rope round his neck, when a sharp-featured woman came up and demanded him. The criminal looked hard at her, and turning to the hangman, said:—

"A pointed nose, a bitter tongue!
Proceed, I'd rather far be hung."

—*Belgravia.* /

LITERARY NOTICES.

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE. THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNTER AND NATURALIST IN INDIA, CEYLON, THE MALAY PENINSULA AND BORNEO. By William T. Hornaday, Chief Taxidermist United States National Museum, late Collector for Ward's Natural Science Establishment. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Adventures in the wild and strange parts of the world always have a peculiar charm. It is not only that the mind of man in his civilized state always reverts with a sort of irresistible fascination to the scenes and conditions of primitive nature; that he is drawn by the sense of the unaccustomed; that he is fired and stirred by the dangers and privations which such conditions compel—far more than this he recognizes in such occasional experiences a stimulus to his own strongest powers, physical, intellectual and moral, such as is impossible elsewhere. No doubt he returns again to artificial conditions with no less, even a keener pleasure than before; but roaming through lonely forests and pathless savannas which swarm with strange beasts and continual perils tax the resources to a degree that impels the highest enjoyment, the consciousness of successfully combating physical danger, coupled with the entire absence of mental worry. The interest of books of travel and adventure,

whether pursued simply in the interests of sport or for scientific purposes, thus appeals to old and young, and no class of publications has a surer hold on the public taste.

The volume before us unites the interests of science and of sport. Mr. Hornaday's object, the gathering of specimens of natural history, was primarily scientific, but he shows continually the passion of the keen sportsman. Whether he is engaged in shooting gavials, in bearding the royal tiger—that most dangerous of game—in Indian jungles, or in chasing the wild elephant, a foe hardly less terrible, we feel the keenest pleasure of the chase in his animated descriptions. Those portions of the book more specially connected with science, the descriptions of the methods of dissecting the game after killing them, disengaging the skeletons, and stuffing the skins for preservation, are of considerable interest; but, after all, it is in the adventurous character of the book that the general reader will take the most interest. Incidental also to the book, and not the least noteworthy, are the descriptions of strange and savage peoples, the striking features of the countries themselves. Mr. Hornaday well expresses his own feelings in these words:

"What follows is offered merely as a faithful pen-picture of what may be seen and done by almost any healthful young man in two years

of ups and downs in the East Indies. He at least who loves the mystic spell of life in 'a vast wilderness' will appreciate the record of my experiences. I love nature and all her works, but one day in an East Indian jungle among strange men and beasts is worth more to me than a year among dry and musty study-specimens. The green forest, the airy mountain, the plain, the river and the sea-shore are to me a perpetual delight; and the pursuit, for a good purpose, of the living creatures that inhabit them, adds an element of buoyant excitement to the enjoyment of natural scenery which at best can be but feebly portrayed in words."

Mr. Hornaday's hunting adventures begin with the pursuit of the Gangetic crocodile, known as the "gavial." He found none to speak of in the Ganges proper, but in the Yumna, one of its great tributaries, fortune favored his gun. His descriptions of the habits and nature of the "gavial" are of considerable interest, and show that the accounts which ascribe to this Asiatic saurian a superior ferocity and fearlessness are much exaggerated. Indeed, he is quite as harmless as the American "gator," and the Indian natives, timid as most of them are, do not hesitate to bathe and swim in places where these creatures haunt, though from time to time one of them is dragged under water by some crocodile more daring or hungry than his fellows. In elephant-hunting our naturalist did not succeed very well till he obtained permission from government to shoot in one of the great preserves in the Neilgherry hills, an important spur of the Himalayas. The destruction of the more important wild game in India proceeded so rapidly at one time that government found it necessary to interfere for the protection of the elephant, a creature in his tame state so important in India. Unlike the royal tiger, the panther, and other carnivorous creatures, the wild elephant is harmless when undisturbed, though a terrible foe when enraged. So great was the destruction of the elephant by hunters that his extinction seemed probable, when the Indian Government interfered to save perhaps the noblest of the world's fauna.

Once permission was gained to hunt for scientific purposes, Mr. Hornaday entered into the pursuit with the greatest zest, and gives us a very animated recital of adventures in which the mutual *roles* were more than once reversed, and he became the hunted instead of the hunter. All elephant-hunters make narrow escapes of life and limb, and our naturalist was

no exception, if we can trust his account. He secured several fine elephants, though his permit only authorized the shooting of one. Scientific zeal, united with the ardor of spirit, proved too strong for him. His dread of this infraction of the permit being discovered, and thus subjecting him to a heavy fine, is amusingly expressed, and he was obliged to bribe his Indian attendants heavily to prevent discovery. But things turned out happily, and his poaching was kept secret, or at least winked at, by the English officials, who proved, on the whole, very agreeable and accommodating. The following description of killing a tiger will interest the reader, and give a notion of our hunter-naturalist's forest experiences:

"Sure enough, there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away! The mid-day sun shone full upon him, and a more splendid object I never saw in a forest. His long jet-black stripes seemed to stand out in relief like bands of black velvet, while the black-and-white markings upon his head were most beautiful. In size and height he seemed perfectly immense, and my first thought was: 'Great Cæsar, he is as big as an ox!'

"When we first saw him he was walking from us, going across the bed of the stream. Knowing precisely what I wanted to do, I took a spare cartridge between my teeth, raised my rifle, and waited. He reached the other bank, sniffed a moment, then turned and paced slowly back. Just as he reached the middle of the stream he scented us, stopped short, raised his head, looked in our direction, and gave an angry growl. Taking a careful, steady aim at his left eye, I blazed away, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot reloaded my rifle in all haste. I half expected to see the great brute come bounding round that clump of bamboos and upon one of us; but I thought it might not be I he would attack, and before he could kill one of my men I could send a bullet into his brain.

"Vera kept an eye on him every moment, and when I was again ready I asked him with my eyebrow, 'Where is he?' He quickly nodded, 'He is still there.' I looked again, and, sure enough, he was in the same spot, and turning slowly round and round, with his head held to one side, as if there was something the matter with his left eye. When he came round and presented his neck fairly I fired again, aiming to hit his neck-bone. At that shot he instantly dropped on the sand. I quickly shoved in a fresh cartridge, and with rifle at full cock, and the tiger fairly covered,

we went toward him, slowly and respectfully. We were not sure but that even then he would get up and come at us. But he was done for, and lay there gasping, kicking and foaming at the mouth, and in three minutes more my first tiger lay dead at our feet. He died without making a sound.

"To a hunter the moment of triumph is when he first lays his hand on his game. What exquisite and indescribable pleasure it is to handle the cruel teeth and knife-like claws which were so dangerous but a brief moment before; to pull open the heavy eye-lid; to examine the glazing eye which so lately glared fiercely and fearlessly on every foe; to stroke the powerful limbs and glossy sides while they are still warm; and to handle the feet which made the huge tracks that you have been following in doubt and danger.

"How shall I express the pride I felt at that moment! Such a feeling can come but once in a hunter's life, and when it does come it makes up for oceans of ill-luck. The conditions were all exactly right. I was almost alone and entirely unsupported, and had not even one proper weapon for tiger-hunting. We met the tiger fairly on foot, and in four minutes from the time we first saw him he was ours. Furthermore, he was the first tiger I ever saw loose in the jungle, and we had outwitted him." The full dimensions of this great beast were nine feet eight and a half inches, exclusive of the tail, and three and a half feet in height. Well may the hunter have been proud of such a trophy.

Mr. Hornaday, after India, visited Ceylon, Malaysia and Borneo, in all of which regions he continued his hunting experiences; but we have no further space to allude to them in detail. The portion of the narrative devoted to Borneo and the hunting of the orang-outang, which reaches his greatest development in this island, is singularly interesting. The romantic story of Rajah Sir James Brooke, of Sarawak, who transformed the people there—a race of ferocious head-hunting barbarians—into a peaceful and civilized people, is retold in a dramatic and vivid way. Mr. Hornaday has given the public a book of much interest, because he has a good deal of interest to relate. But this cannot disguise the fact that the manner of the relation is often exceedingly bad. In his efforts to be easy and bright he becomes often culpably careless and vulgar. He has no respect for his grammar, and continually indulges in slang terms. If the charm of the book at all depended on style we fear Mr.

Hornaday would be a great failure as a writer without mending his ways. But this not being the case, the public is indebted to him for a work very entertaining and in large measure instructive.

SOUVENIRS OF A DIPLOMAT. Private Letters from America during the Administrations of Presidents Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler. By Chevalier de Bacourt, Minister from France. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Comtesse de Mirabeau. Translated from the French. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Americans have grown so used to hearing themselves abused as well as praised that they are now becoming far more thick-skinned than formerly. To be sure they have not yet attained that superb self-satisfaction which utterly disdains criticism, so characteristic of our English cousins. But at least a comfortable degree of philosophy has come to them which stands them in good stead. Were a new Chevalier de Bacourt to write of the present America as our sprightly diplomat did of the country twoscore years ago we should regard it as a smart fillip, perhaps; but toward the present writer, as he only abuses our fathers and grandfathers, we can extend a cordial welcome, as to one who has given us a caustic and readable, and not altogether ill-natured book. Still fewer Frenchmen even than Englishmen like the United States very much. How much more so forty years ago, when the conditions of the country were far more raw and crude, and there was only here and there one who possessed any measure of the conventional varnish of the Old World.

Chevalier Bacourt, whose private letters are now edited for the edification of American readers by his niece, was an old-school diplomat, bred in the most polished circles of Europe, a thorough hater of republics and republican institutions, refined, vain, acute, sensitive, but thoroughly bomb-proof against any pleasant impressions, except through the medium in which his nature had already been moulded and fashioned. He regarded his appointment to Washington as a species of banishment, and he begins to bewail his fate long before reaching America. On arriving here he does what any man does, sees exactly what there is in him to see. His vision was determined by what lay behind his eyes, not what was in front of them. The net result was to him ignorance, rudeness, vulgarity, social barbarism. No doubt the polished and cultivated American of to-day, if projected back forty

years, would see much to annoy, even to disgust him in some of the ways of the past generation. But he would see what no foreigner probably could see, a social system built on a base magnificently broad and strong, vital with forces boiling and upheaving so restlessly as to give no time for things to get finished—a people so busy and energetic in achieving the necessary and useful that the time had not yet come for the development of the elegancies of life. Our Frenchman missing the one had not the perception to see the other.

It goes without saying that the reflections of an acute diplomat like our Chevalier had in them a large measure of surface truth. We hardly need to be told that not very many years ago legislators in Congress occasionally threatened to shoot each other on the legislative floors, and frequently did it on the street; that the same gentlemen would put their muddy boots on the tops of their desks, and got very drunk, both in and out of Congress; that it was not very unusual to see those purporting to be gentlemen eating with their knives, and piercing their teeth with their forks, etc., etc., *usque ad nauseam*. Such things naturally perturbed the soul of M. de Bacourt, and the stress which he lays on them shows how deep was the anguish to his sensitive nature. Some of his stories are very amusing and cast side-lights on our near social past. He tells us Mr. Van Buren's French cook told his footman the following: "For several months, during which the question of the re-election of Mr. Van Buren had been agitated, people had come constantly to see him, and in the rudest manner insisted on being asked to breakfast or dinner, threatening, in case of refusal, to refuse to vote against him. The cook says he has the greatest difficulty in satisfying them; that they often send back what he serves them, and order other dishes on the pretext that the first were bad." "So, he continues," said my servant, gravely, "it seems that it is not very pleasant to be President."

M. de Bacourt criticises many of his fellow diplomats as vivaciously as he does the Americans, and uses his keen French sense of ridicule ruthlessly. One great consolation of the earlier part of his residence was the flirtation he carried on with Fanny Elssler, confessed naïvely, and with his acuteness and vivacity there is a garrulous simplicity which is quite charming. Though he vents his ill-humor freely, yet from time to time we see glimpses of larger and juster conceptions, and he criti-

cises himself severely in such passages as this. "It seems to me that most writers on America do not sufficiently consider the time and circumstances. The Anglo-American race is, in my opinion, charged with a special providential mission, that of peopling and civilizing this immense continent; they are proceeding in the accomplishment of this work undisturbed by any obstacle, and this explains the anomalies so easy to observe and criticise. But it is not fair to judge from details; one must see the whole, and this whole is grand, majestic and imposing. . . . The only fault of the Americans is that they will not rest satisfied with their success, but will always, in comparing themselves with European nations, claim superiority over them in everything. This is their great weakness, and encourages writers who come here to find fault." On the whole, M. de Bacourt is not a bad fellow, and if there is a trifle too much jaundice in his eye, it probably would have to be confessed that he does not always miss the mark.

MOVEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN BRITAIN DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. St. Giles Lectures. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal of St. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Principal Tulloch is widely known among English-reading people as one of the foremost writers of his time, as an acute writer in that domain of literature which covers theology, philosophy and ethics, viewed not merely as subjects of controversy, but in their wider relation to the civilization of the day. The school, indeed, of theologians who regard the intellectual subtleties of creed as a profitable subject of study, who find full employment in spinning spiders'-webs *ad disputandum*, is becoming smaller each year; and their successors justly study such themes rather from their practical side, as factors, with many others, in the great problem of intellectual life, than for any intrinsic and ultimate measure of absolute speculative and dogmatic truth. Creeds and formulas are tested nowadays not for their value in the world of syllogism, but by the more crucial criterion of result. "By their fruit ye shall know them" holds good not merely of men, but of beliefs, of theories, of philosophies.

Principal Tulloch, in measuring the force of the religious movements in Great Britain during the present century, has a theme of great interest. Religion since the beginning of the

year 1800 has assumed phases consonant with the other characteristics of the age, and entered more vitally into the lives of men. By religion we mean that earnestness and recognition of the importance of such intellectual subjects which may land the inquirer in the most exalted mysticism or the most barren agnosticism, which may find an end in the dreams of Swedenborg or the negations of Schopenhauer or Comte. Principal Tulloch expresses the limitations of the subject in his opening chapter on "Coleridge and His School," in these words: "A movement of religious thought implies the rise of some fresh life in the sphere of such thought, some new wave of opinion, either within the Church or deeply affecting it from without, modifying its past conceptions. It is a moulding influence, leaving behind it definite traces, and working its way more or less into the national consciousness, so that this consciousness remains affected, even if the movement itself disappears. It is this character which gives significance to our subject, and will be found to lend to it interest for all who are really concerned with religious questions and the progress of higher civilization. . . . The interest and importance of our subject can hardly be doubted by any who understand it. The movements of religious thought in our own country lie, at least, very close to us and to the life and work of all our churches. We cannot escape the influence of those movements, whatever be our own position. Even those who most disown all connection with modern thought are sometimes found strongly reflecting its influences, more frequently, perhaps, mistaking its real meaning. It seems to be the duty, therefore, of all intelligent persons to try in some degree to understand the influences moving the time. Such and such opinions, it is often said, "are in the air." The thought of our own time in its evolving phases or folds of varied hues bathes us like an atmosphere. A certain class of minds remain indifferent, secure within their well-worn armor of traditionary judgment. Another class is apt to be carried away altogether and lose their old moorings. But religious thought, happily, is not in the mercy of either class. Rightly viewed, it is typified neither by tradition nor revolution. It is a continuous power in human life and history, moving onward with the ever-accumulating growths of human knowledge and of spiritual experience; ever new, yet old; linking age to age, it is to be hoped, in happier and more benign intelligence.

The writer begins with "Coleridge and his

School," who mark the outbreking of religious feeling and opinion from the cast-iron conformities, the dead level of mere orthodoxy which had paralyzed the spiritual life of England. Coleridge was a new power in the thought of the world, not merely that headed to it, but was a fountain of revolution and inspiration, a seminal force, in the largest sense a man of genius as a philosopher. Next we have a study of the "Earlier Oriel (Oxford) School and Its Conveners," in which Archbishop Whately, the elder Arnold, Wilberforce, Milman, Thirlwall and the Hares were principal figures.

The Oxford or Anglo-Catholic movement is perhaps the theme of the most important chapter in the book, because it traces the beginnings and marks the career of that powerful secession which sent John Henry Newman to Rome, and practically shook the Anglican Church into two mighty factions, which are splitting apart more and more to the base. Among other chapters are "Carlyle as a Religious Teacher," "John Stuart Mill and His School," "F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley," and "F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing."

Principal Tulloch has a delightful, easy and pleasant style, free from all pedantry, and luminous in its simplicity. He has the art of presenting his thought in the most agreeable form, and the value of that thought can hardly be denied or underestimated. His book will take hold on all thoughtful readers, whether themselves sympathetic with the positivo-religious side of life, or merely students of the great intellectual forces of the age.

THE BLOOD COVENANT. A PRIMITIVE RITE AND ITS BEARINGS ON SCRIPTURES. By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D., author of *Kadesh Barnea*. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Dr. Trumbull has made himself noted as a student in Scriptural and religious archæology, and anything from him on such a class of subjects may be regarded as having some weight, or at least suggestiveness. He tells us that while engaged on a still unfinished work, "The Sway of Friendship in the World's Forces," he came on facts concerning the primitive rite of covenanting by the inter-transfusion of blood, which induced him to intermit his other studies. The value of the topic he conceives to be based on the fact that no modern student of myth and folk-lore, of primitive ideas and customs, and of man origin and

history has properly emphasized the fact of the universally dominating primitive convictions ; that the blood is the life, that the heart, as the blood-fountain, is the very soul of every personality ; that blood-transfer is soul-transfer ; that blood-sharing, human or divine-human, secures an inter-union of natures ; and that a mingling of the human nature with the Divine is the highest ultimate attainment reached out after by the most primitive as well as by the most enlightened mind of humanity. Our author traces the subject through all its primitive beginnings up to the mystery of the Christian Eucharist, and unfolds a wealth of curious lore, drawn from all sources and authors, sacred and profane. The majority of readers will be interested, though they may not accept Dr. Trumbull's evident conclusions, on account of the wide knowledge shown of primitive manners and customs, and as a contribution to the history of man.

BOOK-KEEPING SIMPLIFIED. THE DOUBLE ENTRY SYSTEM. BRIEFLY, CLEARLY AND CONCISELY EXPLAINED, WITH VALUABLE RULES AND TABLES FOR COUNTING-ROOM USE. By D. B. Waggener. Philadelphia : Charles R. Deacon.

A knowledge of the principles of keeping mercantile accounts is of value to every man, though he may never intend to be a book-keeper. However great his accomplishments in other directions, such an attainment as this is not to be despised or ignored. The author attempts to elucidate the principles and methods of double-entry book-keeping, which, of course, is the only scientific sort, in a way to be perfectly clear and free from every technicality. After a careful perusal of this little manual, it must be said that he does this very successfully. Any intelligent man from a single reading can easily grasp the whole matter, and with a little practice can quickly put it into use.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

"GREAT curiosity," says the *Athenæum*, "is felt regarding Dr. Schliemann's forthcoming work on Tiryns, just announced by Mr. Murray. It is well known that the work was printed in its four simultaneous editions, for England, France, Germany and America, six months ago. But no sooner were the last proofs corrected than most important discoveries were made at Tiryns by the excavations again begun at Dr. Schliemann's expense,

under the able direction of his architect, Dr. Dörpfeld. The results of these discoveries were telegraphed to the author during his visit to England in the early part of the summer, when some account of them was also given in the *Athenæum*. It was hoped that these new discoveries might have been dealt with in an appendix or fresh chapter, but the recent revelations have necessitated the preparing of quite a different ground-plan from that already printed. The workmen have now struck a deeper level and laid bare the walls of buildings of an earlier date than any hitherto suspected."

STEPS have been taken with a view to the preparation of an adequate memoir of the late Bishop Colenso. His family have materials of a very interesting character. He kept up for several years a continuous correspondence with his friends in England.

THE first volume of an extensive "History of Music," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, is in the press. This portion of the work will deal with the music of the ancient Greeks, Hebrews and Romans, Eastern music under the Caliphs of Bagdad, and the history of the art in Europe in the Middle Ages down to the times of the troubadours.

A VOLUME entitled *Letters and Letter-writers of the Eighteenth Century*, containing large selections from the letters of Swift and Pope, with illustrative notes, is in the press. Each section will be preceded by a critical biography and a portrait. The volume will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell.

THE Duke of Argyll's next piece of literary work will be a lecture "On the Connection between the Scenery of Scotland and its Geology," after which, as soon as his Grace is free, he will begin to prepare for the printer a work of research on the Land Question, on which he has for many years been engaged. The record will be based on a number of original documents, illustrating the ordinary transactions of life in the Highlands during the Middle Ages, and down to the close of the last century, touching the tenure of land, both as to ownership and as to occupancy. Though discussing the subject generally, the facts used for argument will chiefly relate to Inverness-shire.

Two lives of the great Duke of Marlborough are announced for immediate publication, the one an elaborate estimate of his mil-

itary genius, upon which Lord Wolseley is known to have been long engaged; the other a volume by Mr. G. Saintsbury, in the series of "English Worthies."

It is said that the Revised Version of the Old Testament is to be adopted by the council of the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge as the foundation of a new edition of the Scriptures for English-speaking Jews. Dr. Adler, who has warmly advised this step, is likely to take a leading part in the performance of the task.

THE new edition of Byron's poetry to be issued by Mr. Murray has been progressing in Mr. Buxton Forman's hands for some months past, although the first volume is not yet ready for press. The editor considers it essential that he should see, if possible, one of the "two, or perhaps three copies" of the quarto forerunner of the "Hours of Idleness" which are said to have escaped the destruction that overtook the rest of the issue when Mr. Becher took exception to the "high coloring" of one of the young poet's "first verse attempts."

MR. MURRAY will publish the life of the Rev. William Carey, D.D., the great Anglo-Indian missionary, who, beginning life as a shoemaker, attained eminence as a professor of Sanskrit and Mahratti, and as one of the most successful propagators of Christianity among the Hindoos. Dr. George Smith, the writer of the lives of Duff and Wilson, has been long engaged upon this biography.

A SECOND part of *The Greville Memoirs*, extending from 1837 to 1852, has just been published. It seems that the publication of the past was kept a profound secret until the day before publication. *The Daily News* considers the Journal "one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the political history of the middle of the nineteenth century."

A NEW series of small biographies, under the title of "English Worthies," has been commenced. The first volume of the series consists of a life of Charles Darwin and Grant Allen; the second will be a life of Marlborough and George Saintsbury.

MISCELLANY.

THE CHINESE IDEOGRAPHS.—M. Dautremere's plea for the life of the Chinese ideographs, as set forth in a letter, does more credit to his heart than to his head. He ad-

vances no argument, but only an excuse and an appeal. His excuse is that, after all, the acquisition of the ideographs is not such a terrible labor. Of the forty thousand characters only five thousand, according to him, need be acquired. These five thousand a European, he thinks, coming to Japan at the age of seventeen or eighteen, can acquire in three years at most. It has never been our good fortune to meet such a European. To acquire five thousand characters in three years a student must learn five each day, without intermission. Of every character he must learn two, or even three forms. Even supposing that the limit of his purpose was to become sufficiently familiar with these characters to recognize them at sight, the task would still be herculean. But he must also learn to write them. In other words, he must have mastered each ideograph so thoroughly as to be able to reproduce it from memory. A man of such enormous capacity may exist in some part of the world, but he has never come within the sphere of our observation, or of M. Dautremere's either. It would seem, however, that in our correspondent's opinion a task demanding two or three years' labor at the hands of a European of mature age can be accomplished by a Japanese child in two years. Such children have never come within the sphere of our observation, or of M. Dautremere's either. We repeat, and M. Dautremere himself, on reflection, will be obliged to bear us out, that the ideographic system takes six years out of the intellectual life of every Japanese. Our correspondent's appeal is to the patriotism of the Japanese. He tells them that by abandoning the ideographs they will denationalize themselves, forget their unique history, and lose everything that remains of their past. There is a story told of an Irishman who, though otherwise of civilized tendencies, persisted in sleeping with a pig, out of respect for the memory of his father, who had affected the society of that quadruped. That was the Irishman's way of thinking. His filial tenderness exhibited itself in a form about as rational as the phantasy that Japanese history cannot be written or Japanese traditions transmitted otherwise than ideographically. Does M. Dautremere think that Japan's civilization has its roots in the ideograph, and that the heroes he admires would have been smaller men had they used an alphabet instead of hieroglyphics? —*Japan Mail*.

TRUNCHEON AND MASK.—The professors of the modern development of the science of

murder-burglary have already commenced their summer season. A *conversazione* of a highly successful character was held by some of them on Tuesday morning last, at No. 37 Kensington Park Gardens and the adjoining houses. Police-constable Davis, 136 X, discovering that a party was being held, had the courage to present himself without waiting for the formality of an invitation. Whether on this account, or because he neglected to provide himself with a domino and mask—for the festivity seems to have partaken of the nature of a *bal masque*—one of the revellers promptly resented Davis's intrusion, his resentment taking the form of firing four shots at him with a revolver, without which no murder-burglar's arsenal is complete. They all hit him, but only one inflicted a wound, and that was only a flesh wound in the neck. The "masks" then "attempted to make their escape," and the wounded policeman, with the gallantry inseparable from persons in search of adventure at entertainments of this species, "pursued." The consequence was that the gentle fugitives, exasperated by the assiduity of the unarmed man's attentions, beat him on the head with a "jemmy" until he became insensible. Meanwhile another "Policeman X," who had noted from below the familiar sounds of dissipation, was endeavoring to come up a ladder to his comrade's assistance. Davis satisfactorily disposed of, it was easy for the "masks" to agitate the top of the ladder until they had shaken off Prettyjohn, the second unbidden guest, and make good their escape before the latter could summon assistance. If Davis had been armed, as he ought to have been, with a revolver, it is most unlikely that the intending murderer who shot him would have fired at him, and most unlikely that he would have hit him if he had. That Davis's assailant failed in his endeavor to add the guilt of a murderer to that of a thief is the merest accident. Every engagement such as that of Tuesday, while it must dishearten, if anything can, the combatants on our side, gives direct encouragement to the other side, and furnishes a fresh incitement to recruits to join the forces of disorder. As to the treatment of armed burglars when by good luck they are caught, there ought to be no dispute. Provision ought to be made by statute empowering judges, whenever any burglar is taken with firearms about his person, whether he has used them or not, to supplement his punishment with a flogging. His moral guilt is the same whether he misses, wounds, or kills. For our

own part, we see no reason why, in this matter of shooting for the purpose of avoiding a lawful arrest, his legal guilt should not also be the same.—*Saturday Review*.

THE PEACOCK'S THRONE AT DELHI.—India has been the place, no doubt, where diamonds have exhibited their most glowing splendors. That was a singular and wild fancy of Aurungzebe when, in 1658, he deposed his father, the Shah Jehan, and usurped his throne. He caused to be constructed the famous *Takht-i-Taûs*, or Peacock Throne, representing, by appropriate jewels, a peacock, its head overlooking, its tail overshadowing, the person of the emperor when sitting on the throne. The natural colors of the bird were represented by the rarest and most gorgeous stones of the Eastern world, and the eyes of the bird were supplied by the two celebrated diamonds, the *Koh-i-nur*, or the Mountain of Light, and the *Koh-i-tur*, the Mountain of Sinai. The gentleman who put up this very pretty piece of machinery called himself Aurungzebe—that is, the ornament of the throne; and he seems to have occupied it until he was eighty-seven years of age, when, by-and-by, after the reign of several successors, the Peacock throne was broken up and all its splendor scattered. When Nadir Shah broke up the Peacock Throne, the *Koh-i-nur* was missing, and all his efforts to obtain it were baffled. At last a woman of the harem betrayed the secret, informing Nadir that the vanquished emperor wore it concealed in his turban. Nadir had recourse to a very clever trick to obtain possession of the prize. He had seized already on the bulk of the Delhi treasures and had concluded a treaty with the poor deposed Mogul Emperor, with whom he could not very well, therefore, get up another quarrel, so he availed himself of a time-honored custom seldom omitted by princes of equal rank on State occasions a few days after. Upon a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir proposed that he and the Emperor should exchange turbans in token of good faith! The Emperor, astonished, was taken aback. He had no time for reflection. Checkmated, he was compelled to comply with the insidious request. Nadir's turban was glittering with gems, but it was only itself a plain sheepskin head-gear. The Emperor, however, displayed neither chagrin nor surprise; his indifference was so great that Nadir supposed he had been deceived, but, withdrawing to his tent, he unfolded the

turban, and gazing upon the long-coveted stone, he exclaimed, "Koh-i-nur" (the Mountain of Light !). When the Punjab was annexed in 1849, and the East India Company took possession of the Lahore Treasury in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-nur should be presented to the Queen of England. Here happened one of the most entertaining incidents and the last little romance in connection with its history. At a meeting of the East India Board the priceless diamond was committed to the care of the illustrious John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence. He received it, dropped it into his waistcoat pocket, and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Some time after a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the jewel to be at once transmitted to her. Lawrence said at the Board to his brother Henry—his brother-in-arms also in the greatness of Indian conquest—"Well, send it at once." "Why, you have it," said Henry. Lawrence used afterwards to say how terror-stricken he was at his own carelessness, and how he muttered to himself, "This is the worst trouble I ever got into." This mighty chieftain, whose eagle eye and iron hand were equal to the largest and smallest interests, and who saved for us our Indian Empire, had treated the famous diamond with disrespect! However, it was found where he had put it, and the delightful biographer of Lawrence says: "Never, I feel sure, whether flashing in the diadem of Turk or Mogul, or the uplifted sword of Persian, Afghan, or Sikh conqueror, did it pass through so strange a crisis or run a greater risk of being lost forever than when it lay forgotten in the waistcoat pocket of John Lawrence." The Koh-i-nur is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the Jewel Room of the Tower of London.—*Leisure Hour*.

A TRAGIC TALE.—Ercole Strozzi was a poet of the famous Florentine house, living in exile at the Court of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara. The Latin verses he composed in honor of Lucrezia Borgia, then Duchess of Ferrara, won him the applause of Italy. They may still be read with pleasure. He passed, moreover, for one of the handsomest men of his time, dressed splendidly, and enjoyed the favors of many gentle ladies. His heart, at last, was

permanently engaged to Barbara, a daughter of the noble Torelli family, and widow of Ercole Bentivoglio. She returned his affection, and they were married on May 29, 1508. Thirteen days after this event Ercole Strozzi was found at daybreak, dead, wrapped in his mantle, near the church of S. Francesco in Ferrara. His throat had been cut, and his body was pierced with twenty-two wounds. Locks of his beautiful long wavy hair, torn from the head, lay on the street around him. No inquiry was made into the murder. The duke, usually so rigid in his justice, offered no reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of this crime. It was, in truth, Alfonso d'Este who had instigated the assassination. He cared for Barbara Torelli, and the courtier-poet, who had presumed to marry her, paid the penalty by a tragic death. Rumor laid the blame of the deed upon Mesino del Forno, the duke's bravo. But only one voice was raised against the tyrant. That was the voice of Barbara, who, in the sonnet I am going to translate, hinted in covert phrases at the powerful author of her misery. Giosuè Carducci, the foremost living poet of Italy, says rightly that this sonnet ranks among the very few fine poems written by Italian women.

BARBARA TORELLI'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND ERCOLE STROZZI,

❧ MURDERED AT FERRARA BY THE ORDER OF DUKE ALFONSO I.

Extinguished is Love's torch, broken his bow,
His arrows, quiver, and all empery,
Now that fierce Death hath felled the forest tree
Under whose shade I slept, nor dreamed of woe,
Ah, wherefore may not I, I also, go
Down to that narrow tomb where destiny
Hath laid my lord, whom scarce ten days and three
Love bound in holiest chains before this blow?
I'd fain with my heart's fire that frosty chill
Loosen, and with these tears moisten his clay,
Stirring to quick new life that dust so cold:
And afterwards I'd fain, dauntless and bold,
Show him to One who broke Love's band, and say—
"Such power hath Love! Monster, thou could'st but
kill!"

—*Time*.

TELPHERAGE.—A most interesting ceremony took place recently when the first telpherage line was formally opened at Glynde. This line has been constructed for the New-haven Cement Company, and is employed for conveying gall clay from the place where it is found to the Glynde railway station, where it is transferred to the railway trucks. The system to which the name of telpherage has been given may be best described as one by which

goods may be sent in an almost continuous stream along a single overhead rope or rail by the aid of electricity. This new method of transport is due to the invention of the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin, and has been brought to completion with the aid of Messrs. Perry and Ayrton, who have very ably furthered his designs. The work involved in the construction of the telpher line has been gone about by all those concerned in it in most thorough fashion, and has been successfully accomplished, with the result that on Saturday last a perfect practical illustration of the working of the line could be afforded. The Glynde telpher line is nearly a mile in length. It consists of an up and a down line of steel rods, of three-fourths of an inch in diameter, suspended in spans of sixty-six feet on wooden posts. Where curves are necessary bulb iron is substituted for the steel rods, and each span has several intermediate supports. The alternate sections of each side of the line are insulated, and the insulated sections are joined by cross-over pieces at the posts, as are also the unused sections. The line may be worked by an automatic block system. The Glynde line has a modified block, worked by hand. In the case of the automatic block an idle section is used. One section of the cross-over system is cut out, and as this is done when no train is on the line no flash occurs. The locomotive employed is named the Tandem, and is carried on two wheels coupled and driven by a pitch chain. The grip is obtained by india-rubber tires. The governor employed for controlling speed and power is a charming contrivance. It consists of a pair of weights so arranged that they are in unstable equilibrium at the critical speeds. At a certain number of revolutions the weights fly out, breaking contact, and do not return until the speed has fallen. When the circuit is broken a flash occurs, which is prevented from doing any injury by a carbon rod which is provided as a secondary contact, and which is very slowly consumed. By this means, also, the power is perfectly regulated, the current being full on in mounting a steep incline, and completely cut off in descending gradients, and so supplied on levels that no waste takes place from shunts or interposed resistances. The tension on the line is regulated and compensation for changes of temperature is afforded by a system of straining-posts, of which there are four to a mile. The trains are so arranged that their weight is evenly distributed over one or two spans of the line,

as the case may be. Hence there is no loss occasioned by the sag of the line, one truck descending the catenary while another ascends. The trucks are equidistant from each other, and are connected by wooden bars. Tipping trucks, technically known as "skeys," are employed. The trucks run on, or rather under, two wheels, from which they are suspended. The line is easily and cheaply constructed, and can be used as a source of power at any point throughout its length. It seems to us that for the conveyance of goods over rocky or marshy ground, and in places where very steep gradients cannot be avoided, the future of the telpherage system is assured.—*Saturday Review*.

IN PARAGUAY.—Cleanliness is the rule in Paraguay, and it extends to everything—dwellings, furniture, clothes, and person—nor are the poorer classes in this respect a whit behind the richer. Above all, the white sacques and mantillas of the women and the lace-fringed shirts and drawers of the men are scrupulously clean; nor is any one article in greater demand, though fortunately with proportional supply, throughout the country than soap. Each house has behind it a garden, small or large as the case may be, in which flowers are sedulously cultivated; they are a decoration that a Paraguayan girl or woman is rarely without, and one that becomes the wearer well. Without pretensions to what is called classical or ethnologically taken, Aryan beauty, the female type here is very rarely plain, generally pretty, often handsome, occasionally bewitching. Dark eyes, long, wavy, dark hair, and a brunette complexion most prevail; but a blonde type, with blue eyes and golden curls, indicative of Basque descent, is by no means rare. Hands and feet are, almost universally, delicate and small; the general form, at least till frequent maternity has sacrificed beauty to usefulness, simply perfect. As to the dispositions that dwell in so excellent an outside, they are worthy of it, and Shakespeare's "Is she kind as she is fair?" might here find unhesitating answer in the affirmation that follows, "Beauty dwells with kindness." A brighter, kinder, truer, more affectionate, more devotedly faithful girl than the Paraguayan exists nowhere. Alas, that the wretched experiences of but a few years since should have also proved, in bitter earnest, that no braver, no more enduring, no more self-sacrificing wife or mother than the Paraguayan is to be found either.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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